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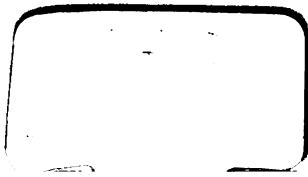
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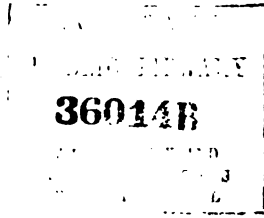
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MDCCCXL.



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME SECOND.

	Page.
Moral Habits of the People, ... ..	1
Life and Times of Sir Samuel Romilly, ... ..	7
Sonnet, ... ..	20
Records of the Heart. By WILLIAM CARLETON. No. I.—The Parents' Trial,	21
How to Rise Early, ... ..	38
The Arrows of Love, ... ..	42
Crime in England, ... ..	48
Lines on a Rainbow, ... ..	52
Stories of the Pyrenees. No. III.—The Gamblers,	53
The Exhibition and the Art-Union, ... ..	59
Ali and his Guest; A Tale of the Caliphate, ... ..	63
Crossing of the Halys, ... ..	72
Irish Men for Irish Offices, ... ..	73
Life and Times of Sir Samuel Romilly. (Second and concluding article),	79
Woman and Her Master. By Lady Morgan, ... ..	101
Stanzas for Music, ... ..	104
Sylla; A Tragedy. By JOHN BANIM. Acts I., II., ... ..	105
India—Her Own—and Another's. Chapters VI., IX., ... ..	120
Stories of the Pyrenees. No. III.—The Gamblers, (Concluded),	129
To Mary, ... ..	140
Our Monthly Review, ... ..	141
Death of Gerald Griffin, ... ..	145
The Events of the Session, ... ..	149
The Talisman, ... ..	156
Memoir of the late Gerald Griffin, ... ..	158
Sylla; A Tragedy. By JOHN BANIM. Acts III., IV., V., ... ..	168
Chapters from the Autobiography of a Militia Man. Chapters I., II., ... ..	187
The Child and the Lily Branch; a Picture, ... ..	197
Capital Punishment, ... ..	198
Sonnets; Pictures from Alpine Scenery, ... ..	206
The Ancient Music of Ireland, ... ..	207
The Anti-Slavery Convention, ... ..	218
The Real Grievance—Absenteeism. Part I. ... ..	223
Lines for Music, ... ..	238
Stories of the Pyrenees. No. IV.—The Prisoners on Parole,	234
A Legend of the Lee, ... ..	244
Confessions of an Unamiable Man, ... ..	245
"Ye Old Familiar Faces," ... ..	248
Mother Carey's Chickens, ... ..	249
Sonnets to Sleep, ... ..	254
Legends of Connaught, ... ..	255
Adolphus; or, a Tiger's Fortune, ... ..	268
Travelling Sketches in Various Countries, ... ..	271
Chapters from the Autobiography of a Militia Man. Chapters III., IV., V.,	276
Impromptu on a Bad Musician, ... ..	286



	Page.
Irish Artists in England, ... ..	287
The Division of the World. (From the German of Schiller), ... ..	290
Our Monthly Review, ... ..	291
The Real Grievance—Absenteeism. Part II. ... ..	297
Boat Song, ... ..	307
Poems by the late GERALD GRIFFIN, ... ..	308
A Friend in Need. Chapters I., II., ... ..	311
The True Original Confirmed, ... ..	320
Song, ... ..	324
India—Her Own—and Another's. Chapters X., XI., ... ..	325
The Legacy ... ..	336
Absence, ... ..	339
History of the Woollen Trade, ... ..	340
Stanzas to Hope, ... ..	349
My Neighbour's Story, ... ..	350
The Farewell, ... ..	362
Stories of the Pyrenees. No. IV.—The Prisoners on Parole, ... ..	363
Lines for Music, ... ..	367
To a Canary Bird, ... ..	368
The Good of the Corporate Reform Bill, ... ..	369
Song, ... ..	386
Aileen O'Dwyer, ... ..	387
Sonnets, ... ..	396
Cousin Walter, ... ..	397
On Transportation, ... ..	400
To an Infant, ... ..	407
The Duncan Prize Essay, ... ..	408
Necessity for a Fire Police in Dublin, ... ..	412
Songs, ... ..	417
Ballitore in 'XCVIII. By the late MARY LEADBETTER, ... ..	418
The Hindoo Maiden, ... ..	430
The Dublin Law Institute, ... ..	431
Stories of the Pyrenees. No. IV.—The Prisoners on Parole, ... ..	435
To Florianthe, ... ..	439
The Death of the Beautiful, ... ..	440
The Real Grievance—Absenteeism. Part III., ... ..	441
Stanzas for Music, ... ..	448
A Week in Belgium, ... ..	449
Song, ... ..	456
Aileen O'Dwyer, (concluded) ... ..	457
Native Sculptors—Smith, Kirk, and Hogan, ... ..	469
Terzine, ... ..	478
A Friend in Need. Chapters III., VI., ... ..	479
To a Bride, ... ..	486
American Slavery, ... ..	487
Kane's Elements of Chemistry, ... ..	495
An Adventure in Greece, ... ..	498
Index to Volume Second, ... ..	507

# THE CITIZEN;

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, and Art.

No. VIII.

JUNE, 1840.

Vol. II.

## CONTENTS:

	Page.
MORAL HABITS OF THE PEOPLE, . . . . .	1
LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY, . . . . .	7
SONNET, . . . . .	20
RECORDS OF THE HEART. BY W. CARLETON—No. I. THE PARENTS' TRIAL,	21
HOW TO RISE EARLY, . . . . .	38
THE ARROWS OF LOVE, . . . . .	42
CRIME IN ENGLAND, . . . . .	43
LINES ON A RAINBOW, . . . . .	52
STORIES OF THE PYRENEES, No. III.—THE GAMBLERS, . . . . .	53
THE EXHIBITION AND THE ART-UNION, . . . . .	59
ALI AND HIS GUEST ; A TALE OF THE CALIPHATE, . . . . .	63
CROSSING OF THE HALYS, . . . . .	72

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MDCCCXL.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from Ratoath a Translation of the first Ode of the first book of Horace ; being, as our correspondent informs us, the first attempt of a boy, *only nine years old*. It certainly possesses considerable merit ; though the restricting it to the same number of lines as in the Latin, has unavoidably led to the sacrifice of some of the ideas of the original : it has, in fact, more the air of an abridgment, than of a translation. But, that one so young should succeed at all in such an effort, is an indication of extraordinary ability : we would the more anxiously impress on the friends of the writer, the great necessity of caution, in forcing one, so gifted by nature, to attempt tasks beyond his powers to execute with any positive success. Such injudicious fostering is always in the end bitterly repented by the object of it. To be a wonderful child is at best but a short-lived splendour ; while, whatever the generosity of nature, no man has ever become permanently good and great without a long probation, in intellect as well as in heart ; a probation, during which nothing is so injurious as officious meddling with the unconscious development of the youthful capacities, or making that the season of production, which patient, unwearied nature intended to be a period of silent growth—a hiving up of strength and sweetness for the toils and trials of maturer years.

H.'s "Reminiscences" are carelessly written, and the subject is an unpleasant one.

J. P., Liverpool—"Ara" will not suit us.

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## MORAL HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.

AMONG the many omissions we have every day reason to lament, in that which by courtesy is called history, none is more remarkable, and none is certainly so lamentable, as that whereby we are left in ignorance respecting the moral and the social habits of the people. For what is it? 'Tis to leave out of the account the principal item—the resulting quantity of all the calculations we are perplexed with,—the one great and important consequence, in search of which we took the trouble of enquiring.

Of the domestic life of classical antiquity we know very little; of the social habits of the middle ages we know considerably less. Even of times that are more recent, and consequently more important for us to understand, we are still but gathering up the fossil remains of weapon, gear, and implement, and striving, by dint of guess work, to spell out therefrom, some plausible notion of what sort of fellows our grandsires' grandfathers were. Yet, one good guess of this kind is much nearer to the kernel of history, than all the Rymer's *Fœdera*, and Commons' Journals, that men label Chronicles of the age gone by.

Laws themselves, though of infinite importance in estimating a different country or period from our own, are often all but broken and imperfect monuments of the time;—if made by the people, monuments,

it is true, of a part of their wishes; if made against the people, monuments of their weakness. But, in either case, they are very inadequate measures of the dispositions, and the every day modes of life of the generations who obeyed them. The great things to know, could we get at them, would be—what sort of bread the people were eating—what sort of houses they were living in—how they toiled in the field—how they amused themselves in the intervals of their toil—what they were thinking and talking about.

For assuredly men are not governed by laws alone, but by every influence that proceedeth out of usage or example. In one sense, indeed, the customs of a people are their fundamental laws, in violation of which no written laws ought to be made, or permitted to exist. For in the main the instinct of a people is wiser than any self-constituted monitor can be. It knows what it wants, and what is good for it, better than the irresponsible wisdom or goodness of any individual, or set of individuals, clothed with governing powers, will ever know. Not that we countenance those vulgar-minded politicians, who pretend that "the majority is always right." This is but the language of stupid and degraded flattery, unworthy of any rational man to utter—of any enlightened people to give ear to. We say the majority are often wrong, because the majority are fallible men; and



fallible men, whether many or few, will frequently err. But we have great faith in popular sense,—we have great hope in popular spirit; we do believe, that the way to rectify a great popular evil is to reason with the many—to appeal boldly and honestly to the many—to lay before them all the information and the reasoning that can be brought to bear upon the subject, and then confidently to await the result.

We well know this is not the doctrine of certain well-intentioned—but we think exceedingly mistaken—friends of ours. They wish the people well; but they do not respect the sacred right of self-rule as we do. They would make laws against popular errors. They would persecute—aye, we say it deliberately—they would persecute every wrong-headed, or uninformed, or perverse man in society, who wont take up their improved notions. They would denounce, and abuse those, who may not be ready to go with them at short notice, on their honest errand: so would not we.

We honor the people even in their prejudices. We hold custom to be a thing full of deep meaning. We know that some customs are not good, but evil; and such we are ready and willing to question freely, and ask others to enquire into. But right or wrong, good or evil, mischievous or innocent, we never will betray the great and eternal principle of popular freedom—that in all such cases the appeal must and ought to be to the sense and the good feeling of the people themselves. We will turn bigots for no sect, we will preach intolerance for no reform; the majority are *not* always right, but the majority are always the highest authority to which we can appeal; and they are always least likely to be warped, or led astray by those, who will neither flatter their mistakes, nor insolently presume to question their full and supreme power.

When, therefore, a number of pure-hearted and philanthropic men have satisfied themselves, that a particular habit of life is evil, and finding it very popular, cannot suddenly induce the many to take up their views, their fair and legitimate course is to endeavour, by persuasion, and example, and discussion, to turn their minority into a majority. But for such a set of men, were they as spotless and as wise as angels, to presume to call for legislative enactments against that, which the majority of their countrymen continue to approve—or, failing that, to stigmatise and nickname, as partizans of vice, all who

will not peremptorily enlist under their philanthropic banners, is equally intolerable and unpardonable.

We have deemed it necessary to mark thus broadly our strong sense of, what we must term, moral persecution, because we are about to advert to a subject, on which, we regret to say, we know it to have been too unscrupulously exercised. And we deplore this the more, because, as the event has proved, the intolerance was ineffectual, and all the good which has been done, has resulted from the spontaneous and uncoerced action of the popular will. It is hardly requisite to say, that we allude to the extraordinary manifestations recently made throughout the kingdom, in favour of Temperance Reform. We are not about to enter upon the question in the form it has usually been treated in. We think there are views of the matter that have not sufficiently been considered; and we the more willingly devote our present attention to them, because they are those in which we are inclined to believe all parties, whether teetotallers or anti-teetotallers, will be likely to concur.

To us it seems, that the true importance of the subject of popular morality in this regard, has been underrated much. Hundreds of people will tell you how many pounds and shillings, on an average in the year, every family will have to spend more, if the use of ardent spirits is given up. Now, in our estimation, this is *not* the question, nor like the question, nor does it in any one essential point touch the true and vital question. Popular habits of temperance is a question of national morality—of national strength—of national health—of national greatness. Money is none of these, can be none of these; and to stint the import of temperance reform to money, is a forgetting utterly of what the real question is. Far be it from us to undervalue the good of increased comforts to the people; we shall be delighted if total abstinence, or any other means, shall be found effectual for procuring them such. But we doubt the wisdom, even for the immediate sake of the pecuniary improvement sought, of resting all upon its worth. We doubt the power of any money-motive to act as a moral check. We own we should be sorry to think it could so act. We even go the length of saying, that if the advantages which are to follow from the moral restraint proposed, were measurable by the mere money gain, we should more than suspect it was a cheat and a delusion. God

help us in this world, if, in addition to all the sordidness and corruption which mammon-worship has already introduced, it were ever to become a popular belief, that men ought to be moral, or religious, because it was so much more profitable and economical to be so, than to be the contrary. Soon would the seeming fairness of such an aspect reveal itself as the loathsome leprosy of sin, more hopeless, more terrible, more incurable, than the rash or blind errors it had effaced. Oh no; rather let men alone in their folly, rather let them stagger on, if no remedy can be found but that of coining their feelings into counterfeits of morality, or attempting to make the only relics that are left of their god-like origin, flow through the dark and crooked channels of money calculation. Morality built on any other ground work than religion is a sham, and not a real thing; and religion never was and never can be a matter of arithmetic. It must have its root in the heart of man, or grow it will not in this world. Its make-believe may and does; but its end is destruction, its god is its belly, it is engrossed by sensual and perishable things.

In America, we well know, the question of Temperance Reform began in this thrifty spirit; and it is still prosecuted there in the same style. We are sorry for it; not that America is growing moral in this particular, but that her people are moveable by such an impulse. 'Tis a bad sign of America, one that we are indeed at no loss to comprehend, for it squares too closely with too many other facts, that have reached us from thence. It is a fact which, as an unpleasant one connected with a people, on whose fate so much in the advancement of mankind depends, we should not perhaps have noticed, but that we have had frequent cause to lament its direct influence on the popular party in England, and to apprehend the contamination in some degree reaching our own people.

We cannot better express, in a few words, what we mean, than by saying, that it is the tendency to reduce all questions of popular welfare to political economy. If you ask Mr. Hume what he means by liberty, he instantly tells you "cheap government." If you ask Mr. Warburton why a standing army is wrong, the first reason he gives is, "that it is waste of capital." If you ask Colonel Thompson why he is opposed to church establishments, his reply begins with alleging its "useless expense." Ah, this is

sad, sad trash. Liberty will never come of such chatter as this. Political economy may be an excellent housewife, and while employed at her fitting occupation, is worthy of every respect. But political economy was never made to be queen—will never be fit to be queen—can never be hoisted into a mock sovereignty over worthier and higher influences, without rendering herself, and those who have promoted her to such an elevation, other than ridiculous and contemptible.

If the state requires reform, or the church establishment, or the army, or what is much more important than all of them put together—if the moral habits of the people need reformation, let us, as men undertaking a momentous and responsible office, approach the subject in a calm and believing spirit. Let there be no flip-pant chatter of economy, proveable by averages, and to be settled by curt computation. Friends, such chatter is but sowing time's seed field with chaff. The heart of man wont retain your balance-sheet philosophy; the memory wont recollect your financial motives; the sympathies and passions, when you have put them to sleep by your exchequer eloquence, and so long as they remain so, may negatively acknowledge such influences; but when they wake up into struggle and activity again, your proofs of what is prudent will fall from their neck like a broken rein. Men are not governable by what you call mere reason; they never were, and more, they never will be. And if we wanted an illustration of the truth of what we have been saying, we could not have a better than that which the history of Temperance Societies in Ireland furnishes.

While the advocates of temperance continued merely to publish, in varied forms, calculations of how much each man might on an average save in the year, and how much thereby the whole nation might save, by abstaining from ardent spirits, the people read the calculations and drank on. We do not scruple to say we should have respected our countrymen less than we have ever done, if we found that they could have been moved, by any such gibberish as that we advert to. Our people, God bless them, are a people of strong prejudices, of fixed habits, of indomitable attachment to their own ways of thinking and acting; and we venerate them for it. They will not be carried away by every wind of doctrine; they have a peculiar reluctance to change any long practised custom for any

reason ; but a mere money reason is specially ineffectual and inoperative with them. This is their character, and we trust it may never change. When it does, they may become slave owners or opium smugglers, but not till then. Meantime it is observable, that so long as men were striving to introduce temperance societies into Ireland, on politico-economical principles, they made but little way. Nor would they have ever made any effectual way, if a total change in their mode of acting upon the popular mind, had not happily been resorted to. When the imagination, and the religious feeling, and the domestic sympathies of the many were addressed, the scene as by magic changed. We are far from imputing all of this to Father Matthew. The impulse had been given, and the ground cleared, by a great number of less gifted, but not less worthy men ; and whatever measure of praise is due to the sudden and electric results of his preaching, we know that none is more disposed to repudiate the notion of exclusive merit in the work, than the good Franciscan himself.

Whether the pledge exacted by the advocates of total abstinence, be one so adapted to the texture of the human mind, as to be capable of very long endurance, is a question we shall not here discuss. We prefer looking at the case as it stands, at the obligation into which so vast a portion of our people have entered ; and we desire to take the good out of the matter, and to help in its promotion. This much seems clear, that excessive drinking being a habit to a considerable extent among our countrymen, it was necessary that some strong and extraordinary means should have been resorted to, to break the evil spell. A means has been tried, and has unquestionably succeeded to a great degree. Let us not be querulous, but thankful. By the novel and apparently unnatural bar that has suddenly been interposed, by the free choice of the people, between themselves and the long-loved enjoyment, we are placed unexpectedly in a new and memorable position. A great opportunity is afforded,—a mighty opening of usefulness has been made,—the people have sacrificed one of the few luxuries they possessed, because they believed it to be wrong—what is to be substituted in its place? Abstinence may be effectual for the time, while the fervour of conviction is still fresh, while the influence of sympathy is still strong. But it were folly to believe that, if the work is to be lasting, we can stop at the negative—

the *un-resting* place of mere self-denial. Somebody has said that “the proper rest for man is change of occupation.” We say the only chance of popular habits of temperance becoming permanent, is by promptly endeavouring to supply new and additional means of popular relaxation.

It has always seemed to us one of the greatest miseries and one of the most signal proofs of the anti-national and barbarous character of the government, we have in times past lived under, that from one end of the kingdom to the other—from the days of the excellent John, to those of the chaste George, not a single attempt has been made to supply the people with those instructive and civilising amusements, which in other countries abound. Other nations have their galleries of art, their museums of natural history, their collections of antiquities, their public walks, their open-doored libraries, their public shows ; even poor Italy, though the hoof be upon her neck, is rich in such resources ; and, to do her jailors justice, they grudge not the people free access to them,—they dream not of withholding a stated and liberal sum for their extension and support. But our governors systematically and pertinaciously oppose every thing of the kind. Four hundred thousand pounds is taken from us every year, in the shape of Woods’ and Forests’ rents, to be expended upon various monuments and improvements of one sort or other in London,—our money,—the fruit of our sweat,—our resources. And though this is notorious and undeniable, and though we export one hundred and five representatives to London every year, to look after our interests, it never occurs to any one of them to ask a question, or utter a remonstrance, against what we cannot call by any other name, than a gross and shameful misappropriation of our money.

Let every man who values the cause of temperance reform in Ireland look to this. It is not a matter of doubt, or conjecture. Popular places of instructive—or at least of innocent amusement, are indispensable to any sound system of civilised society. You cannot make men mere abstinent machines, mere non-conductors of alcohol. Men are weary when they have toiled, men need relaxation when they are weary ; men must have excitement of some kind or other to revive the tone of feeling, whose loss is incident to hard labour ; and if you leave them without museums, pictures, gardens, music, reading rooms, and theatres,—

back to the whiskey shop they will assuredly go.

It is mawkish, paltry, stupid nonsense to say, why can't a man remain at home, and not spend his money on any amusement, but lay it by, until he gathers enough to buy an additional pig, or a second coat, or something that is *useful*. Pah! this is the old stink of mammon. We tell the man who trifles thus with the weakness and the weariness of the working man, you are a fool as well as a hypocrite; you neither know what human nature is, nor have you the honesty, or the sympathy of a well-tempered Newfoundland dog. The money wages of the artisan, and the rent and taxes of the peasant, are not regulated, nor are they capable of being regulated, by any such soul-selling thrift as that which you propose. You have your luxuries and enjoyments, oil to your salad, cream to your tea, silk linings to your coat, a stuffed cushion for your prayers, a reserved seat at your concert, perhaps an equipage to roll you when you are inclined into the country air—the best and purest luxury of all. And thankless for all these blessings, truly brutal in the midst of all these accoutrements and appliances of a refined civilization, and thinking in your heart far more of the inconvenience you personally suffer, by the drunkenness of a servant, or of a tradesman, than of that which you pretend to care for—the amelioration of the many,—you have the stolid heartless barbarity to think and say,—what need the working classes have any amusement? We tell you, be you fanatic or libertine, be you peer or commoner, be you lay or clerical, be you liberal or tory, who talk thus, you are a bad hearted man. Would that we could take you to the close and ill-lighted home of a working man, when the labour of the day is done, and his spare meal is finished, and he begins to feel the lassitude consequent upon spent nature, and could make you watch the craving for some stimulant that exhausted spirit seeks, and note the honest struggle there, between abstinence and the only resource hitherto within his reach,—it may be that you would shrink from uttering at least such a wretched mockery of an immortal spirit's want and woe, as the admonition to save his extra twopence three farthings, till with their accumulation he could buy a second coat. Were men made for accumulating farthings, or for buying coats? Will that suffice? will that keep men from dissipation or excess? No, friend; nor ought

it. Dissipation and excess are great evils, but whether is more guilty—the system which supported by the taxes of the working millions, leaves those millions unsheltered from temptation,—or they who, because they are not miracles of fortitude and abstinence, yield to its force? Which ought to be more ashamed—they who can find no better exercise for their haughty morality, than reviling, round their sumptuous board, the horrid habits of popular inebriety,—or they who would gladly and joyously resort to higher and nobler relaxations than those of the tavern, were they permitted so to do.

The efforts of the people in the large towns to create for themselves Mechanics' Institutes, is a sufficient proof of this. Long enough they waited for the government or the aristocracy to found such establishments; but neither the one nor the other ever dreamt of taking thought of such a thing. They were too busy abusing the people, and making laws to punish the people, to have time for helping the good dispositions of the people. Thank God, the vain patience and expectation of the people, that the good work could begin anywhere but among themselves, is at length worn out. The experiment of the Mechanics' Institute in Dublin, was tried without the advice or favour of a single man of rank or fortune,—nay it was begun with the unanimous prophecy of all such, who condescended to think about it, that it must totally fail. But it has not failed; without their patronage, and in spite of the prophecies of the grandees and the petty grandees, it has succeeded, and it is beyond the power of aristocratic indifference to wither it now.\* One thousand men of the industrious classes have thus proved to one another, and to their fellow-countrymen, that there is at least something which they can carve out for themselves. A fair proportion of the middle classes have shown themselves ready to co-operate with them, as indeed they have always in Ireland shown themselves to be; and so united they can do much. Let the example thus set be followed; and until means can be devised for compelling the legislature to do its duty, in the way of restoring to its proper pur-

\* We have no wish to undervalue the aid given to the Mechanics' Institute by such men as Lord Cloncurry, and the present Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary for Ireland; but it is right that the fact should be known that of the two hundred Peers of Ireland, *one* only has ever contributed to its support.

pose the profit rents and surplus revenue of our country, let us not be idle. In whatever way *THE CITIZEN* can be useful in advancing the cause of providing popular institutions of amusement or instruction, it will be ever ready. Why have we not a *Mechanics' Institute* formed by Mechanics, and governed by Mechanics, in every considerable town in Ireland? The difficulties of such establishments would be practically diminished by the increase of them. These would be the real temperance societies, and their salutary influence would subsist when the excitement of novelty were passed away. They rely not on the self-denial of the people, but upon their curiosity, their love of amusement, their taste for knowledge—the appetites which grow by what they feed upon.

To render the people abstemious is not enough. Even though the habit of abstaining were to become permanent, it would be but a negative good. We must endeavour to do something more effectual and better than mere abstinence. The vast progress that has been made in popular education is already beginning to be felt. The great majority of the rising generation are now taught, as matter of course, to read. But what use is the power of reading, and what use is the habit of sobriety, if the sober and educated man shall have nothing to read, no place to read, no opportunity of reading? Upon the diligence that is used in turning these great opportunities to account, rests all hope of national advancement during the present century. It was one who knew the people well that said—"Let me write the ballads that the people are to sing, and you may make what laws you please." And though the phrase be a bold one, it is not so far from the literal truth as certain folk sometimes imagine. Popular feeling and spirit spring from popular habit and instinct, not from this piece of statute blundering, or the other specimen of senatorial folly. These become objects of its wrath, or contumely; but the source of that wrath lies far down in the suffering bosom of society—has perchance its well-head in some almost forgotten error or iniquity.

While, therefore, we attribute the condition of every nation to the religious and political principles of its government, we are much indisposed to believe in the short-hand modes of spelling out reforms. If there be any great evil rife amongst us, we are disposed to look back for the creative causes. Great evils grow not in

a night. Evil must become a habit ere it be great. It is then that its shadow is flung darkly and far; if you would overthrow it, you must dig down deep under its foundations. Rhetorical rockets wont overturn it, though there were ever such a shower of them. A great evil is too strong for them. No, no, friends; be assured if your cheap and noisy missives could conquer it, 'twould not be so terrible an affair to conquer. A great evil is well garrisoned; it has been preparing for its defence, strengthening itself before you were born: if you are in earnest about overturning it, spend less time in mere talk, and set about working in right earnest.

As for this land of ours, we honestly confess we get exceedingly out of temper when any, save ourselves, presume to chronicle its faults. We have heard such lies spoken, and read such lies written about it, that we are naturally inclined to quarrel with whoever questions our national perfections in any respect. We know this is not philosophical, or logical, or philanthropical; but very little the worse it seems to us on that account. It is not probable, that we shall soon be in the humour to affect the white-livered look of impartiality, while the advantages of other nation stand in broad and unshaded contrast with the misfortunes of our own.

But among ourselves we are not blind to the weak points of our social system. We know well that every bad habit is the fruit of misgovernment of some kind, or of no government of any kind, which is an equally prolific source of misery and mischief. And we may with confidence appeal to the struggles we have made against positive misrule, and the reasonings we have urged in favour of supplying what is deficient in good rule, for the proof of our desire to aid our countrymen in obtaining such legislative remedies as our condition needs. But again, and again we say, the great things, the essential things, are not to be done by parliament. Ah, no, friends; we must do them ourselves, or they never will be done. We must raise ourselves in thought and feeling. We must cleanse our bosom from the perilous stuff wherewith tyranny and poverty and shame has stuffed it. To strike down the hand of misrule is not enough; that wont cleanse our bosom. Nothing, but the mercy of heaven, and the steady resolution taken by the people to wrestle as one man against the ignorance and bad

habits, which our enemies have sent amongst us to mock us, will exorcise the demons.

It is false-hearted, false-sighted patriotism, that will not see that we have this work to do, and anxiously strive to do it. Of our popular errors, that which has hitherto done us most discredit and most harm, is that of intemperance. It cannot be denied; it ought not to be slurred over by the fearless and genuine friend of the people.

A great and praiseworthy effort has at length, in our time, been made to get rid of this terrible blemish on our popular character. Men of the most opposite sentiments have combined together in associations, having for their object the disuse of intoxicating liquors. To us it is matter of deep delight to see men so associated, were there no other result to ensue—'tis a good, 'tis a glorious thing; God bless them for it.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.\*

It must be admitted that the present is an age fertile in biography; from the actor on the great stage of parliament, to the pettiest performer on the boards of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, scarcely a single individual is permitted to repose quietly, in the tomb to which he has descended—interesting or uninteresting, important or unimportant, the details of his daily existence are dragged into light, and volumes innumerable are inflicted upon the public. But notwithstanding that biography has increased to such an extent as to become an evil of serious magnitude, and likely to embarrass posterity,—if it were not for the certainty that nine-tenths of the biographies published will never survive the present generation,—we cannot but rejoice at the appearance of the work whose title heads this article. It seldom happens that the lives of distinguished lawyers possess any interest, save for their contemporaries. Unlike the distinguished in other intellectual employments, they produce no permanent effect, and excite no enduring interest in the minds of posterity. The uniform unvarying tenour of their existence, the monotonous and uninteresting nature of their occupations, divest the details of their lives of that attraction, which attaches to the histories of those who have attained even a less measure of success, by more stirring means: while their labours, however intense, leave no record behind, but the amount of property which they have been the means of amassing. To the accumulation of money, to the acquisition of property or obtaining of honours, they have devoted their existence, and verily they have their reward; "the good they do is buried with them;" and when the

grave has closed upon an Ex-Chancellor, or a retired Chief Justice, the knowledge of their having lived is confined to those, whose duty it is to pore over the reports which are the only record of their existence, and the only monument of their learning.

It is much to be regretted that in England, the law should be of such vast extent, and of such peculiar character, that the labour of a life must be expended in acquiring the knowledge necessary, in order to practice it with even tolerable success, or to administer it with even tolerable satisfaction; while the knowledge so acquired is useless to its possessor, either in any other occupation in this, or in a similar occupation in any other country. The learning of lawyers is, as Archbishop Laud expressed it, "only learning here;" and to those who have failed in making it a marketable commodity, it does not bring either the pleasure in acquisition, or the pride in possession, which every other species even of professional learning affords. It is true, that in a free country, success in the profession of the law brings with it richer rewards, and more tempting prizes, than any other occupation; but while the glittering bait of the Great Seal or Chief Justiceship, has tempted many a young aspirant of strong energies and stronger ambition, to enlist in a pursuit in which success is often not less destructive than failure, the existence of such prizes has produced an injurious effect on the political morality of the profession. A successful lawyer becomes, in this country and in England, a useful ally, and often an indispensable colleague to the two great sections of the aristocracy, which, since the

\* *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly*, edited by his Sons. 3 Vols., 8vo. London, 1840.

final subjugation of the Crown, have contended, with varying and alternate success, for the government of the British Empire. Accordingly, as soon as he has emerged, after long years of patient toil, from the obscurity of his chambers into public notice, he is courted with sedulous attention by political leaders; and when he has once enlisted under the banner, to which choice or accident may direct him, he becomes the advocate of the party whose principles he has espoused, and whose colours he has assumed. He brings to their assistance the knowledge and the habits he has acquired in the long exercise of his profession, and becomes the active and zealous advocate of any measures, which may advance the interests, or serve the views of those, at whose hands he expects rewards so magnificent. For a short period his history is involved in, and partakes of the interest attaching to the history of the country; but rarely has that country been served, or its history been influenced by his eloquence or his exertions. It is true that Sir Edward Coke, in a green old age, rendered services to his country which "half redeemed his forfeit fame;" but his patriotism was the consequence of disappointed ambition; and he did not think of opposing the Crown, until he had been deprived of his office, and of all chance of regaining the lost favour of the Court, by the inveterate hostility of Buckingham. It is true, that in the great struggle between the Crown and the Commons in the reign of the first Charles, several eminent lawyers wielded in defence of their country the arms of the law; but in general the politicians of that profession have carried into their new occupation the habits of their old, and enlisting under the banners of party with "a steady drill sergeant morality," they have looked upon their party as their client, and have sacrificed the interests of freedom and truth, to the cause of that party. In this respect the Harcourts and Cowpers, the Thurlows and Wedderburnes of the last century, do not differ from the Campbells and Folletts of the present.

To this general rule, however, the subject of the present volumes forms a distinguished exception. Courtied at an early age by one of the most influential leaders of that section of the aristocracy, to which his own political feelings and personal connections naturally tended to incline him—tempted by the offer of a seat in parliament upon the most flattering terms, at an age when other men are

unknown beyond the narrow circle of their friends—he had the firmness and the integrity to refuse the offer, because the acceptance of it might compromise his independence, and make him, instead of the servant of the people, which he eagerly desired to be, the badged and liveried retainer of a party. And subsequently, at a later period of life, when age might be supposed to have chilled the glow of youthful enthusiasm, and ambitious and interested views to have overbalanced considerations of public duty; when parliamentary reputation had been added to professional success, and the first honours of the State awaited his acceptance, upon the expected accession to office of the party to which he had attached himself, he dared to oppose that party upon a question, in which their vital interests were involved, to offend the person upon whom that party relied for their restoration to power, and to sacrifice his prospects of becoming Lord Chancellor, because he could not combine the characters of a political partizan and a public servant—because his duty to his country was inconsistent with his fidelity to his party.

The history of the life of such a man must needs be interesting; and the volumes before us present that history in a most attractive shape. His sons have performed with fidelity and discrimination, their duty to their father and the public, whose property the history of that father is. They have properly confined themselves to placing before us his letters and journals, without a single comment of their own; and without wounding the feelings of a single individual, we have thus displayed the faithful record of the actions and opinions, public and private, of one of the best men who ever lived.

Sir Samuel Romilly was born on the 1st of March, 1757, of one of those Huguenot families, with which the stupid bigotry of Louis the Fourteenth had enriched England, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. His father's circumstances were by no means opulent, (being a working jeweller in London;) and the childhood of Romilly, like that of most really great men, presents nothing specially worthy of notice. One circumstance, however, which is related in his own short autobiographical memoir, had such an important influence upon his future fortune, and affected his career in life so fatally, that we cannot avoid giving it in his own words—

"In my earliest infancy my imagination was alarmed, and my fears awakened by stories of devils, witches, and apparitions, and they had a much greater effect upon me than is even usual with children; at least I judge so from their effect being of a more than usual duration. The images of terror with which those tales abound, infested my imagination very long after I had discarded all belief in the tales themselves, and in the stories upon which they are built; and even now, though I have been accustomed for many years to pass my evenings and my nights in solitude, and without even a servant sleeping in my chambers, I must, with some shame, confess that they are sometimes very unwelcome intruders upon my thoughts.

But it was not merely such extravagant stories that disturbed my peace; as dreadful an impression was made on me by relations of murders, and acts of cruelty. The prints which I found in the *Lives of the Martyrs*, and the *Newgate Calendar*, have caused me many sleepless nights. My dreams too were disturbed by the hideous images, which haunted my imagination by day. I thought myself present at executions, murders, and scenes of blood, and I have often lain in bed agitated by my terrors, equally afraid of remaining awake in the dark, and of falling asleep to encounter the horrors of dreams. Often have I, in my evening prayers to God, besought him, with the utmost fervour, to suffer me to pass the night undisturbed by horrid dreams."

Here we may trace the germ of that fatal malady, which in after years overshadowed the intellect, and cut short the life of one, who might otherwise have rendered signal services to his country; had he but been preserved until the arrival of a better season, than the deep gloom of toryism which had then spread over the land. After having, in the course of a painful attendance at the school of a tyrannical and ignorant master, acquired somewhat less than the usual quantity of "dead vocables," young Romilly was at the age of fourteen transferred to his father's shop, which he was in the fulness of time to succeed to. The leisure which such an occupation fortunately afforded him, was employed by his active mind in supplying the deficiencies of his so called education; and at eighteen he had acquired an acquaintance with books, which does not often fall to the lot of those, who have been more fortunate in early life. Accident, however, and the kindness of a wealthy relative, rescued him from a situation in life so little suited to his tastes and capacities; and after having had a narrow escape of being chained for life to the dull routine, and oppressive idleness of the Six Clerks' office, he was persuaded, by the advice of friends, in this instance not misjudging, to adopt the more arduous and animating life of a barrister; and accordingly, in his twenty-first year, entered his name as a law student at Gray's Inn.

From this period until his entry on the actual exercise of his profession in Easter, 1783, his studies were pursued with unremitting, though not exclusive zeal. Neither then, nor at a subsequent period, when engrossed with business, did Romilly fail to find time for the pursuit of literature, the intercourse of friendship, and the performance of those offices of love and duty, which are so agreeable to the benevolent, and so irksome to the selfish. His correspondence with his brother-in-law, (the Rev. Mr. Roget,) who had been compelled by ill health to leave the country, and his sister—a correspondence which was interrupted only by death—while it furnishes the best evidence and most authentic record of the unaffected intrinsic goodness of his character, presents at the same time most interesting comments on the events of the time. The disgraceful riots of 1780, when the stupid and cruel bigotry of a besotted multitude, led on by a titled fanatic, had almost proved fatal to the established government of Great Britain, are detailed with all the particularity and all the disgust of an eye-witness.

"The shameful means by which, as I related to you in a former letter, names were procured to the petition for repealing the Catholic Act, did not give me any idea that the party could be either very formidable or numerous.

"The Methodists, the followers of Wesley, and the sectaries of Whitefield, were the first, if not to raise, at least to join the cry against popery; and it should seem from the effects that have been produced, that no art has been left untried which either could magnify the terrors of the people, by painting to their imagination in the most glaring colours all the horrors of popism, or could infuse among them a mistaken zeal, and a dangerous spirit of fanaticism. One way or other, 40,000 persons were prevailed on to sign the petition. Lord George Gordon, that he might give it greater weight, or rather that he might by violence force it upon the House, advertised in the newspapers, in the name and as president of the Protestant Association, the day on which he purposed presenting the petition to the House, at the same time desiring the attendance of all the petitioners.

"When I arrived at Westminster, whither I went to hear a debate upon a motion of the Duke of Richmond, I found the large opening between the Parliament House and Westminster Abbey, all the avenues of the House, and the adjoining streets, thronged with people wearing blue cockades. Upon my getting into the House of Lords I found Lord Mansfield, and five or six peers who were all that were yet assembled, in great consternation from the news they had just received of Lord Stormont's being in great danger from the populace. That Lord, however, soon made his appearance; he had been treated rudely but not very outrageously by the mob. Lord Hillsborough and several other peers came in soon after with their hair dishevelled, having lost their bags in the scuffle they had, to get into the House. Lord Bathurst, the late Chancellor, was pulled in



by the attendants out of the hands of the populace. Several noblemen, among others Lord Sandwich, feeling the danger, had returned home, so that the House was rather thin. The Duke of Richmond notwithstanding rose to speak upon the motion he was about to make. He had proceeded in his speech for about an hour, though with frequent interruptions from the thundering of the mob at the doors of the House, and the shouting that was heard without, when one of the peers abruptly entered to inform the lords that the populace had forced Lord Boston out of his coach, and that his life was thought to be in the greatest danger. Several lords immediately offered to go out and rescue him; but by the assistance of the attendants and some of the people about the House, this was rendered unnecessary. Not long after word was brought that Lord Ashburnham was in the same situation, surrounded by the mob and in great danger; at last, however, he was dragged into the House over the heads of the people and apparently much hurt. The tumult becoming every moment more violent, it was found impossible to go on with any business, and at half past eight the House adjourned. Thus far as to what I myself was witness to.

"At the House of Commons the lobby was so much crowded with the petitioners, that the members could hardly get in; and none of it is said were suffered to pass without giving in their names to Lord George Gordon, and promising to vote for the repeal. As soon as the House sat upon business the petition was taken into consideration; but certainly nothing could be done upon it then, for many members had been deterred from coming to the House, and those who were present were far from enjoying any freedom of debate. A motion was therefore made to defer the consideration of it till Tuesday, and carried by a majority of 190 to 9. Lord George Gordon then came into the gallery over the lobby, and harangued the populace. He told them their petition was as good as rejected, and that if they expected redress, they must keep in a body, or meet day after day till the Catholic Act was repealed. Some of his friends who stood behind him besought him with the greatest earnestness, not to excite the people to measures which must be destructive to themselves, but nothing could deter this frantic incendiary till he was by violence forced back into the House. The clamours of the people were now become so loud, and there appeared among them symptoms of such a dangerous temper, that it was absolutely necessary to call up the guards. This expedient was so far successful that the lobby and the avenues of the House were soon cleared; but without doors the fury of the populace was ungovernable. The Bishop of Lincoln (the Chancellor's brother) was torn out of his coach as he was going to the House; happily he escaped out of the hands of the mob, and took refuge in a house in Palace Yard. The mob however pursued him, broke the windows, and insisted so resolutely on being admitted to search for him, that it was impossible to keep them out any longer than while the bishop changed his dress, and made his escape over the garden wall. The tumult continued till very late at night, when the mob divided into different parties, and broke into three Romish chapels (two of which belonged to ambassadors) tore down the altars, the organs, and decorations of the chapels, brought them out into the street and burned them. Not content with this, at the Sardinian Ambassador's, they carried the fire into the chapel,—the inside was presently consumed, but fortunately no other damage was done.

"On Sunday night the mob assembled again in

Moorfilds, broke into a mass-house that had lately been built there, and into some adjoining houses which were inhabited by Catholics, destroyed all the furniture, and every thing they could lay hands on, and at last set fire to the houses. Five were consumed besides the mass house. Last night they committed great outrages at the houses of those who had appeared as witnesses against those who were taken. Afterwards they broke all the windows and destroyed the furniture at the house of Sir George Saville, a man who bears an excellent character, and who is one of the most active men in the opposition; and who was the very person who brought up the York petition to parliament; but all these merits it seems are cancelled, by his having moved, two years ago, to give some privileges to an unfortunate class of men who are unjustly the objects of very rigorous laws.

The evening of Tuesday, the day when I wrote to you last, was attended with the most violent outrages and excesses that can be imagined. I informed you, I believe, that the further consideration of the petition was deferred until that day. Prodigious multitudes, wearing blue cockades, assembled as before in Palace Yard, but on the first appearance of a crowd, guards, both foot and horse, were drawn up and formed an avenue for the members to pass to the House. But this martial appearance far from intimidating the mob, only rendered them more insolent. They boldly paraded the streets with colours and music, and attempted to pass through the Park to Buckingham House, but were stopped by a very strong party of guards stationed there. About five o'clock the rioters were become so outrageous, that there was no possibility of awing them but by reading the Riot Act. Upon this a great part of the rioters quitted Palace Yard, but they only quitted it with the intention to wreak their fury upon the objects of their resentment in other parts of the town. One party went straight to the house of the Justice of the Peace who had read the Riot Act, and entirely demolished it. Another, and a much stronger body, marched to Newgate, demanded the release of the persons who were confined there for the burning of the Ambassador's Chapel; and, this demand not being complied with, broke open the doors, set at liberty all the felons and debtors, and set fire to the prison and the keeper's house, which were both presently consumed. They then proceeded to the new prison at Clerkenwell, and set free the prisoners that were there in confinement. About one o'clock in the morning they attacked the house of Lord Mansfield; his lordship had but just time to escape by a back door, when they broke in. A bonfire was immediately made in the street of his furniture, and with merciless fury they threw into it all his books, and among others, many manuscripts of inestimable value. At last they set fire to the house, which was burned to the ground. The soldiers, after having for a long time endured the insults of the populace, were at last obliged to fire. Eight or nine persons were killed and several wounded. The same night the house of Sir John Fielding was burned; and in different parts all over the town, the houses of Catholics were pulled down or set on fire. Some of the mob at last insisted upon lights being put up at every window in joy for the destruction of Newgate, the illumination accordingly was general. You can hardly represent to yourself so melancholy a sight as this appearance of involuntary rejoicing, and at the same time to behold the sky glowing on every side with the light of different conflagrations, as if the city had been taken by an enemy.

"In the accounts I have given you of these trans-

actions, I mentioned no circumstance but what I was either an eye-witness to myself, or heard from authority which I had no reason to doubt. It is really no exaggeration to say, that on Tuesday and Wednesday nights London had the appearance of a city taken by storm; the fires blazing in different parts of the town, the terror and dismay of one part of the inhabitants, and the rage and licentiousness of the other were equal to what one can imagine in such a catastrophe."

The cause of these tumults was not less disgraceful to the nation, than their existence and continuance was discreditable to the government, which was so panic-struck as to have neglected, for some days, to adopt the measures necessary for their suppression. The act, the repeal of which was thus tumultuously demanded, merely relieved the English Catholics—a feeble and inoffensive remnant—from the liability to perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of property, which, by the act of 1699, was imposed upon Roman Catholics, for the offences of hearing mass, of keeping school, and of refusing to conform to the established religion. The scenes thus enacted in the heart of the British metropolis, in an age that calls itself enlightened, and among a people who have long boasted of their civilization, should be a warning to our zealous Anglo-maniacs to be more sparing in casting upon other nations, the reproaches of barbarism and religious bigotry.

The struggles of parties, at the close of the American war,—when the English nation, weary of a contest from which they had reaped nothing but a plentiful harvest of defeats, or of profitless victories, and forgetful of the eagerness with which they had embarked in the contest for supremacy, from which they could derive no benefit beyond the gratification of the "lust of sway," sought to avenge upon Lord North and the ministry of the day, the consequences of their own rash attempt at usurpation,—are interestingly described:

"When I arrived home I found every body in great anxiety for the army under Lord Cornwallis.

"In this uncertainty the day, on which parliament was to meet, drew near. The King's speech was prepared, had been read at the council, and was to have been delivered to parliament the very next day, when news arrived that Cornwallis and all his soldiers were prisoners.

"The debates which were to be held on the following day, promised to be very interesting, and so much had they aroused the attendance of men, that the lobby of the House was full, long before the Speaker arrived, nor was it without difficulty that he could make his way into the House. The moment he had entered the people crowded after him, it was

impossible to shut the doors, and the gallery was in a moment filled with a promiscuous crowd. I among the rest had the good fortune to get a seat. As you have without doubt already seen the King's speech, you have as certainly observed, that after boasting of successes in the East Indies which nobody had ever heard of before, announcing the disaster in Virginia, and declaring his resolution to prosecute the war with vigour, he goes on to involve the future conduct of the war in darkness and uncertainty. \* \* \* The gentlemen who moved for the address, echoing as usual every sentence of the speech, prefaced their motion with harangues of a very singular kind, giving the most dismal picture of the nation.

When these gentlemen had done, Fox rose to move an amendment to the proposed address. The motion he introduced by a very long and passionate speech, in which he said he had to set before the House a picture of the nation, melancholy indeed, but much less melancholy than had been drawn by the gentleman who preceded him. He would use to the House the same reasoning with which Demosthenes addressed the people of Athens, 'If your country had been reduced to its present miserable state, under a wise and virtuous administration, as these men pretend, your situation would be desperate indeed; but if, as I insist, your affairs have been foolishly, imprudently, perhaps treacherously administered, you have still hopes of retrieving them under some other men and by some other system.

He ended with showing the folly and cruelty of still continuing the war in America, and said the Ministers had dared to suggest to his Majesty the speech of a hard-hearted unfeeling Prince, who was not to be moved by the affliction of his much injured and afflicted people, but was determined madly to prosecute the same measures as had already driven them to the brink of ruin. Burke made another very violent speech, in which he promised soon to move for an impeachment against the ministers; but the amendment was lost in the Commons by 218 to 129, and in the Lords by 15 to 31."

The admirable sketch of the character of the North administration, which follows, we regret that we have not room to extract. It is not, as our readers may anticipate, very flattering to that government; but, notwithstanding the strong and deserved condemnation of them, which it contains, their principal fault in the eyes of the nation, and that which ultimately proved fatal to them, was not their attempt to subjugate America, but their failure in the attempt. So long as the tide of success flowed in their favour, so long as there seemed but little prospect that the "revolted colonies" would become independent states, the popular clamour out of doors chimed in with the cheers of the Parliamentary majority. Lives and fortunes were freely pledged for the maintenance of British supremacy; the indignant remonstrances of Burke were poured forth to empty benches in the House, and treated with equal contempt by the public outside; but, after the disaster at Saratoga, and the

surrender at York Town, the scene changed. When the prospect of success had vanished, and the burthens occasioned by the war pressed heavily upon the abettors of tyranny; then, and not till then, did the advocates of coercion begin to be unpopular, and peace and conciliation become the order of the day. Lord North's parliamentary majority was not more permanent than his popularity out of doors; a vote of censure on Lord Sandwich, (then first Lord of the Admiralty,) was lost by the small majority of 19 in a House of 450 members; and the division on General Conway's motion, for an address to the Crown, praying that measures might be taken to effect a reconciliation with the Americans, which was lost by a single vote, (194 to 193,) showed what a salutary change had been effected in the space of a few weeks, by the success of the republican armies.

This sealed the fate of the administration; but several convulsive struggles followed, with varying results. Lord North clung to office, as a condemned criminal to life; notwithstanding that he had lost the power which could alone, in the eyes of a man even of decent ambition, render office desirable,—until, at length, with a motion for the removal of the ministry pending, he anticipated it by announcing his resignation to the House. The administration of Charles Fox and Lord Rockingham followed—an administration memorable only for the pacification with Ireland, when, to use the words of one of our own orators, “a voice from America shouted to liberty,” and “laws which had been sown like dragon's teeth, sprung up in armed men,”—a pacification that saved England from a still more ruinous civil war, than that in which she had just been worsted. In Ireland, as in America, concession was the consequence of weakness, not the result of moderation. Claims which had been scornfully rejected by the British government and their adherents in this country, when sustained only by their own intrinsic justice, and the petitions of the Irish people, were hastily conceded when that people had exchanged the tone and aspect of peaceful suppliants for the guise and demeanour of armed and indignant men. Measures which it was deemed treasonable to advocate, when this country lay defenceless, and “the lamp of British dominion yet rode high,” were sullenly and ingloriously adopted, when the island

bristled from one end to the other with the bayonets of the Volunteers, and the long and dangerous struggle for British supremacy in America had terminated in the creation of thirteen new republics.

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the consequent change of ministry, were in this respect fortunate for England.—The utter and hopeless failure of all their attempts upon America, opened the eyes of the English people to the inevitable consequences of a similar struggle with Ireland. Ill success had, fortunately for them, moderated their ambition, and corrected their exaggerated estimate of their own resources. The arguments of those who recommended concession to the Irish people, were found not altogether destitute of weight, when the measured tread of one hundred thousand armed men, and the lumbering of one hundred pieces of artillery were heard in the distance.—Adopting in their adversity those counsels which they had scoffed at in their prosperity, they paused at the brink of the abyss which yawned before their feet, and the integrity of the yet remaining portions of the British empire was preserved, by the abandonment of their claim to legislative supremacy. And yet, although the period of which we speak is not so remote, but that the events which then occurred may be remembered by some still alive, and although the events of 1829 afford an additional example of concessions delayed, until they were regarded as extorted from the fear, and not obtained from the justice of the British government; the lessons which they should have taught, seem unheeded or forgotten. The opponents of concession, and the advocates of coercion, are as strong and as determined in their unyielding policy, as if rights denied in the wantonness of strength to the prayers of a people, had never been conceded in the hour of danger, and of weakness, to their indignant remonstrances. A powerful faction in England, are, to-day, as vehement in their denunciations of the Irish people, and as reckless of the consequences, as if no germ of an American war, more formidable than any that has yet occurred, were engendered by the state of Canada and an unsettled boundary,—as if no Russian encroachment menaced at once Constantinople and Calcutta,—as if no formidable French navy wounded the vanity, and excited the apprehensions of the jealous mistress of the seas,—as if no murky discontent were brooding in the

minds of the agricultural and manufacturing population of Great Britain, now blazing forth in nocturnal conflagrations, now stalking through the land in armed rebellion. But it is ever thus, when the dictates of prudence and sound policy are opposed to the suggestions of passion or prejudice. The lessons of moderation which history teaches to the arrogant rulers of nations, are written on the sands of the sea shore, to be effaced by the succeeding tide, to be forgotten "to-day before to-morrow."

From the detailed accounts which he gives of Mr. Pitt's first motion, for the amendment of the representation of the people, Romilly seems to have taken a deep interest in the question of Parliamentary reform, which the American revolution had then rendered a popular topic. But, neither the pressure of public opinion out of doors, nor the united eloquence of Pitt and Fox (in this instance rivals only, not opponents,) could prevail upon the House to vote its own destruction; and the motion only served to exalt the reputation, and increase the power of him, who was soon to become the deadliest foe to the measure, which he was then advocating with all his energies. The death of Lord Rockingham, and their own dissensions, proved fatal to the successors of Lord North; Fox and Burke retired from office; and the ministry was reconstructed, with Lord Shelburne as its head. A short interval of half-concealed opposition, on the part of the seceders, followed, until at length, in the beginning of 1783, Charles Fox, actuated either by a desire for revenge upon his former colleagues, or by utter recklessness of consequences, formed the disgraceful coalition with Lord North; and the world saw, with astonishment, the man who was denounced almost as a traitor to his country, sitting in the same cabinet with the loudest of his accusers. The effect of this coalition upon the public mind may be judged of by the following extracts from letters of Romilly to his brother-in-law:

"I suppose the *Courier de l'Europe* and the gazettes have proclaimed to you the scandalous alliance between Fox and Lord North. It is not Fox alone but all his party, so much so that it is no exaggeration to say, that of all the devoted characters of this unfortunate country, (Mr. Pitt only excepted) there is not a man who has, or who deserves the nation's confidence.

"Fox seems already to have lost all his popularity, and it is almost a general wish, that some man of character and credit may be opposed to him as a candidate for Westminster. Lord North has lost still more in the public estimation. Wonderful as it may seem, it is certain that he was growing again into a kind of popularity.

"April 11, 1783.

"Last Monday, Fox was re-elected for Westminster, because no body opposed him. The populace received him with hisses, hooting, and every other mark of displeasure. He attempted to speak to them several times, but to no purpose; they were resolved not to hear him."

Notwithstanding the loss of character and popularity, the coalition ministry was triumphant in parliament, until the influence of the king, actuated by a dread of Fox's East India Bill, was thrown into the scale of their opponents. Pitt, the great champion of reform, was placed at the head of the government; a dissolution scattered the discomfited adherents of the coalition; all projects of reform were thrown to the winds by the successful minister, and Romilly lived to hold office under his opponent, and to quarrel with the adherents of that opponent, because he could not conscientiously accede to the tacit compact they had formed, of never censuring the policy of Pitt.

On the last day of Easter Term, Romilly was called to the bar, and the death of his brother-in-law, shortly after, imposed upon him the necessity of a journey to Geneva, for the purpose of bringing home his sister. In his passage through Paris he met Dr. Franklin, of whom he speaks in the following terms:

"Of all the celebrated persons whom in my life I have chanced to see, Dr. Franklin, both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable. His venerable patriarchal appearance, the simplicity of his manner and language, and the novelty of his observations, at least the novelty of them at that time to me, impressed me with an opinion of him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed. The American constitutions were then recently published. I remember his reading us some passages out of them, and expressing some surprise that the French government had permitted the publication of them in France."

In the latter end of 1784 he formed an acquaintance with a greater than Franklin, destined to play a still more conspicuous part upon a wider stage, than that which had been illustrated by the exertions of the Philadelphia printer. In the short interval of tranquillity that intervened, between the mighty moral earthquakes of the American and French Revolutions, Mirabeau, unconscious of the destiny which was prepared for him, and seeking only a vent for the restless energy which was consuming him, came to London,—for the purpose of publishing an English translation of a tract which he had written against the Order of the Cincinnati, then lately established in America,—and was introduced by D'Ivernois to Romilly.

"He read his manuscript to me, and seeing that I was very much struck with the eloquence of it, he proposed to me to become his translator, telling me that he knew that it was impossible to expect any thing tolerable from a translator that was to be paid. I thought the translation would be a useful exercise for me; I had sufficient leisure on my hands, and I undertook it. The Count was difficult enough to please, for he was sufficiently impressed with the beauties of the original. During this occupation we had occasion to see each other often, and become very intimate; and as he had read much, had seen a great deal of the world, and was acquainted with all the most distinguished persons who at that time adorned either the royal court or the republic of letters in France, had a great knowledge of French and Italian literature, and possessed a very good taste, his conversation was extremely interesting and not a little instructive. I had such frequent opportunities of seeing him at this time, and afterwards at a much more important period of his life, that I think his character was well known to me. I doubt whether it has been as well known to the world, and I am convinced, that great injustice has been done him. His vanity was certainly excessive; but I have no doubt, that in his public conduct, as well as in his writings, he was desirous of doing good, that his ambition was of the noblest kind, and that he proposed to himself the noblest ends. He was, however, like many of his countrymen who were active in the calamitous revolution that afterwards took place, not sufficiently scrupulous about the means by which those ends were to be accomplished. He, indeed, in some degree professed this, and more than once I have heard him say, that there were occasions upon which '*la petite morale* *était l'ennemie de la grande.*' It is not surprising that, with such maxims as these in his mouth, unguarded in his expression, and careless of his reputation, he should have afforded room for the circulation of many stories to his disadvantage. Violent, impetuous, conscious of the superiority of his talents, and the declared enemy and denouncer of every species of tyranny and oppression, he could not fail to shock the prejudices, to oppose the interests, to excite the jealousy, and to wound the pride of many descriptions of persons. A mode of refuting his works, open to the basest and vilest of mankind, was to represent him as a monster of vice and profligacy. A scandal once set on foot, is strengthened and propagated by many, who have no malice against the object of it. I indeed possessed demonstrative evidence of the falsehood of some of the anecdotes which, by men of high character, were related to his prejudice. While he was in London he lost a great part of his linen, and a manuscript copy of the correspondence between Voltaire and D'Alembert, which was at that time unpublished, but has since appeared in Beaumarchais' edition. A person of the name of Hardy, who served him in the capacity of amanuensis, having abruptly left him, although his wages remained unpaid, suspicion naturally fell upon him, and the Count obtained a warrant against him; and after some time he was apprehended and tried at the Old Bailey. The evidence was very slight, and the man was very properly acquitted; but nothing at all discreditable to Mirabeau appeared upon the trial. On the contrary, Baron Perryn, who tried the prisoner, (Mr. Justice Buller being at the same time upon the bench), declared, that though the prisoner ought certainly to be acquitted, no blame whatever was to be imputed to the prosecutor. Lord Minto, (then Sir Gilbert Elliot), who had been at the same

school as Mirabeau, and was the greatest friend he had in England, Baynes and myself, were present at the trial, and had been consulted by Mirabeau upon all the steps he had taken upon the occasion. When the trial was over, Lord Minto said, that it would be extremely important to have an accurate account of what had passed upon the trial, inserted in some of the newspapers, to prevent any misrepresentation of it, which he thought might be apprehended from Mirabeau's enemies; for it had been observed that some of them, and particularly Languet, had taken a great interest in the affair, and had been present, watching every thing that had passed, as well upon the trial, as previously upon the examination of the prisoner before the magistrate who committed him. At Lord Minto's suggestion, therefore, he, together with Baynes and myself, went immediately from the court to Bagnes' chambers, and there drew up a very fair account of the trial, which was the next day published in one of the newspapers. I have the paper still in my possession, and it contains a most scrupulously exact account of every thing that passed. What was my astonishment, therefore, some years afterwards, when Mirabeau had, by his conduct in the National Assembly of France, drawn the eyes of all Europe upon him, to hear, as I did, that Mr. Justice Buller had stated in different companies, that Mirabeau had had the villany, because his servant demanded his wages of him, and threatened him with an arrest, to charge him with a felony, for which there was so little foundation, that it was proved at the trial, that Mirabeau had never been possessed of so many shirts as he had accused his servant of stealing. That Mr. Justice Buller deliberately circulated these untruths, knowing them to be such, I do not believe. He had a very imperfect recollection of the trial, although he had himself presided at it; he fancied what he stated; he did not give himself the trouble of looking back to his notes; and it did not seem to him to be very important that he should be scrupulously exact respecting a man, who had already so bad a reputation, and who would not be the better or worse for what was thought of him in England."

Notwithstanding the excuses made by Sir S. Romilly for Mr. Justice Buller, we confess we cannot look upon his conduct in any favourable manner. He—a judge of the land, whose solemn duty it was to take accurate notes of what passed at every trial at which he presided, without taking the trouble to refer to these notes, either through inadvertence or design, we care not which,—knowing the authority which must naturally attach to every statement of his, respecting a matter, which came before him judicially,—circulates a false statement of the circumstances—a statement deeply injurious to one not then present to refute the calumny,—and, that too, respecting a man, whose character was matter of history, belonging not to himself alone, or to the generation among which he lived, but to the most remote posterity. So that the learned judge appears, in this matter, not only a calumniator of private character, but, so far as in

him lay, a perverter of history. And probably some historian, or biographer of Mr. Justice Buller's school in politics, may cite this very calumny, thus conclusively refuted, as a proof of the extreme depravity of Mirabeau. But to return from Mr. Justice Buller to the man whom he thus wantonly reviled, and to whom he owes his only chance of being remembered by posterity.

"Mirabeau's indifference to the enemies he made, was shown in various instances during his residence in England. In his notes upon the "*Cincinnati*," he attacked Sir Joseph Banks for his conduct as president of the Royal Society, and he arraigned the judgment of the King's Bench in the celebrated case of the Dean of St. Asaph. In private company he was positive and intolerant in his opinions. One remarkable instance appeared at a dinner, at which I was present, at Mr. Brand Holles's. Among the company were John Wilkes, General Miranda, and Mirabeau. The conversation turned upon the English criminal law, its severity, and the frequency of public executions. Wilkes defended the system with much wit and good humour, but with very bad arguments. Mirabeau was not satisfied with having the best of the argument, and with triumphantly refuting his opponent—he was determined to crush him with his eloquence. He declaimed with vehemence, he talked of Wilkes's immorality, and with a man less cool, less indifferent about the truth, and less skilled in avoiding any personal quarrel than Wilkes, the dispute would probably have been attended with serious consequences. Mirabeau seemed to provoke, and take a pleasure in these sort of controversies with celebrated men; and he wrote me a letter while I was on circuit in 1785, in which he gave me a very detailed account of a dispute, which he supposed himself to have had with Gibbon the historian, at Lord Lansdowne's table, and in which he expressed himself with so much violence, that he seems, in some degree, to admit that he was to blame. The most extraordinary circumstance, however, is, that he certainly never had any such dispute with Gibbon; and that, at the time when he supposed it to have taken place, Gibbon was actually residing at Lausanne. How the mistake happened, and who it was that he took for Gibbon, I never discovered; but of the fact there can be no doubt, for I have the letter in my possession. He introduced me to Benjamin Vaughan, and Vaughan made me acquainted with Lord Lansdowne; Mirabeau too was loud in his praises of me to that nobleman; he had formed high expectations of me, he was anxious that I should act a distinguished part in the country; and he was impatient to see me in parliament, as the only theatre upon which that part could be acted. In all this he was actuated by the most disinterested motives, and by the purest friendship for me."

It is creditable to the abilities of Romilly, that they were such as to attract the notice, and obtain the friendship of Mirabeau; and it is a strong proof of the amiability, and, despite of all his errors, the moral worth of Mirabeau, to have acquired and retained the friendship of such a man as Romilly. Such testimony as

that which we have just extracted, written deliberately after an interval of many years, when the subject of it had been removed from the period of his stormy existence, and all particulars respecting him had ceased to excite the interest of political parties, far outweighs the innumerable calumnies by which the partizans of the "*ancien regime*" attempted to pervert the history, and blacken the reputation of him, "who shook them from their slumbers on the throne."

To the acquaintance with Lord Lansdowne, thus procured for him by Mirabeau, Romilly was indebted for the offer of a seat in parliament, upon terms most creditable to both parties; but which (though he was to be at liberty to vote and act as he should think proper) Romilly had the punctiliousness, or strength of mind, to decline, lest the consciousness of owing his seat in the House of Commons to any individual, should compromise his independence. The same offer was afterwards renewed by Lord Lansdowne, with a similar result; an offer of the same kind from the Prince of Wales, in 1805, met no better fate; nor was it until he became Solicitor General in 1806, and thereby a member of the government, that Romilly thought it consistent with his independence to accept of a seat in parliament, the bestowing of which was in the hands of an individual.

The details of Romilly's professional life in these volumes are, we regret to say, few and meagre. He seems, however, to have early obtained a good share of business as an equity draftsman; but the midland circuit, which he joined in 1784, was productive of more pleasure than profit; and at the end of the sixth or seventh circuit he had made no progress:

"I had been, it is true, in a few causes; but all the briefs I had had were delivered to me by London attorneys, who had seen my face in London, and who happened to be strangers to the juniors in the circuit. This afforded me no opportunity of displaying any talents, if I possessed them, and they led to nothing. I might have continued thus a mere spectator of the business done by others, quite to the end of the sixteen years, which elapsed before I gave up every part of the circuit, if I had not resolved, though it was very inconvenient on account of the business which I began to get in London, to attend the Quarter sessions of some midland county. It was an observation which I heard Mr. Justice Heath make, 'that there was no use in going a circuit without attending sessions,' which determined me to try the experiment; and I fixed upon Warwick as being the last place upon the commission; and, therefore, that part of it which I could attend with the least interruption of my business in chancery, and as being, also, that place at which the greatest

number of causes were tried. At the sessions there is a much less attendance of counsel than at the assizes; and from the incapacity for business of many who do attend, every man is almost certain of being tried, and if he have any talent, of being a good deal employed. I found the experiment very successful; I had not attended many sessions before I was in all the business there; this naturally led to business at the assizes, and I had obtained a larger portion of it than any man upon the circuit, when my occupations in London forced me altogether to relinquish it."

The practice, which Romilly thus recommends, is now established with the English bar; and, though the line of demarcation between the chancery and the common law bars, is more strict than it was in his time, yet the practise of attending quarter sessions is found too advantageous to be abandoned, by the young men of either. All attempts hitherto have failed to introduce a similar practice in Ireland, by the affected aristocracy of a portion of the bar, aided by the jealousy on the part of the attorneys who practise in the quarter sessions' courts; but its advantages, both to the bar and the public, are so obvious, that we do not despair of seeing it adopted before long.

In the autumn of 1789, Romilly visited Paris, then in the first flush of revolutionary excitement. Every thing seemed to forebode the most favourable termination to the great change then so happily begun; not a cloud was visible above the political horizon, from which the most fearful observer could augur the near appearance of the storm which soon desolated the land. The Bastille had fallen; the National Assembly was supreme in France; and Mirabeau, having overcome the first obstacles which his unpopularity had created, ruled the assembly from the tribune.

"At Versailles I found Dumont and Duroveray living together, and together conducting a periodical publication which gave an account of the National Assembly, and was entitled the *Courrier des Provinces*. It passed with the public for Mirabeau's. Mirabeau was well aware of their talents, and was disposed to benefit by them; on several important occasions they assisted him; and the address of the assembly to the King for the removal of the troops, an address which was adopted the moment Mirabeau had proposed it, and which produced so great an effect in France, was entirely written by Dumont. The last of Mirabeau's letters to his constituents, one of the most eloquent compositions in the French language, was also Dumont's. Its extraordinary success suggested the idea of publishing a regular journal under a different title, and not under Mirabeau's name, but which, from the great talents displayed in it, was generally supposed to be written by him, and he was too proud of the performance to deny it. Of course I found Dumont and Duroveray in great intimacy with Mirabeau. They were very well acquainted too with other members of the

assembly. I had a letter from Lord Lansdowne to Necker, I was acquainted with the Bishop of Chartres, a Deputy to the States; and by these various means I saw a great number of the persons who were most distinguished as speakers in the assembly. I was very frequent in my attendance there, and often heard Moulier, Barnave, Lally Tollendal, Thourer, Maury, Casales, and D'Espremenil, who were some of the speakers at that time most looked up to by the different parties. I heard Robespierre, but he was then so obscure, and spoke with so little talent and success, that I have not the least recollection of his person. I met the Abbé Sieyès several times at the Bishop of Chartres'.—Sieyès was of a morose disposition, said little in company, and appeared to have a full sense of his own superiority, and great contempt for the opinions of others. He was, however, when I saw him, greatly out of humour with the assembly, and with every body who had concurred in its decree for the abolition of tithes, and seemed to augur very ill of the resolution. While I was at Versailles he published his defence of tithes with his motto prefixed to it, '*Ils veulent être libres, et ils ne savent pas être justes.*'" At the Bishop of Chartres' too I met Petion, a man who appeared to me to have neither talents nor vices which could enable him to have so great, and so unfortunate an influence on public affairs as he afterwards appeared to have.

"What struck me as most remarkable in the dispositions of the people that I saw, was the great desire that every body had to act a great part, and the jealousy which was, in consequence of this, entertained of those who were really eminent. The confidence which they felt in themselves, and their unwillingness to be informed by persons capable of giving them information, was not a little remarkable. I was dining one day at M. Necker's, at Versailles, at a great dinner, at which many of the deputies were present, amongst others M. Mallouet, a man of considerable eminence. It was a day in which great tumult had prevailed in the National Assembly, and the Bishop of Langres, who was then the president, had rung his bell to command silence until he had broken it; but all had been in vain. The conversation turned upon this. Mallouet observed that in the English House of Commons the greatest order prevailed, and that this was accomplished by the Speaker, who had power, if any member behaved disorderly, to impose silence on him by way of punishment for two months, or any limited period of time. M. Necker turned round to me, as the only Englishman present, and asked me if that were so. M. Mallouet had been so positive and bold in his assertion, that I thought the most polite way in which I could contradict him, was to say that I never heard of it. But this only served to give that gentleman an opportunity of showing his great superiority over me. I might not, he said, have heard of it, but of the fact there was not the least doubt.

"Mirabeau was acting a great part the whole time that I was at Versailles; and it was not surprising that he was a little intoxicated with the applause and admiration that he received. He was certainly a very extraordinary man, with great defects undoubtedly, but with many very good qualities; possessed of great talents himself, and having a singular faculty of bringing forward and availing himself of the talents of others. He was a great plagiarist, but it was from avarice not poverty, that he appropriated to himself the views and the eloquence of others. Whatever he found forcible or beautiful he considered as a kind of com-

mon property, which he might avail himself of, and which he ought to make the most of, to promote the objects he had in view; and notwithstanding all that has been said against him, I am well convinced that both in his writings and in his speeches he had what he conceived to be the good of mankind for his object. He was vain, and he was inordinately ambitious; but his ambition was to act a noble part, and to establish the liberty of his country on the most solid foundations. He was very unjustly accused of having varied in his politics, and of having gone over to the court. From the beginning, and when he was the idol of the people, he always had it in view to establish a limited monarchy in France upon the model of the British constitution. That at the time when the democratical leaders in France had far other prospects in contemplation; he was in secret correspondence with the court, and that he received money from the King, I think highly probable; and the gross immorality of such conduct I am not disposed to justify, or even to palliate. But those who believe that he suffered himself to be bribed to do what his own heart and judgment condemned, and that unbribed, he would have acted a very different part, do him, in my opinion, and I had frequent opportunities of hearing his sentiments at the different periods when I was intimately acquainted with him, very great injustice."

Time has converted the probability of Romilly into a certainty. It is now established that Mirabeau was, for some short time previous to his death, in the habit of receiving large sums of money from the court; but it has also established the truth of the distinction drawn by Romilly, and proved, that, although the extravagance, and consequent embarrassment of Mirabeau forced him to accept the proffered monies of the court—that they were accepted as gifts, and not taken as bribes, and that the political conduct of Mirabeau was not in the slightest degree influenced by them. We do not deny the culpability of such conduct, or contend for the validity of the dangerous distinction between gifts and bribes—between the acceptance of money as an acknowledgment of past, and as an inducement to future services, where such money cannot, in either case, be received without a violation of duty.

The whole affair is a striking illustration of the absurdity of the law passed by the Constituent Assembly, prohibiting any deputy from being a minister; it was this provision, preventing Mirabeau from entering on the only career in which he could then have effectually served his country, as the avowed, recognised minister of the crown, that drove him into the culpable and dangerous by-paths of court intrigue—it was this that led to the monthly payment from the Tuileries—it was this that caused the secret meetings with the Queen at St. Cloud—it was this that occasioned the vague, and not entirely

groundless suspicions which marred the utility, and, for a time at least, obscured the reputation of Mirabeau.

Romilly's avocations compelled him to leave France early in September, 1789, before any thing had occurred that could dim the brilliancy of the prospect, or mar the pleasure which he felt in witnessing the regeneration of that great country. The complexion, however, of the mighty drama, the first scenes of which had augured so well for the termination, gradually altered. The events of the 5th and 6th of October; and the consequent removal of the Assembly to Paris, first excited apprehensions in the minds of the more reflecting. The death of Mirabeau, depriving the Assembly of its recognised leader, before its task had been completed, or its duties performed, leaving that stormy senate to the blind guidance of La Fayette, (chivalrously honest, but fatally short-sighted,) and of Sièyes, the pedant of the revolution, increased the chances of confusion, already too numerous. These chances were fearfully augmented by the threatened invasion of the rash and petulant emigrants, aided by the coalized kings, whose manifestoes, denouncing the revolution, threatened, not only the newly won liberty, but even the long transmitted nationality of France. Sharp physical want, rendered still more severe by the vague, but groundless suspicion of its being the result of a conspiracy on the part of those who, from within, stretched forth their hands imploringly to the foreign invaders, and still more dreaded exiles, who were already mustering their squadrons for the march; and a better grounded belief of combination between the royal occupants of the Tuileries, and the emigrants at Coblenz, exasperated the French people to the last pitch. The constitution—the result of so much labour, and the subject of so much discussion, was burst in pieces on the 10th of August, and, alas! on the 3d of September, the streets of Paris flowed with blood, shed, not in the heat and fury of civil contest, but the blood of unarmed, defenceless prisoners—for whose murder there was not even the poor excuse of political expediency. The effect which the horrible butcheries of the Septembrizers produced on the minds, even of the most zealous advocates of freedom, may be judged of by the following extracts from a letter of Romilly's to Dumont, dated the 10th September, 1792:

"I observe that in your letter you say nothing

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about France, and I wish I could do so too, and forget the affairs of that wretched country altogether; but that is so impossible, that I can scarcely think of any thing else. How could we ever be so deceived in the character of the French nation, as to think them capable of liberty! wretches, who after all their professions and boasts about liberty, and patriotism, and courage, and dying, and after taking oath upon oath, at the very moment when their country is invaded, and an enemy is marching through it unresisted, employ whole days in murdering women, and priests, and prisoners. Others can deliberately load whole waggons full of victims, and bring them like beasts to be butchered in the metropolis, and then (who are worse even than these) the cold instigators of these murders, who, while blood is streaming round them on every side, permit this carnage to go on, and reason about it, and defend it, nay even applaud it, and talk about the example they are setting to all nations. One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest of Africa, as of maintaining a free government among such monsters."

It is not to be wondered at, that, actuated by the first feelings of disappointment at the frustration of his long cherished hopes of the emancipation of the French people, Romilly should, while under the influence of disgust at their conduct, and despair for their future progress, have overlooked considerations, which, in a calmer moment, would inevitably have presented themselves to his mind. He would then have seen, in the excesses of an enslaved people, whose galling bonds had been suddenly loosed, not an excuse or justification of the continuance of tyranny, but the strongest argument for its entire and speedy abolition—he would have seen that the excesses, of which he justly complains, were the natural consequences of that despotism which they are adduced to justify—that the worst effect of slavery is the debasement of the moral character which it produces; its greatest curse that it renders men, for a time at least, unfit for freedom; that the rust of the fetters eats into the limbs, and cankers the soul of him who wears them. It is one of the most common, and one of the vilest fallacies in the arguments of the defenders of established despotisms, to use the mischiefs which they have caused as a reason for their continuance,—to contend that, because, under their baneful influence, moral evils have grown up and flourished, that therefore the causes which produced them shall endure for ever; as if, because under the withering influence of a noxious tree, poisonous plants have well nigh choked the wholesome seed, that therefore no attempt shall ever be made to abate the nuisance, to let in the free air of heaven, and to give scope to salutary vegetation. It is not

from any such motives, or with any such intention, that Romilly used the expressions which we have quoted above; but because, in the bitterness of his disappointment with the people of whom he speaks, he forgot what it was from which they had but just emerged—he forgot how deep the gloom from which they had just issued, tremblingly indeed, into the light, forgot "that they who in oppression's darkness long had dwelt, they were not eagles nourished with the day." He forgot too the peculiar circumstances of Paris at the time, which are more fully considered in the answer of his friend Dumont, who, while he sympathises in his disgust and disappointment, gives a more accurate representation of the state of affairs in Paris at the time:

"You must have been dining at Bentham's when M. De Liancourt received the news of the horrible death of M. De La Roche foucauld. We tried to persuade ourselves that it was the Cardinal and not the Duke, for although those horrible wild beasts had no more right to kill the one than the other, yet the virtues, the services, the patriotism of the latter would add much to the horror of this butchery. I walk about half the day in a state of the greatest agitation, from the impossibility of remaining still, with my thoughts fixed upon the sad events which are flowing from a source whence we had flattered ourselves human happiness was to arise. Let us burn all our books, let us cease to think and dream of the best system of legislation, since men make so diabolical a use of every truth, and of every principle. Who would believe, that with such noble maxims, it would be possible for men to give themselves over to such excesses; and that a constitution the most extravagant in point of freedom, should appear to those savages the code of tyranny. The past is hideous, but what is still more frightful, is, that there is nothing to expect, nothing to hope from the future. We shall see nothing but destruction and massacre; unless France should separate into a great number of independent states, it is impossible to form an idea in what way order is to be established. I endeavour, however, to find some counterpoise for these thoughts; I know that it is the approach of a hostile army that has thrown the people into this fever; I have not forgotten the rage and frantic grief which I myself endured, when I saw Geneva surrounded by three hostile armies, united to enforce our submission to a government we detested. I can conceive that in a great city like Paris, where so many passions are in ferment, they must have risen to a pitch of madness against the aristocrats who have drawn upon their country the scourges of Austria and Prussia; and that when the people found, that the sanguinary manifesto of the Prussian Attila threatened to destroy all with fire and sword, that those who should escape the one should perish by the other, they may have said to themselves, 'Before we die let us snatch from the conspirators the joy of their triumph.' In their late paroxysm, they murdered the prisoners because a report had been spread that, at the approach of the Duke of Brunswick, the prisons would be thrown open, and that the prisoners would purchase their pardon by serving their King, and turning against the patriots."

"I have just received a letter from Paris, written by the mildest and most humane man I am acquainted with, and he seems to think that all that has taken place was necessary; that it was the subversion of a conspiracy, and that without it Paris would undoubtedly be given up to foreign troops. It is M. Cabanis (the friend and physician of Mirabeau) who writes to me thus. He has no interest in the success of the revolution, he is misled by party spirit; but when party spirit misleads good and enlightened men, it must surely have assumed some specious form. No doubt is entertained of the treachery of the Court.

"I do not endeavour to palliate horrors which shake all my principles, but I endeavour to see things as they are; and I know that if the people are ferocious despots, their rulers are no less so. Reckon the number of persons who, in Poland, have been the victims of a single woman, (Catherine the Second,) only reflect that this one woman, without provocation, without any cause whatever, may lay claim to the deaths of two millions of human beings. Think of Louis the Fourteenth, and you will perhaps admit that one may still wish for the success of the French arms, and for the destruction of the Prussians and Austrians, without offence to humanity. If the French should be beaten, I should make up my mind to the event more easily than I should have done if these horrible scenes had never been acted. But I cannot help shuddering at this league, the principle of which it is impossible to justify, in as much as the blackest of the crimes of the French people were subsequent to it, and for the most part occasioned by it."

It is much to be regretted that neither Romilly, nor his distinguished correspondent, were spared long enough to witness the complete practical refutation of those gloomy predictions, which the calamitous events of 1792 and 1793 gave rise to, respecting the unfitness of the French nation for liberty. They would have seen that same ferocious populace of Paris, whose crimes they so feelingly bewail, after a short period of constitutional freedom, restricted as that was by the jealousy of a dynasty, conscious of its own unpopularity, becoming, by a successful and sanguinary struggle with the foreign battalions of that dynasty, once more absolute masters of the city of Paris, and of the government of France; displaying, during the period of their supremacy, a moderation in victory never equalled in any preceding popular struggle in any country, and unsurpassed even by the tranquillity exhibited in the much vaunted instance of the revolution of 1688, (the result of an aristocratical combination, aided by the presence of a powerful invading army.) They would have seen them finally relinquishing that power, which they had gained at the cannon's mouth, into the hands of men undeserving of such important trust, and returning to those humble avocations which they had left, to save the liberty

of France from the conspiracy which threatened its existence. It is not because the sequel has not been answerable to the commencement—because the results have not answered our expectations—because the "imperial theme" has not corresponded with the "swelling prologue" which ushered it in—it is not because the French people knew better how to achieve a victory, than to secure its fruits, that we are to refuse them the praise of winning it. It is not because they allowed themselves, in the hour of triumph, to be cheated of the objects for which they fought, by a wily pretender; who, wearing the garb, and using the language of liberality, until he had firmly seated himself upon the throne, from which a less mischievous, because weaker despot, had been hurled, threw off the mask, and spurned the instruments that he had used, that we are therefore to deprive them of the merit to which they are fairly entitled, or to join in the sneers of the timid or the treacherous, who seek to disparage all popular revolutions, and to inculcate submission to tyranny, by pointing out the little benefit to be derived even from successful resistance.

Romilly married, in January, 1798, a lady whose society was a source of happiness, unalloyed by aught but the consideration that it was liable to interruption; and whose death occasioned the calamity that deprived his country of his services. Seldom has so high a testimony to the merits of a wife been given by a husband, as that which is to be found in his own autobiographical memoir, written after an experience of nearly twenty years; the sincerity of it was also fatally attested by the melancholy catastrophe, which terminated his life and sorrow at the same time. A hurried visit to Paris, after the peace of Amiens, in 1802, afforded Romilly an opportunity of seeing the effects produced in France by a revolution, which, —despite of its having given rise to the stern, but temporary despotism of Bonaparte, then First Consul—called into existence three millions of landed proprietors, and changed the miserable, toil-worn serf of the feudal lord, into an independent citizen.

"During our journey, which was entirely through a corn country, we found the land every where cultivated, no waste land to be seen; but we saw no pasture, and no turnips. A number of small new farm houses have been built, and the condition of the middle and lower ranks of the people seems to have been much improved."

In 1805, the Prince of Wales, then in strict alliance with the Whig opposition, was desirous of selecting a distinguished lawyer of that party, to whose guidance he might entrust himself, and upon whose advice he might rely in matters both public and private, and fixed upon Romilly for that purpose; and, accordingly, an offer was made to him, from his Royal Highness, of a seat in parliament, and of the unrecognised, but important office of adviser to the heir apparent. The office and the seat were unhesitatingly declined in a letter to Mr. Creevey, the medium of communication upon that occasion, which seems to have cost Romilly some trouble in the preparation; lest the assertion of his resolution to be independent should create displeasure in the mind of Royalty, whose favours it is not always safe to decline. There were, however, other reasons influencing Romilly in this refusal, besides the maintenance of political independence:

"I had spoken the truth in my letter, but not the entire truth; nor was it fit I should. I was averse to being brought into parliament by any man, but by the Prince above all others. To be under personal obligations of that kind to him, to be in a situation in which as a lawyer, and as a politician, he might repose a particular confidence in me, was what I above all things dreaded. I knew from some conversations, which Lord Lansdowne told me had taken place between him and Lord Moira some years before, that the Prince had expressed a wish to know some lawyer upon whose advice he could safely rely,

and in whom he might place unbounded confidence; and that he was desirous of forming such a connexion before his accession to the throne. The subject of the desired confidence was also mentioned to me; and it was one upon which I imagined the best advice was likely to be the least acceptable. These circumstances occurred to me when I wrote my answer; and I thought that it might perhaps prove a fortunate circumstance that I had thus early an opportunity of letting the Prince know what I was. If such as he found me, he should be disposed to advance me to any high honour, I might indeed hope to be able to render some important services to the public, if on the other hand, the specimen of my independence should prove an obstacle to my promotion, it would be clear that I could not obtain it but upon conditions understood, if not expressed, to which I never would submit."

But, though Romilly thought it his duty to decline the dazzling, but dangerous, post thus intended for him, the expression of the opinion of the Prince, then the head of the opposition, as to his probable utility in Parliament, was not to be neglected; and he was about to purchase a seat in parliament, as the only means of procuring it, which would leave him perfectly free and unshackled in the discharge of his parliamentary duties, when the formation of the Whig administration, in 1806, relieved him from the necessity of purchasing his seat, and, as Solicitor General, and a member of the government, one was provided for him. The history of his career in parliament we must reserve for a separate article.

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### SONNET.

Far in the dusky mist of night-veiled Time,  
Where year on year, each darker than the last,  
Dread future grimly frowns upon the past,  
High on a bright-rayed emerald throne sublime  
I see a white-robed figure. Her white hand  
Points to where commerce, spreading far and wide,  
Shapes her broad course across the boundless tide,  
And scatters plenty's blessings o'er the land;

While gen'rous freedom from its dustful grave  
Rears high the prostrate banner of mankind,  
And flings abroad its folds before the wind—  
Hope to the valiant—Ruin to the slave!  
That figure—who is she? Oh! Erin, thou!  
Alas! alas! how different art thou now!

## RECORDS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

## NO. I.—THE PARENTS' TRIAL.

It may appear to many persons, that the life and death of a harmless idiot boy can present very few facts or incidents of sufficient importance to interest readers in general, or to touch those chords which are apt to shrink from, rather than respond to, any sympathy with such a subject. I doubt, however, whether there is a single object in the wide dominions of nature, that is not bound by some tie, latent or obvious, to that incomprehensible origin of our happiness and misery, the human heart. So manifold are its changes and transitions, and so endless the variety of the situations in which it is placed, that it becomes impossible for the most successful searcher into its mysteries, to discover the inconceivable gradations of the impulses that guide it, the secret power of its associations, or the new states of feeling into which the infinite shiftings of external circumstances, added to its unconscious experience during the progress of general life, may throw it. Would Trenck, when buoyant with the hopes that such a brilliant outset in life promised him, have deemed it possible that any variety of fortune, however strange, could have taught him the sympathy which may subsist between a man and a mouse? No; and for my part I candidly admit, that I would look with contempt upon the individual who would avow himself incapable of entertaining sympathy with a hangman. A mortal being absolutely vicious or virtuous has never lived, nor can there be found a character which does not exhibit something either to avoid or imitate, and consequently to sympathize with—*Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto*—is an axiom as full of truth, as it is of affection, and reflects endless honour upon the noble-minded heathen, whose heart conceived a sentiment almost worthy of the humane beauty of Christianity.

Alexander Wilson was a young man of very respectable character, in the upper ranks of middle life; that is to say, he filled that most important position in society, which lies between the wealthy farmer and the unpretending country

gentleman. He kept his car, and drove his gig, but at the same time managed his own property, superintended his workmen, and for the most part bought and sold his own cattle. He was possessed of a small fee-simple estate, worth better than three hundred a year; but besides this he farmed four hundred acres of excellent land, to which was attached a considerable tract of mountain; the latter at nearly a nominal rent. Wilson had been designed for the Church, and received a collegiate education, but as his disposition became gradually inclined towards the active pursuits and healthy amusements of a country life, he ultimately gave up all pretensions to a profession, took the farm I have alluded to, and in a short time had the reputation of being a most promising and intelligent agriculturist.

Wilson, when about to determine his pursuit in life, was eminently handsome, and certainly became a great favourite in the drawing-room. On his return from College, his manners were gentlemanly, and his complexion possessed of that delicacy which study and protection from the elements both bestowed upon it; thereby creating that character which young ladies who incessantly read novels, understand by the term "sentimental." In a short time, however, the paleness of sentiment and study, which after all was little else than the absence of sun and wind, began to disappear, and his features to assume the firm and manly tone of health and exercise. His relish for the sports of the field was sufficiently keen for all the purposes of rational amusement, without bringing him to the pitiable condition of those who suffer them to become the business of life, and who appear to consider themselves created for no other purpose than, as Fielding humourously parodied it—*Feras consumere nati*. Many of the fair sentimentalists—a class who look upon health to be incompatible with their idea of beauty—now began to think that he was getting quite coarse and vulgar, and were frequently heard to exclaim, "Dear me, what a pity it is that so inte-

resting a young man as Wilson should allow himself to sink down into the rustic pursuits of a mere farmer!"

And unquestionably it was true, that a very remarkable change did certainly take place, not only in his appearance and person, as we have said, but also in his general manners and deportment. His dress, though respectable and well made, was not so decidedly fashionable, nor of such exquisite materials as before; his demeanour and conversation were more frank and open, and a great deal less ambitious of polish and sentiment, than while he had the Church in view. He no longer spoke to the other sex in that small voice of insinuating softness, which they relish so much in young men of decided piety. He had now ceased to be that sweet undertoned appendage of the drawing-room, cyceled a divinity student, and as a natural consequence, he had also ceased to make himself remarkable, by discussing no other topic than a religious one, or to look upon the secular tendency of general conversation in a mixed company, as a proof how much vital godliness was disappearing from the world. Instead of never permitting the muscles of his face to relax beyond such a serious smile as was sufficient to show a well-brushed set of teeth and a horror of profane mirth, he could now laugh out from the heart like a man. He had also given up the practice of discussing with pious old ladies, and their daughters or nieces, the comparative merits of the most popular preachers, and of charitably recommending his own set to the utter condemnation of all others. The white hand, the still whiter cambric handkerchief, and the gilt Bible, well dog-eared, so as to denote the faithful text-hunter, were no longer paraded with that grave air of sincerity, which though often real, is on the other hand too frequently assumed. Under any circumstances, this sober ostentation of "seriousness" in mixed company is, to say the least of it, offensive to good taste, as well as inimical to the interests of true religion, which never hangs out a black flag to tell the world where she is to be found, as well as the colours she is known by.

At all events, the change that I have mentioned in Wilson, was quite obvious to all who had known him. He was now a stout, fine looking young man, with an open and handsome countenance, tinged into the brown hues of robust health, by activity and employment. He also con-

tracted what I may term a courteous bluntness of manner, by which it was easy to see how readily the wealthy farmer and the man of education may meet in the same person, and form a model of gentlemanly ease and independence, which it would be well to see more frequently imitated by the class to which he belonged.

It was very natural, under these circumstances, that a young man at Wilson's period of life, should begin to feel the inconvenience of not having some person to manage the domestic arrangements of his house, and to bestow that happiness, which can never be participated in by a solitary heart. Added to this, the natural ardour of an affectionate disposition determined him, with as little delay as possible, to marry. Nor was it difficult for a highly educated, handsome young fellow, as he was, and very independent besides in his circumstances, to select a suitable companion from among classes even higher than that in which he moved. With equal good sense and good feeling, he paid his addresses in a quarter where both prudence and affection justified his choice. Jane Lesmond was a lovely and accomplished girl, somewhat diffident in her manner, as almost every girl possessing tender and profound feeling is. She was not one of those who parade their accomplishments before society, or who take delight in obtruding them upon the attention of both strangers and friends, until their exhibition becomes not merely common-place, but painful. On the contrary, she might be passed by, as one of those who appear to be born only to fill a place in the crowd, were it not that her beauty was by no means of that description which could be overlooked. To a discriminating eye her silence and modesty, instead of being the result of insipidity, were soon discovered to proceed from observation and reflection. Indeed the slightest opportunity of conversation disclosed the reluctant manifestations of a mind far beyond the common order, and a taste equally cultivated and just. She was the only daughter, but not the only child, of a Captain Lesmond, who, after a long and not undistinguished life, had retired on full pay and an honourable pension. Some reluctance was certainly manifested by himself and his family against the proposed alliance, but Wilson's manners, good sense, and circumstances, were really so unobjectionable, that it was deemed more

advisable to unite them, than to sacrifice Miss Lesmond's happiness to that parade and wealth which could neither purchase nor restore it.

Wilson's union with her was indeed a happy one. The residence to which he brought her, was every way suitable both to their taste and education. It was situated on the brow of a small hill, which swept easily down to a very sweet lake, that lay a few hundred perches below it, and whose green smooth margin contrasted beautifully with the summer sheen of its waters. Behind it rose a semicircular sweep of fine old timber, tenanted by a rookery, and in every direction the eye was gratified by a country, rich in cultivation and luxuriant scenery. About a quarter of a mile to the left, from among the beeches in which it was embosomed, rose the tapering spire of the Parish Church, and a little to the right of that, could be seen, through a natural vista in the trees, the white and modest Glebe-House of the clergyman. Directly opposite, a rustic bridge, quite in character with the scenery, spanned a quiet stream, whose waters glistened as the light of the sun fell upon them from different quarters of the heavens. Altogether it would be difficult to find a summer landscape, on which lay a spirit of greater tranquillity and repose.

In this sweet spot, with all of rational enjoyment which life can afford to persons of regulated desires, Wilson and his wife passed for a few years a calm and serene existence. Three girls had already blessed their union, and as the children were beautiful, it is almost unnecessary to say, that their fond parents absolutely idolized them. Now, however, commenced that secret yearning of the heart, which under such circumstances is naturally felt for the absence of a son. Their attachment to each other was in no degree diminished, but on the contrary, softened into a spirit of greater tenderness, by the three beautiful pledges of their love. Notwithstanding all this, their affection, tender as it unquestionably was, gradually became overshadowed by a latent melancholy, which each endeavoured to conceal from the other. Many a secret prayer did they offer up—uttered too in a spirit of pious timidity, that shrank back at the idea of dictating to the Almighty—that if it were consonant to his divine will, their most anxious wishes might be gratified by the birth of a male child. In this beautiful hope of a parent's heart did

they both live, until the eve of a fourth still quickened their expectations into an anxiety that became actually painful. It passed, and another daughter was welcomed to their hearth with an affection, which for the first time was absorbed in a stronger feeling of disappointment and regret.

It soon became evident that they were not happy, and that, however blameless their lives, resignation to the will of God in this matter was not among their virtues. They secretly repined, but, as yet, did not venture openly to murmur against the hand that withheld the earnestly besought blessing. A perceptible chill too somewhat cooled that exquisite spirit of endearment, which up to this period characterized their affections. They felt uneasy, restless, discontented, and if, for a moment, a contemplation of the good bestowed upon them, unconsciously lit up their hearts into momentary gratitude and happiness, the quick memory of their want startled them back into anxiety and gloom.

A fifth event again approached—passed—and added another unwelcome innocent to the number of their girls. Its mother wept, and the father, whose naturally fine understanding had become so subservient to the weakness of his heart, as to fall into a superstitious belief in dreams—which but resemble the wishes that create them—experienced, upon this last occasion, such a mortifying revulsion of feeling, that he actually refused to kiss his babe, nor could he for some days be prevailed upon to see either its mother or itself. His good sense, however, and the impulses of a heart naturally generous and compassionate, soon occasioned him to feel ashamed of thus visiting upon his helpless infant and innocent wife a displeasure which was both unmanly and impious. He took them back, however, rather to his pity than his affection; for his heart began to lose the power of loving with its wonted ardour, and to feel a general disrelish and a growing apathy towards every thing about him that had once been dear to it. From this period his mind began to darken; his principles became unfixed, and the providence of God no longer shone before him in its visible beauty and order. In short Wilson was a complete illustration of a truth, which has not been sufficiently observed, viz. that our feelings in many circumstances and positions of life modify, or altogether change our principles, much

more than the world, or the individuals themselves influenced are apt to imagine. His mind, at once dissatisfied and enfeebled, was now incapable of seeing the moral relations that subsist between God and man, except partially or imperfectly; for indeed his growing prejudices discoloured every object which he looked on or examined. The result unhappily was, that ere properly aware of it, Wilson found himself an infidel and sceptic: for true it is, that the power of the judgment soon becomes clouded by the errors of the heart.

For some months he remained in this painful and gloomy state, seeking throughout all nature, both physical and moral, for arguments to justify the very opinions which constituted his own unhappiness; and he soon found, that with characteristic consistency every new objection against truth, whilst it flattered the pride of his intellect, disturbed his soul with an impatient sense of his own condition, as well as of the general disorder which he thought marked the great mass of human opinions; so that whilst he advanced in his new doctrines, he found that *his* system, instead of soothing his mind into peace and comfort, was only another name for distress and misery. This often induced him to say, that he thought it better to believe a wholesome error, than to fix his faith upon one of those philosophical doctrines, which relax the morals, whilst they raise the mind into a vain and empty pride in its own powers.

To such a fluctuating and unsettled state of thinking and feeling was Wilson reduced, when his wife had the unspeakable transport of presenting him with a son.

Few men can say what they are, and still fewer what they will be—Wilson argued narrowly; and the consequence was, that substituting feeling for reason, he adopted scepticism, not because it was truth, but because he had no son. There are thousands who reason on the subject of religion in this way, and who, when the feelings upon which their opinions have been formed, pass away, or happen to be changed by some event which fills the heart with what it wished for, immediately fall back into truth—less from conviction than from a complacent impression of gratitude, and are henceforth excellent christians merely in compliment to the goodness of providence.

Be this, however, as it may, the birth

of a son wrought an instantaneous, and we might say a remorseful, change in Wilson. To him, whose moral conduct had never been depraved by his opinions, nothing remained but to repudiate his speculations. He looked upon the face of his infant son, as an index of truth, a vindication of God's providence in the distribution of good and evil; but above all things, as a living argument against the rashness of man, in drawing general inferences from particular states of feeling. It is true, that had not his mind lost much of its force, he might have perceived that this mode of reasoning himself back into truth, was very much akin to that by which he had reasoned himself out of it. As few, however, hold their principles from pure reason, man cannot, without much presumption, sit in judgment upon his fellow creatures, as if he himself were free from the same weaknesses. It is enough to say, that on the birth of his son Wilson repented his errors, and deeply regretted the day that he ever dared to murmur against Providence, or to question those truths, which, like the stars of heaven, are visible by their own light.

To him and his wife it was truly an event fraught with inexpressible happiness. Their affection now revived into all its original tenderness and warmth. The babe, which was called Alexander after its father—for Mrs. Wilson would allow it no other name—became from the moment of its birth the idol of its parents and its sisters, the theme of every little tongue, and the topic of incessant admiration and delight with young and old in the family. Whether this inordinate love of its parents was right or wrong, it is not for us to say; it is sufficient to inform our readers that every day increased it to such a degree, that they had already become the ridicule of all those who had an opportunity of witnessing their extraordinary and unprecedented attachment; an attachment, which resembled rather the irrational impulses of instinct, than the chastened, but elevated affection of religion and reason.

A change of new delight, however, soon came over their spirits in the birth of another son. Wilson's happiness absolutely became quite tumultuous, indeed so much so, that both himself and his wife, who, after all, were naturally disposed to be contented, acknowledged they had nothing now to wish for. Between the birth of their two sons there elapsed only the space of twenty months; so that, to their de-

lighted parents they promised to grow up like twins, or, as has been often said, and from its beauty may be often said again, like two cherries upon the same stalk. Their hearts, however, felt that a charm lay upon their first born, which, in consequence of what they had suffered, gave to their love for him a tenderness that no language could express. He was also his father's name-sake and his image, and none of our readers who are parents, need be told how slight are the circumstances which occasion the affections to incline to one child, even where both or all are much beloved. There never was a family born, in which there has not been a favorite; nay, the very animals are known to single out a particular object of affection among their young: and, although it is injurious to allow this unaccountable predilection to be seen, yet, when we feel that it exists by some mysterious principle of nature, we can do nothing more than regulate it in such a manner as becomes those who know that, however it may exist, it is recognised neither by reason or justice.

In this case the overfond parents were no exception to the existence of such a feeling towards the *first* son. Not, heaven knows, that the other was either neglected or unbeloved; for dearly was he cherished by both. The favouritism, however, was so evident, that their other children, as well as the servants, have been often known to play upon it in a manner, which any one not totally infatuated might have easily seen through. They themselves of course were not sensible of this, nor of the ridiculous exhibitions of weakness which the folly of their conduct presented to others. The principal burthen of their conversation, ere a year had closed on little Alick, was the number of perfections which already began to bud in him. Many a time have they talked themselves asleep whilst indulging in all those happy hopes and prophecies, to which the parents' heart loves to turn, whilst looking into the darkness of the future for the fate of their offspring. They would send him into the army—for his mother warranted he would be brave like grand papa—his father saw, as indeed any body might, by his expansive forehead, that he would possess genius. Or what if he entered the church? who knew but he might become a bishop? Here his mamma kissed his lordship, and then papa should have a kiss too. But there was the army, where he might rise

to be a general? Here the little general was kissed again with as much enthusiasm as if an oracle had foretold it. "But," said his father, "what would you think of the law, my darling? You would not be sorry to see him a judge, would you?" To the mother again this new point was transport—her eyes sparkled, and once more was the little judge devoured with kisses by the fond but weak parents.

When the child had reached his second year, his father observed that sometimes for a moment the serene brow of his mother would become shaded, as she contemplated him. This, where he knew the fullness of her happiness to be equal to his own, surprised him considerably, and he could only account for it by supposing that it was one of those pauses of the heart, as it were, which are occasioned by the excessive outpouring of a mother's love, rendering it necessary for nature itself to demand as it were a moment of rest to revive its moral energies. Sometimes he thought that it might be one of those gloomy anticipations, which in spite of hope and love, will intrude themselves on the parents' imagination in a thousand shapes, and which are anxious in proportion to the force and fervour of affection. Having thus satisfied himself by attributing what he had observed to causes which we must admit were very natural, he felt disposed to pay very little attention to them, especially as his wife in conversation made no allusion whatsoever to her feelings. Week, however, after week, only appeared to increase her discomfort, and to lengthen those unaccountable pauses in her happiness. Sometimes he observed her to get deadly pale after a long and earnest contemplation of her child, and he remarked also that whatever the source of this occasional melancholy might be, she felt extremely anxious to conceal it from him. Of course, as the child was clearly the object of this secret solicitude, her silence as to its origin only increased his anxiety to know it,—and one day as she pressed it to her heart, and burst into a fit of grief, which even his presence could not restrain, he ventured to enquire why she wept—"Do not ask me," said she, "indeed I scarcely know.—I think—I am sure—that my anxiety is groundless. At all events do not, at least for some time longer, press me upon it. You know, my dear Alick, that there are a thousand matters to disturb a mother's heart, which will not occur to any one else."



"But you appear, Jane, to be unhappy."

"No, no, how can I, having him—but say you will not press me—for some time at least."

"Certainly not, my dear; at the same time you must admit that I cannot but participate in your anxiety, whatever it may proceed from."

"A little time, I trust, will wholly remove it—and then, the moment I find myself mistaken, I will let you know what it was that occasioned me to feel as I do."

Thus ended the conversation; not at all to the satisfaction of Wilson, who now felt doubly anxious to solve the mystery of her grief. That the child was in some degree, if not solely the cause of it, he had little doubt, and for this purpose he resolved to try, by observing it closely, whether he could not ascertain the cause of her distress.

Two or three months now elapsed, during which Wilson from time to time felt that his own spirit was beginning to experience intervals of darkness, even deeper than those which obscured the joy of the mother. Neither, however, at this period had the slightest anticipation of the terrible discovery which the progress of another year was to make. He now resolved to have a communication with his wife upon the subject; at the same time he felt peculiar difficulty in introducing it, in consequence of not knowing exactly in what language to express the novel and unintelligible sensations which depressed him so much.

"Jane, my love," said he, one evening as they sat alone, "I feel that there is something about our darling child which I cannot understand."

His wife immediately clasped the infant to her breast, whilst a torrent of tears fell down her cheeks—"my child, my child," she sobbed, "*from the moment of his birth he has never smiled upon his mother!* And oh! Alick, Alick, why is this so?"

The husband paused, his lip quivered, and a paleness like that of death overspread his temples.

"It is true," said he, "nor on me, his father; he knows us not."

He rose, wrung his hands, and walked in deep distress about the room.

"What can be the cause of it?" enquired the mother, whilst her streaming eyes were tenderly fixed upon the child.

"I know not," replied her husband, "yet how frequently have we seen him laugh."

"Yes," she returned, "but it always appeared to be at some inward thought, as it were, of his own—his eye is clear and mild enough, but I have never met the expression in it that recognised *me*."

"As yet he has recognised nobody," replied the father, "and perhaps after all we attach more to the circumstance than we ought. The intellect of some children is of slow development; indeed this has been the case with many who have become the most brilliant ornaments of society afterwards."

How easy it is to give hope, or to receive comfort, where affection is sanguine, for the heart is ever willing to believe in what it wishes. The mother, as she surveyed the baby, appeared to be much relieved by this, and Wilson himself drew consolation from what he had said.

"You will see," he added, "that in a little time the light of individual love will begin to beam from these sweet blue eyes of his. Indeed I entertain perhaps greater hopes from him than if he knew us. It is quite clear that he is not a common child; and believe me, if God Almighty spares him, the event will prove it—otherwise I have little penetration."

He then took the sweet and serenely passive boy in his arms, and exclaimed, whilst the mingled fire of hope and affection flashed from his eyes—

*"Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem."*

Which having explained to his wife, the conversation terminated, much more to their satisfaction than either had apprehended it would have done.

Our readers, from what we have written, will naturally suppose that these most earnest aspirations of the parents were not to be gratified, and that the smile of recognition was never to light up the innocent countenance of their first-born son. If so, they are mistaken. The fact of having an object always before the eye, will gradually impress such a habit of attachment to it, as sooner or later will not fail to manifest itself in many ways. When the little innocent had reached the age of two years and a half, his mother received a visit from a Mrs. St. John, a young cousin of hers, who had been recently married. It was about the middle of September, and her husband was somewhere in the yard, preparing to go out to shoot. Mrs. St. John very naturally took the child in her arms, and was about to caress him, when he turned from her, and stretching his little hands towards his mamma, cried to get to

her. The quick eye of the mother perceived it all, and the suddenness of joy caused her to give a short scream, but in a moment she restrained her feelings, lest the child might become alarmed. She stretched out her arms, the child stretched out his to meet her, and as he did it, he looked up into her face and smiled. It was too much for her, and this consummation of her hopes came too unexpectedly upon her heart. The next moment she sank upon the sofa, where she had been sitting with the child clasped to her bosom, and for a short time lay insensible, to the utter consternation of her cousin. On recovering, she rallied as well as she could, and having dropped hastily upon her knees, held her boy up, as it were to heaven,—but the fullness of her gratitude was such that language was denied her. She sobbed aloud, however, and wept for many minutes, until she felt that this delicious luxury of tears relieved her. She then rang the bell, and enquired from one of the servants if her master had gone out, who pointed to him just as he was in the act of passing from the gate that opened into the avenue and lawn. Pen, ink, and paper, were immediately got, and in a few minutes she dispatched a messenger after him with the following brief but touching communication—

“May the name of God be praised for ever!

“My dear Alick—return immediately—our child’s eyes have smiled upon its mother—he knows me—oh, he knows me! I am too—too—happy—and the tears that blot this are tears of gratitude and delight.

“Your own Jane.”

It is unnecessary for us to detail the enraptured father’s return, or the scene which immediately took place, inasmuch as our readers, we feel assured, can much better conceive than we could describe it.

In the due course of time the father also was recognised, and subsequently the sisters and his little brother. What a happy family at this period was that of which we write. Not a wish had they ungratified. Without ambition, pride, or the sordid spirit of this vile world, they lived together in peace and love and harmony. It is true, Wilson felt a certain degree of good-natured vanity, touching the prophetic penetration he had displayed with reference to little Alick:

“I told you, love,” he would often say to his wife, “that he would in time recognise us all, and that the intellect of many children destined to become eminent is of

slow development. You see the first part of my prophecy came true, and take my word for it, so will the last. That child is decreed to be an uncommon child, and will be heard of yet.”

Where are the hearts that can quarrel with such language, when proceeding from the lips of a father? If there be any such, we do not envy them the coolness of their philosophy, nor that superiority of wisdom which condemns what after all has in it more of virtue than of weakness. In the mean time, month after month followed, until the child had reached the close of his third year. For about three months preceding this, however, the doting parents were occasionally startled by many vague impressions that were caused by his very singular manner and habits. His character was marked by an apathy, which they could not at all understand. He manifested, for instance, the utmost indifference to the quality of his food, and was often found eating substances, which even the instinct of childhood itself at his age would avoid. He could utter also only a few indistinct words, from the enunciation of which, it was quite clear that his organs of speech were either of slow growth, or imperfect in their formation. But he was at the same time so mild and gentle and inoffensive, that every one loved him, and his parents neither could nor would receive into their hearts the dreadful surmises which some of the servants and many strangers now began to entertain concerning his mind. It could not, however, be long concealed that the stamp of reason was not upon him. Day after day the withering truth became more clear, and although his parents felt many a hope and many a wish, that time would by degrees evolve from his mind those principles of reason, which had not yet appeared in their first elements, yet alas! time only confirmed the frightful fact—that their mild and sweet and harmless child—the principal hope of their house and of their heart—was an idiot from his birth!

What pen, when this fearful discovery was made, could depict the grief and agony of his distracted parents? For many weeks their sorrow was like that of those who are without hope. Medical advice was immediately procured, and every thing done that could in the remotest degree be supposed capable of rendering the harmless creature any assistance. The peasant doctor, with his list of infallible herbs, and the wise old woman, reported to be equally

successful, were all tried, but in vain. The hopes of his at all becoming rational were gone for ever.

There are circumstances in which many persons hesitate not to consider the death of those who are dear to them as a relief. For some months after the heart-breaking fact was proved, Wilson and his wife imagined that they would rather see their son dead than live through life a hapless idiot. An attack of measles however soon taught them how little they knew of their own hearts. It was then that the pain he felt but could not express drew out about him a brooding tenderness, that trembled, or we might rather say, shrank back into agony, at the bare contemplation of his loss.

"Let him but be spared," said his mother; "what is it after all but to lead for so many years as God may allot him, a harmless and happy life of childhood. If he is denied the use of reason, he is saved from the responsibility of sin and crime. Are we not taught that of such as he is the kingdom of heaven?"

Indeed it is very difficult to know the depths to which affection reaches in the human heart. Mrs. Wilson had thought it impossible that any circumstance could have increased that which she felt for her boy, previous to the discovery of his affecting infirmity. The love of a mother, however, becomes strong in proportion to the claims of its object, which indeed shows a beautiful economy in the arrangement of our moral feelings. A child for instance is loved with an affection peculiarly vigilant and cherishing, because its absolute dependance on the parent renders this description of attachment not merely necessary but delightful. In proportion, however, as it grows up into manhood the attachment which is felt for it, though losing none of its strength, ceases to be characterized by the gushes of tenderness and endearment, which are lavished upon innocence and infancy. So was it with Mrs. Wilson, who now unhappily aware that the helplessness of the poor boy was, as she said, to extend through life, began to feel a new principle of love spring up towards him, which was superinduced by the incurable malady of his mind, and his utter dependence upon *her* care and affection.

From little Alick's birth, until he was seized by the measles, he never had a day's illness; but *now* there was something in the sickness and pain which the poor child felt, so inexpressibly touching, that very

few could look on his sufferings, or hear his moans, with an unmoved heart. What then must not his parents, whose love for him was such as the reader knows, have felt? The doctor attended him every day, but, as for his mother, she was never from beside his bed, day or night; and, indeed, if she only absented herself from the room, even for a short time, his mild but languid eye would keep searching about and exploring every corner, with an expression in it so full of sorrow, and an affectionate longing for her appearance, that nothing on earth could present a more affecting object of pity and attachment.

One day, when he happened to be left accidentally alone by the nurse who had charge of him, his mother stole lightly to the room door, as she was in the habit of doing, lest, should he be asleep, the noise of her footsteps might awaken him. On looking in, she perceived that there was no one in the room, and paused a moment to ascertain, by the manner of his breathing, if he were asleep. The child neither saw her, nor could he have heard her foot. However, while listening, as we have said, the words "Mamma, come—mamma, come," fell faintly on her ear, for the poor thing was not able, from illness, to utter them above his breath. She immediately went over, and laying her head down beside his, spoke to him tenderly; he immediately raised his little feverish hand, and placing it on her neck, said, as if to himself, "*now*," intimating his satisfaction at having her beside him. It is unnecessary to say that the sluices of the mother's grief were opened, or that her tears fell in showers upon his cheek.

Another incident, equally affecting, took place after he had been for some days on the recovery. His father, notwithstanding that he had the concerns of his farm to manage, went into the nursery several times every day to see him. On one of those occasions, the child expressed, by his feeble gestures, a wish that he would stoop down to him. He did so; and the poor boy's eyes expressed happiness.—When the father, however, was about to withdraw himself, and leave him, the child, looking upon him, uttered one word, which went to the uttermost depths of his heart, "Stay!"

He stooped again, kissing him, not without tears, at this pathetic instance of attachment, and, in a few minutes, the affectionate innocent was asleep.

If this illness of the mindless boy made

his parents feel what a deep affliction his death would have been to them, his recovery, on the other hand, filled them with a satisfaction which, in a great measure, reconciled them to his melancholy privation. Henceforth he was watched, and cherished, and caressed by his sisters, as a brother whom they ought to love and tend the more, in consequence of his incapacity to take care of himself. And, to render them their due, it is but just to say, that nothing could surpass the unceasing attention which they paid him. He was the helpless one of the family—the centre of all their affections—the innocent being whom every one was to please, and none to offend. No matter what accident he might have been the cause of—what little plaything he broke, or what command he transgressed, one word was sufficient for all—"it was poor Alick."

His parents felt it as one great comfort, that, in his idiocy, there was nothing whatsoever that could be termed repulsive or disgusting; on the contrary, it was marked by a serene and mild spirit, that breathed a melancholy beauty about his sweet and inoffensive character. His face was pale, but his skin clear and indicative of health; his hair fair, and his blue eyes remarkable for that innocent artlessness which is found often to mark the expression of those unhappy beings who are born with so faint a portion of the light of reason. But, though healthy, the poor boy was of a slender make, and the feebleness of his physical frame still knit him more closely into the hearts of all those whose affections prompted them to guard him against accident and danger.

Of all the members of his family, however, there was none perhaps so beloved by him as his little brother, companion, and playfellow, Willy—nor any, I might add, who loved him so well. They were inseparable—rising and lying down, eating, sleeping, and playing together. Willy, though younger, soon became his guide and his champion; and an affecting thing it was to see the little fellow resent and punish the injuries rendered by their thoughtless or wicked playfellows to his innocent and peaceful brother. A sense of this gradually wrought itself into the unshaped principle of gratitude, which lay at the sweet boy's heart, and brought out a trait of attachment to his little brother, which, perhaps, was not felt for any other person whatsoever. He therefore learned to depend upon him, for, indeed, without him,

he could do nothing, and would scarcely venture any where. Many a time have their parents watched them—their hearts overflowing with affection towards both, as, with their little arms wreathed round each other's necks, they walked about the lawn—a perfect living picture of love and affection.

Indeed, both parents were now, we might say, as much resigned to the condition of their child, as it was possible, under such circumstances, to be. Every little incident connected with the boy, and indeed with both, filled their hearts with that enjoyment which love like that they bore them can extract from such details. If their father, for instance, happened to be absent, even in the fields, the moment they saw him approach the house, both would run to meet him, and, looking up to him with happy faces, each would thrust a little hand into his, and in this manner all would return to the house, the delighted parent listening to their prattle, or attempting to answer queries which would often pose philosophy herself to solve or unravel.

Little Alick's utterance had now become so distinct that he could pronounce intelligibly enough, whilst, at the same time, every word was marked by those balbutiæ which hang about the accents of childhood, and which also cling so frequently through life to the imperfect enunciation which is found to characterise natural weakness of intellect. This defect is almost always apparent in the language of those who are born without the faculty divine; but it acts, at the same time, as the exponent of their innocence, reminding those who might thoughtlessly ridicule or harm them, that their hearts are as infantine as their accents. Such as we have attempted to describe was the gentle tenour of his happy life, which resembled in some degree the beautiful strain of wild and melancholy music which one often hears in a dream; not that it passed without those occurrences that are always magnified by the heart, and which, when death removes those dear objects of our love, come back to the memory with a poignancy that gives such a bitter and abiding character to our sorrow.

We shall recite a few of those little records of innocence, and if they may appear unimportant to our readers, let them reflect that they were not deemed so by the hearts to whom our mindless boy was dear. And let such as have been bereft of some beloved little one—perhaps the very star of their once happy hearth, whose joyous

voice is silent among them for ever—let such we say, ask their teeming memories, whether or not the slightest incident that ever occurred to the departed one, becomes not a matter of deep and cherished recollection to the bruised heart.

There is scarcely any thing more likely to induce a belief in the doctrine of Guardian Spirits, than a consideration of the many almost miraculous escapes which may be witnessed in the lives of children. One of those which befel little Alick, we shall mention. The day on which it occurred was warm and sultry, the time being about the middle of June: he and Willy had been out playing from about one to two o'clock, when his brother brought him home, for both got hungry, and wanted bread and butter. In a short time his manly little guardian, overcome by heat and exercise, fell asleep, and the poor boy sauntered out to amuse himself in a little solitary ramble, as he had been in the habit of doing only when any slight indisposition or other cause prevented his brother from accompanying him. On his way to a pasture-field behind the house, he met one of the serving-women who wore a red kerchief on her neck; the boy was struck with it, and pointing up to his own neck, asked her to put it on him. Every member of the household felt a pleasure in complying with the harmless wishes of the gentle creature, and she accordingly took it off her own neck, and pinned it around his shoulders, just as she herself had worn it. He immediately felt it with apparent curiosity, and giving her a look indicative of the pride and delight of a child, held out his hand to her, which he never did, unless when highly gratified.

"Bessy is good, Willy," said he, and as he spoke he looked about inquiringly, exclaiming, "Where is Willy? Bessy is good," said he, "and when she grows big, me will buy her a watch"—a promise which his father was in the habit of making to himself. He lingered about the lawn for some time, admiring the gaudy colour of the kerchief, and feeling its texture, when passing through a gate, which was accidentally and negligently left open, he entered an adjoining field, and sauntered along, murmuring to himself, or addressing his little brother, and then starting with surprise on perceiving that he was not with him.

Now it so happened that Wilson, anxious to improve the breed of his cattle,

had a few days before purchased a very fine bull, which he ordered to be turned into the field in question. This animal, one known to entertain a fierce antipathy against the colour of red, immediately on seeing the child pass him, began to growl forth those low terrific bellowings which indicate his rage, and to paw the ground, which he also tore up with his thick strong horns; his furious, but downcast eyes glaring with actual fire, whilst the hot smoke rolled out in blue volumes from his expanded nostrils. The caprices of such innocents as Alick, and indeed of all children with respect to their playthings, are proverbial. At the very moment when the enraged beast started at full speed for the child's destruction, and when to a spectator his life was absolutely beyond hope or relief, he pulled off the kerchief, and throwing it from him, walked away without being even aware of his danger. The animal still attracted by the glare of the hated colour, turned his rage upon the kerchief, which he gored and spurned and trampled on, with a degree of fury that was appalling, when we consider the helpless being, from whom the Providence of God, through the instrumentality of so slight an incident, had averted it. The screams of the female servant, the sole eye-witness of this frightful occurrence, for she had been sent out to seek him, were so loud and long, that the whole family ran with horror to the gate which opened into the field where the animal was kept. She had presence of mind, however, instantly to undeceive them by saying he was safe; and his own appearance at the gate, calm and placid as if nothing had happened, gave them full assurance that with him all was well. In half an hour afterwards the animal was shot, and Alick was watched with a vigilance so acute, that out of his father's house he was seldom or never afterwards suffered to be alone.

There were other instances of what might be termed Providential interposition in his behalf, equally striking, but it is not our intention to dwell upon them as especial arguments from which to draw particular inferences; for we are well aware that however the hand of God be visible in such occurrences, they may by very plausible reasoning be also imputed to the contingencies which arise out of the innumerable variety of incidents that meet and harmonize together, or clash like antagonist principles in life.

The next record, therefore, of the gentle boy, which we shall put down, is one of a different and much more pathetic description. His mother's love for him, as the reader already knows, was in wakeful watchfulness and glowing tenderness of heart, almost beyond the ordinary love of mothers, sweet and beautiful as that most affectionate and divine principle is. She it was who with her own hands washed her helpless son, and combed down his fair and silken locks; and having done this, she looked upon the innocence with which he held up his lips for the kiss which rewarded his patience, as her most delightful recompense.

It happened, however, that this mother whom he loved with an affection so wildly fervent and habitual, became ill, and after having struggled for two or three days against a slight attack of fever, was forced to intermit her labour of love, and allow her darling child to be washed and combed by his eldest sister, whom next to mamma and Willy he doted on. He submitted to this, it is true, but it was with a countenance in which could be plainly read the fact, that his gentle spirit missed that tenderness of the mother's hand, which it is in vain to seek for in any other—that mysterious charm which in after life, and when that mother is in dust, comes over memory like a fragrance, and brings the heart back from present misery, sorrow, and calamity, to those days of innocence and happiness which make a mother's love shine as the only star which can light us back through the darkness of the past, to those days which the bitter present turns into happiness by the contrast.

This attack, which confined his mother to her bed for a few days, proved to be one of no serious apprehension, either to the physician who attended her or to her own friends. Nothing in life, however, could present a more affectionate, touching, and melancholy proof of loneliness and sorrow, than the conduct of this pitiable child. His daily amusements, his playthings, nay even his brother Willy—all—all were forgotten, and the poor thing went about moping and speaking to himself, and evidently unhappy; his pale face was shaded with care, and marked by a wild anxiety, which, when the cause was known, scarcely any one could look upon with an insensible heart. No matter to what part of the house he might be brought, he was ere long found either in or near her sick chamber, stealing to her

side, or when gently intimidated from entering it, watching about the door, or sitting speaking to himself outside upon the lobby. On one of these occasions, Wilson had gone up after breakfast to enquire after her health, and finding her better, was about to depart, when he and his wife heard his quiet and gentle tread coming up the stairs. Having been previously forbidden, however, he feared to enter the sick room, lest he might disturb her, but sat down upon the lobby, and began as usual to murmur to himself. The parents listened, and in a little time heard from him the following words—and what heart, much less that of a parent, could withstand them:—

"Me would give any ting, any ting—me would give the WHOLE WORLD, if my mamma was well!"

The mother started up and extended her arms, sobbing out—"Bring him to me, bring him to me;" the father did so, and after having pressed him to her heart, and bedewed his pale face with tears, she exclaimed—

"My darling child—our helpless one—our delight—our treasure, I *am* well. Your mamma, my blessed boy, is well.

"Then wont you wash and comb me, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, to-morrow I shall be able, I trust."

"And you will kiss me, mamma, too?"

"Yes, my heart, yes."

"Then me will go and tell Willy that mamma will wash and kiss me *again*," he exclaimed, and, as he spoke, he passed gently out of the room to seek his brother and communicate to him the removal of the care which had for the last few days pressed upon his innocent spirit.

Many a bitter tear did these words cause that mamma to shed, long after his beloved face and fair shining head had been removed from among the circle, which his affection had drawn round him.

It was also on an occasion similar to the last, that is, a transient indisposition of his mamma, that the circumstance we are about to relate occurred. His father, until her convalescence, slept in another apartment, and, as a gratification to the two boys, he proposed that they should sleep with him alternately. He also made this concession a privilege, and told them that if either of them did wrong, or were guilty of any impropriety, the offender should be debarred the right of enjoying it. Alick, as the eldest, had his claim

first granted, and a singular delight it seemed to give the child. He kissed his papa—laughed often—murmured little words and fragments of short sentences, which nobody understood but himself and his brother; and finally fell asleep, singing a little nursery song, which one of his sisters had a few days before taught him. On the following day he asked his mamma, for during her indisposition he was always either in her room or near it, if she would give him a penny.

"What do you intend to do with it, darling?" she enquired.

"It's about papa," he said, nodding with a smile which seemed to indicate some little plan or mystery.

"Well, I will not enquire," added his mother, "but you shall have it, my life." She accordingly rang the bell, and desired a servant to get him the penny, which he could not be prevailed upon to take unless in two halfpence.

When bed time arrived, his father was not a little surprised to see the poor child struggling with a singular degree of haste to anticipate his brother in claiming his right of sleeping where he had slept the night before. The father was struck with this, and knowing that in point of fact the child was wrong, he began to reason with him as well as he could.—

"It is not your night, my dear Alick—this is Willy's night."

"No, papa, me bought it—Willy has the two——"

"Two what, my darling?"

But ere the father, or his little brother, could speak, he got into bed and said, "me bought it, papa, and Willy has them," and he put his little arms about his father's neck. The father was anxious to understand the principles upon which the child acted, and consequently asked his brother if he understood what Alick said, when the little fellow replied at once that he did not.

"Me bought it, papa," said the child, and he clasped his father still closer; "me paid it in Willy's pocket."

"What did you pay, my darling," said the father, without actually knowing the poor boy's meaning.

"Me paid two little pennies, papa—not a big penny—into Willy's pocket—he buy powder for his cannon, me sleep with papa."

Upon examining the pockets of his little brother, it was found that the innocent creature thought he had gained his point,

by slipping unawares into them what he considered to be an equivalent for the privilege of sleeping with his father—that is, the two halfpence which he had asked for that especial purpose from his mother. The affecting plea succeeded on that occasion, for his little brother had been taught to make every concession to him, and his father clasped him with a more fervent pressure to his heart, in consequence of the artless trick through which the dear child attempted to outdo his brother by a bargain which his want of intellect only rendered incompatible with moral truth. It was quite evident that the poor boy, by putting without his brother's knowledge the two halfpence into his pocket, had accomplished upon his own harmless and innocent system, the bargain which experience and common sense would manage in a different manner. He must have thought that the fact of his brother, *quocunque modo*, being in possession of what he considered the price, was a sufficient justification in him, to claim the right of sleeping with his father. Such was the reasoning of a disorganized head; but who could avoid being touched by the motives of the heart?

Thus was it that a calamity so distressing as that to which the serene and harmless child was born, by degrees changed its character so much, in consequence of the love his parents, and sisters, and brother, bore him, that it almost ceased to be looked upon as such. The quiet inoffensive child was emphatically the pet of the whole family; and not a day passed that had not its loving records of what he either did or said. In this manner not only did time pass happily, but we may add that the very existence of the boy had now become, from the habits of their strong affection for him, essential to the happiness they felt. We have now arrived, however, at the period, when all the hearts that loved him were to be overshadowed by his loss—when the lengthened childhood of their gentle and innocent boy was to close—and his murmuring voice and quiet smile, and flaxen head were all to be seen and heard no more. No more were his little plans of love to be effected—or his little barterings with his brother to take place; and never again was his timid step to be heard stealing in artless sorrow and sympathy to the sick bed of his mother, whom in his innocence, he thought his kiss might cure.

At the beginning of spring, about his

eight year, the malady which took him off appeared in the family. This was the scarlatina, or red devil, as it ought more appropriately to be called. At first it came upon all the children except himself, whom it seemed to spare. This was, however, a treacherous indulgence, and its subsequent attack on their favourite, just when all the others had got over it, was felt with the greater severity, in consequence of their previous hope that he had escaped it. His mother at the time was confined to her bed; but hearing that her boy had caught it, and that he declined receiving attendance from any hand but hers, she rose up as if she possessed the power of checking or shaking off the complaint she laboured under, and from that moment until her beloved one breathed his last, a space of eight days and eight nights, she lay not on a bed, closed not an eye even for one moment, nor ever once complained of or felt any symptoms of her own illness.\* All her sufferings—every thought and feeling of her heart were absorbed in the sufferings of her gentle child. Such was and such is the love of a mother. There she sat, or stood bending over his bed, assuaging his pain as well as she could, anticipating his wants, administering his medicine, and holding the drink to his feverish lips,—watching, cherishing, soothing him—exhausting in short all the ingenious devices of affection, and fighting his battle against this most formidable malady. For four days the doctor, a talented and humane man, felt himself justified in affording them hope, but on the fifth their pale clear-skinned boy was actually the colour of scarlet. The doctor shook his head—recovery, it is true, if the child's physical strength were greater, might be possible; but in this case he feared for the result. Still he would not absolutely give him up; though at the same time he considered it his duty to bid them, at all events, to hold themselves prepared for the worst.

Language could not describe the sorrow and despair which settled upon the whole family, when they heard this unfavourable opinion of his medical attendant. The fact of the other children having been so slightly affected, prevented his parents, who had never seen the complaint before, from entertaining any serious apprehensions of Alick. On the contrary they imagined that, as in the other cases, it would come to a crisis, then abate, and in

the course of a few days altogether disappear—leaving their guarded treasure enfeebled, it is true, and helpless for a time, but still with a constitution not seriously injured by his illness. Nay, they were not without some latent hopes—and how delightful were these hopes! that it might be possible for the child's intellect to be developed by that organic change in the brain, which sometimes results from violent and temporary disease, in such a manner as to restore reason, after its exercise had been even for a considerable time suspended. After two days more, it was quite clear that the doctor entertained no hope of him, and dreadful and terrible did this heart-breaking announcement come upon them all. Not that *they* absolutely despaired of him, for truly may it be said—as it was felt in this instance, that love will hope when the very quiver of death is trembling in the heart of those it loves.

Nothing, however, which we could write, can give the reader such a clear and affecting account of this innocent death-bed, as the short journal, written by his mother, of his sufferings, and of the affliction into which the certainty that he was to be taken away for ever, plunged them all. This affecting record of the Innocent's last moments, commenced on the very day the Doctor told them to be prepared for the worst, just forty-eight hours before his death. It is an artless one, and the minuteness of the details will be easily overlooked by those who have lost, or who fear to lose any child that is dear to them, "as the ruddy drops that warm their hearts."

"April 15, Ten o'clock, a. m.—The Doctor has this day forbidden us to hope, but we know that God of his infinite mercy can restore our innocent child, if it seem good to him. I have, since the appearance of the complaint among us, heard of children recovering after a more malignant attack, and more unfavourable symptoms than his. But lest it should be the will of the Almighty to remove him, I am resolved to mark down a register of our darling's pains and sufferings, and of every thing connected with him, in order that when he is gone, we can bring him back to our memory, during the most affecting period of his brief but happy life. May God support me, and sustain us all; but surely when we feel that he is about to be withdrawn from us, this grief is natural. The doctor says the worst symptom about the dear one, is the heavy feverish

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\* Let no one doubt this, for it is true.



look that is in his eyes. Heavy indeed is the look of my beloved, and loaded with sickness, yet has he moments when he wishes to talk with his brother, and to have him about him. His eldest sister, to whom he was so much attached, is, now that she heard the doctor's opinion, weeping bitterly in her own room, kissing his little coat, and pressing every part of his dress to her heart. She told Willy that his brother was going to die, and asked him, whilst she sobbed aloud, what would he do after his little play-fellow? The innocent child replied, that he would not let him die. 'Alas, my darling,' she returned, 'I fear that in spite of papa and mamma and all, death will take him.'

"But I will kill death," said the manly little child. His sister kissed him, but only wept the more.

"Twelve o'clock—Alick is awake, and seems a little easier. He is now arranging his little playthings about his pillow, and has two small tops, one his own and the other Willy's, which he made a present of to him yesterday. There is also his whip, three halfpence, and a little thin bottle, in which his brother put some sweetmeats, that he might be able to see their variegated colours through the glass—a sight in which he takes great delight. There the beloved child lies arranging them as well as he can; whilst ever and anon his heavy eye turns round to see that *I am with him*; he then calls mamma, and when I ask him what he wants, he looks at me and smiles, feebly saying, 'Do not leave me.'

"Oh how will my heart part with him? How can I give him up! Am not I his mother? Sustain—sustain me, O God!

"Two o'clock, p. m.—His brother has come to his bed-side, and he seems pleased to see him. He has given him his little top, saying, 'Keep my top, Willy.'

"'Sure you wouldn't die and leave me, Alick,' said the innocent child. 'No, Willy' he replied; but he knows not what either the question or answer means. Oh this is almost too much for my heart!

"At first, none except his eldest sister was told that he must die, but her affectionate heart was too full to keep the secret—alas! I fear it cannot be long one—from the rest. They have all come in one by one to kiss him, and are now weeping bitterly together in the parlour, with the exception of his brother, who is incapable of understanding what is meant by dying. But hush! I hear his father's

cautious step upon the stairs, and oh how I tremble on thinking of the love which that father bore him; but our sweet one is awake, and is always glad and happy when he sees him. \* \* \*

"The visit to his child has been paid, and the father's grief appears ungovernable. Alas! we never lost a child before, and grief is new to us. His father appears to be utterly without comfort; he cannot eat, nor attend to the concerns of his farm, nor to any business whatsoever. But I knew it would be thus, for I knew how he loved him. He tried to restrain his grief as much as he could, but it occasionally burst forth in spite of him. The dear child who never saw him weep before, looked at him with an expression of wonder that showed him to be unconscious of the cause of his father's sorrow—a circumstance which only increased it the more. It would appear, however, that in some measure the beloved child feels as if his present situation were connected with the affliction of the family, for when asked how he is, he uniformly replies, 'better.' But indeed the natural gentleness and kindness of his disposition were always remarkable.

"His father, who thinks of a thousand ways to please him, put into his little hands a silver sixpence, fresh and glittering from the mint; he gave a faint smile as he looked upon his father, and said in a low and feeble voice, 'Thank you, papa.' He examined it a good while, much pleased, and has it still in his hand.

"His father, when about to leave the room, turned to me, his countenance beaming for a moment with unexpected hope—'What,' he exclaimed, 'if he should still live! I care not if all my worldly substance is taken away, provided that he and they are spared to me. I would rather beg with him'—he could add no more, for he caught the heavy and death-like expression of the child's eye, and rushed out of the room. The poor child is quiet, as he always was, and gives little trouble.

"Nine o'clock at night.—His father has caused a consultation to be held, and the opinion is that he will not pass twelve o'clock to-morrow night. I can scarcely keep his sisters from weeping over him, and oppressing him with their kisses. My darling's utterance is so low that he can scarcely be heard, and so infantine that he speaks, when he attempts to speak, as a child of two years old. Life is ebbing

fast, and he can do little more than moan lowly, and make signs to express his little wants. When I give him a drink, he turns his eyes up into my face with thankfulness, and then lays down his head so quietly and composedly upon the pillow, that my heart is sorely tried to look upon it.

"Midnight.—His father has just looked in, for he cannot sleep, and stood over his bed. The child is sleeping!—oh, who can tell what this short sleep may do for him? Should he, after all, recover! But this is a hope in which I fear to indulge, because of what we must suffer, should it prove ill founded; still, it looks well, for he has had no sleep for the last three days and nights. God, after all, can prove a safe physician, when all human aid fails. No! I will not despair—while there is life, there is hope. His father joins me in this, and is in much better spirits. I have prevailed upon him to go to bed, on promising to call him should any change for the worse take place.

"Two o'clock, a.m.—I have heard an account of a singular circumstance about our beloved from the children. It appears that, a few hours before he was seized with the first symptoms of his illness, he was out in the garden playing with his sisters and brother. The day was calm and bright, and the sky unusually clear. The dear child looked up into the sky, for a minute, daring which he mused in silence, and at once appeared to forget the play in which he was engaged; at length he said, addressing them, and pointing upwards with his finger, 'Isn't *there* heaven?' To which they replied in the affirmative. 'Then,' said he, 'we will get wings, and fly up, and go to heaven, and we will never come down any more.'\* In less than two hours after this, my child was obliged to go to bed. Is it possible that God permits, in some cases, an unconscious but prophetic intimation of death to escape from the lips of innocence, in order to prepare the hearts of others for its loss! I cannot tell; but I feel that there is something peculiarly awful and holy, as well as heart-rending and sorrowful, about the death-bed of a child. Children leave behind them no sense or conviction of guilt or crime to check our grief, nor any other remembrance of them in our souls, than such as are associated with purity and innocence; their loss, therefore, is never properly appreci-

ated, until we either lose or are about to lose them for ever. One of the most affecting passages in the New Testament is this: 'Suffer *little children* to come to me, for of *such* is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Four o'clock.—My child is awake, and, eternal glory be to God! he is much, very much better; appears refreshed, and asks for some food. The whole family are asleep, even to the poor nurse, who sits up to prepare the drinks, which he will take from no hand but *mine*. I will not disturb them; yet my heart is bursting to communicate to them the good tidings of this change for the better. Oh, if he should still be spared to us! Thou seest, oh, God of all goodness, that the tears I now shed are those of gratitude for the change which is on my beloved. Is he to live?—oh, the thought is too much—I cannot write.

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"Six o'clock, morning.—They are all up. His papa has been in and kissed him, and is in ecstasy. The darling child has never let the little bright silver sixpence out of his hand since he got it. They have *all* kissed him, and all are in a tumult of joy and hope. My own heart trembles between hope and fear; but indeed hope is the stronger. Why should he get better now, unless the change was that of a crisis which will bring him, by degrees, out of the danger in which he has been? He is actually amusing himself once more with his little playthings—has Willy's top in his hand, and asks to see his father. He is now turning the little silver sixpence, and looking upon it with a kind of novel delight. When our darling speaks, however, we are obliged to put down our ears to his lips, for his voice and enunciation are gone. He wants something, but still looks upon the bright sixpence. 'What is it, my heart's treasure?'

"'Papa.'

"'I have sent for him, sweetest life.'—Oh, may God pity that papa, if any thing happens you, my darling love!

"His father is bending over him.—'What is it, my own sweet and darling child? Did you not wish for papa, my own heart's delight?'

"The child held up the little sixpence to him, with something nearer a smile than his illness for the last four days would allow him. He held it up, and spoke, but his father was still obliged to put down his ear to his mouth, in order to hear what he said. It was, as before, glancing from the sixpence to his father. 'Thank you, papa.'

\* Fact.

\* \* \* Such was the affectionate heart of our beloved !

"Twelve o'clock, noon.—All glory be to God ! The doctor has been with him,—says he is decidedly better. Wine, a little, is ordered—as our darling's physical constitution, though healthy, has been always weak. He can, however, taste nothing, and will taste nothing, but two-milk whey. His father, on his recovery, has expressed his intention to bestow a large sum for the support of orphans, who, of course, have none but strangers to attend them *in their illness*. There is something *now* tells me, however—for say what they will, and think what they may—I *see* that my beloved's strength is wearing away fast ; but why should I deprive them of a glimpse of happiness ;—but something tells me that the last sands of our beloved are nearly run.

"Evening, Nine o'clock.—Am *I* also to hope ? Joy is among them all ; but *I* am with him every moment ; and *I fear*—yet am not *altogether* without hope—watching and sorrow may have naturally depressed my spirits more than theirs—*no*, I am *not* without hope. \* \* \*

"Eleven o'clock.—Oh, God, that has happened which *almost*, if any thing could reconcile me to his death, would. The child turned round his head, and observing our Bible—the family Bible—in which the births of all our children are registered—expressed, by signs, a wish to his father that he would bring it to him. Rapturously, and with intense delight, did he comply with this intimation of the darling boy. The child, on getting it into the bed, signed to us to raise him ; and his father put his arm around him, and kept him easily up. With difficulty he got his feeble hands to the book, but could not, from weakness, open it. His father opened it for him ; and he put his slender finger to the print, and made as if he were reading—then tried to turn over a leaf, which was instantly done for him, and he went on still moving his blessed lips, as if reading ; he then turned up his eyes towards heaven, as he had seen us do, and fell back." \* \* \*

The mother—the patient, but heart-broken mother, could carry her little register of love, in which there is not one allusion to her own suffering, no farther ; but we, who know what happened, must complete it for her.

Their beloved one fell back, but did not immediately pass away. He attempted many little words, among which were uttered those of Mamma, Papa, and Willy,

with great feebleness. Every moment, however, brought him nearer and nearer to his close. His mother's arms were about him, and all the family surrounding his bed, when, at one o'clock of "the Resurrection morn," for it was Easter night—the gentle, the loved one, the bright and fair haired, the cherished, the guarded, the innocent, the helpless—in a word, the dim but ever unclouded star of their hearth, and, what is still more, the idol of his father's heart—and yet stronger, of his mother's—laid back his head, with a gentle motion, as if going to sleep—but one or two gasps that heaved up his little chest more than usual, passed away, and there was a silence. They waited a time—they raised his head—it fell back ; they felt his pulse—there was none ; they laid him down—they looked upon his motionless and placid face— \* \* \*

"You are—you are his mother ! Watching him and tending him, and want of rest, have overcome you for a little—you fainted ; but you know he is in heaven. My darling, do not ask it ; you know he cannot speak to you now. Alas ! he knows no mother now—no father—no sister—no brother : all the ties of his life are dissolved for ever."

At length her grief exhausted itself, and nature, sorrow, the illness she had warded off, together with want of sleep for eight days and eight nights—all overcame her, and she slept soundly for some hours on that melancholy night.

His father had caused all the family to retire to bed except the servants, and was pacing in utter distraction through the room, when one of them entered, and, related the following, with tears in her eyes—for dear indeed was the inoffensive boy to every individual who knew him.

She said, that at the moment he breathed his last, she and another female servant, together with his eldest daughter, had been in the parlour, where a pair of candles were burning ; the parlour door was open—when, visible to the three persons, a snow white dove or pigeon flew in, and crossed the room to one of the windows, through which it passed like a shadow, without let or obstruction, although the window was closed.\* Subsequently her fellow-servant, on being questioned, cor-

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\* An unquestionable fact, and was witnessed as above by the three persons mentioned. We give it without comment.

robored the fact, as did his daughter, who solemnly assured him, not only that she saw it most distinctly, but went immediately to the window to ascertain whether any part of it were open, and upon examination found that it was shut. This is no fiction, conceived merely for the purpose of giving effect to an imaginary narrative, but a literal fact, which was proved by the collateral evidence of three persons, who witnessed it at the same time, and in the same place.

Wilson was then plunged in affliction too violent to pause upon a circumstance so singular, except only as it served to increase his grief. Having ordered the servants to seek rest, he indulged in all the vehemence of sorrow over his child; but alas, there was no eye then to turn up in affection upon him—no faint smile to move those innocent lips—no little hand to thrust affectionately into his—and no soft sweet voice of joy to utter, or to call his name; and deep and terrible was the grief which stunned his head and shook his heart, as if both it and his brain would burst in pieces.

"My son! my son!" he exclaimed, whilst his sobs almost choked him, "for this one night we will sleep together—no artless bribe to your brother is necessary now. Next your papa's heart, and in your papa's bosom, will you rest this night—the last, my angel boy, we can ever sleep together."

It is literally true. The next morning about five o'clock, the servants, and subsequently his wife and daughters, found him asleep with the body of his lifeless boy in his bosom, their two cheeks reclining against each other as they lay.

But perhaps the most trying scene of this melancholy little narrative, was that which occurred soon afterwards, when his brother Willy came into the room and saw him—dead. He paused, and started, and got pale; then went over, and putting his hand upon him said, "Alick, Alick, speak to me." To those who looked on, the utter silence, the solemn stillness of death which succeeded this heart-rending question,

constituted perhaps the bitterest moment of their sorrow.

"Alick," he said again, and the child's lip began to quiver with emotion, "wont you speak to *me*—to your own Willy?"

But there, in the calm repose of the dead, lay the serene face of his now unconscious brother and play-fellow.

The affectionate child could bear no more—and the wail of his grief, as he kissed him, and called loudly upon his name, had in it a desolateness of spirit, which smote the hearts of his parents beyond the power of language to express, and of many hearts to conceive.

Thus passed and closed the life of a happy, but mindless child; such too were the last moments of—as was read with bitterness upon his little coffin—Alexander Wilson, aged eight years.

And what, the gentle reader may enquire, became of the little sixpence which he always kept in his hand? Ever since the day on which his body was committed to the darkness of the grave, it has lain next his father's sorrowing heart; nor could the wealth of the universe purchase this precious relic from him.

In the neat parish church there is at present to be seen a small white marble monument, on the top of which, as an emblem at once of his unhappy privation, and his innocence, is a *sightless dove*, underneath which there is nothing but his name and that of his parents.

About a week after his death, his father observed to a friend, during a conversation, of which the departed child was the subject—"My mind was in a sinful and contumacious state for some time before the dear boy's birth. Well—I am punished. Alas, my friend, the truth I am about to utter I now feel deeply. There can be no greater act of impiety towards God, in a rational mind, than a *conditional faith*. Such was not Abraham's, whose child was spared to him in consequence of his *obedience*. As for me,"—but here his grief overcame him, and he burst into tears, exclaiming—"Yes—I am punished—*Alick's gone!*"

## HOW TO RISE EARLY.

WHAT a piece of work is man ! a riddle—a mystery—inexplicable even to himself; his firmest convictions perpetually contradicted by his actions—half of his little hour fretted away in repenting, and the other half in sinning; and ever heard exclaiming, "*video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor.*"

Perhaps in no one action of man's wayward career on this sorry planet, does this melancholy and humiliating truth appear so strongly, as in the circumstance of his not rising early in the morning. No one can be more persuaded than he is, of all the advantages that attend the practice: the lovely morning, the abundance of time afforded, the healthful walk, the cheerful spirits, the fine appetite, the cleanliness, the freshness, the consciousness of doing right, the comfort in every respect, are all fully before his mind, yet is the present enjoyment of a pair of miserable sheets and blankets, the wretched animal gratification of *comparative insensibility* ! enough to make this "noblest work of God," sink all those rational considerations, "weigh his eye-lids down, and steep his senses in forgetfulness."

The Honourable Effingham Snoreaway, was a man who, though fully impressed with a sense of all the pleasures and advantages of early rising, could never bring himself to get up. When he did rise at ten or eleven, or it might be sometimes twelve o'clock in the morning, nothing could exceed his contrition; he looked back on the lovely morning that had rolled five or six delightful sunny hours over him, while he was buried in a shameful stupor; thought of all the fine things which he might have been (as they say in Ireland) *after* doing during that "sweet hour of prime;" but as all was now unavailing, with respect to the past, the only thing left for him, by way of silencing the reproaches of his better judgment, was a firm resolution to "*bounce*" the next morning—which firm resolution, need it be said, melted away when the morning came, before the heating influence of a few stone of feathers ! Again and again, did the Honourable Mr. Effingham Snoreaway resolve and resolve, yet still stay in bed; again and again, did he fret, and blush, and reproach himself, yet still slept away;

again and again did he promise, and ~~vow~~ and swear that he would never be found in bed late any more, yet when morning came, there he was. Alas ! human nature ! still, still, was poor Mr. Snoreaway, held from executing all these fine resolves, by the slender walls of mere *furniture* calico !

Notwithstanding all his resolutions, all his frettings, all his remorse, all his self-reproach and sense of shame, all his promises; notwithstanding all his sincere and earnest desires and wishes, backed by bringing before his mind, as he was going to bed at night, all the most powerful arguments that he could suggest, (enough to make him stay up all night in order to be up early in the morning;) alas ! notwithstanding all, there he was the next morning, long after the matin hour, "as fast as a rock."

What was to be done ? Several expedients were resorted to; but they were all, at the very moment of their effectual operation, stopped by his own hands. A machine which raised up the bed at an appointed hour, (he set it to five), so as to gently throw the sleeper out on his feet—a thing like the spout of a gardener's watering pot, which was to drop cold water on his face, at a given hour, in like manner—an alarm clock—a bell, just over his head; all, as I have said before—although all his own deliberate designs—were prevented from discharging their respective and sanatory functions by his own suicidal hands; one quick jump out of bed, between asleep and awake, the instant that any one of them gave the smallest awakening note of preparation, and a still quicker snap at the moving principle either of the machine, the spout of the gardener's watering pot, the alarm clock, or the bell, whichever he happened the night before to have set upon duty, soon taught the busy and impertinent little intruder manners, at that hour of the morning, and in half the twinkling of an eye was poor and ever-to-be-pitied Mr. Snoreaway, more closely, if possible, than before, gathered up in his bed-clothes, to repay himself, as it were, by augmented enjoyment for the momentary sensation of pain he had suffered in the little transit which has been just alluded to.

At length, all ordinary, and indeed ex-

traordinary expedients having been unsuccessfully appealed to, one desperate resolution was taken, to triumph over his hitherto unconquerable propensity. He hired an Irish servant, named Terry Oulahan, to whom was committed the important task, and that only, of awakening him at half past five o'clock every morning.

"Now," said he to Terry, "remember I hire you for one single purpose, and for nothing else whatever, namely, to call me up every morning at half past five o'clock, and to be sure that I get up. This is all you will have to do, and for this I will pay you £20 a year."

Terry promptly closed with an engagement which appeared to him a perfect sinecure, little conjecturing what was to await him, even on his very first or second essay; and making every protestation of attention and regularity, he looked impatiently for the hour which was, in the course, as he thought, of a few minutes, to see him through his day's work.

At half past five to the moment, Terry was at his master's bed-room door. He gave a gentle tap—no answer; two or more—a little louder—not a word. Terry peeped in through the key hole, gave another tap, and then put his ear to the same, and hearing no reply, exclaimed, "murder, murder, but I believe he's one of the seven sleepers." He stopped awhile, but before he could give another knock, he was started off his legs by a tremendous noise which came from the bed-room; it was the grand winding up, or finale of a most discordant snore—"Oh blessed and holy Saint Monica," cried out Terry, "the Lord be between us and hamh, but the divil the like of such a snore as that, did Terry ever hear afore. No matter at any rate, I must thry and get him up."

The fear of being unsuccessful in his first morning's work, and that without any fault of his, emboldened poor Terry to throw a little more force into his knock. At length he succeeded; a response was given to his appeal. Terry followed up his advantage quickly, and gave a couple of brisk raps more, louder and louder; another response from within; but no articulate or satisfactory indication to Terry that his man was fairly on his legs—"humpgh"—"It's me, sir; it's Terry that's cam to call you, sir"—"humh—humh,"—"I'm here sence half after five, sir"—

"hamh,"—"and it's now just six; it's six o'clock, sir; it's a fine morning, sir."—"humh—humh—hah."—With expressions such as these, intermingled with a knock and a listen, was poor Terry engaged, turning his right side one time to the door, and then his left, and receiving only that sleepy response through the nasal organ, which those are familiar with that have to deal with heavy sleepers, when to his expressible mortification, even that sound which had evidently been an acknowledgment of his call, died altogether away, and was succeeded by one which left no doubt at all on his mind, that his drowsy master had relapsed into a dead slumber. Terry now gave a tremendous knock; if any one has ever heard the sudden stopping of a Scotch bagpipes, or a good grunt from a pig, or a violent sneeze at an unsuspected moment, he may be able in a small way, to form some idea of the noise produced by the sudden interruption which Terry's loud knock had given to the running tones of the Honorable Effingham Snoreaway's snoring. Terry would not be taken in again, but rattled like a man, until to his great joy, about a quarter after six, he heard a "Who's there?" "By the powers o' Moll Kelly," said Terry to himself, smiling with joy, at the idea of succeeding so far, "but, it's well you wakened;" "it's me, sir, it's Terry, I'm calling you these two hours," (and although he was not yet an hour at his day's work, it was little wonder he should think it two), "It's me, sir," again repeated Terry louder, "and it's half past six now instead of five, sir." "Bad luck to you," was the silent reply; "how infernally punctual the rascal is." Terry heard something: he listened: some sleepy voice from within articulated, "that will do, Terry, you're an excellent servant; you may go away this morning; go down now, you're a very regular man. Now that's what I like."

What could the poor man do under these circumstances, but go away, a little reluctantly, certainly, as he did, consoling himself at the same time, with the fact of not only of his having punctually discharged his duty, but much more, with the ready testimony which his master had borne to it. All went on for the present, as before, with Mr. Snoreaway. He was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of his bed, until a quarter after twelve o'clock, at noon, when, upon looking at his watch, and faintly recollecting the early occur-

rences of the morning, a series of feelings ran across his mind, of such a nature as by no means to be envied.

The first thing that he did, when he came down stairs, was to call for Terry. Terry appeared immediately. "Well Terry," said he, "what did I hire you for?" "Sure I called you, sir," replied Terry. "Yes," answered Mr. Snoreaway, "you called me, but that is not enough; it was not merely to call me that I hired you, it was to call me until you found me out of bed—until you found me completely up." "I was ever so long rappin' at the door, sir, afore I could get you to spake," added Terry. "Well, let this pass for the present, but don't let it happen again," said Mr. Snoreaway; "if I don't answer when you rap, open the door and come in, and come over to me and rouse me, and shake me, no matter what I say to you—if I threaten you—no matter what excuses I make, don't mind me; don't attempt for your life to go away, or leave me, until you have me out on my legs. If I find, to-morrow morning, that you go away without having me up at five o'clock, I'll have no further business for you. I will instantly discharge you." Terry heard this with very curious feelings, and replied, "Oh, very well, sir; it's myself that sees now what your honour wants, I'll be bail, if I've life in my body, it's to-morrow morning your honour's up wid the cock."

So saying, and receiving another and a still stronger caution from Mr. Snoreaway, under all circumstances and at all hazards not to fail next morning, Terry slowly turned about and closed the door after him.

The second morning found him again at his post. It was worse than the morning before, so, as he had not only been authorised, but commanded, he boldly opened the door and went in—"It's me, sir," said Terry, (again a humph), "Lord deliver my sowl, what a sleeper; he bangs banagher; up he gets any how wid' all his snoring; I'm his boy," saying which, he went to the bed and at first gave him two or three gentle stirs; "humph, humph," was the only fruit of these, and upon two or three stirs more, backed by "get up, sir; get up, sir;" Terry began to shake him in sound earnest, and continued so until he had him clean awake. "Oh," said Mr. Snoreaway, after rubbing his eyes and recognising Terry, "that's very right now; you have done all that I wished; that will do, Terry; you

may go down now, I'm fully awake, and I consider myself the same as up."

"Oh, sir," answered Terry, "you know you bid me not leave you, no matter what you'd say, until I saw you completely up; and if I go away now, and you fall off again, you'll be blaming me, sir, for not doing as you bid me."

"You're very right, Terry," replied Mr. Snoreaway; "I know I bid you not go away until you had me up, but I'm now the same as up; at all events, I won't blame you, so you may go down—there now—go Terry, go;" and saying this he turned round on his right side.

"Faith, sir, axing your pardon, there's no use in you turning that way," said Terry, "I'll not go a foot till you're out o' bed; see there now, sir, you're dropping off again, (oh murther, what'll I do!) Sir! sir!" exclaimed Terry, giving him again several shakes, "arrah tunder an' ages, sir, there you're beginning to snore again, and you'll be as bad as yesterday if you don't get up now at once."

The snoring continued and increased. Terry was now beginning to lose all patience, and his tone of voice was getting angry and reproofing. He again shook his master, without any regard to etiquette, until he had him well awake, when he wheeled round, and addressing Terry in a manner that startled him a good deal, as quickly as he could utter it, "didn't I tell you to go away, sir, didn't I tell you there would be no blame to you, I've no fault to find with you," and getting a little gentle, "you have done all that has pleased me. Go down now, I'm broad awake, and I'll get up and dress myself the moment you shut the door after you."

"Sure I know, sir," added Terry, "that it will be just the same way with you as yesterday, if I go without seeing you get out of bed; so I may as well tell you I'll not leave the room till you get out of bed."

"Oh, my heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Snoreaway to himself; "well, I believe this rascal will have me out: what you rascal," said he, "do you dare to refuse to do what I desire you? go out of the room immediately." Terry was firm, and exclaimed, "the devil a foot he'd go, till he had him out," and accordingly he began to pull the clothes off him, and gave him a thrust here and there to keep him awake—but all in vain.

"Do you mean, you audacious vagabond,

to give me the lie; don't I tell you I'm up," exclaimed Mr. Snoreaway most furiously, "I tell you I'm up; I don't wish to gratify you, by getting up before you, when I tell you you've nothing to do but go away and let me dress myself; or I'll tell you what it is, for I see now you are impudent, fellow; as soon as I go down stairs, if you do not go away in one instant, I'll immediately discharge you."

The latter observations wrought powerfully on Terry. Every thing wore the air of such deliberate earnestness on the part of Snoreaway; his positive promises that he would not blame Terry; Terry's conviction that he made him sensible; his partial belief, that he, by being then awake, "was all as one as up," as he said himself, and that he could not, after all he said, have the conscience to go asleep again, added to his positive command to leave him; all prevailed upon poor Terry to go away, which he did very slowly, and very heavy hearted, and with too melancholy a consciousness that his occupation was not of that easy or pleasant character, which in the first instance he had imagined.

Of course, as soon as he had gone, Snoreaway fell off immediately into a sounder sleep than ever; and, as usual, or rather worse than usual, did not get up until twenty minutes past one, that day. He was ready to tear himself. He could hardly bring himself to look at his face in the glass—eight dead hours lost—precious hours. He blamed Terry—he excused him. He certainly must have terrified the poor man—but why had not the villain the perseverance—and the indifference to any thing he might say, as he had warned him. Once more he would give a stronger caution, and try him again: and if this failed, he would abandon himself to despair.

"Terry, the master wants you," announced one of the servants to him.

"Me," said Terry.

"Yes," answered the servant; "he's just now after coming down from his bed-room."

"And what o'clock is it now," said Terry.

"Why, it's going to three," answered the servant.

Terry put the sign of the cross on his forehead—had a melancholy foreboding of what he was summoned for, and with fear and trembling, went as he was ordered.

"Well, Terry, this is the second morning, and you have not done what I agreed with you for."

"Oh, sir," said Terry, "I declare to God, it 'ant my fault."

"But, I tell you," said Mr. Snoreaway, "it is your fault."

"As I hope to be saved, your honour, but I worked as hard at you, as if the good people had you in a trance, and you frightened the life out o' me, and damned and sunk me, and said that you'd discharge me, and that I was an impudent rascal, and was giving your honour the lie, and towld me you were as good as up, and to be off with myself—I wondher what was I to do."

"Well, now, I'll look over this too. I'll give you *one trial more*; and now mark me, and mark me again—whatever I say to you or do, it is not I that say it, or do it; do not believe me to be fully awake, though I may tell you that I am, and you may think so. If I damn you, or curse you, I do not mean it, so don't mind me—do any thing, and every thing, until you have me up. If you find all wont do, pull the clothes off me, and throw cold water on me; and now mind, Terry, besides your wages, I'll give you a guinea, if you do now as I tell you, to-morrow morning."

"Say no more, sir," said Terry, "that'll do;" and away he went, determined to have Snoreaway up the next morning, if he was to lose his life.

The third and last morning came. The scenes of the two preceding mornings were fully gone through—the snorings, and the sighings, and the shakings, and the get up, sirs, and gentle and angry replies, and threats, and promises of pardon, &c.; but Terry was not to be trifled with "this going off." Away went the quilt. "Oh, you infernal rascal—you scoundrel, are you going to rob and murder me; I'll call the police, and have you sent this instant to gaol." Here Snoreaway gave a sudden pull to the bell handle; but, as the servants knew what was going on, not one of them came up. He was now in a truly deplorable way. Terry made a grasp now at the blankets; but Snoreaway had them,—fearing an assault on this part of the citadel, after the quilt had been captured,—so tucked under him, and round him, that it was impossible to pull the blankets off, without dragging him out along with them. Terry pulled hard—Newgate was threatened; there were two loaded pistols in the room, and if he dared to persist in assaulting him in this way, he would blow his brains out before he left the room. It would not do; all manner of abusive names, curses, oaths, discharges, Newgate, trans-



portation, kickings, and shooting—all fell harmless against the decided determination of Terry to succeed or fall in the action. Terry was a man of powerful strength—seizing a deadly grasp of the blankets, sheets and all, in his athletic hands, he dislodged his man, who, to save himself from the utter evacuation of his droway territory, put out one of his hands and caught the bed post. Terry still held on, amid a tempest of curses, shrieking, and roaring, and now loud cries of “murder, murder,” until, at length, overpowered by superior strength, the victim of a constitutional, but not a willing laziness, gave up the ghost, and found himself, in an instant, sprawling about the floor. Reviving and self-applauding reason was now beginning, with the glorious sun, to shine bright upon the mind of Snoreaway, and to assert her prerogative. He now began to lend his own free co-operation to this

great work, brought at last to so successful an issue, and, pitching the fragments of the sheet which he had kept lazily adhering to him, from about him, jumped up, and giving a most hearty laugh, took Terry by the two hands, and shook them, saying, “now, Terry, you’re my own man—you have now done as I wished, and you see now that I am up and awake,—so far from being angry, I applaud you.”

He had not proceeded farther in dressing himself than having put on his trousers, when he took out his purse, and honourably kept his word with Terry by handing him a guinea in gold. The double joy of poor Terry, upon going down stairs, may be more easily imagined than described. The reader will be glad to learn that his well paid pertinacity was of essential benefit to his master, and the day of this “glorious victory” an epoch in both their lives.

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### THE ARROWS OF LOVE.

WHEN Love was a child in the gardens on high,  
He sported all day with his arrows and bow,  
Till one morning he bade a farewell to the sky,  
And came, for a change, to our regions below ;  
But Wisdom, who watched his descent from above,  
Made blunt all his arrows, as fast as they flew,  
And sadly indeed did it grieve little Love,  
To find what slight mischief his weapons could do.

As in sorrow he wandered, with tears in his eyes,  
He chanced to alight on the quiver of Wit—  
With shafts like the diamond—the fortunate prize,  
That pierc’d to the core every object they hit ;  
As he seized the bright quiver, a tear of delight  
From the child’s snowy lid on the blazing points fell,  
Wisdom gazed on the treasure, all pale with affright,  
For she knew ’gainst *such* arrows she’d ne’er find a spell.

With his quiver equipped, the gay urchin took flight ;  
But he squanders not shafts with such magic endowed,—  
No, he keeps for bright spirits those arrows of light,  
And weapons less brilliant he darts ’mid the crowd ;  
But when forms such as Leila’s, all sunnily flit  
Before you, and lips with such witchery move,  
Beware, oh ! beware of the arrows of Wit,  
Whose points have been steeped in the tear-drops of Love.

B.

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## CRIME IN ENGLAND.

THE unnatural desire evinced by a certain set of men amongst us, to abate that powerful party in England, who, on every occasion, are anxious to trumpet in the ear of Europe, what they call proofs of Ireland's barbarism, is a subject of animadversion from which we have hitherto abstained. We have done so, perhaps, in somewhat of a selfish spirit. The disgust which the consideration of such a topic instinctively called forth, and the weariness we had felt, upon former occasions, at hearing it diurnally commented on, withheld us whenever we took up the pen to inscribe our notions of the matter.

We had hoped, also, that the necessity for doing so, might perchance have passed away; we are too ready, in every case of the sort, to let bygones be bygones; and, even when those expectations were interrupted by the renewed outbreak of calumny, we still persuaded ourselves that it would be right to wait until the necessity should become so obvious, as to preclude the possibility of all fair or reasonable hesitation in the minds of those, who, like ourselves, are loath to touch the unworthy weapons of the strife.

But we are withheld no longer by the force of these considerations. The unmanly and unnatural war-whoop of faction has again sounded. It no longer echoes merely from the lips of stupid fanatics, or desperate adventurers—the tocsin rings a louder and higher note even than before. The great and once worthy chief of the anti-Irish party has lent himself to the work, that formerly he left with ill-concealed contempt, to the reckless and the brainless meddlers of his host; and, with the humility of childhood, he is fain to ape the language and demeanour of those he once despised. We freely own we mourn over such things. So long as wholesale invectives against our people, came only from the buzzing and idealless class of mischief-mongers, it was easy to feel disgust, but it was not easy to be angry. They might do harm to be sure, in their little way. Calumnies, no matter how clumsy, are always sure to find some believers; and when these poor gentlemen set up for amateur apostles of police, they succeeded, as might have been expected, in proselytising a respectable number of old gentlewomen to the belief that

the Irish nation were a nation of perjurers, robbers, incendiaries, conspirators, and assassins. Trembling with the fear of sudden death, the poor old gentlewomen read the stories that were told to the Lords' Committee of last year; trembling they went to bed, and thought within themselves, that, should they live to see the morrow's sun, they would certainly do one of two things—either go to live in happy, peaceable, moral, religious England, or send a thirty-shilling note each, to the next Conservative association, for the defence of life and property. Trembling they lay down; trembling they shut their eyes to sleep, the poor old gentlewomen; wondering they awoke in the morning, to find themselves alive and unassassinated—some to go to Bath for safety, and others to send their donation to the political club, as if *that* could keep their poor old souls in their poor old bodies,—seven millions of barbarous and diabolical assassins compassing them round on every side, and thirsting for their blood!

But the farce of terror is a miserable—nay, though certain rich and respectable folk dislike the phrase, we must call it—an inhuman thing. Party warfare and its senseless heats blind many a good man to the plainest realities of life, and, we admit, excuse in some degree the folly and the guilt of much, that were otherwise inexcusable. And, when stupid, or ignorant, or narrow-minded men are, by mistake or accident, made the leaders of a faction, we must, even while we deplore the misery and mischief they produce, allow them the benefit of that statute, which nature has made and provided in mercy for intellectual insolvents.

But no such plea of remission or forgiveness can be suffered in the case of men, who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, and having ability and information refuse to understand. When the Duke of Wellington becomes the public calumniator of the land that bore him, we feel no longer justified in being silent.—His name is a name in Europe; his words are repeated throughout Europe; and, when in the exasperation of personal feelings, or the abandonment of those principles of candour and fair play, that used to distinguish him from the motley host he

led, he dares to charge a whole nation with such crimes as unfit them for the exercise of the rights of citizenship,—it becomes a painful but inevitable duty to appeal promptly and at once to the judgment—not of England, or her people, for we scornfully deny their competence to sit in judgment upon our country,—but to the judgment of mankind, whether this new attempt at moral outlawry be just or no.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have stated, in his place in parliament, that the people of Ireland were unworthy of municipal franchises, because they were unworthy of belief upon their oaths. Let these words be branded upon the memory of every man, who has the heart of manhood in the land. Let every mother kiss her perjured son; let every wife remember that the father of her children is a liar and blasphemer; and let it be well remembered further, that this honest, just, and high-minded assertion of the first man in England, was received, we are told, with loud recognitions of approval, and was met, in the highest assembly in the realm, with not one single word of challenge or denial.

God forbid that it were necessary for us, writing in the midst of the pure-minded and generous people who are thus traduced, to enter into any careful defence of ourselves, or even to apply to this illustrious calumny, that succinct appellation, by which alone such assertions can be designated as they deserve. Let those believe this shameless slander who *can*; the number whom it can deceive, out of England, are few; for, save in England, none have any motive to believe it, and strong indeed, must the appetite of hatred be, that can gulp such fare as this. But there is a question, well worthy of argument, which the avowed purpose of the noble duke, in making this assertion, has suggested. It is not upon its own account that our immorality is alleged; it is not with any view, or introductory of any project for reforming our national enormities, that they are thus paraded. We are a nation of perjurers, *because* there is a Corporation Bill to be rejected. In 1834, a municipal reform bill was passed for England, because it dared not be refused: a municipal reform bill was passed for Scotland, because it dared not be refused; a municipal reform bill was refused for Ireland in 1835, and during the succeeding years, upon five different reasons, which

were successively discovered, most propitiously, in those five successive years.

First of all it was discovered, that exclusive municipal corporations were essential to the honor and stability of the church of England in Ireland; and that discovery in 1835 threw out the bill. The second time of presenting the bill it was discovered, that the former discovery was altogether wrong; but that the people of Ireland, being "aliens in blood, language, and religion," they would not know how to use corporate privileges; and this tender solicitude, in 1836, rejected the bill. The third time it was discovered that nobody had ever said one word about our being aliens, and that the whole affair was a mistake; but then, it was discovered, that corporations were bad things in themselves and ought to be utterly abolished; so this, in 1837, threw out the bill. The fourth time it was deliberately declared, that the necessity of annihilation was an error, but that a poor law and a tithe bill were essential to the passing such a measure; so until they should pass, out went the bill. By the fifth time of asking, in 1839, a tithe act and poor law had been attained, and then it was discovered that nothing but a ten pound franchise could sanction the adoption of the measure; and as the Commons refused to concede this, in 1839, out went the bill. Lastly the bill is presented this year, with all the concessions whose refusal was the pretext of rejection last year, and now it is discovered—not that the church is in danger—not that we are aliens in blood—not that corporations are bad—not that a tithe bill and a poor law have not passed—not that a ten pound franchise will be rejected by the Commons—but, that the people of Ireland have no regard for the obligation of an oath.

Now we at once, and to save trouble, admit, that if this be true, it is quite unnecessary for Lord Roden to make any apology, for the apparent breach of faith he has been guilty of, in not renewing his Committee of national accusation this session. Because the world will very justly think, that if a people are incapable of being bound by their oaths, there is no other moral obligation which can subsist among them. We tender, therefore, a full and comprehensive plea of confession to all the other counts in the indictment, beginning with Antipathy to tithes, and ending with Seditiously whistling Patrick's day in the morning.

Furthermore, we will even admit specific facts, which may simplify the discussion.

We will admit, that instances are upon authentic record of Irishmen having perpetrated many and various offences; for Irishmen are like other men, and Lord Roden himself never heard of a nation, which did not contain many, alas too many, wicked men. But when the passions, or the crimes of these men, are made the pretence for national disfranchisement, then we are driven to the use of the only weapon left us, namely, a fair comparison of the guilt proven, or alleged against us, and that of other nations.

To compare the statistics of crime which a variety of countries present, would be endless and wearisome; and we would not do so, even were it otherwise. The peers and the press of no nation, save one, have disgraced themselves by the filthy office of wholesale calumny. If in retorting upon the journals and the aristocracy of that one, we shall seem to wound unnecessarily the honest pride of any generous English reader, here on the threshold we do beg of him forgiveness. But let him recollect our provocations. Let him make our case his own; would he forbear so long as we have done? Would he endure patiently the iteration of coarse, wanton, and indiscriminate insult, directed against his kindred and his race, on the paltry and hypocritical pretence of quotations from the *Newgate Calendar*? We hurl no insult in retort; we recriminate not by inference or imputation; far be it from us to do so. But we take Englishmen's statements of English crime and English immorality, and contrasting them with the worst and most vindictive charges paraded so ostentatiously by our persecutors, we leave every fair man, whatsoever be his party, or his country, to judge, whether the Irish people are unworthy of those rights, which all other civilised nations now enjoy.

A comparison of English crime with that of our own country may be attempted, but to execute it fairly is in fact impossible. In the one case, the public mind has been familiarised, ad nauseam, with every detail and minutiae of guilt; in the other, there has never been any systematic plan of ascertaining the extent of the evil. For the impeachment of Ireland and her people, the best abilities, the most complete organisation, every power of parliament, and every function of the executive, have steadily been employed for many years.

To make out a case against us, has been the avowed interest and object of the most powerful party in England; and the chief occupation of their eloquent and unscrupulous press has long been, to seize on every incident which, by any misrepresentation or colouring, could add to the list of real offences, and thus to work upon the public mind of Great Britain, till the purpose of national defamation was thoroughly accomplished.

But no party had any interest in holding up to odium, the moral character of the English people. Their crimes were never harped on by the journals or the demagogues of any political sect; they were never made the staple of political traffic or party trade. A record of English committals and convictions for crimes, exists, it is true, as in Ireland; and these analogous records we shall presently compare. But our adversaries say, and for once say truly, these are not conclusive; for national demoralisation is more accurately measurable, by the number of offences which escape punishment, than of those for which the penalty of the law is exacted. In Ireland, many crimes are punished, but many also escape, and this is the gravamen of our charge; whereas, in quiet, moral, law-loving, pious England, guilt hardly ever escapes, offended justice almost always is appeased, and society is safe.

Upon this point, then, we at once join issue. We shall not ask our word to be taken for any thing in the matter; we shall call none but English testimony to English morality, and love of the law, and security of property and life. In the "*Times*" newspaper of the 8th ultimo, in an article detailing the melancholy fate of Lord William Russell, we are told that "this is now the fifth horrible murder committed within the precincts of London, during the last two years, none of the perpetrators of which have been detected." Now, we beg to ask what would this same candid journal say, if five such events had taken place in Dublin? What tirades should we not have had in its columns, aye, and in parliament too, upon the shocking barbarity of the community, in the midst of which such deeds could be done with impunity? Can we forget the ferocious howl that rung loud and long, not many months ago, when an unfortunate nobleman in Ireland was murdered? Ought we to forget the manner in which the honour and humanity of eight millions of people were insulted, by the ruthless and clamorous abuse showered on

them, as a nation, by every agent of vilification, from Lord Brougham to the editor of the Standard? If the people of Ireland abhorred the guilty act, why, it was asked, was not the murderer discovered? We turn round upon our traducers now, and say—you express abhorrence of the murder of five innocent victims, who have fallen beneath the assassin's knife, in the midst of your metropolis,—yet where are the assassins?

But these, we shall be told, are only signal instances; take the two countries generally, and compare them.—We will. Again and again, however, let it be borne in mind, that we enter into this controversy, as men defending themselves by a plea to the jurisdiction of those who judge them, not as arraigning wantonly the weaknesses of our neighbours.

Let us then compare the average number of crimes ascertained to have been committed within a given period, in the two countries. And first with regard to offences against property. These are divisible into two heads,—those attended with violence, and those without it. Of such offences, committed with violence, during the three successive years, 1835, 1836, and 1837, there were, on an average, each year,

In England and Wales, . . .	1,355
In Ireland, . . .	626

and of offences against property committed without violence, there were, on an average in each year of the same period,

In England and Wales, . . .	18,843
In Ireland, . . .	6,577

Let us now look at the penalties exacted by the law, for various offences, not merely against property, but also against the person, on an average during the same period. In England and Wales there were as follows:

Sentences of death, . . .	485
Transportation for life, . . .	717
Transportation for years, . . .	2957
Imprisonment over six months, . . .	1874

And now we turn to the average of sentences passed in Ireland, during the same three years, for the same classes of offence:

Sentences of death, . . .	169
Transportation for life, . . .	255
Transportation for years, . . .	565
Imprisonment over six months, . . .	1102

Now we suppose there is no one so wholly shameless as to pretend that the administration of the law, so far as the exercise of the judicial functions is concerned, is not at least as severe in awarding penalties

ties at this side of the channel, as at the other. We are not of those who seek opportunity to arraign the bench, or to endeavour to weaken the general respect which society, for its own sake, should feel inclined to pay to its decisions. We think the onus of strict proof lies in each case of public impeachment, upon the accuser: and we deem it a safe rule to lay down, that general and vague imputations of partiality or severity, against those who fill the supreme tribunals in the land, ought never to be made. But we do not believe there is a single judge upon the bench in either country, who would hesitate to declare his conviction, that offenders against the law in England seldom, if ever, are treated *more* rigorously than in Ireland; and that, in many cases, they are visited with less punishment there, than they are here. It should be borne in mind moreover, that the criminal law of Ireland, in several very important and ordinary cases, imposes a less lenient duty upon our judges, whereas there are very few exceptions the other way.\* Bearing this in mind we leave the plain facts already given, to speak for themselves.

We may perhaps be told, this refers to a period of Whig rule, when it is pretended the laws are not administered with due rigour. Let us look back then to the time when no pretence of lenity or mercy can be set up. Let us contrast the sentences during the seven last years of Tory government in Ireland, with those of the same period in England.† We find that there were then annually, on an average, in Ireland—

Sentences of death, . . .	242
Transportation for life, . . .	54
Transportation for years, . . .	765
Imprisonment over six months, . . .	920

In England and Wales there were—

Sentences of death, . . .	1193
Transportation for life, . . .	200
Transportation for years, . . .	2105
Imprisonment over six months, . . .	1526

But we have heard it said by those, who desire to destroy the reputation of this country in a moral point of view, crimes against property are not a fair criterion;

\* The convention act, the party processions act, the whiteboy act, the tithe-resistance act, the unlawful oaths act, and the arms act, are applicable to Ireland alone, and each of them ordains severe penalties against its infraction.

† It is hardly necessary to remind our readers, that the relative proportion of the population in the two countries is, as nearly as possible, as eight to thirteen.

property is so much larger in England, its objects are so much more numerous, and its liability to be despoiled is so infinitely greater than in Ireland, that no fair comparison can be instituted. And is this, then, the poor excuse to which you are driven, in your defence of the boasted progress of England? Are your crimes then to keep pace with your accumulations of wealth? Is this the result of that social system of entailed estates, and large farms, and swollen capitals, that you think little short of perfection? Or is it the result of that imperial system of colonial misgovernment, and foreign acquisition, that you are so proud of? Or is it the result of your monetary system of chartered monopoly and paper money, and gambling speculation, and fugitive credit, that enables you to undersell the world? Or is it the result of your aristocratic constitution, called in derision an equipoise of powers—the determining weight being always in the one scale? Or is it the consequence of all these happy influences combined, that crime and property grow together—the property being the portion of the few, the crime being that of the many?

Said you not that we should strive like you to grow rich? Have not your promises of transferred capital to set our avarice in motion, and teach it to gnaw, been annually repeated now for forty years? Was not property, and its possession, and the sense of it, to civilize, and to elevate, and to reform? Very small encouragement lies, to our seeming, in this development of the system; and earnest are our prayers, day and night to God, that no such system social, moral, political, or economical as that of England, as she at present stands, may ever be introduced amongst us.

We too believe that the possession and the sense of property has its use, in the great work of human amelioration. But it is not the possession of immense masses, nor the existence of immense masses of property, that does the good. It is the fair and equitable distribution of the comforts property bestows, among the many, that is beneficial. The accumulation of property into masses by the few, we are convinced will always have an uncivilising and an immoral tendency. It keeps the envy of the multitude for ever wakeful; it destroys the belief in the existence of equal justice; it begets a fierce and sleepless spirit of social warfare. It is easy enough to say it ought not. We shall not

argue that question now; our present purpose seems sufficiently attained, when pointing to the results we have already given, we ask—*does it not, in England?*

But another and a more popular fallacy, respecting the fairness of the contrast we have been making between English and Irish crime, is this: 'tis said, "that in Ireland the people are opposed to the effectual administration of the law; they conceal offenders; they wont come forward to prosecute; and witnesses and jurors are deterred in certain cases, from faithfully performing their duty: in England all is different; there, every man feels himself morally bound to aid in the detection of crime; every man does his duty; there is no suppression of evidence, no terrorism exercised, no perjury in the jury box; and therefore, when we read the crimes and punishments in England during a given period, we know the fact—the worst; but when we hear the crimes and punishments in Ireland we dont know half the truth: thus is the comparison unfair." Is it?—we shall see.

First of all, then, we do not admit the truth of the allegation made respecting Ireland, in the sense wherein it is so often and so recklessly put forward. We know there are men of education, and of property, and of otherwise not ill disposition, whose minds are so poisoned by party spirit, that when they see an unfortunate being in the dock, they instinctively, and too often indecently, take part against him. Their feelings become enlisted, where they ought to be neutral; their ingenuity is piqued into activity, where it ought to be still as the grave; their influence is exerted, where it is truly and thoroughly murderous that it should stir. A criminal trial ought not to be a hunt. Justice is as much justice, and is as imperatively due to a guilty man, as to an innocent man. But there are, we grieve to say, a numerous class of men, who believe any means fair against a guilty man; and who in their headlong zeal for, what they are pleased to call, the vindication of the law, are willing to risk any injustice to an innocent man, for fear the culprit should escape. As is natural, those who have fewer sympathies with irresponsible power, are more disposed to hold the balance even; and this, in the estimation of the aristocratic members of the hunt, is perjury. We have heard the threats and denunciations of vengeance, many and many a time, uttered against the honest and truly high-minded farmer

or shopkeeper, who would not, "when the opportunity offered, rid the country of of such an unruly and mischievous fellow." And we know the perfect recklessness with which the foulest imputations are daily cast upon such jurors, because they will not on doubtful evidence, "do what is desirable."

It was the consciousness of this, and the despair of getting a fair trial for their relatives and friends, that, in times past, often kindled a disposition among the people of some districts, to countervail by equally illegal, though certainly more excusable means, the fearful odds, that were sure in the county court-house against the poor man when accused. Happily, these miserable struggles are passing away. A better confidence is slowly, but progressively, arising in the administration of justice; and were the jury system, and the magistracy reformed, the general improvement would soon obliterate the recollection, and preclude the recurrence of all, that in fact can ever tend to justify the imputations cast upon our people.

But, be the charges true or false, as against us, the inference drawn from them, in favour of English prosecution and punishment of crime, is totally untrue. It is not true, that an anxiety universally pervades the mass of the English people, to join in the detection or prosecution of crime; it is not true that terrorism over witnesses does not exist in England; it is not true that juries always do their duty in criminal cases. The report of the Commissioners appointed in 1837, to enquire into the efficiency of the constabulary force in England and Wales, is the first document for many years published by authority, which contains any thing like a fair statement, of the real amount of protection actually afforded by the law in England, and the extent of its criminal sanction. We shall, with little comment, give the leading results at which those entrusted with that investigation have arrived.\*

In the first place, then, it is to be observed, that these commissioners profess to ground their statements "upon a body of evidence, more extensive than any previously elicited on any branch of penal administration. For besides the answers of the great body of the magistracy of England and Wales, and of the public authorities of all the cities and towns, it

comprehends the examination of numerous witnesses of every rank and class in society."† They give moreover very copious extracts of various testimony, upon every point of any importance. It is not necessary for our purpose to prove any peculiar infallibility in these commissioners; nor do we lay any particular stress upon any particular assertion they have made. It is quite enough for us to remind our readers, that they are men of high character for probity and intelligence, and that they are not very likely to put their names to a public document, flagrantly libellous of that country, of which they are all natives, and, in different departments, public functionaries. Hear them:

"The returns of the number of persons prosecuted or convicted, which, in the reasonings in parliament are usually assumed as correct indications of the state of crime in England, cannot be relied on for that purpose. In several districts where it was concluded from the absence of any returns of prosecution, that there was an absence of crime, we found on examination that this fact resulted only from the impunity of depredators. In two instances where crime was remarkably frequent, where the only security of the subject consisted in his own power of self defence, and where from the defective state of the constabulary force there was no pursuit or apprehension, the gaols being empty, the judges were, according to custom, presented at the assizes with white gloves, as emblems of the purity of the districts."‡

Reader—we do beseech you put yourself this question—what would be the ecstasy of the *Times*, if it could publish—what the triumph of Lord Stanley, if he could quote—such an allegation as this, made even "on the authority of an anonymous letter," against any single county in Ireland? Remember the debates on the infamous Coercion Bill, and the sort of evidence on which the English members of the imperial parliament by acclamation passed that bill.

But perhaps the commissioners misstate the fact; let us hear the evidence on which their allegation is grounded:

"The magistrates of Lewes Rape in Sussex, state, that a *very small proportion* of the offences committed, come in any shape within their knowledge. The magistrates of Mutford and Lotheringland in Suffolk state, that there is no doubt but a very large proportion of offences are committed which are not brought before them; and in *very many cases* there is reason to believe that *felonies are compounded*. The magistrates of Teasdale in Derbyshire state,

\* The commissioners were Mr. Lefevre, (the present speaker of the House of Commons), Colonel Rowan and Mr. Chadwick.

\* Report, p. 2.

† Idem.

that *many felonies* and misdemeanours are committed in their district, which never come to their knowledge, except by accident. General Marriott, a magistrate and chairman of the Pershore Union in Worcestershire, states, "there appearing only one conviction for felony, and one misdemeanour in the district in the course of a whole year, it might be doubted whether any police was required: I fear, however, this is very deceptive, and that there is a great deal of crime not brought to light, from the want of police, and *the unwillingness to prosecute.*"

In the answer from the borough of Newcastle-under-Line, it is stated that—

"The constables in the rural districts are often deterred from interfering with old offenders, by an apprehension of injury to themselves or property."

In Portsmouth we are told that—

"After the police have been fortunate enough to arrest the delinquent, he is frequently liberated to pursue his depredations for want of a prosecution."

"From the borough of Lymington it is stated, that individuals generally are indisposed to incur the expense, risk, and uncertainty of a conviction; and in some cases a fear of personal violence or damage to property from combination amongst the thieves, deters parties from investigating robberies."

The answers from the city of Lincoln, and other places, concur in ascribing to the "*fear of vengeance*," a large portion of the motives to withhold information.

In connection with each of these statements of the impunity of offenders, and the organised efficiency of terrorism, we have of course some special cause assigned, upon whose head the blame is anxiously laid. Some attribute all to the want of police; others to the non-payment of prosecutors; some say one thing, some another. We give no opinion. All we say is—you have come up to the pinnacle of your own temple, wherein decency, order, property, and law are worshipped, and before whose shrine whosoever will not fall reverently down, is to be cast forth as a barbarian; and you will not deny, that the view of crime in every direction you have suffered us at length to behold, is sufficiently extensive and diversified. Why it is ranker in one place than in another, and what peculiarities are propitious to its growth, is your affair not ours. You take Ireland in the mass, so we take England; you make laws for us, refusing to discriminate between the virtuous and the vicious; and when we draw a similar picture of your people, we cannot help your stare.

Ah, but then, cries some conceited par-

tizan of English superiority, though crime be great in England, it is the characteristic of the mere refuse of the community; it does not pervade society at large to any extent; its pollution may be deep, but it is not wide-spread. Isn't it? We shall see. The actual committals in England and Wales are, upon an average, about 100,000 annually.

"The lowest estimate," say the Commissioners, "obliges us to assume that the numbers at large in the enjoyment of impunity, are double the number brought within the cognizance of the law; and if we consider that they are" (thus numerically equal to,) "nearly all the young and able-bodied labourers in the kingdom, the wide extent of moral corruption throughout the country becomes fearfully manifest.\*"

What thinkest thou, reader, after this, of the innocence of England? Or, be thy prejudices, or thy party leanings, or thy habitual faith in the good of severity and coercion, what they may,—what hath wretched, calumniated, decimated Ireland ever been even accused of—worse than this? Yet who attempts to raise a cry of disfranchisement against the English people on such a pretext?

We have neither time nor inclination to dwell upon the revolting details of minor turpitude, and that, which is its firm ally—prevalent debauchery; nor do we like to sully our pages with the mention of things, that are with much statistic nonchalance enumerated by the commissioners in their report.†

We must, however, glance at those offences which, if Lords Roden and Wellington, and Stanley, and Westmeath, are to be believed, call for legislative outlawry against us; we allude to those consisting of, or accompanied by, personal violence.

The magistrates of Wallingford in Surrey, state, that:—

"By far the most frequent of such crimes is that of highway robbery, which of late years has been carried on in the county to an alarming extent."

"In many districts travelling at night is extremely insecure, from the robberies committed with violence upon single passengers."

Mr. Elliot, a commercial traveller, hav-

\* Report, p. 11.

† For instance, the Town Council of Liverpool report, that upon enquiry they believe the annual income of thieves, in that town alone, may be computed at £235,000, and that of prostitutes at £436,000. The commissioners think this too high, but say it may be taken as a fair approach to the truth.



ing constant occasion to journey through the southern and eastern counties for the last twenty years, declares that it would be highly imprudent for a person known to travel with much money about him, to be late upon the roads. He states that—

"Commercial travellers, as an *almost universal habit*, avoid being out after dusk;" that he should himself "feel considerable alarm" if compelled to be so; that "he would not do it without a very strong motive;" that "some young men, who like to sit late at dinner, may be on the road at night, but they frequently have a dog and pistols with them. There is a general habit in the country to avoid being out after dark. Farmers who go to market will make their arrangements to get home early. They are frequently robbed with violence of large sums of money."

Another mercantile traveller, Mr. Burt, having read Mr. Elliot's testimony, says—

"I perfectly concur in it as a statement of the general condition of the roads, and of the feeling of insecurity of travellers after dark. I have myself been shot at, some time ago, near Harpendon; and when I arrived at Luton and related the circumstance, I was told a robbery had been committed near the same spot a short time before. I have heard of many other instances; in the vicinity of Manchester some ferocious highway robberies have been committed."

Mr. Cole, another commercial man, corroborates the foregoing testimony, "*on every point*." Will any one have the hardihood to say that these descriptions would be true, if applied to this country? We have our faults, no doubt; and the green soil is sometimes forced to blush, at the sad and terrible acts it involuntarily beholds. But an indiscriminate system of depredation and violence, such as this, exists not in Ireland; the traveller is as safe in the dark as in the day; he may be known or suspected to have money about him, but seldom, for the sake of money, will the famishing and roofless peasant stoop, in this country, to crime. Yet have we Lord Brougham winning cheers for his eloquent recital, of how "any man in Ireland can get another"—not robbed merely, but—"put to death, for the cost of a few shillings!" If this were not an odious and disgusting calumny, why is it that of all the mercantile travellers from England and Scotland, who swarm over our country in every direction, not one that we recollect has ever been seriously injured.

We admit that there are some offences of a serious character, which are of more frequent occurrence in Ireland than in England; so long as resentment at wanton

cruelty and injustice is an impulse of the human breast, so long will those who are injured be more liable to be tempted into violence, than those whose fortitude and self-control are not so tried. Outrage begets outrage, and wrong breeds wrong. If you will suffer an anti-national aristocracy to commit outrages upon the people with impunity, you must expect retaliating outrages from those who are assailed.—You deny the poor man protection. When he is aggrieved, you tell him to complain to the man, or the friends and fellows of the man who aggrieved him. When his representatives call for legislative interposition, you shout them down. You have driven the Irish peasant to the conviction that, unless he can defend himself by a wild system of terror, he can have no safety, no certainty of existence. Terrible is that system; blind and ruthless are its deeds; melancholy are its effects upon both rich and poor. But, knowing the provocations to it as we know them, our wonder daily and hourly is, that the people endure so much, and sin so little. And, as on all hands 'tis confessed that no such provocation to violence are known in England, the people of England would be more savage than we have ever heard of any people being, if causelessly they perpetrated *such* crimes.

But, contrast every thing that can be fairly contrasted—theft, highway robbery, burglary, forgery, injury to females, and those abominations which must not, for the sake of any argument, be even so much as named by us,—and we fearlessly allege that when the same motives, or the same temptations are suggested, there are fewer yieldings to their force, and there is more moral principle on our side of the channel than on yours.

In the year 1836, there were the following convictions in England and Wales:—

Injury to Females	90
Robbery with violence	201
Assaults on Peace-Officers	375
Burglary	188
House-breaking	327
Horse-stealing	110
Sheep-stealing	219
Arson	10
Killing and maiming cattle	15
Forgery	37

In the same year, look at the corresponding convictions for the same crimes in Ireland, and almost in every instance it will be seen that they are fewer, not only positively, but taking into account the relative proportions of population:—

Injury to females . . .	68
Robbing with violence . . .	115
Assaults on Peace-Officers . . .	123
Burglary . . .	82
House-breaking . . .	42
Horse-stealing . . .	24
Sheep-stealing . . .	113
Arson . . .	4
Killing and maiming cattle . . .	7
Forgery . . .	24

Now these are not the offences to prevent conviction for which it has ever been alleged, that there was any attempt to over-awe witnesses or jurors in this country; and whatever undue leniency in *punishing* the offender, Lord Normanby may be accused of having shown, here we have the convictions for crime, and we should like to see how the force of the contrast they present, can be averted.

Nevertheless, we shall be told, that though offences against property be more frequent in England, the insecurity of life is much greater here. This we explicitly and directly deny. The reluctance to take away life, we fearlessly assert, is stronger in the people of Ireland,—measuring it even by the standard of proven guilt,—than it is in England. Here, there has hardly been an instance of murder within the last seven years, not directly or indirectly attributable to the terrible excitements created by agrarian oppression. Such causes of passion, and of hatred, exist hot in England. The inhabitants of an English village know not what is meant by the service upon every family, of a notice to quit on next November day. They know not the inutility of remonstrance, the rejection of every offer, the cold-blooded taunt of one all-powerful man—“how did you vote at last election?”—They know not the use or the meaning of that diabolic word, “extermination;” they know not what “clearing of estates” means; they were never practically taught the maxims of political economy. They have a home—the home their fathers had—a home whence it signifies little that they legally *might* be driven, when in fact they seldom or never are, save for breach of their agreement. They may pay more rent than they like to pay; they may experience little care or friendship from their landlords; but they never heard of any set of landlords summoning a county meeting to vote them savages; they never found those landlords leagued in unnatural confederacy against their political rights; they never were ejected by scores at a time; they never saw the roof beneath which they

were born pulled down, and the walls of every neighbour's dwelling levelled to the ground, by bigotry, or on theory, or for vengeance: they never were compelled to say their prayers in a stable, because the lord of the manor was a fanatic, and would not allow them to build a place of decent worship “on *his* property.” We recount not such things as justificatory of murder, —God forbid; but we do say that the prevalence of such provocations to crime cannot, in any view of justice, be left out of the account.

Life is life, and murder is murder, be the remote incentives what they may. But murder caused by such exasperations, we do fearlessly say, is not so indicative of brutalised feelings, or of indifference to the sacredness of life, as murder committed for half a dozen silver spoons. Murder for the purposes of plunder is almost unknown in Ireland; there is hardly a week, in which the newspapers of some part of England do not recount some such event. In Ireland an extortionate agent or a cruel magistrate is killed, and, being one of the gentry, every newspaper on the aristocratic side forthwith sets up a yell of exultant execration. In England a poor woman is butchered for the sake of a few pounds, the assassin cuts her body into five pieces, and takes it away by degrees to avoid suspicion. Maddened by want and wrong there have some few instances been known of women,—misery is ours that we should have to write it,—being concerned in deeds of violence; but we never heard in Ireland, of a wife in a respectable rank of life, poisoning her husband, by giving him small doses of tartarised antimony, at intervals during several successive weeks, and on the day of his death going off with a paramour.

But we shall probably be reminded that these are the extraordinary exceptions, in their respective places of occurrence, not fair examples of the usual state of things. Truly they are; yet if we take the commonest cases of violence—those least marked with circumstances of aggravation, and compare them, we shall find that meaner motives and weaker motives, tempt men to take away human life in the one country than the other.

Thus we have “the murder of a female in the open day *for the sake of her money*,” in the neighbourhood of Burnage, near Manchester, recorded upon the authority of the Vice-chairman of the Union in which it took place.

A magistrate of Devonshire gives as an instance, of how difficult local connections and associations render it to obtain a fair administration of the laws, that

"About three years ago a very worthless fellow went into a beer house, and told a man who was at work in the room that he would shoot him. He then took from his pocket a poacher's gun in two parts, put it together, and took a deliberate aim at the man;—the gun missed fire; he then fired again, and shot the man dead. A jury were summoned from the neighbourhood, and in defiance of these facts, returned a verdict of accidental death."

"Three cases of *unpunished murder* were presented to the notice of one of the commissioners, during one fortnight's investigation in Lancashire and Cheshire. Two of the murders occurred in the town of Bolton. Very recently also, two barbarous murders have been perpetrated in the *open day* in the neighbourhood of the same town."

"About two years ago a farmer who had given offence to some poachers in Ampthill, (Bedfordshire,) by refusing them permission to pass over his land, was shot at and seriously wounded in the open day by a poacher, who stood at the door of a beer shop on the public road. *There were several persons who saw the act*, but the man was suffered to go away. He was at or about his house in the parish all the rest of the day unmolested. As soon as the case was made known to the next magistrate, a reward was offered; but, though it is now known that he was about the neighbourhood for some weeks, he was not taken."

This is part of the evidence of the magistrates of the district. We utterly defy any parallel to be found in Ireland, to this.

"A savage murder," says Mr. Elliot, from whose evidence we have already quoted, "was

recently committed on a foot traveller in the vale of Todmorden, on the road to Rochdale. Another murder was committed *for money* on a foot passenger."

Finally, we have confessedly and unquestionably an inadequate return of the number of robberies with violence on the highways, for which the parties have been committed and convicted in England and Wales, during the seven years, from 1831 to 1837 inclusive; the average committals were 389, and the average convictions 216.

We forbear to heap evidence upon evidence to the same or similar purpose. We abstain likewise from adducing, as, with the mere trouble of quotation from the report whence the foregoing extracts are taken, we might do,—irrefragable proofs of the prevalence of less heinous offences, against the law of property,—of the impunity of the offenders,—and of the indifference or neutrality of popular feeling. Enough we think has been said to force every candid man in England, and every honest aristocrat in Ireland to pause, to hesitate, to enquire,—and this is all we wish for.

For once we are almost inclined to hope that we have wearied the patience of our readers, and that they will readily consent with us to take leave of so unwelcome a topic. But loath though we were to undertake the task, and glad though we are to have done with it, we felt that its performance was a matter of national duty, and we are satisfied it were better for both sides of the channel, if the truth, however bitter, were oftener as fearlessly told.

### LINES ON A RAINBOW.

Behold yon Iris' radiant bow,  
That spans the vaulted firmament;  
A sign of peace to man below,  
By pitying Heaven kindly sent.

When clouds obscure the misty air,  
And hide the golden sun from view,  
His rays, though robbed of noon-day glare,  
Still shine with softened radiance through.

So smiles the sun of happiness,  
Amid the weeping mourner's tears,  
And Hope's fair Iris comes to bless,  
With promise of more shining years,

And tells, like Heaven's celestial bow,  
When clouds above our pathway roll,  
Though sorrow's tide may darkly flow,  
Its waters ne'er shall whelm the soul.

B.

## STORIES OF THE PYRENEES.—No. III.

## THE GAMBLERS.

*(Continued from Vol. I., page 473.)*

At early past five o'clock, with military punctuality, the Chevalier awakened his young friend, who strictly conforming to the advice he had received the preceding evening, slept soundly. The necessary preparations were promptly made, and being soon afterwards joined by the guests of yesterday, they set forward on horseback to the place of rendezvous—Mauvesin, a small village or hamlet, lying under the walls of the ruined castle of that name, situated about two leagues from Bagnères.

The time, as I have hinted in the opening of my narrative, was far advanced in autumn. A drowsy mist, fallen from the heights above during the chillness of night, still lay on the town and suburbs, and was as if lazily drawing itself upwards again, under the influence of the newly risen sun. Farther on towards the upland country, which formed irregular slopes, now widening into a vale, now contracted into a pass, the ground, partly lying in shadow of the mountain masses, was slightly tinged with the whiteness of a hoar frost that crisped under the foot, and partly lighted up by the sun's rays, showed a darker tint of green, trickling with a thousand brilliant water drops. At a short distance from town, the road, winding uniformly up an eminence, presented on every side the eye rested upon, successively rising one over the other, patches of pasture land, freshened by running rivelets; divided and interspersed unequally by hedge-rows, clumps of shrubs and trees, among which the evergreen hues of the box were frequently perceptible; over-topped higher up by deep lines of the stately pine, and finally crowned in the distance by the alternately bare, or snow-tipped summits of the higher ranges of the Pyrenees. The sun was bright; the air was fresh; there was life and vigour in the breeze. A more lovely morning of the season, a blither aspect of nature in all her diversity of vale, glen, stream, and wooded defile, had seldom broken upon the view of the party. To live merely, to draw breath seemed gladsome enjoyment; yet such was the day—such the hour, on which dire human passions were to be let loose—were to

sully with their blast a sight that breathed but of happiness and peace! These reflections could not fail to strike heavily on the heart of every one of our party, as we rode rapidly onward.

The antique stronghold of Mauvesin is seated proudly on the summit of the rising ground, the general prospect from which we have been just endeavouring to give an idea of. At the point of the eminence which it occupies, this prospect becomes much more extensive, presenting on the north the wide diversified plain extending towards the pretty city of Tarbes, to which it is joined by a gradual but steep ascent of a quarter of a league; on the south a profound valley thickly planted, traversed by several lively streams, and abruptly terminated by the imposing girdle of the mountains. A part only of the building has resisted the efforts of time, and still more destructive hands of men: four walls forming a central square, probably the innermost court-yard, and numerous straight mounds of earth and stones at different distances without, apparently the remains of its exterior defences. Many strange legends are rife in the neighbourhood, respecting the old fortress, which perhaps may be worth while noticing at another moment.\* The space within this court-yard is tolerably level, and overgrown with short grass. There is an entrance to it, by scrambling over some heaps of rubbish through the former principal door way, above which are still to be descried armorial bearings, half covered with ivy. Here it was that, protected on every side from observation, the spot had been chosen where D'Ersigny and his friend were to play the last game—for such, according to the express resolution of both, were the conditions, such the agreement. The combat was to cease only when one or the other could no longer continue it—when one or the other had fallen to rise no more. *This* was the close of their past

\* During the British invasion, several attempts were made to demolish part of the walls, and place cannon at appropriate points. A few days decided the campaign, and orders were issued to respect these interesting ruins.

intimacy: to this consummation their enduring friendship had come; but so—the remark is nearly superfluous—ordinarily terminates every community of feeling, that has not virtue and truth for its basis.

They were to begin with swords, and afterwards—failing to kill—have recourse to pistols.

There was little leisure, if there had been desire, to dwell on the beauties of the scene that lay before them, and which at another period, and in different circumstances, had doubtless rivetted the deep admiring gaze of every one. Fermondières accompanied by his “Pylades,” and one or two other “*shadows*,” was already arrived, though before the appointed hour—a circumstance which seemed to annoy the worthy commandant not a little. He made the observation aloud, drawing out his watch. Fermondières’ second made some unimportant reply, while he seemed only to manifest impatience that they did not immediately begin. A formal salutation had passed between the two groups. As the principals, with mechanical stiffness and precision, went through the task—to one who could be unconcerned at such a moment, the contrast between the mutual scowls of hatred and defiance, and the courteous bend of body and gracious wave of hat, would have been singularly odd and amusing. Not a word was pronounced on either side; the seconds approached and made their arrangements, interrogating and understanding each other by looks and gestures. The swords were produced and measured, the principals stripped to the waist: each weapon was passed through the centre of a wide and strong handkerchief provided for the purpose, and the extremities being brought together above the wrist of the combatants by their respective friends, were thus firmly yet freely attached. Some slight inequalities of earth and rubbish having been removed carefully from the intervening space, they placed their “men” on the allotted spot, and bowing stiffly to them and to each other, stepped a few paces away. All this, as I say, was done in perfect silence, on which the first sound that broke was that of the two blades crossing. They met with a sharp jarring clash, and full ten minutes elapsed before they again could be seen to separate: such was the vivid tenacity with which each clung to the other, never even for the portion of a second appearing to be apart from its movements in the successive swiftness of their passing and parrying.

It were useless and uninteresting to attempt detailing these, or describing the different “action and behaviour in arms” of the combatants. If on the one side there was more strength, on the other there was more agility, so that the party might be very fairly said to be equal. But what we cannot avoid noticing, was the demeanour of the good old Chevalier during this interval of suspense; despite his efforts to appear calm and unconcerned, he followed each turn of the struggle with a keenness of interest that betrayed itself in every motion, look, and attitude. When after another five or six minutes’ ardent, but more covert, urging on both sides, he perceived that D’Ersigny, in answer to a defeated sleight of his antagonist, was evidently attempting his “feint and riposte,” he crossed his arms, and stood with fixed and open-mouthed gaze—it succeeded—at least he and every one for a moment thought so, on seeing Fermondières waver and “break” one pace backwards—his adversary’s point appearing far beyond his left side, and the hilt striking against his breast with an audible sound.

“By Jove, he has him!” muttered the veteran in a whisper, which would have been a shout but that he withheld it.—Unfortunately, such was not the case; D’Ersigny’s foot had slightly slipped in the full lunge he made, and his sword instead of entering “open,” had deviated in consequence, and passed over the chest, merely furrowing the skin as it went—but for this his enemy had been laid low; for such had been the force and precision of the blow, that as we have seen, it caused him to stagger and lose ground. He recovered himself, however, in an instant, and profiting by his opponent’s exposed position, as he, with a strong effort, endeavoured to draw back to his first posture, pushed at him a kind of random, ill-directed thrust, which traversed the fleshy part of the arm. D’Ersigny strove to disengage himself, and finding he could not, even disabled as he was, still strugglingly continued twice or thrice to aim his point, vainly, as may be well imagined, at his antagonist. This kind of scuffling was put an end to by the seconds, who rose up and separated them.

The seconds looked at one another, and while the surgeons on either side were engaged in their ministry, whispers—then murmurs—finally words (with whom originating could not be surely asserted,) were heard. “Enough had been done—the matter ought to end there—it ought to

be arranged"—and in point of fact, a shade of yielding on either side, might have given rise to an essay of accommodation; but such concession was far from the thought of one, if not of both.

"Who talks of arrangement?" asked De Fermondieres, in a loud sarcastic tone; "the gentlemen forget our conditions, and that I have been struck."—Sounds of remonstrance answered him, "he had not been struck, it was but in show." "In show you term it—agreeable interpretation! I consider that show to have been as true a reality as if my body were marked over—and I am, I suppose, best judge in the case. I say that *he* of us two that quits the spot *not alone*, is a scoundrel and a coward." "A scoundrel and a coward," fiercely re-echoed D'Ersigny; "and I further declare, that if our seconds refuse to act, we shall proceed without them—one of us *must* stay here."

"Agreed! most willingly agreed! These are the first words pleasing to my ears that have been pronounced since this *slight misunderstanding* between friends occurred."

Expostulation in such a case, was useless, and might have been ill construed. Pistols were immediately loaded, and handed to the parties. It was agreed that they should be placed twenty-five paces asunder, and should fire at will after the word "ready" was given, using both the left hand in order to equalise chances as much as possible. "Don't apprehend," said D'Ersigny to De Merinhac, as the latter presenting the arm, glided some words into his ear, "do not be apprehensive, I have practised with the *left* as well as the right."

"Make ready," cried Hüntzingen and the Chevalier. The combatants took deliberate aim, and fired nearly together. A lock of D'Ersigny's curling hair flew off, but he remained standing; his ball tore up the earth close beside Fermondieres' heel. "Damnation!" half muttered aloud the latter, through his set teeth—"missed!—load again Hüntzingen, what are you about?—quick—curse it—make haste—or yon puling chicken will faint!"

In effect D'Ersigny had grown pale, and dropping his pistol, seized the commandant's cane, with which he propped himself. "Give way," the latter broke out, "give way, my dear boy, or if the thing go on, let me take your place!"

"No, no, Chevalier, thank you—bless you," warmly squeezing his hand, while

an unbidden tear, which he flung away, stood in the old man's eye. "I could not think of it, 'tis I alone who have to do in this affair."

"And 'tis with the Vicomte D'Ersigny alone that I have to do," interrupted Fermondieres, who had overheard the debate,—"are we ready?"

The surgeon ran up, hastily administering a cordial, "My dear sir," he cried, "for God's sake give over—you can begin again at another time—you are not able."

"Able, sir? I am able, I will be able—'twas but a twitch—give over—aye, give over—and have that ruffian sneer on me. No! were I sure I were drawing my last breath—that breath should be spent in an effort to bring him down!"

Delriot, shuddering, made him swallow another mouthful. De Merinhac put the second pistol into his hand, "raise it slowly—higher this time," he earnestly whispered.

The word was again given they levelled. One shot,—Fermondieres'—was heard,—unfortunate D'Ersigny bounded from the ground, and fell forward on his face, uselessly discharging his pistol in the act. They turned him over—he merely opened his eyes, and was dead. The ball, breaking the rib, had traversed heart and lungs, and could be felt under the skin at the opposite side. His death must have been instantaneous, and without suffering,—a small consolation for the premature close of a life, the young promise of which had been so fair.

They bent over him with vain interest and mute consternation. De Fermondieres, casting on the body one long look, in which was embodied all the deep triumph of satisfied revenge, proceeded coolly first to wipe his sword, and next to resume his dress. As he then passed on to quit the building, he stopped in front of his lifeless adversary, and again indulged in a second look of gloating vengeance.

De Merinhac could hold no longer;—starting to his feet, "for shame, Sir," he cried in a stern voice, "for shame! begone. I say, begone—if you have in you any thing of the feelings of a man, or a —" He was interrupted by seeing Fermondieres suddenly draw back, and, with his friends, retreat through an opening in one of the walls. On the opposite side, at the entrance, appeared the Major of Bagnères, accompanied by the commissary of police, and several gend'armes. They had come to prevent the meeting, or seize on the

parties, and partly from the well-known incapacity and hesitation of the functionary himself, and partly from the tardiness of the information that had reached him, thus arrived too late to prevent the catastrophe.

As to the pursuit of the survivor and his familiars, it soon became useless: they descended lightly the face of the eminence, and were lost in the wood below, leaving the soldiers, who attempted to follow, (encumbered as they were with their arms and heavy boots), half way behind.

This measure had no other result, than to give an opportunity of going through the usual forms of legalising D'Ersigny's decease, and placing his remains under the protection of the authorities. They were for the present deposited in an adjoining hut, the clergyman having declined admitting them into his church, on the grounds, that they were those of a person who had died in single combat, and was consequently excluded from the privilege of christian rites.

As our party slowly and mournfully re-entered the city, a post chaise and four drove past. In it was recognised the Sous-Prefet, M. de Ravelle, who had been absent for some time at Paris, on business connected with politics: this circumstance I should not notice, but that it had, it will be found, a connection of painful import with the sequel.

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The projected dinner, I need scarcely say, did not take place. At the club where we all met that evening, there was an unusual attendance of members. The subject of every conversation was, of course, the events of the morning. De Merinhac and the others, the moment they entered, were surrounded by a group composed of almost every one present, eagerly questioning him and them on the details, which he had often to repeat to the successive enquirers, and which were listened to with mingled interest and pity for D'Ersigny. The conduct and character of his adversary on the other hand, were objects of unmingled indignation and disgust. A resolution proposed instantly, *viva-voce*, as it were, by the whole company, was passed unanimously, that he should be from that moment expelled the society, (he had been admitted on the proposition of D'Ersigny.)

The slight stir and clamour attendant on the proceeding, had scarcely subsided, when the object of it, attired in his gayest style, entered the apartment with a more than or-

inary air of assurance and listless nonchalance. He guessed the probable turn matters would take, and faithful to the principles that had hitherto guided his career of effrontery, characteristically resolved to brave and brazen out all things to the last and worst. Thoroughly as the spectators were aware of his impudence, they had expected that for policy's if not for decorum's sake, he would have abstained from being publicly seen, at least for a few days. An unusual silence immediately took place on his appearance. The crowd above mentioned, occupying the centre of the room, as he approached, opened wide right and left to let him pass, as if there were contamination in his contact. Looks of coldness and repulsion, which, even to a less quick observer, had been amply significant, met him on every side. No one answered his greeting or salutations, which he nodded indifferently in turn around, otherwise than by a stiff bow or contemptuous inclination of the head. If he made a movement to advance towards any one for the purpose of entering into conversation, that person had already instinctively retired at the first manifestation of his intention. A murmur was beginning to rise in the assembly—"Eh!—how!" he exclaimed, stopping suddenly short, (he had intended to break out at once; a moment's reflection told him it might be more prudent to feel his ground first)—"What!" he continued, feigning astonishment and some confusion, "it seems to me the society testifies a strange coldness to one of its members. Pray, gentlemen, may I be informed what this means? I am entitled to—I must have an explanation!"

"It means," retorted instantly the Chevalier de Merinhac, who listening only to an indignant impulse had, despite several friendly hands that sought to restrain him, stepped forward to be spokesman on the occasion; "it means, Sir, that your conduct of this day and heretofore, is known to and condemned by the society, and looked upon as unfitting you to be any longer a member of it. It means that your presence here is disagreeable to all, and that your absence is immediately desired——"

"Conduct condemned!—presence disagreeable!—absence desired!—I really cannot comprehend. Am I to understand that these are the general sentiments of the society?"

"Certainly!—by all means—our unanimous sentiments—the resolution has this

moment passed." Such, with many others of a still less equivocal import, were the exclamations heard on every side, in answer to the interrogation.

Finding how the case stood, and that decidedly the wind blew against him, the intruder, bridling up, appeared however again to hesitate for a second, and partly reverting to his original plan, but with a marked tone of impudence, "Then," he observed, "I must say the society and its respectable mouth-piece," bowing with mock gravity, "appear very little to know what is due to their own dignity and honour; since it has come to the determination of excluding from their body a member against whom their only cause of complaint, if I am led to conjecture aright, seems to be that he has honourably (cries of no, no!) sought to avenge—and honorably avenged (no, no!)—those who question my assertion, I should like to have a word with presently!—a greivous insult, and"—("the duel was butchery"—"you had cheated your victim," &c., was echoed from different quarters.) "'Tis well, gentlemen, this is becoming—you are a courageous set—an honourable crew, to attempt to cry me down so—true, I am alone!"

The clamour increased. The object of their interruptions and interpellations looked steady contempt at his assailants—then raising his voice—"I played false, you dare to say?—if I *did*, which they who assert lie"—("turn him out," "down with the black-leg," &c.)—"twas foolishly done—like a novice. I had not the benefit of *your* gentlemanly experience, cheats and swindlers as you every one are; but, hah! hah!—knowing ones—too knowing—hah! hah!—and honourable to be found out!—to be caught!" Angry words were retorted, insulting exclamations were heard, and the tumult and confusion had become extreme. At length the commanding voice of De Merinhac resounded above all—"Silence, gentlemen," he said, "and listen to me—let us not unworthily compromise ourselves. You, Sir!" he continued, turning to Fermondières, "have heard the wish and firm determination of the society. It is not our part to bandy words or provocations with you. We again invite you, I invite you in its name to retire. Should you refuse, we shall be placed under the necessity, which we should regret as you had once the honour to belong to us, of ordering our servants to exclude you!"

"Exclude me!—what, your servants!" exclaimed De Fermondières, pale, and his eyes glowing with rage, (he had been observed, while the Chevalier was addressing him, to button his coat hastily, grasp closely his cane, and give other tokens of preparation for a struggle,) "exclude me!—exclude De Fermondières!—let them try it if they dare. As for your society and its wishes, I hereby spit scorn and defiance on it, and every one belonging to it, individually and collectively!" suiting the action to the word, he took from his vest a number of cards, and deliberately raising them to his lips, flung them soiled among his opponents, whom this act of insolent audacity, positively struck dumb for a few moments. "As for yourself, Sir Commandant Rolando," he continued in the same tone, "who will needs run your ancient flesh into jeopardy, I have, I recollect, a something to arrange with you respecting a word you chose to let slip this morning, and shall beg to begin by asking you a civil question or two."

"And should you have so much presumption," interrupted coolly the veteran, taking a pinch of snuff, and shaking its remnant dust from his tucker, "I should probably reflect whether I were called upon to reply to the demands of a bully and a swindler!"

"A bully—and a swindler," echoed the company; "a swindler, a bully, and a forger!" repeated a new and unexpected voice from behind—'twas that of Monsieur de Ravelle, who immediately entered the room in official costume, followed by a file of gendarmes (whom he signed to remain at the door) and stood between the insulter and the company. The former stopped short in his gesture of provocation, and gazed confusedly at the magistrate. He recovered, however, almost instantly his ordinary presence of mind, and resumed the sneering tone he had just been using.

"So you have required the aid of the authorities—have you? Well! I must really confess you are a brave, a gallant mess, here you are fifty or sixty to one—and yet—it is truly too good!—the presence of our honoured civil functionary, whom I beg to receive my humble salutations, and his respectable acolytes, is necessary to give you courage to attempt—he—he—I beg pardon—to prevent a breach of the peace I mean!"

"Don't stir, gentlemen!—give over this fooling, Sir!" interrupted steadily the magistrate. "Is not your name Valentin?"



Valentin de la Roche, alias Fermondières?" he added, showing a document.

At the words Valentin la Roche, and sight of the scroll, a sudden change, an indistinguishable expression of amaze and terror shot athwart the bravo's face. A whole revelation was there. He started, stood for a second staringly, but for a second—sufficient time only to betray the existence of the feeling to bystanders—then by an effort, which gave a proof of the mastery of a daring mind over all that can press on to overwhelm it, which I have not seen more strongly instanced, was himself, cool, collected, and prompt to devise the fittest course of action. His look was one of defiance, almost of triumph. A nearly imperceptible impulse had at first indicated to the practised eye of the gendarmes symptoms of resistance, and a slight movement of preparation on their part was the consequence. He was still quicker than they, however; for, catching at the merest glance their intended motion to repel violence by force, he remained now perfectly quiet.

"My name is Valentin, Valentin de Fermondières, de la Roche Fermon, Fermondières—what then?—why your prisoner?—by what authority?" he added, smiling derisively, "do you come to interrupt the agreeable conversation I was just enjoying with these excellent gallant gentlemen, my compeers of the club?"

"By an authority which you will not, I fancy, dare to dispute!" handing a warrant from the Préfet de Police, directing to seize on the person calling himself Valentin de Fermondières, &c. The designated individual received the document with assumed carelessness, looked it over attentively, then restoring it with the same formality.

"I take you all to witness," he exclaimed, turning to his late opponents, "that I have offered, and do offer no resistance. You will scarcely, I suppose, despite our slight difference a while ago, refuse this good office to a brother—a member of your exclusive—he—he—society—in distress?" So saying, bowing lowly with much show of solemnity, he tendered his cane to the Sous-préfet.

"I have to apologize, gentlemen," said the latter, "for thus entering in hostile guise," (M. de Ravelle was President of the Club for the year;) "I am glad, nevertheless, to have done so, when perhaps some one of you might have been tempted to compromise himself with this person,

who is totally not only unworthy your notice, but marked with the ban of reprobation," (de F—— here smiled contemptuously, and looked as though he inwardly chuckled over his recent antagonists;) "the fact, is I am only two hours since arrived from Paris. I have heard with deep regret what has already taken place; the more so, as I feel my earlier arrival might have prevented the misfortune, for I had received from the authorities instruction to watch the movements of the individual before us, and this warrant to seize him whenever I judged most fitting. He has been obliged to fly on account of a heavy swindling transaction, and it appears he has come here only to pursue the same career, and consummate it by crimes of a yet darker dye, for I can scarcely look upon the unfortunate D'Ersigny as otherwise than robbed and murdered. This dangerous person——"

"It appears these gentlemen *did* think me dangerous," interrupted La Roche, all the insolence of the ruffian glowing in his eye, "since not one of them has ventured, he, he, I can't help laughing—to pick up the soiled—he, he, cards I threw in their faces!"

"Gendarmes, take that man away," called De Ravelle. The order was obeyed; as he was conducting out, "well my brethren," (with well-affected gaiety,) "as we *must* part let it not be in sorrow, or in anger; pray you do not fret. The moment I get out of this frivolous scrape—Mr. le Préfet, is too kind a being—Madame le Préfette, lovely creature! has too great a liking for your unworthy servant," (this was said in impudent allusion to a scandalous report, that the fair and lovely lady of the chief civil officer did not manifest insensibility to the merits of the brilliant, and when he chose, peculiarly agreeable adventurer,) "to allow me to think or conceive it should turn out any thing else—I shall be at each and every one of your services. Good bye! Farewell, my trusty old fire-lock," (to the Chevalier,) "Harquebuss, I should rather say. I fancy it *was* harquebusses or cross-bows they used in your time. I faith thou art a gallant though rusty one! If your wig wants pruning of a curl, or that rueful nose of yours shortening by an inch or two, I am your man—twenty-five paces, and give you first shot. So recollect, *sans rancune*! Monsieur le Préfet—I have the honour and felicity."—So saying, with undisturbed effrontery he bowed himself gracefully out. (To be continued.)

## THE EXHIBITION AND THE ART-UNION.

IN common with every lover of the arts, and their cultivation in Ireland, we are truly rejoiced at the marked improvement, which is so visible, in the exhibition of the Hibernian Academy this year. Last year we had none, there being too few paintings to furnish forth the hall, where they are usually hung. That of the year preceding was, with a few exceptions, sadly inferior to its predecessors. But, as the profound adage giving comfort and despair, still assured us, that "when things are at the worst, they're sure to mend;" so did we, even in our despondency, and dearth of food whereon to feed our almost famished love of art, hope against hope, till lo,—a new and better spring of power and beauty hath arisen, and looks as though it meant to fade no more.

This makes us truly glad. We love the arts not as certain poking, squabbling, scrubbing, nosing old fogies (*think they*) love them. With us it is a very small matter by whom, or how long ago, this bit of "still life," or that "jug of Flemish ale," was painted. Not one farthing do we care whether Lord Gullible, or Mr. Grab'em, bid the highest for the last of Paul Potter's calves that was sold in London. Authenticity and rarity may be laudable matters of curiosity and debate among the dilettanti, as they are the elements in chief of the huxtering and chicanery, whereby knowing dealers make their bread; and it were somewhat hard to deny to either class the rights of squabble and brokerage, which they constitutionally enjoy. For "people must live;" and if certain stupid persons have fortunes to spend, why they must spend them upon something; and if God Almighty has not given such persons a natural taste for the arts, they cannot be prevented from trying to get into their numb skulls, a book knowledge of them. In Ireland, money being scarcer than in England, the class of picture-fanciers—like the other kinds of fanciers, such as dog-fanciers, china-fanciers, and furniture-fanciers,—is smaller here than elsewhere; and we confess, that should they never become more numerous, we shall never grieve. For with all the talk about patronage, and generosity, and munificence and so forth, we are of opinion, that where painting or sculpture become

dependant for their just rewards upon the whim, or the judgment of such beings as we have described, they are—to say the least of it—in a false and perilous position.

We value sculpture and painting, as we do poetry and music, for their own sakes,—not for the curious accidents that now and then accompany their manifestation. It is the mystic influence their spirit sheds while communing with ours,—it is the purification from sense, and want, and paltriness, and self, and all the vulgar uses of this world, which they work in the heart and the imagination,—it is the witchery that, while we listen to their mute music, enables them to reveal unto us glimpses of that long-lost harmony of truth and beauty, which still lurks about the entrance to our souls;—it is the power which magically compels outward nature and her spirit to bear witness with our spirit, that, in the prolific womb of the ideal, lies another and a better world;—for this—for this it is that we adore the arts,—'twas for this the Greeks adored them. And for the sake of that wide sympathy and love, which, in the hearts of all men, whether waked or unawaked to consciousness, is among the many proofs of their divine origin, do we sigh for the dawning of that day, when the people of our country shall have daily access to the shrines of art—daily opportunities of paying there the tribute of their willing homage.

Until that time come,—until the voice of art is made articulate to the ears of the many,—its voice is but as a feeble whisper,—or rather as the strivings of the dumb to speak. Moreover its expressions when so uttered are not true. In its captivity and seclusion among an insignificant few, it becomes forgetful of its great purpose, that of expressing the hopes, and memories, and fears, and sufferings, and joys of—man; of man, not of gentlemen, or noblemen, or ancient men, or foreign men, but of man as man is, and lives, and has his being around it—in its own land. For art is a patriot too, and when uncorrupted, and unfettered, and let to walk with unbound eyes wherever it listeth—by the hill side or the valley, it is an everlasting witness to the good and to the evil,—to the rights and to the wrongs of its native land. But art, like all else in this world, is corruptible;

and it is most corrupted, when the peddling tribe, who call themselves its chosen guardians and promoters, succeed, by dint of their money, in monopolising every fruit of its labours. The certain consequence of this follows, that the tone and character of the fruit itself intrinsically degenerates, because it is sure to become the slave to affectation. Foreign pictures are preferred, not because they are good, or in proportion to their excellence,—but because they are scarce, and in proportion to their rarity. They are very dear, therefore they are very good. The result is that native art, when dependant upon this money-school of patronage, is driven from its own stronghold—natural unaffected feeling, and perverted into a miserable mimicry of foreign and bygone tastes and notions.

One of your genuine, rich, thoroughbred *dusts*, would rather have, would give more for a good copy of Morillo's "Spanish Flower Girl," than for M<sup>r</sup> Clise's "Banquet Scene."\* But so would not the mass of those, who really worship art for its own sake. They are the real judges—ininitely wiser, though they probably never thought why—than "the *dust*." It is conception and nature and originality which is effective with them, not "the working in of the background," or the "Gerard Dow tinge of flesh colouring;" and they are right; and what will kindle and warm their tastes, is that which can alone create genuine art and genuine artists. For, as we have said and must repeat, art was intended to flourish in perfection, when most free. Its mission is a truly sacred one—to soothe—to animate—to rebuke—to touch with exquisite pity—to take of the things of time and sense, and show them unto us, as the symbol-types of another and a better nature, that is within us—that is awaiting us. But this its mission is to man, not to any little section of our kind; for in the heart of man, because it is endowed with a hunger and a thirst for ideal beauty, lies the recognition of its power, and not behind the peering retina of the cavilling and cheapening connoisseur. Nay, in a thousand instances the triumph and the real good use of art is capable of being felt and is felt—(though inarticulately and without fuss or jargon of acknowledgment)—more deeply and more lastingly by the plain man, who only feels, and knows not why he feels,

than by the covetous collector who buys, and frames, and buries what he has bought in his churl's den. The one cares not what it is, but what it can be *had* for; the other parts from it a better-hearted man. The one would sell his soul to Mahomet for a bit of the true cross; the other hardly knows perchance where Calvary may be, and yet it may be that he hath been often there.

But what has this to do with the Hibernian Academy and the Art Union? In our opinion much. The reason why we are proud of the Exhibition, and why we are members of the Art-Union, is that we earnestly long to see a National School of Art, and a national taste for art, and the public and popular worship of art in our country. We know, that sooner or later such a state of feeling and addiction must come. We know the people, and we know, and bless the knowledge, that they have all the quick perception, sense of keeping, love of the beautiful, and inventive disposition, which were it—were it—pah! why is this?—were it *let alone*, and suffered to develop itself unhindered, would create and would sustain, like the spirit of Italy, Germany and Belgium, a glorious ritual of the graces.

But whenever it comes, it must come of, and by, and for the people. Importation of second-rate old pictures, or slavish following of the English master-lings, will only retard and throw impediments in the way. We are a peculiar people, with peculiar customs, recollections, habits, costume, scenery,—with all the external and internal objects of our poetry different from, and unresembling those of other countries. If art, especially painting and music, speak not to us in the language that we think in, the language that we feel in, the language we remember in, it must speak to us in an unknown tongue; and its eloquence, however intrinsically true, must be, save to the few, matter of curiosity, not of sympathy—of ostentation, not of pride—of learning, not of love. Art is of the nature of poetry and of religion; it must be natural, indigenous, free, anti-artificial, or it cannot abide, or govern in the affections of men. We must then not only have Irish artists,—Irish born, and nursed, and schooled, (or unschooled) in a word, mentally formed; but we must have Irish art—such art as Rothwell's and as Burton's—or we can have none that will really be of any use in civilizing, in elevating, or in regenerating our people.

\* We allude to the painting of our gifted countryman, which has this year borne away the palm at the London Exhibition.

We know that all this, in the estimation of some, is very heterodox, and very ignorant, and very vulgar. But we can't help that. We want national art, not exotic art; we want a popular feeling of art, not picture fancying; we want natural beauty, not borrowed plumes; original poetry, not prize translations; life and the living, not cenotaphs of the dead. And, to apply all this to the matter more immediately in hand, we say, that it is in the expectation that the Academy and the Art-Union will prove the appointed means of hastening this most desirable end, that we are so elated at the popularity of the one, and the re-awakened energy displayed by the other.

The exhibition rooms of the Academy contain a greater number of paintings this year, than we ever recollect to have seen there before. There are some contributions of amateurs, some from Englishmen, and some of no little merit from the hand of a foreigner domiciled amongst us. And then there are the works of our old friends, almost without exception equal to their former promise; and in more than one instance, marked by decisive improvements.

Space will not permit us to go through the catalogue with any thing of minuteness; we must content ourselves with according our meed of approbation generally; and with dwelling for a moment or two only on such, as we deem illustrative of some principle in connection with the views we have been expressing.

The worthy president of the Academy has, as usual, many proofs of his great felicity in arresting those peculiarities of expression, which constitute the excellence of portrait painting. One likeness in particular, that of a widow lady, is far above the ordinary tone of such resemblances. It is a very beautiful picture, full of memory, and unselfishness, and affection; a picture we would like to look at often again.

Rothwell has sent us three productions on this occasion. The most ambitious is called a Study for a picture of Calisto. It has many beauties; and what, in the hands of its gifted author, it may yet become, it is not for us to say. But, as it is now presented to our view, we own, we are not satisfied that the attitude is well chosen; and we think the drawing much inferior to that of his other works. But Rothwell can afford occasionally to fail. The "Remembrance" and the "Study" are exquisite specimens of that, which is his especial forte,—the delineation of the female face

and form. The former is one of the just selections made by the Committee of the Art-Union. Rothwell is a man of whom the country may well be proud. Born and educated in Ireland, he has been forced, by the dearth of encouragement in times past here, to seek the fair reward of his genius in another land. But he recollects with kindliness the place of his early labours; and we may cherish the fond, though dim illusion, that he may yet return, full of honours and renown, to spend the evening of his day in the land that loves him.

"A view of Ross Castle, Killarney," by our excellent friend, Thomas Mulvany, possesses many beauties, and is, what we so much like to find, quiet, and in character. There is no affectation of Italian sky—no apeing of Lorraine's "floods of gold,"—which, no matter how eloquent in themselves, are sheer nonsense and pictorial falsehoods in an Irish landscape. We have an exceedingly picturesque sky of our own, if people would but be content with it; and having, when we were young—"long, long ago"—had some opportunities of forming an opinion of the comparative beauties of sky sceneries, we venture to avow our belief, that the variety, the capriciousness, and the fantastic wayward contrasts of an Irish sky, are the most eminently suited to varied and powerful pictorial expression, of any in Europe, none excepted.

The landscapes of Mr. Wall are excellent. We like the view of "Blarney Castle" better than either of his American scenes, probably because we perceive its truth more perfectly. A scene in Sweden, by Mr. G. Cash—an amateur—is exceedingly clever.

George Mulvany has improved more obviously than any of our familiar contributors, within the last year. "The Gondola" is many degrees better than any work of his we have heretofore seen. Might we venture to express a doubt regarding it, we should say, the colouring rather too strongly reminds us of the crack pictures in a Somerset House display. It is precisely that, which would there be sure to find ready sale. We should have been more gratified with somewhat more subduedness of colouring; but we may be wrong.

O'Connor, who, we grieve to learn, has been for some time suffering from ill health, has contributed three delicious little landscapes, one of which has been secured by the Art-Union. We trust that energy and

strength may soon return to so fervent and so true a minister of nature; and that we shall long enjoy the privilege of being led through the glade and by the river's brink, by such a guide.

Molinari's illustration of one of the best scenes in Schiller's drama of *Fiesko*, evinces no ordinary power. The downcast listening attitude of the painter is as good as it could be; and there is a spirit and a tone throughout, worthy of the blood that flows in the veins of this one of the many expatriated sons of Poland.

Somewhat of the same ambitious stamp, but equally indicative of the sound, free, self-reliant feeling of true genius, is a picture by a very young hand, of the "*Vow of Brutus*." Let Mr. Tracy keep himself from the fatal impatience of doing too much too soon, and his eventual recompense will be secure.

But we must hasten on, and overpass—not overlook,—many other attractions that would arrest our step—and welcome. We come to the collection of water-colour drawings. By the way, can any body tell us what is the sense of calling these exquisite embodiments of the spirit of beauty by a name, that implies a sort of doubt of their legitimacy as children of art? To us they seem to want for nothing in the great requisites of power, and scope, and tenderness, and expression; why then are they nick-named drawings? But no matter, let us look at them.

And first, of the twilight scene, in which the remains of an ancient monument are just so visible, as to make us wish there were light enough to see them distinctly, and vow that we will come back in the morning to look at them. Far—ever so far away—beyond that rising bosom of the earth, gleams the yellow relic of the dying day; and on the edge of the horizon browse the sober tenants of the field;—but it is so nearly dark you cannot tell whether they be white or brown, and their shape, interposed between the direction of the sun's decline and you, is alone perceptible. And there—just where the tired cloud has trailed its tardy robe away, and seems about to gather it round it e'er it sink to rest,—one lonely, quiet, melancholy star is looking out from its high home, and is thinking not of the monument, nor of the withdrawn cloud, nor of the no longer over-shining tyrant of the day,—but of the spiritual peace and calm whereof it is the nightly harbinger, and of its maker. "The whole thing,"—as we heard a brother artist say,—

"is a bit of poetry." We shall not say anything so invidious, as that there is no other man in Ireland but George Petrie, that could combine so much of power and feeling in so small a space, and in such a grouping. But we own we have seldom felt so much, in gazing upon such a subject; and we hesitate not to aver that Turner himself has never done anything more perfect.

Finally, we have what by unanimous acclaim is the gem of the collection—the picture of "*A Blind Girl Praying at a Holy Well*,"—by Frederick Burton. To many of our readers comment from us will, we have no doubt, be distasteful, because they have seen it for themselves, and we feel sensibly that it is precisely one of those emanations of art, which those who have seen know not well how to speak of. But for the sake of those who are unfortunately debarred from beholding it, we must say two things,—first that having been anticipated in the purchase of it, the Art-Union Committee have resolved with becoming promptitude to have it engraved, as the highest tribute they could pay to its eminent worth; and secondly, that we hope the hearty appreciation of its character by the public at large, may induce Burton to devote himself more frequently henceforth, to creative works, leaving the subordinate branch in which his previous triumphs were principally achieved, to others. Such imagination and such fluency of giving utterance to its creations as he possesses, is national property. We have an equitable right to its appropriation to the national use. Had we a National Gallery as we ought to have, and we yet shall have, we should like to see this picture there. Oh what an answer this one man is,—altogether self taught, and who has never we believe so much as seen the galleries of Italy, Belgium, or Spain,—to the broker and fancier school, and their exotic notions. Here is the power of nature and of genius—and here is art;—art—not as elaborately polished or matured perhaps, as the master-pieces of the old masters—but in every essential, in every vital element, as triumphantly and unquestionably art—as the very best and dearest of them.

We have no wish to quarrel with the Committee of the Art-Union about trifles, but cannot allow their selections to pass without comment. We do object most strongly to their squandering such a sum as fifty guineas, upon such an affair as Mr. Stark's "*Going to the Fair*." The picture,

we admit, is a very excellent likeness of "dung, dust, and a dray"—at four o'clock in the morning; and we also admit that Mr. Stark is a very industrious manufacturer of such subjects, and we believe is in excellent business. But really this is not what should surprise the Art-Union Committee, not only into giving to a stranger so considerable a portion of their limited funds, but, apparently for no better reason than because he is not an Irishman, selecting his idealess, though unexceptionable piece

of industry, as the first prize awarded, and announcing this discriminating preference, before the work of any Irish artist was deemed worthy of adoption. We forbear expressing all we feel upon this subject, for many reasons, among which is the real respect we entertain personally for the Committee of the Art-Union, and the confidence we feel, that though they have suffered themselves to fall into this one error, the interests of the body at large could not in the main be in better hands.

## ALI AND HIS GUEST; A TALE OF THE CALIPHATE.

### PART II.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,  
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
Held their bright court; where was of ladies store,  
And verse, love, music still the garland wore.

*Castle of Indolence, Canto I. St. XLII.*

THE sun himself seemed to participate in the hilarity of the occasion, as he rose with an unclouded smile on the first morning of the Bairam. No dull, inactive scene lay open to his gaze. The gay citizens, with but few exceptions, had, according to custom, risen before day, and in busy throngs crowded the street, decked out in their best attire. Some might be seen tripping lightly onwards, bending their steps to some distant part of the city, where, it might be inferred from their haste, they were expected by some merry circle of fellow-revellers; others interchanging congratulations with their friends; while the greater number, buried in the glorious ease of having nothing to do, were scattered in loitering groups, impatient of the approaching moment when the sheiks should proclaim from the minarets the hour of morning prayer, after the celebration of which the work of their holiday was to begin. In every quarter of the city, brisk preparations for the festivities of the day were in progress, and many were to be found infringing so far on the sanctity of the occasion, as to inflict on themselves the pleasing toil of decorating their dwellings with flowers and evergreens. Such preparations were more diligently, as well as more generally in progress, in the avenues leading from the

palace to the chief mosque. Through these, according to custom, the Caliph and his sumptuous train were to proceed at an early hour, for the solemnization of the usual religious ceremony; and the honest burghers seemed resolved that, whether as regarded their persons or their habitations, everything should assume its most garish aspect for the reception of their sovereign. On the flat roofs of the more respectable houses, fasteful awnings of various gaudy coloured cloths were erected, beneath which the purse-proud citizen might at ease regale himself with the passing show. But the main source of attraction was the grand mosque, whose newly tricked out decorations afforded an ample theme of admiration to all. The other religious edifices of the city were, immediately after sun-rise, thrown open to the devout for the celebration of morning prayer; but the pavement of the grand mosque was to be preserved unprofaned by the feet of any, until the arrival of the Caliph. It had formerly been a duty imperative on the Caliph, as the successor of the Prophet, and the visible head of the faithful upon earth, to proceed in public to the mosque, on every Sabbath and other festival. Of latter years, however, this duty was performed by a deputy, except on the particular occasion of the Bai-

ram, when the Caliph took an opportunity of displaying that he inherited, if not all the sanctity, at least all the pomp and importance of his revered progenitor.

The hour of morning prayer was now over, and the devout inhabitants of Bagdat again made their appearance in the streets. The moidan, or open square before the grand mosque, was filled with a dense throng of idle spectators, who heartily wished that the interval which was to elapse before their curiosity and loyal feelings could be gratified, were fairly run away with, or reduced to nought, by some of those mild, wonder-working genies they believed in. Their impatience, however, was not sufficient to suspend their good humour; and many a jest, and succeeding peal of mirth, rung their merry changes through the throng. But there was one for whom, though a sharer in the scene, there appeared to be no share in the enjoyment. He was seated on one of the ranges of steps, which led to a spacious flagged platform in front of the mosque. Apparently engaged in anxious thought, he would, now and then, raise his eyes suddenly from the ground, and cast a hurried glance upon the crowd of spectators round him, and again as suddenly bury himself in his meditations. One arm, which had received some serious hurt, was carefully swathed up in linen; the other reclined upon a small basket of trinkets which lay beside him. He had now kept his place for a considerable time, heedless of what might be supposed the object of his excursion abroad—the disposal of his wares, when the imam of the mosque and his attendant sheiks, made their appearance through the great door in front. The sheiks, at the command of the imam, proceeded to clear the platform; and among the rest the individual before described was obliged to vacate his place. In a few moments, however, he was seen to advance from the crowd, and address one of the sheiks. The sheik held out his hand, in which a piece of money was deposited by the other, who was then allowed to resume his former seat. The sheiks, including him who had acted so friendly a part, then descended into the square, and compelled the crowd to recede to a further distance. The solitary individual just described, in whom will doubtless be recognised the fugitive of the preceding night, finding himself thus removed from the throng, appeared to hold a closer communication with his own thoughts, till at length he unconsci-

ously uttered half aloud—"What further trials it may be my lot to encounter, I know not. Little indeed is now wanting to complete my misery. Let me console myself, however, with the thought, that I am at length before the Mosque of Mahreddin. I have reached it in time; and if the promise made to me be fulfilled, an ample recompense will be paid me for my suffering. Blessed be Allah and his prophet! exposed as I have been to perils, I have escaped; and, though my hands be stained with blood, I am not a murderer."

Upon uttering these words, he paused and looked up: the imam of the mosque stood beside him. Whether the imam heard his last words or not, he could not be certain; but he was forthwith submitted to a scrutinising ocular examination, which he bore with no small share of confusion.

"Fellow," said the imam, "you are over bold. This is no bagnio for idlers to lounge in. Go—market your wares some place else."

"In heaven's name drive me not hence," replied the stranger; "I am so weak, that I should faint, if compelled to stand."

"Then why venture forth among the crowd? Beds, methinks, are softer than stone steps. Get you hence to that you have quitted, and leave merry-making to those who can enjoy it." As the imam spoke, he stood over the stranger, who still kept his seat, and seconded what he had said, by a few gentle admonitory applications of his foot. The stranger, however, did not move, and remained silent.

The imam, growing provoked at his pertinacity, assumed a tone and gesture, which showed that he was determined not to be trifled with—"away, fellow—get you hence—what business have you here?"

"To see the Caliph," was the reply.

"If you have a petition, present it at the divan—away," and here he resumed his admonitory application. The stranger, scarcely heeding the impatience of the imam, appeared to hold a hurried consultation with himself. Once or twice, he placed his hand in his breast, and then suddenly withdrew it, as if doubting whether some expedient which he thought of, would be effectual. At length, as the impatience of the imam was waxing into cholera, he turned slowly round, and addressed some words to him in a whispering tone. The imam, whose curiosity may have been in some degree excited, bent down to listen. The words which passed between them were few. The stranger appeared to have

renewed his entreaties, and to meet on the part of the other the same peremptory refusal as before; till at length drawing his hand from his breast, where in the beginning of the conference he had replaced it, he deposited a small purse in the imam's hand. Had the imam been stung by a serpent, he could not have started back with a stronger appearance of horror, than he did at the sight of the proffered bribe. He briskly laid hold upon the stranger, exclaiming—"What, sacrilegious wretch, would you corrupt a minister of the prophet?—Help there! ho!" he shouted to his attendants—"Seize this reprobate, who has dared, even within those sacred precincts, to pollute the sanctity of your priest!"

With all haste, the sheiks flew to the assistance of their superior; but before they could reach him, the stranger wrested himself from his feeble grasp, and, in the next moment, was hidden in the dense throng which filled the square. He left behind him, however, his basket and his purse. One of the sheiks removed the former, the latter was retained by the imam. The sheiks, eager for his apprehension, distributed themselves through the crowd, but, fortunately for him, their attention was soon diverted from the search. Distant acclamations and bursts of music, which called forth answering shouts from the assembled multitude, told of the Caliph's approach. The great door of the mosque was then thrown open, and a gorgeous foot-cloth of velvet, with gold embroidery was extended from the threshold, across the marble pavement, to the flight of steps before mentioned. On each side of this, the sheiks arranged themselves; while the imam, standing on the steps in front, waited to receive the Caliph. The acclamations and bursts of music now became more audible, until, at length, the procession commenced entering the square. First, in their picturesque uniforms, advanced a division of the Caliph's body-guards, who, entering the avenue which was immediately opened through the crowd, formed themselves into a line on each side. Next, was seen a double train of camels, covered with gaily ornamented trappings, and loaded with rich offerings. The clinking of their ornaments, and the tinkling of their silver bells, produced a most pleasing effect. Their drivers, as they advanced to the front of the steps, received, each in his turn, the imam's benediction; then filing off on either side, they led their costly

charges to the rear of the mosque. Then succeeded, a crowd of emirs, mounted on richly caparisoned steeds. These as they passed were received by the guards and populace with distinguished respect, being esteemed as descendants of the prophet. Next, were seen the principal officers of the land forces, also mounted, headed by the Emir al Omera, or Commander in Chief, and his Miralem, or first standard-bearer. Then came, the officers of the palace and harem, in their robes of ceremony, holding gilt wands in their hands: and, after these, the caliph, surrounded by his principal ministers of state. On the right of the Caliph, rode his favourite vizier and companion, Jaafar, and on his left, the equally favoured Mesrour.

The Caliph Haroun, so well known by the surname of Al Raschid, or the just, was now in the prime of his age. Ten years before, he ascended the throne with the reputation of being a valiant and generous prince; and the period of his reign which had since elapsed, fully testified the justness of that character, and secured him the love and approbation of his subjects, as a virtuous monarch, an able general, and a devoted patron of learning. His thick curling locks, and dark beard gave an air of martial manliness to his fair and handsome features; while the graceful ease with which he restrained the noble animal he bestrode, sufficiently showed, that the stories which were recounted of his extraordinary bodily prowess, were not without foundation. On his head, he wore a turban of the sacred green, as a descendant of the prophet, in which was fastened the regal triple plume of the homai, or bird of paradise. His entire dress, as well as the trappings of his spirited charger, formed one blaze of embroidered gold and jewels. He was engaged in attentive, and, as might be inferred from his frequent smiles, sportive conversation with his two favorites, Mesrour and Jaafar. These possessed on this occasion, as they did on every other, an enviable share of his attention. Now, he would appear completely engaged in amusing colloquy with the one, when suddenly he would break off, but only to address himself to the other.

As the different important personages of the procession arrived at their destination, they took their places on the spacious platform in front of the mosque. At length, the Caliph made his approach; and as he dismounted, the imam prostrated himself before him. His sovereign instantly raised



him from the ground; and taking his hand within his own, ascended the steps. As soon as, from his elevated position, the Caliph was recognised by the crowd, a shout of delight burst from the lips of all; and he, in order that he might display how highly he valued the compliment they paid him, turned round, still holding the imam's hand, and made a low bow and graceful salaam in return. This was but the signal for new peals of acclamation, which were protracted, with deafening effect, as long as he continued in sight. As soon as he had entered the mosque, a movement was perceptible among the gorgeous retinue; and, in a few moments, the sundry important personages who composed it, were to be seen entering the great door-way, in the precise order they had maintained in the procession. When, at length, the last members of the retinue had disappeared beneath the richly traced archway, the sheiks closed the doors, and then re-entered the mosque by a private postern. As our religious notions with respect to pagans are rather austere, we beg to decline entering along with them. We, therefore, content ourselves with waiting among the multitude outside, whom we find, restraining, with difficulty, their impatient feelings till the conclusion of the ceremony.

A considerable period had now elapsed, when the great door of the mosque was again thrown open. The spacious platform was again filled with the Caliph's retinue; and he himself re-appeared, accompanied, as before, by the imam, and attended by Mesrour and the vizier. Again, the air was filled with deafening shouts; while the Caliph, in conversation with the imam, slowly proceeded to the front of the platform, where a page was holding his richly caparisoned charger. Here, returning, as before, sundry graceful bows to his applauding subjects, and raising the imam, who a second time prostrated himself before him, he was heard to address the latter in a louder tone.

"Imam," said he, "your prince should assuredly be wanting in candour no less than gratitude, did he refrain from expressing, on his departure, the gratification he has experienced from the dutiful attention, which has been here paid to him."

"That attention," replied the imam, "it was merely your poor servant's office to bestow. But, commander of the faithful, it has been accompanied by feelings, which are not always attendant upon the ceremo-

nies paid to the great—feelings which can make a ceremony something more than an outward show, and which, owing no subservience to our summons or disposal, the presence of worth and virtue alone can inspire. Nor are these feelings peculiar to this occasion, or to the breast of your poor servant who addresses you. These sacred walls, had they utterance, might tell, how often Allah receives the thanks of your people, for having given them a prince, who proves himself a true descendant of our holy prophet, no less by his worldly merits than by his piety: they might tell how often their prayer has been, that Allah would make their sovereign as victorious, as he is just; and his reign as extended, as it is happy."

"I will not call you flatterer," said the Caliph, smiling; "but, I fear, if my ears were constantly exposed to that praise, which your over-proportioned zeal would attribute to actions, in which some can find many things to censure, I should become, which just heaven grant me I never may, a self-flatterer, and——" Here he paused suddenly: a slight commotion in the neighbouring skirts of the crowd attracted his attention. He turned quickly from the imam, and ordered some of his attendants to ascertain the cause.

One of the sheiks, it appeared, having a few moments before perceived, at a short distance, the individual for whose apprehension the imam had been so eager, and, forgetful of the reserve which he should have maintained in the caliph's presence, made bold to relinquish his place, and create this disturbance, by seizing upon the stranger. The imam was quite thunder-struck, when he saw the sheik and his prisoner brought before the Caliph. For such a breach of decorum on the part of one of his attendants, what excuse could be offered? His prompt ingenuity, however, suggested the only course which it could have been expedient to adopt. He anticipated the Caliph's inquiries, and drew a highly-coloured picture of the occurrence before related. He expatiated on the audacity of the delinquent, and, above all, on the awful crime he had perpetrated, in endeavouring to corrupt with bribes a minister of the Prophet. The severity which had settled on the Caliph's features began gradually to relax, as he listened to the enthusiastic harangue of the imam; and the smile that reigned in its stead, as the latter concluded, told that he was far from considering the conduct of the stranger in

that light of enormity, in which his accuser seemed to behold it.

"What have you to say to this charge?" he asked, addressing the former—"Do you deny it?"

The stranger remained silent—his eyes fixed upon the ground, while his colour went and came with confusion.

"Methinks," said the caliph, "such a bashful rogue as you, can be but a silly pretender to the crafty art of corruption. Bribery and blushing are but sorry companions. If you would be a proficient, commence with some minor branch of the profession, and get quit of your bashfulness in one mode of roguery, before you venture to get quit of your money in another.—Come, confess, that you had no intention of fixing a stain on the sanctity of this holy dignitary—come, confess, that it was all an idle freak of yours, and you shall have your liberty."

The stranger, but little encouraged by the kind manner in which he was accosted, still continued trembling and confused; nor once dared to lift his eyes from the ground. The caliph seemed to look upon his embarrassment with some sympathy; and, as if desiring to relieve him from his distress, proposed several interrogatories in his kindest tone.

"Are you a citizen of Bagdat?"

"Commander of the faithful, no," replied the stranger, at length breaking silence—"I am a native of Circassia."

"Is it long since you left your country?"

"But a few weeks, your highness."

"Ha—you have had a long travel, and, if I may guess from this arm of yours, one not free from mischances. In spite of my utmost vigilance, the roads are not, as yet, cleared of thieves. You were attacked, and plundered?"

"Attacked, your highness, but not plundered."

"You were wounded, but escaped?"

"Even so, your highness," replied the stranger, much confused.

"What was the motive of your journey to Bagdat?"

The stranger became still more confused, and remained silent.

"I am unwilling," resumed the caliph, "to distress you with questions, as to what you have, doubtless, good reasons for keeping private." Then turning to the imam—"Imam," said he, "I find but little in the conduct of this stranger, which we may not readily pardon. On this day of general delight, I would not wish that one

unhappy heart should heave up the sighs of sorrow, while thousands of its fellows are throbbing with joy around it." The imam made an humble salaam of acquiescence. "Go," continued the caliph, turning as he spoke—"Go, Circassian—you are free."

Overcome with gratitude, the stranger cast himself at his feet; and, in the fervour of his thanks, poured forth an ardent prayer for the prosperity of the generous monarch; then retiring from the royal presence, he made the best of his way through the dense throng of guards and attendants.

At this moment, an officer of the guard was seen to approach the caliph. With hurried and earnest gesture he addressed him, and pointed, as he spoke, towards the stranger, who was now retiring through the crowd. The words of the officer produced a sudden effect upon the caliph.—"Ho, there!" he exclaimed, "arrest that Circassian;"—and, in a few moments, the unhappy stranger was again brought before him. "The occurrence you mention," said the Caliph, addressing the officer, "has been fully reported to me by the intendant of police; but, are you assured of his identity?"

The officer bowed assent.

"Circassian," said the caliph, in a tone unusually stern, "where did you lodge last night? Speak!—your life depends upon the answer."

The stranger raised his eyes suddenly from the ground, and was paralysed with terror on beholding, beside the caliph, the captain of the troop from whom he had so narrowly escaped the previous night. The caliph's brow grew darker, as he watched his confusion. "It is but too evident," he exclaimed; "Circassian, are you not a murderer?"

"Commander of the faithful, no," exclaimed the stranger, in wild and agonized accents. "My evil stars have stained my hands with blood; but, oh! I am not a murderer——"

"Slave!" interrupted the caliph, while his lip quivered with rage,—“to violate the sacred laws of hospitality, and butcher, in cold blood, the poor, confiding, unoffending wretch, who had made his home your own!—away.”—Then, turning to the officer: "Officer, let him not live another hour! But, hold," he exclaimed, restraining himself, "the Caliph Haroun has earned the appellation of the just, and will not, in his anger, consign even a murderer to punishment. My order is revoked.

Let him be brought before me on to-morrow." Then mounting his horse, as the unhappy criminal was led away, he proceeded, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, on his return to the palace.—The imam remained, with his train of attendants, before the entrance of the mosque, till the last files of the procession had disappeared; and then retired, to vent his scoldings on the irreverent sheik, and his admiration on the rich offerings, which the Caliph had presented.

The incident just detailed could not fail to create a lively sensation in the city; and before sunset, there was not an individual within several leagues of Bagdat, to whom the whole occurrence was not known, with sundry exaggerations and additions, such as rumour is seldom found to neglect the use of in her relations. The indignation which the Caliph had shown, with regard to the stranger's supposed breach of the laws of hospitality, could not fail to elicit the warmest approbation; and this, with the signal exercise of his clemency in respiting him, and, still more, the generous reasons which had swayed him in doing so, made fresh accessions to his favour among the people. Queries and conjectures as to the probable fate of the stranger were the employment of every tongue; and on the subsequent morning, the palace-gates were crowded with an impatient throng, who had flocked thither with the common desire of gratifying their curiosity with some yet unrifled store of intelligence. Here, all was rumour and uncertainty, the most absurd and conflicting statements being, as is usual on such occasions, eagerly received and retailed by the same individual.

For the satisfaction of the reader's curiosity, we shall shift the scene to the Hall of Justice, where the Caliph was at this time engaged with several of his principal officers of state, in the adjudication of divers important causes. This was a noble and extensive apartment, lighted by lofty windows, and a spacious dome in the centre. A tessellated pavement of polished marble formed the floor, while the roof and walls were divided into compartments magnificently adorned with figures in arabesque. The upper part of the hall was raised above the rest by the elevation of a few steps; this was occupied by the Caliph, and the officers before alluded to. Here the floor was covered with sumptuous carpets, and the walls festooned with embroidered drapery. The

lower part of the hall was devoted to the appealants, witnesses, and others, concerned in the various causes brought up for deliberation.

The Caliph had commenced his sitting at an early hour; and most of the matters allotted for that day were by this time disposed of. He was now occupied on a case of some difficulty, which had engaged his attention for some time. Cogent reasons were set forth on both sides; and it was a matter of much doubt, to which party victory would finally preponderate. While the Caliph was attentively listening to the arguments of one of the speakers, he appeared as if seized with the recollection of some matter of importance, and rising, he cut short the proceedings. "The remainder of this cause we shall hear to-morrow;" then as the parties withdrew, "Officer," said he, addressing an officer of his guards, who stood in waiting, "bring the Circassian before me."

The stranger was now led into the hall, in the custody of a file of guards, and when placed before the Caliph and his council, his woe-begone appearance did not fail to excite in them a strong emotion of pity, considering him though they did, as an object of guilt. His visage was deadly wan, and his glazed sunken eye, together with the care-wrinkled brow which overhung it, told too plainly of the anguish within. His limbs were loaded with chains; and as he stood faint and drooping before the keen glances of his judge, his arms hung listless at his sides, weighed down by their iron burden. The officer who had been so instrumental in his arrest, now made his appearance, and at the command of the Caliph, recounted the various particulars which had come under his knowledge. The intendant of police corroborated his testimony, having had personal examination of the body. The circumstances of the arrest were detailed to the council by the Caliph himself. A brief deliberation succeeded, and it was declared to be the unanimous decision, that the accused was guilty.

"Circassian," said the Caliph, in a grave, yet not stern tone, "what plea can you allege against the judgment that has been determined upon against you? Speak, if you have any."

Overcome by the terrors of his situation, the stranger stood fixed in speechless agony. He raised his eyes, and looked wildly round on the soldiers that encompassed him; then struck with the feeling

of his utter helplessness, he closed them with a groan, and sunk his head upon his breast.

"Unhappy wretch," exclaimed the Caliph, "what could you allege to palliate, much less disprove your offence, of which this silence is but too evident a token! Offer not further defiance to the laws of the just Allah, in whose presence you must shortly be: repent, ere repentance be too late, and make an open confession of your crime."

"Commander of the faithful, spare! oh spare me!" cried the stranger, throwing himself on his knees—"By that just Allah, I swear I am innocent, If I have taken a life, it was in defence of my own; but of murder I am not guilty."

All present were visibly affected by these words; and the Caliph, in a mild and pitying tone, again addressed the stranger.

"This act, you assert, was done in your own defence. It may be so; but what testimony have you to prove it? Your own is of no avail—and," he continued, observing the blank-despairing look, which was returned as the answer, "Were I the criminal pleading an assertion thus unsupported, and were you the Caliph, you could not in justice acquit me. It is needless to waste further time. Your judgment is confirmed. Guards, remove the prisoner."

The shrieks that burst from the stranger's lips thrilled the hearts of all present. Overpowered by his despair, he sunk senseless on the floor. He was instantly raised; restoratives were applied; and the folds of his dress loosened from his throat, to afford a freer circulation. While the Caliph and his council could not avoid being melted with pity at the occurrence, they were suddenly roused by a loud exclamation of surprise from those who were endeavouring to restore him. Impatient to ascertain the cause, most of the principal persons present, including even the Caliph, rushed simultaneously to the spot. The stranger lay still insensible; but the folds of his vest which had just been torn loose from around his throat, left bare to their astonished eyes, the heaving bosom of a female.

This strange discovery operated in a remarkable degree on the sentiments of all present; and firm as, but a few moments before, had been the conviction of the guilt of the accused, now, still more firm was the conviction of the contrary. The

countenance of the unhappy being who lay unconscious before them, was one of singular beauty. Her luxuriant raven locks, which had been, with much pains, concealed beneath the turban which she wore, hung in disordered ringlets across her neck and bosom, heightening by the contrast the marble whiteness of the skin on which they rested. Of the astonished spectators, though most of them connoisseurs in beauty, seldom had any been the witness of such surpassing charms. The Caliph appeared particularly interested, applied the restoratives with his own hand, and ordered a palanquin to be brought, that she might be borne to some place more befitting her exhausted condition. In a few moments the Caliph's order was executed; and the fair culprit now beginning to revive, but as yet unconscious of her good fortune, was conveyed, under the conduct of sundry female slaves and other attendants, to an apartment in the royal harem.

After the lapse of a few days, the fair subject of our story was rapidly recovering her former vigour. The Caliph, daily, made the most careful enquiries after her health; and even did her the honour of paying several visits in person. Meanwhile, whispers were widely circulated at court, that the heart of the sovereign had not been found wholly proof against her charms; and the delight he manifested on her complete recovery, fully testified the truth of the report.

We shall now introduce the reader to the concluding scene of our tale. It was one of those evenings, which the poets of our hyperborean climate are so fond of describing. The sun had just slowly merged his orb beneath the horizon; the moon was rising majestically in the east; while the evening star, as yet scarcely perceptible, languidly twinkled through the mellow purple of the heavens. On a spacious terrace attached to one of the Caliph's suburban palaces, was the fair Circassian. She was reclining on a couch; while, overhead, the branching palms and citrons cast a soothing shade, allowing a few scattered specks of the yet radiant sky to be seen through the interstices of their twining foliage. Beyond the gilded trellis-work which bounded the terrace, swept the stately Tigris, its rippling waters crowned with wreaths of mist, which hung thickened in the distance, over the winding track of the river. Now and then would pass some gaily painted barge, on its re-

turn to the city, its plashing oars faintly glittering in the departing light; while from the palace gardens on either side of the river, arose the fragrant incense of myriads of flowers, wafted on the gentle breath of the evening wind. Though with such a scene before her, the fair stranger did not seem happy. Her cheek rested pensively on her hand, and a faint sigh, at intervals, escaped her. Anon, she would listen, as if, catching the sound of some expected footstep, and then, in disappointment, refix her gaze upon the heavenly prospect before her.

"Why does he tarry?" she at length said, "it is now past sun-set; yet he has not come. Can he have forgotten? ha!" she exclaimed, after a pause, "can he have palled in his affection, and forsaken me? Too often, have I heard of the faithless vows of men, and the caprice of princes. Oh! may it not be my lot, by one sad example, to learn the reality of both!"

When, at these words, she sunk sobbing on the couch, a gentle kiss was imprinted on her cheek, and, as she turned round in surprise, a pair of ardent eyes looked into hers, with an expression of devoted love, which dispelled, on the instant, every apprehension.

"Ha!" said the Caliph, for it was he, "are you pining, my fair damsel, after the tall hills and verdant valleys of Circassia? You are doubtless a patriot; but where in Circassia could you find such a charming landscape as this, and where the Circassian who could prize you as I do?"

"Commander of the faithful," she replied, "you are indeed mistaken. Your poor servant's thoughts were not upon her country, dear as it is to her; her thoughts were upon yourself; and when she is thinking of you, she can think of nought else."

"And though your Haroun has proved a truant, he did not forget you in his absence," said the Caliph, smiling, and seating himself beside her. "He promised to be with you ere sun-set; but the toil of public business compelled him though all unwilling to forego his word. The Caliph, though a promise breaker, has not been one designedly, but if he were, you must know he would not be the only one here present who might be charged with being such. Come, the Caliph once again claims redemption of your promise. Recount to him your history, and the motive of your

singular journey to Bagdat. Do not again refuse him."

"My history," she replied, "is neither long nor interesting; and as to the motive of my journey, it was indeed so wild and silly, that I have often blushed at the very thought of it."

"What time then, dear charmer, more fit for the recital, when you can borrow from the mellow evening shade, a veil to couceal your blushes? Come, you have, by your repeated coyness, added fresh fuel to my curiosity. I am impatient to hear: begin—begin."

"Know then, commander of the faithful," she replied, casting her eyes upon the ground, as the Caliph gazed with earnestness in her face, "I am the daughter of a prince of Circassia. My mother died while I was an infant, and left me in charge of my father, who reared me with all the devoted attention of a parent. No sum was thought too extravagant to be expended on my education. I was initiated into every accomplishment known among the Circassians, and made mistress of almost all the languages of Asia. When I grew to maturity, my father, who had no other offspring than myself, signified his wish, that I should select, from among the princes of the country, as a husband, some youth, worthy of inheriting the possessions of my ancestors. Suitors flocked from every quarter, eager to obtain my hand; but among the entire number, there was not one, who could fix the slightest hold upon my affections. I looked round, in vain, for an object worthy of my choice, and dismissed them in despair as fast as they arrived. Not but that many of them were youths of much merit and manly beauty; but I was, as they averred, difficult to please, and was scarcely less dissatisfied with their importunities, than they with my refusals. At length, a powerful prince of a neighbouring territory, hearing of my beauty, and falling in love with my picture, which he had seen, signified to my father, by an ambassador, his intention of becoming my suitor. He did not condescend to follow the example of the rest; but openly declared, that, in case of a refusal, hostilities would be commenced. Nothing could exceed the dismay created by this intelligence. This prince was master of a powerful army; and my father could not presume to cope with him in the field; while as for me, I could not endure the thought of becoming his spouse; for, commander of the faithful, this prince

was a perfect impersonation of deformity : he was old, hump-backed, wanted an eye, and, independently of wrinkles, his features were swelled and puckered in the most frightful confusion."

"The odious monster!" said the Caliph, bursting into a fit of laughter, in which his fair companion joined. "But by what stratagem did you get rid of him?"

"You shall hear. Impelled by the pressing necessity of the conjuncture, my father implored of me to hearken to his proposals, and save the state. He represented to me, that however justly averse I might be to the marriage, there were still some preponderating advantages which I had overlooked; that I would become princess of a powerful kingdom; that I would have boundless wealth at my command, together with all the alleviating comforts it could bestow; but he held out as the principal inducement, that in consequence of his age, it was out of the course of things, that this prince could live very long, and that thus I had the prospect of a speedy termination to my misery. But all his solicitations were unavailing. I was just the reverse of being ambitious; of wealth I had more than sufficient; and as to the last-used argument, I felt convinced, that in case I should become his wife, however short *his* life might be, I should infallibly die before him. An unsatisfactory but conciliating answer was accordingly returned; the prospect was held out of a speedy change in my feelings; and it was hoped that by means of this, with the addition of sundry valuable presents, the execution of his alarming threat would be averted. They were however mistaken. This prince, with all his ugliness, possessed too much penetration, not to perceive the real motive of this proceeding; and resolving to avenge the insult offered to his person, forthwith invaded my father's territory, at the head of a powerful army. With the most numerous force he could raise, my father prepared to oppose the formidable enemy. But resistance was vain. His troops were defeated; and he himself with his principal friends taken prisoner. Fortunately, I escaped in disguise from the city, a few hours before the victorious army entered its walls, and took refuge in a remote part of the country. Words cannot express the privations I here endured. A lonely cave was my only habitation, and the berries of the trees my only sustenance. Several months I passed in this woful condition, tortured with anxiety for the fate of

my father, but too fearful of the dangers I most shunned, to venture to any distance from my retreat in order to ascertain it. At length, one day, I overheard the conversation of some travellers, who stopped to water their camels at a small stream, which ran in front of my cave; and thence I became acquainted with the full extent of my misfortunes. It appeared, that the conqueror on reaching our city, where he expected to gain possession of the unhappy object of his wishes, racked with disappointment at finding that I had escaped, instantly put his prisoners, and among them my wretched parent, to the sword, and gave up everything to plunder. His infuriated soldiers butchered the unresisting inhabitants, and, to complete their work of vengeance, having set fire to the town, returned with their merciless commander to their own country. The kingdom of my ancestors was, I also ascertained, included among the number of this prince's conquests, and entrusted to the guardianship of a governor as tyrannical as himself, who harassed the people with the most insolent oppression, and exacted the most exorbitant tributes. On the evening of the day in question, I was sitting in front of my cave, indulging in an extravagant flood of sorrow, when I was roused by the approach of an old man, who kindly accosted me, and demanded the cause of my grief. When his inquiry was satisfied, the old man paused for some time. "Daughter," he at length said, "I am a magician, and it is in my power to make you happy." On my demanding how that was possible, he placed his hand in the bosom of his vest, and drawing forth a silver-hilted dagger, replied, "Wear this charmed weapon. Proceed in disguise to Bagdat, before the approaching festival of the Bairam. There is a mosque in that city, called the mosque of Mahreddin. Sit on the steps of that mosque during the first day of the festival, and you will make your fortune." Having said these words, the old man placed the dagger in my hands, gave me his benediction, and departed. For several days I ruminated on this singular occurrence, till, at length, overcome by the superstitious notion with which I was inspired, I determined to set out on the journey. Following the old man's direction, I disguised myself in male attire, and on the eve of the festival, reached the suburbs of Bagdat. What then and there befel me, has already been related to your highness."

"A most romantic history!" exclaimed

the Caliph; "and did not the old magician tell you truth? Kind old man! were he now here before me, what boon could he claim which would not heartily be his! What favour could I deem too great to confer upon him, who has directed a mortal Peri to my palace, and added to my former store of happiness so priceless a jewel! Let his necromantic skill but inform him of my kind intent; let him but follow the path he pointed out so happily for you; and, on the word of a prince, I will make his fortune also."

Here we draw our story to an end. Whether the old magician ever became aware of the Caliph's kind intentions towards him; whether, in consequence, he ever turned his footsteps to Bagdat, eastern chronicles do not say. This alone we must content ourselves with knowing, that the affections of the Caliph and our heroine were not transient; and that the former long continued to feel delight in the thought, that he had not only made the fortune of his fair mistress, but that, every day, he made some new accession to her happiness.

### CROSSING OF THE HALYS.

Cræsus passed the Halys in consequence of the Oracle answering to him, "*Χρæσος ἄλλω διαζας μεγάλην ἀρχὴν διαλέσσει.*"—The empire which was lost was his own.—HERODOT.

High on the gilded chair, his noble fathers reared,  
Beneath a purple canopy, the Eastern king appeared :  
He sat with seeming carelessness, but his head was lowly bent  
To catch each word or whisper that dropped within the tent—  
For there were many warriors of rank and deeds of blood,  
There summoned by that noble monarch, and waiting what he would.  
He spake, and every man laid his hand upon his sword,  
To shew that full obedience should meet his sov'reign word.

"This war, beloved Seniors, I would have your thoughts upon ;  
Shall we cross their muddy river, or let the dogs live on ?"  
The gleaming swords flung back the glance of the younger chieftains there,  
As their eyes, at mention of the fight, lit up their fiercer glare ;  
But the aged of the council bowed low before the king,  
And said :—"A war with such a race would no new glories bring—  
Monarch of the Lydians ! honour wreathes thy brows,  
Leave sheathed our children's swords, till drawn in nobler cause !"

They ceased, and Cræsus spake not, for he thought they would have cried,  
"Our sons have never seen a fight—we'll train them by our side."  
A moment passed in silence, and the monarch rose and said—  
"I'll ask the Gods, and if they will, our swords shall soon be red !"  
The Oracle gave answer, "March your legions o'er the river,  
And a great and mighty empire shall be destroyed for ever."  
The ambitious king got ready the flower of all his bands,  
And led them forth to add a crown to the fair one in his hands.

Around the monarch looked, as his captains crossed the tide,  
And wondered which the empire, thus offered to his pride—  
Or Araby, or Persia !—his own he thought of never.—  
But see the scattered troops running back upon that river ;  
They are Lydians soiled with flight, and the foe is close at hand,  
And goad them to the city gates with sword and flaming brand.—  
Too late—palaces in flames, and many a bitter shriek,  
Of his now ruined people, to fallen Cræsus speak.

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Vol. II.

## CONTENTS:

	Page
IRISH MEN FOR IRISH OFFICES, . . . . .	73
LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY, (SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE)	79
WOMAN AND HER MASTER; BY LADY MORGAN, . . . . .	101
STANZAS FOR MUSIC, . . . . .	104
SYLLA; A TRAGEDY: BY JOHN BANIM. ACTS I., II. . . . .	105
INDIA—HER OWN—AND ANOTHER'S. CHAP. VI., IX. . . . .	120
STORIES OF THE PYRENEES, No. III.—THE GAMBLERS, (CONCLUDED) . . . . .	129
TO MARY, . . . . .	140
OUR MONTHLY REVIEW, . . . . .	141
SCRAPS FROM THE MOUNTAINS, AND OTHER POEMS—HARDY'S MINIATURE ATLAS AND COM- PREHENSIVE GEOGRAPHY—ELEMENTS OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE—ETON LATIN GRAM- MAR—CARPENTER'S SCHOLAR'S SPELLING ASSISTANT.	
DEATH OF GERALD GRIFFIN, . . . . .	145

DUBLIN:

JAMES PHILIP DOYLE, 10, CROW-STREET.

MDCCCXL.



### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a number of communications this month, which we really have not had time to attend to. Our friends must excuse us until next month.

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## IRISH MEN FOR IRISH OFFICES.

"IRELAND IS LIKE AN HOSPITAL, WHERE ALL THE HOUSEHOLD OFFICERS ARE RICH, WHILE THE POOR, FOR WHOSE SAKE IT WAS BUILT, ARE ALMOST STARVING FOR WANT OF FOOD AND RAIMENT."—SWIFT.

POSITIVELY we do believe that our honourable and approved good masters imagine, that there is nothing whereunto our unhappy differences of opinion and of faith will not oblige us quietly to submit. There is no caprice of insult which their haughtiness denies itself the pleasure of committing; there is no depth of humiliation which we are to be spared. One thing after another has been taken from us, under the cheating plea of assimilation; public boards, public officers—high and low, small and great—the insatiable maw of centralization has swallowed them up, and still unsatisfied it crieth for more. While a good thing remains, while an independent power exists, while anything worth stealing is to be had, that pickpocket that calls himself assimilation, threatens to be busy at our expense.

We have borne a great deal of this sort of thing from all manner of administrations—a great deal too much, we are ashamed to say. Instead of resisting the scheme, when it began to develop itself five-and-twenty years ago, we grumbled, and stifled our remonstrances, and talked candidly and philosophically about the matter, and we have got our reward. The more we were robbed of, the civiler we grew; till of late a man who publicly ventures to arraign the system, has been certain to win for himself the soubriquet of a good-hearted blockhead.

But in truth it is high time to make a stand against this insulting, degrading, and in every respect indefensible practice. The task may be an invidious one, but the sooner it is performed, the better. We know very well, how exceedingly puzzled wondrous wise and politic friends of ours will look at all this; and we are afraid they will not derive much consolation from any thing we have further to say in this matter. Neither can we stop to break any crumbs of comfort unto that faithful class of individuals, who either have got or are going to get somewhat, for their steady support of the government. Far be it from us to object to their gettings—so be it that they are true Irishers. But they must really not be angry, if we treat with unconcealed indifference their opinions and remonstrances upon the subject. We are writing for the people, not for them; we are thinking for the people, not for them; let them do as best they can for their party, to keep them in power and defend them in power, and make use of them while in power for their own purposes, if they can; but really we have something else to do.

Our party is the party of the nation. To none other own we any duty or allegiance whatsoever. Wherever the English whig or radical party can serve themselves by serving us, we think it very probable they will do so; and wherever they do so, either

in parliament or the administration, we shall give them full support and aid, for our own sake. But whereinsoever the present government, or any other government, differs from the Irish people, or imagines their interest opposite to that of the Irish people, therein they are our adversaries, and as such alone can we therein regard them. In detail we are ready to concede much to men, whose good disposition we have tried and proved. Their faults as men, or even as a party, we do not deem it any portion of our duty needlessly to parade. We enter cordially into the contempt so well expressed by a great and good man among the Athenians, for that affectation of political candour, which would pretend to look at all men's acts alike; we laugh at the man as a mere fool, who is not ready to do for his friends many things that he would not do for his enemies. The existing government have, in many and great matters, proved themselves the friends of the country, and we will never forget it to them. But our first and paramount duty is to country, not to party; and where even our friends do, what we conscientiously believe a plain and serious injury to our country, no tie of friendship can, no motive of mere party policy ought to make us silent, or render us half hearted in our remonstrances.

Now we know that we but utter the sentiment of nineteen out of every twenty men in Ireland, when we say, that the giving away of Irish offices of trust and honour, from Irishmen, is a gross and unpardonable offence to the dignity and the interest of Ireland. We will not consent to parley on the matter in any respect. We have no cheese-mongering proposal for a mitigation of the injustice. We assail the practice on the ground of principle; and we declare once and for all, that no considerations of party or of policy, will ever induce us to take lower ground.

Our complaint is this—that, as the patronage of the Crown is at present dispensed in Ireland, the fact of being an Irishman is no recommendation for office, but on the contrary is often and avowedly made a disqualification. And our assertion is this—that practically, in several high and eminent situations, the true description of the fact is—not that Englishmen are eligible, but that Irishmen are ineligible, because they are Irishmen. We do not seek—we do not want that Englishmen should be proscribed. We do not think so meanly of ourselves as to apprehend the over-

shadowing of their imperial talents or efficiency, in any department of the State; and if the Queen think fit, upon occasion, to entrust any particular office in this her ancient kingdom, to one whose merits her Majesty has happened to become acquainted with in another part of her dominions, it would never occur to us to feel offended at the choice she had made, or to say one word about the matter.

But it is a wholly different thing, when a spirit of unworthy and unjust monopoly, a spirit of anti-national and unfair encroachment displays itself, in the general and varied disposal of government patronage. It is perfectly notorious that this spirit exists; it is perfectly obvious that a scheme of disinheriting and disqualifying us, as a people, for the government of our own land, has been begun, nay has been already carried to no trifling extent. Not merely those offices which are termed political, have gradually been alienated from us; but the several departments of the Excise, the Customs, the Post Office, the Poor Law, the Police, the Treasury, and the department of Public Works, have been invaded and despoiled.

The injustice of this, on the face of it, is too palpable to admit of argument. But it is said in extenuation of the insulting wrong so done us, "it is only to a small amount, there are very few strangers so promoted—everything is in degree, and are there not still a great majority of Irishmen in every one of these departments?" We answer as to the fact, that there are still a majority in most of them; but we laugh at the knavery which pretends, that the question is one of numerical amount or degree. 'Tis no such thing. The crushing and demoralizing effect is great or small, not in proportion to the number of Irish offices which Irishmen are declared incompetent to fill, but in proportion to the eminence and dignity, and influence and power, and weight of those appointments. Will any one say, that the importance of importing a dozen British bailiffs to catch as many Irish rogues, is comparable, in any view of the question, with the consecutive appointment of two Englishmen to the chief command of the constabulary force of the entire kingdom?

What had either of these gentlemen done, to entitle them to such precedence, to such power over us, to receive so much of our money? Nothing whatever; they were total strangers amongst us; if they were known for virtue or talent, it was elsewhere;

in the midst of another and a different people. Their personal worth we do not question; their fitness to fill a similar office in their own land, we have no reason to doubt. But why were they brought here? Did they know, could they know the people, whose liberties and lives were to be placed at their disposal, so well as men born and educated among the people, intimate, without tuition, with the peculiarities of the people, and capable, without effort or affectation, of sympathizing in their tempers, their prejudices, and their dispositions? Abstract integrity, general knowledge of the world, good education, energy of character, and natural quickness of apprehension, are obviously most useful and valuable qualities in men who are placed at the head of an armed force; and we are willing to believe that Colonel Kennedy and Colonel MacGregor, were both possessed of them. But we fearlessly contend for it, that these are not enough; that knowledge of a country, in the unteachable intricacies of its feelings, thoughts, habits, and opinions, is quite as indispensable an attribute; that without it, it is impossible for any man, however talented or well-disposed, to be so efficient a public officer as he might otherwise be, and that none but a native, or one very long resident in a country, can possess this fundamental qualification.

It is perfectly childish to say in answer to all this—do we not live in a united empire, and are we not one people? The man who says this for argument's sake, or for the sake of maintaining the dogma of his party, cannot cheat himself for one moment into believing what he says. He knows it is not true, in any sense of the phrase, that the people of England and Ireland are one, or are even similar. They differ in blood, they differ in faith, they differ in temperament, they differ in opinions, they differ in every social habit, notion, sentiment, and tradition which it is possible to conceive any two nations differing in. The popular ideas are not only unlike, but they are wholly irreconcilable. The popular idea of property in Ireland is partition among children; the popular idea of property in England is primogeniture. The popular idea of existence in Ireland is to enjoy what one has; the popular idea of English life is to accumulate a fortune. The structure of society there rests upon three popular and all-pervading elements—the aristocracy, the church, and the mercantile classes; and against the will of

these when combined, no power in England has ever been able to stand. The aristocracy with us, on the contrary, are daily becoming more alien in their habits, and less influential as a class; the church is maintained by absolute force; and the commercial classes have nearly ceased to exist, save in two or three of the larger towns. But it were interminable to trace the broad, and we believe indelible, distinctions and repugnances, which society in the two kingdoms presents, to the most superficial view; and we own that we regard the man, who talks of the two nations as one, as one with whom it were useless to urge any argument of any sort.

All that we have said regarding the necessity of local and native experience, in persons intrusted with the command of the "civil army in green," applies with equal cogency to the appointment of men to discharge the judicial functions. We really can imagine nothing more monstrous and shameful than the notion of men, who, whether they be whigs or tories, on all occasions profess to lay much stress upon the fit choice of men to exercise the duties of the magistracy, flinging into the hands of a practitioner in Westminster Hall, the selection of those who are in Ireland to fill the office of justices of the peace. How is it possible that an English chancellor can know who are fit, or who are not fit, to fill that most important situation amongst our people? You affect to say, that the keeper of the Great Seal is constitutionally responsible for the wise or unwise selection that is made. Do you pretend that any man can be responsible for the consequences of his stumbling, if you insist upon his playing a solemn game of blindman's buff? An English lawyer, who has made himself notorious for drawing equity pleadings, in his dim chambers in Lincoln's Inn, or for making expert arguments in Westminster Hall, is thrown over the channel, upon the change of administration; and by the time he recovers sufficient consciousness, accurately to know where he is, the administration go out, and he goes off into his own country for the residue of his days. But what knowledge of the country or the people brought he with him? or be he ever so inquisitive and apt to learn, (what, by the way, is not very easy to be learned at any time,) what real or practical acquaintance with the state of the country can he make, in the intervals of his forensic duties? Be it ever borne in mind that the Chancellor is a political

officer, that he is a member of the Privy Council, that his opinion on an infinite variety of public acts of the executive is always taken, that in the absence of the Chief Governor he is invariably one of the Lords Justices. In the name of common sense, how can a man necessarily ignorant as night, of every thing which it is essential to the governors of a country to know, discharge the functions of a governor otherwise than by guess work, or upon chance? Sir Anthony Harte was made Chancellor of Ireland by the Duke of Wellington, and it is said, that when asked why he had chosen such a man, the illustrious Premier thought fit to reply,—because he was the only man at the English bar, whom he was aware of, that had neither religion or politics, and therefore he was fit for Ireland. We vouch not for the flippancy, nor do we wish to question the many excellent qualities which distinguished Sir A. Harte as a judge. But we ask what grosser mockery of a nation's rights and wants and interests, can perverse ingenuity conceive, than the selection of man of whom such could pointedly be told?

There is another office of the same kind, which we cannot forget to advert to, although we do so with reluctance; we allude to the Under-Secretaryship. The Lord Lieutenantcy and the Chief Secretaryship stand in a different category. They are both in fact, if not in name, Cabinet officers; and the formation of a Cabinet, no matter what its principles may be, is so essentially dependant upon family and parliamentary connections among the English aristocracy, that it were vain to hope, as matters are likely long to stand in England, that these high offices should be disposed of otherwise than they are. But the Under-Secretaryship is a situation essentially dissimilar from these. It is one of too much labour in proportion to the profit attached to it, to be looked upon as a sinecure. The aristocracy like places, but not hard working places. They are open-mouthed for any thing that may be going; but they greatly prefer a permanent resting and feeding place, to an uncertain and precarious one. Thus it has usually happened that the Under-Secretaryship of Ireland, has been given to some man of moderate fortune, who was content to devote, for a liberal recompense and for an undefined, because undefineable period, his time and abilities to the duties of an office, where in fact the real business of the government is carried on. We are

thoroughly convinced that it is *the* most important situation in the Irish government. The Lord Lieutenant may do much, but he need do little or nothing. The Chief Secretary is presumed to know all that is going on; but in reality he cannot know one half of it. But the Under-Secretary is the man on whom all depends. They are the hands which at different speed revolve round the dial of the State, and point the hour; but upon the unseen machinery all their power of usefulness depends, and the main spring of that machinery is the Under-Secretaryship of State.

This was felt in Sir W. Gossett's time, and had he remained under the Marquis of Normanby, instead of making way for some such a man as the lamented Thomas Drummond, we should have witnessed a very different termination to that nobleman's career. The good would have been poisoned so near the source, that men would have failed to discriminate between the bitterness of the stream and the purity of the fountain. If Sir William Gossett had remained here after 1835, we might have had a more lenient administration, but we never should have known Lord Normanby. Mr. Drummond, we freely own, was a man to make us waver, if any illustrious exception could make us waver, in the adherence to a fixed rule. But before the nomination of his successor, we expressed our conviction, "that his successor ought to be an Irishman," and so we say again.

Against Mr. MacDonald we are not going to articulate one word. We believe that his intentions are upright and sound, and being appointed, we shall not leave it in the power of any enemy of our country or our principles, to say, you helped to deprive this man of the power and influence, by having which alone he could do good. No, no; we will not play the game of the foe, because we cannot have the camp marshalled as we wish. While Mr. MacDonald treads in the footsteps of his predecessor, we shall heartily and disinterestedly acknowledge his merit, and applaud him. But no fine spun delicacy towards him will suffer us to lower our own standard, whereon is written, "Irishmen for Irish offices." And when in due time he may be promoted to a still higher station, we shall, no matter how well we may have to speak of him and his fidelity to the momentous trust reposed in him, again and always say, the Under-Secretary for Ireland ought to be an Irishman.

The offices to which we have hitherto

been adverting, are distinguishable, however, from those we must now consider, by being what are termed political.

The value of such a distinction we, of course, altogether deny. The pretence that Irishmen cannot be entrusted safely with political affairs in their own country, is one which we shall never stoop to argue against. No man, in our opinion, ought to argue with one, who says—Prove to me that you ought to love your mother, that you ought to sit by her sick bed, that you ought to defend her if insulted or assailed, that you ought not to delegate the duty of doing so, to any one under heaven. The man who asks proof of this, would let his mother starve—away with such men and their blasphemy: it is not good to listen to them.

But many who would shrink from going such a length, reconcile their consciences by repeating, parrot like, what they hear their English rulers say; and one of the wise saws they thus take up, is this—that Englishmen in Irish political affairs are, at all events, impartial. We could state some curious facts in disproof of this cant, were it our humour just now to do so. Greater partisans we have never known, worse and more insolent factionists we have never encountered, than certain of these patent impartiality models, that are sent over here from England. We have had an eye upon some of these gentry for now a good while; we know their ill-concealed contempt and hatred of the land, upon whose misappropriated revenues they are battenning; and we plainly warn them, if they desire to have peace and quiet in the stations where they have been placed, to the exclusion of those unto whom they rightfully belong, they had better modify their language and demeanour within, at least, the bounds of a decent hypocrisy.

As for impartiality and freedom from impure motives, Ireland can furnish quite as many public functionaries whose characters defy the breath of imputation as England can; but were it directly the reverse, to what should it justly be attributed, if not to that system of exclusion which, in one form or other, has been so long carried on, in the disposal of all distinguished trusts. Under the ancient regime, when the mass of the population were banned, either on account of their political or religious belief, Irishmen were seldom appointed to exalted stations in Ireland, because there was but a limited section to choose from. Since eman-

cipation, and the ascendancy of reform principles in England, the old excuse could not be made available, and since then the exclusion has become, if possible, more decisive and more offensive, under the sham plea of centralization. The literal meaning of centralization is, that London being the capital of the dominant, or at least the domineering country, and attracting to itself, as to a focus, all the unplaced and importunate ambition of England, thence we are to look for our governors of every degree. But the result of the old system and of the new is, in this respect, the same. We are made ineligible in our own land. We are degraded and striven to be kept down by the system. An Irishman is told in plain terms, that if he would rise to eminence, he must sever himself from the country of his birth, from the associations of his youth, from the sympathy in the wrongs and the aspiration of aiding in restoring the rights of his race; or, if he "*will* remain anchored here," that he must be content to live an ineffectual, and die a subordinate.

But the scheme against us, is not limited to the technically political offices; every department is denationalized in like manner. The revenue of Ireland is a separate one: its proceeds are applied to pay all the expenses of the civil and military establishment, and the interest of our *disproportion* of the public debt, and there being a large surplus over all these, the balance is handed over to save poor England the expense of fine buildings in poor London. One would imagine all this were enough for us to see taken from us year after year, without the pretence of compensation. But the spirit of monopoly that trepanned us into a dishonest bargain at the union, and then, confessedly upon the ground that that bargain was no longer maintainable without public bankruptcy, forced us by the mute dint of numbers into an unjust and overreaching contract, called a consolidation of the exchequers, unsatisfied and insatiable, refuses even to take of poverty at our own hands, but insists that we should pay its employes for levying it.

The heads of the Treasury and of the Post-office, are both Englishmen; and in these departments, as well as in every branch of the excise and customs, continual opportunities are sought, for putting over the heads of old and faithful servants, some flippant importation from the offices on the other side of the channel.

Then there is the Poor Law Office. Under the peculiar circumstances attendant on the adoption of the English Poor Law for Ireland, we are willing to admit that there was some excuse for sending Mr. Nicholls to conduct the initiatory arrangements; nay, we will admit for argument's sake, that for the same temporary purpose, and until Irishmen could be made practically conversant with a system to which they were necessarily strangers, there was some reason for sending over two or three English Assistant Commissioners. But the symptoms of the same spirit that we have shown to pervade all other departments, is already more than doubtfully displayed in this. Five of the Assistant Commissioners, who are now understood to be permanent appointments, are Englishmen; while many of the subordinate situations are filled by young gentlemen, who probably know as much of Ireland as they do of Crim Tartary. We say this not to disparage them; we presume that they are all men of industry, character, and intelligence; being here for no fault of theirs, we should treat them hospitably and well; but whenever their places are to be filled up again, we claim that they should be filled by Irishmen. It is our right; it is no favour that we ask; it is mere justice.

The head of the Board of Works is an Englishman, appointed during Lord Stanley's government. The architect of the board is likewise an Englishman, appointed within the same period. Of course there was not a man out of eight millions and a half of Irish people, fit to discharge the momentous duties of a commissioner of roads and bridges—for we regret to say, there is very little else that the niggardly grant for public works in Ireland, has left him to do. As for the architectural portion of the concern, we seriously confess we do not believe that there could be found any man of Irish birth and blood, capable of conceiving, much less of actually executing, those contrivances in granite that decorate one side of Marlborough-street. They required genius quite of a different description from that which designed the Post-office, or the Exchange, or the Church of the Conception, which latter stands by way of contrast just opposite to them; and we own, had it not been for the operation of the anti-Irish system of appointments, Ireland might have remained unto this day without a single specimen of the pound-

of-soap order of architecture. But not even the possession of these beautiful edifices can reconcile our minds to the system.

One of the strongest evidences of the distrustful apprehension, that has latterly begun to take hold of the public mind upon the subject, and of the fear that still more unwarrantable acts of spoliation are possible, if not likely to be attempted, was displayed in the indignation and hostility so loudly expressed about a fortnight ago, when a rumour was prevalent, that one of the judges of the contemplated Court of Registry Appeals, was to be an English barrister. We have every reason to believe that no such nomination will be in fact attempted; and that the rumour arose from an expression, perhaps inaccurately reported, of the Solicitor General in introducing the bill, and which may have been intended to signify nothing more, than a willingness to allow the point to be argued by English members of the House of Commons, if they were infatuated enough to persist in urging a course so fatal to all confidence and friendly feeling between the two countries. But out of evil cometh good. The report, however groundless, has had its use. It startled many men, who have hitherto been most courteously acquiescent in all measures emanating from their English Whig allies, into a consciousness that their dreams of identification and security might be prolonged beyond what was meet, or safe, or honourable; and if such a provision had been deliberately proposed by ministers, it would assuredly have driven not a few of their most independent, and therefore valuable, supporters into openly protesting against so gross a breach of international faith. The legal tribunals of this kingdom have never as yet been invaded, save in the one respect, that of the Chanceryship. But let the precedent be once established, that Englishmen are eligible to be promoted over the native bar, to any ordinary judgeship, no matter by what designation called, and the next step will be to overthrow the entire independent jurisdictions of the country.

There is one point further on which we have a word to say. It is pretended that Irishmen are promoted in England, as a compensation for those Englishmen that are promoted here. If this were true, it would not weigh with us one feather in the scale. The countries are in no one political item on a level. England is not

poor, England is not trampled on by an insolent and alien aristocracy, England is the seat of government, England has five to one representatives in one house of parliament, and seven to one in the other over us; England cannot be injured by seeing a few strangers elevated to stations of importance—Ireland may and must be susceptible in a far different degree.

But it is ludicrously false that there is anything resembling an equivalent ever thus given. The hatred of Ireland and of her people, is too strong to permit any government to attempt such a scheme of reciprocity. The present ministry have gone further—immeasurably further than any previous ministry ever did in this respect, and they have lost avowedly and notoriously a considerable portion of their English influence by doing so. Yet what is the extent of the favours so conferred? The Secretary to the Admiralty is an Irishman, it is true; but the Lords of the Admiralty are every one of them Englishmen; of the Lords of the Treasury, one only is an Irishman; of twelve Cabinet Ministers, one only is an Irishman, and he would never have been there, but for his close connection with certain exalted English families.

But take the instance of two men, without aristocratic pretension, and respectively possessing no other claim than that of political ability and character. Among the English whigs of the class we have described, by much the most successful debater is Mr. Macauley; among the Irish members, the most successful man in the House of Commons, is Mr. Sheil—for we cannot think or speak of O'Connell in the same breath with men of the stamp in question. Well, they belong to the same party; they are severally deemed entitled to official advancement; and what happens? The one having been already well paid by an Indian judgeship, for all the services he ever did (or ever will do) his party, is made a Cabinet Minister; the other, being only an Irishman, is made Vice-President of the Board of Trade, where he can be of no more use to his country, and whence he can no more reflect lustre upon his native land, than if he had been sent to the West Indies. Such is the difference, and it is in spirit and effect truly immeasurable, between the fair reward of English talent, and the unfair defrauding of Irish talent of its corresponding recompense.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.\*

### SECOND ARTICLE.

THE accession of the Whigs to power in 1806, affords a convenient resting place, and forms an important epoch in the life of Romilly. The barriers which his own delicacy of feeling had interposed between him and his entrance into parliament were removed, and he entered the House of Commons as the Solicitor General of that administration, which was formed by the junction of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville. Some of our readers may, perhaps, think that we have dwelt too long upon the early part of his history—dilated too much upon those portions of his life, which are comparatively unconnected with the politics of the present day, and have little apparent bearing upon the party struggles of our own time. But independently of their importance, in explaining his opinions and illustrating his character, the nature and magnitude of the events themselves are a sufficient apology, if, indeed, any be needed. There is a pleasure in reading

the unaffected and faithfully recorded opinions of those, who have lived when great events, of which the influence will be felt even to "the last syllable of recorded time," were in progress. There is a natural anxiety to ascertain what were the impressions, which those events made on the minds of men, who were then living spectators of, and partakers in what we, alas, can but read of. We wish to ascertain whether the interruption in the continuity of events, the gap in the great chain of causation which is so perceptible to our retrospective glance, was equally distinct to them; whether the magnitude and importance of what was passing before their eyes, were distinctly contemplated by them; whether their judgment coincides with that of us, their successors. In most, if not in all cases, it is true we are disappointed. The long train of consequences which the event draws after it, are not, and cannot be visible above the

\* *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly*, edited by his Sons. 3 Vols., 8vo. London, 1841.



field of view, to which the eyes of the spectators are necessarily confined. The numerous unimportant circumstances with which the principal event is accompanied, and by which it is connected with those that immediately precede, as well as with those that immediately follow—the thousand petty details which link the to-day with the yesterday as well as the morrow, diminish the abruptness, or disguise the importance, of the change that has just occurred. The shadows of coming events have sometimes warned the thoughtful of their approach, and impressed them with an anticipated sense of their greatness; and those, who from the vantage ground of futurity can contemplate their sign and bearing, possess, in comparison, a test which is wanting to the persons who were in actual contact with them. There are objects so mighty, that in order to estimate their magnitude, you must recede some distance from them. It is only in the morning and evening that you have the advantage of the shadow. You look for it in vain in the glare and heat of the actual noon-day sun.

The want of a competent person to fill the office and perform the duties of Chancellor, seems, in 1806, as well as in 1830, to have occasioned serious embarrassment to the Whigs; and stranger to say, they seem never to have thought of offering it to Romilly, the man, who, by professional as well as general ability, was pre-eminently qualified for it. After having been successively offered to, and refused by the two Chief Justices, Ellenborough and Sir James Mansfield, the great seal was transferred to Lord Erskine, whose inexperience in the business of the court over which it was his duty to preside, was a source of wretchedness to himself, and of weakness to his party, during their short stay in office. In addition to ignorance of the extensive and complicated system of jurisprudence, which it was his duty as Lord Chancellor to regulate and administer, Erskine seems to have exhibited great want of discretion in displaying his ignorance, and lamentable weakness in the distribution of the patronage of his office. His unaffected explanation to Romilly, of the difficulty in which he felt himself placed, by his unacquaintance with equity jurisprudence, however badly it augured for the suitors in his court, is creditable to his candour, and so characteristic, that we insert the account of it from Romilly's Parliamentary Diary, with Romilly's opinion of him:

"Although the new administration has been formed, in general, of the public men of the highest character and the greatest talents of any in the country, there are some few appointments which have been received by the public with much dissatisfaction, and none with more than Erskine, to be Lord Chancellor.—The truth undoubtedly is, that he is totally unfit for the situation. His practise has never led him into Courts of Equity, and the doctrines which prevail in them, are, to him, almost like the laws of a foreign country. It is true that he has a great deal of quickness, and is capable of much application; but at his time of life, with the continual occupations which the duties of his office will give him, and the immense arrear of business left him by his Tory and doubting predecessor, it is quite impossible that he should find the means of making himself master of that extensive and complicated system of law, which he will have to administer. He acts indeed, very ingeniously upon the subject, he feels his unfitness, and seems almost overcome with the idea of the difficulties which he foresees that he will have to encounter. He called on me a few days ago, and told me that he should stand in great need of my assistance, that I must tell him what to read, and how best to fit himself for his situation. 'You must,' these were the very words he used to me, 'you must make me a Chancellor now, that I may afterwards make you one.'"

The appointment of Erskine, however unfortunate, in consequence of his incapacity for the judicial duties of his office, involved no breach of constitutional principle, such as was occasioned by the nomination of Lord Ellenborough as a cabinet minister—a remarkable instance of the tendency of the Whigs to build up walls to knock their heads against—which is defended by Romilly upon grounds and written arguments, more suited to his employment as an equity pleader, than to his reputation as an enlightened statesman or a constitutional lawyer. The Tories did not fail to avail themselves of this blunder on the part of their opponents, and Lord Castlereagh led the grand attack in the House of Commons, which, coming from any other quarter not so open to the "tu quoque" argument, in cases of infringements upon the constitution, would have been difficult to be repelled.

All such trifling errors, however, were amply atoned for by the passing of the act for the abolition of the slave trade, which, after a lapse of twenty years, from the first agitation of the subject, was finally carried on the 16th of May, 1806, in defiance of the persevering resistance of the Tories, aided on this occasion by the secret hostility of the king, whose sons, in the House

of Lords, without a single exception, voted against it. It is a melancholy reflection for those who are interested in the progress of improvement, that notwithstanding the support of a powerful party, and the zealous exertions of disinterested and eloquent men upon the subject, it should have taken so long a period of time before the obstacles, which the guilty interests of some, and the disgusting prejudices of others, threw in the way of a measure, the justice and humanity of which could not seriously be questioned, were finally overcome; and the fact that a longer period should intervene, before the crowning conclusion was put to the work, then begun by the abolition of slavery—before the same party, whose glory it is that they protected the African from the piracy of his white kidnappers, could rescue the West Indian negro from the lash of his tyrannical master. In those dreary intervals, how much of crime on one side, and suffering on the other, has been occasioned and inflicted by the obstinate resistance to inevitable reforms. How many a captured African has perished miserably in all the horrors of a slave ship. How many a negro bondsman, whose soul yearned for a glimpse of the far distant, yet long sought, promised land of freedom, has died of hope deferred—of sickness of the soul—of weariness and of wandering with worn feet and parched lips, through the dreary waste of slavery.

The scandal respecting the Princess of Wales, whose misfortunes have effaced the memory of her errors, was considered of sufficient importance to attract the attention and occupy the time of the cabinet, then composed of the friends of her husband. The lady, of course, threw herself into the arms of the opposition, who gladly adopted her as a useful ally; and the domestic dissensions and grievances of a married couple were magnified into matters of national concern. A more permanent effect upon the fortunes of political parties and their destinies, was, however, produced by a cause, at the time, of incomparably less moment. A dispute had arisen, respecting the right to the guardianship and custody of the infant daughter of Lord Hugh Seymour, who had been left by her parents, at an early age, in the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife or mistress of the Prince of Wales. The infant had excited the fancy or gained the affection of the prince, then domesticated with Mrs. Fitzherbert; and the attempt made by the

brothers of the deceased Lord Hugh, to remove the child from Mrs. Fitzherbert's care, was strenuously resisted by the prince. Romilly was retained as his counsel, to sustain the claim of Mrs. Fitzherbert before the Chancellor, who, however, decided against the wishes of the heir apparent. The matter was brought by appeal before the lords, amongst whom the prince's anxiety respecting the result, induced him, in defiance of the remonstrances of Romilly, to institute a canvass for votes, upon a matter to come before them judicially. Whether influenced by the arguments of Romilly, or by the entreaties of the heir apparent, the decision of the lords was conformable to the wishes of the prince; and Mrs. Fitzherbert's possession of the child was secured, by the appointment of Lord and Lady Hertford as guardians of the infant. But this success soon after produced bitter fruits, not only to Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, but for the party with whom she was in alliance. The intimacy which was superinduced between the prince and Lady Hertford, the nominal guardian of his protégée, ended in that lady's supplanting her friend, Mrs. Fitzherbert, in his favour; and her influence was successfully employed in effecting a reconciliation between him and the Tories, whose more courtly doctrines would naturally have recommended them to his favour, were it not that they had been the chosen ministers of his father. The effects of this influence of Lady Hertford became visible, when the kingly power was placed in the hands of the prince, as unrestricted Regent, in 1812; and thus, notwithstanding the boasts of a free constitution, and the force of public opinion in England, the destinies of the empire were altered, or, at least, materially influenced, by an unexpected change in the office of the prince's mistress.

Before, however, this (for them) salutary change had been effected in the Prince's inclinations, the Tories, with the double design of annoying him and conciliating the favour of the old King, zealously espoused the cause of his wife, whom they represented as a much injured, and what is more doubtful, an innocent woman. The parliamentary majority, however, and the weight of influence and talent, were on the side of their opponents, who, notwithstanding the death of Fox, on the 13th of September, 1806, seemed firmly seated in office, when an unexpected difficulty arose, which drove them

from power, and doomed them to a quarter of a century of unavailing, and almost hopeless opposition. Among the measures which they proposed introducing, was one to enable the crown to employ Roman Catholics in the military and naval service, without imposing upon them offensive oaths, or subjecting them to tests inconsistent with their religious belief. Obvious as was the policy of such a measure, at such a time, when the nation was at "hard grips" with Bonaparte, the stupid bigotry of George the Third took fright at even so trifling a relaxation of the penal code; his objections were heightened by insidious communications from the leaders of the Tories, who encouraged his resistance and promised him support. The ministers were required to sign a minute in council, pledging themselves never again to advise the King upon this disagreeable subject; and when they refused to comply with this disgraceful as well as unconstitutional condition, their dismissal was agreed upon. The Chancellor (Erskine) made a desperate effort to avert their dismissal, by an earnest appeal to the King, which was listened to, but not heeded; and, notwithstanding that they commanded an undoubted parliamentary majority, possessed the confidence of the country, and had failed in no important measure, they were dismissed from office for the crime of attempting to give the country, in the time of its greatest need, the benefit of the services of all classes of the community, in resisting the common enemy. Then followed, on the part of the ministry which succeeded them, one of those attempts to rouse the fanatical hatred of the English people against the unfortunate Catholics, whom the bill of 1806 sought to relieve from a small portion of their still remaining disabilities. To the lasting injury of the British empire, and the deep disgrace of the British name, such attempts have been too successful, even down to our own times. But what stamps a peculiar degree of infamy upon the no-Popery cry of 1807, is, that the men who were loudest and most vehement in their efforts to raise it, proposed themselves to be the strenuous advocates of a much larger measure of concession, than that which they so calumniously denounced. That Eldon and Perceval, and the other veterans in the cause of bigotry, should have stimulated the fierce passions of the people upon the subject, was, however lamentable, still, at least, consistent; but, that such men as Canning and

Castlereagh, with professions of liberality still warm upon their lips, with their denunciations of the impolicy of withholding concession, still ringing in the ears of the public, should have concurred in rousing the rancour of the English public, and joined in a senseless cry, which they must have known to be unfounded, and believed to be mischievous, is a degree of political profligacy which has rarely, if ever, been equalled or surpassed. To persecute for differences of religious belief, is detestable enough; but when the palliation of enthusiastic belief is wanting, when the guilt of hypocrisy is added to the crime of persecution, and the persecutor is himself indifferent to what he punishes so severely, we want words in which adequately to convey our mingled disgust and detestation. Upon the occasion in question, however, the disgraceful attempt was but too successful. The friends of the ejected ministers endeavoured to restore them to office, by a vote of the House of Commons; but the result proved, that with their power, their influence over that assembly had passed away. The obstinacy of the King, and the threat of a dissolution, with the fierce no-Popery cry ringing in their ears, were too strong for the political fidelity of the adherents of the late administration, and the motion was lost by a majority of 82—

"The debate was a very extraordinary one. Perceval declared that the king had no advisers in the measure; that this proceeding was in truth to arraign the conduct of the king personally; and to call upon him, as he said, to answer personally at the Bar of the House. Canning, after the most fulsome adulation of the king, said that he had made up his mind, when the Catholic Bill was first mentioned, to vote for it if the king was for it, and against it if the king was against. Every art was used to interest persons for the king. His age was perpetually mentioned, his pious scruples, his regard for his Coronation oath, which some members did not scruple to say would have been violated, if the Bill had passed. Canning endeavoured to allure men to his party, by very gross expedients. He talked about the king's remarkably good health and promise of long life, and the uncommon force and soundness of his understanding. He said very distinctly, that if the question were lost, the Ministers would not go out, but that they should appeal to the people; he meant undoubtedly that they should dissolve the Parliament."

If any members were induced to vote for the Ministry, by the hopes of thereby prolonging their own parliamentary existence, they were grossly disappointed;

for least the nation should have time to recover from the fever fit of religious frenzy, into which it was thrown by the disgusting artifices of the ministers, Parliament was dissolved on the 27th of April, 1807, and even the speech from the throne was made use of, in order to keep up the excitement—

“The Lords Commissioners’ speech, does not affect to disguise how necessary it was, not to lose a moment, in order to obtain the benefit of the unfounded clamour which the ministers have industriously raised. ‘His Majesty,’ they say, ‘is anxious to recur to the sense of his people, while the events which have recently occurred are yet fresh in their recollection;’ and afterwards they say, ‘His Majesty trusts that the divisions naturally and unavoidably excited, by the late unfortunate and uncalled for agitation of a question so interesting to the feelings and opinions of his people, will speedily pass away.’ Alluding to the supposed restraint imposed on the king by his Coronation Oath, they say, ‘His Majesty feels that in resorting to this measure, he affords his people the best opportunity of testifying their determination to support him in every exercise of the Prerogatives of his Crown, which is conformable to the sacred obligations under which they are held, and conducive to the welfare of his kingdom and to the security of the Constitution.’ A part of this speech, which cannot but excite disgust in the mind of every man, is that in which it is said, ‘His Majesty has directed us most earnestly to recommend to you, that you should cultivate by every means in your power, a spirit of union, harmony, and good will amongst all classes and descriptions of his people:’ what detestable hypocrisy!”

The ministers, however, did not trust entirely for their parliamentary majority to the effects, however certain, of the no-Popery cry; means were taken to render that majority independent of any such transitory emotion of the public mind. Money, how obtained does not appear, was lavishly expended in the purchase of seats, to be filled by devoted adherents of the administration; and as the passage from Romilly’s Diary, in which this is described, is valuable as an authentic record of a state of things now passed away, we shall take the liberty of extracting it—

“I shall procure myself a seat in the new Parliament, unless I find that it will cost so large a sum of money, as in the state of my family it would be very imprudent for me to devote to such an object, which I find is very likely to be the case. Tierney, who manages this business for the friends of the late administration, assures me that he can hear of no seats to be disposed of. After a Parliament which has lived little more than four months, one

would naturally suppose that those seats, which are regularly sold by the proprietors of them, would be very cheap; they are, however, in fact sold now at a higher price than was ever given for them before. Tierney tells me that he has offered £10,000 for the two seats of Westbury, the property of the late lord Abingdon, and which are to be made the most of by trustees for his creditors, and has met with a refusal. £6,000 and £5,500 have been given for seats, with no stipulation as to time, or against the event of a speedy dissolution by the king’s death, or by any change of administration. The truth is, that the new ministers have bought up all the seats that were to be disposed of, at any prices. Amongst others Sir C— H—, the great dealer in Boroughs, has sold all he had to ministers. With what money all this is done I know not; but it is supposed that the king, who had greatly at heart to preserve this new administration, the favourite objects of his choice, has advanced a very large sum out of his privy purse.

“This buying of seats is detestable, and yet it is almost the only way in which one in my situation, who is resolved to be an independent man, can get into Parliament. To come in by a popular election in the present state of the representation, is quite impossible; to be placed there by some great Lord, and to vote as he shall direct, is to be in a state of complete dependence; and nothing hardly remains but to owe a seat to the sacrifice of a part of one’s fortune. It is true that many men who buy seats, do it as a matter of pecuniary speculation, as a profitable mode of employing their money; they carry on a political trade; they buy their seats and sell their votes. For myself, I can truly say, that by giving money for a seat, I shall make a sacrifice of my private property, merely that I may be enabled to serve the public. I know what danger there is of men’s disguising from themselves the real motives of their actions; but it really does appear to me that it is from this motive alone that I act.”

Romilly, however, succeeded in procuring a seat for Horsham, of rather uncertain tenure, upon comparatively moderate terms; the purchase money, in case the question upon which the right of election depended, should be decided in his favour by the Committee of the House, was to be £2000; and if the decision was adverse, he was not to be at any expense.

The conjoined effect of the no-Popery cry, and of the purchase of seats, was soon perceived when Parliament met. Lord Howick’s amendment to the Address, censuring the late dissolution of Parliament, was defeated in the Commons by a majority of 350 to 155, and the Tories were secured during the continuance of the king’s reign. The consequences to Ireland were such as might be expected

from the accession of such a ministry, supported by the obstinate prejudices of the king, and the rabid yell of the bigoted multitude in England. The course of legislation, so frequently adopted with regard to this country, as amply to justify the expression of one of our orators, that you may trace Ireland through the Imperial Statutes, like a wounded snake by her blood, was followed undeviatingly. Upon this occasion an Irish Insurrection Bill, and an Irish Arms' Bill, were introduced by the then Irish Secretary, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and upon this occasion as upon some subsequent ones, the mode of passing those Bills was as disgusting, as the measures themselves were tyrannical and unjust. It happened, unfortunately, upon this occasion, that a similar measure to that introduced by Sir Arthur Wellesley, had been contemplated by the late ministers, yielding to the dread of unpopularity in England: they were consequently debarred from objecting, when out of office, to what they had themselves affected to consider necessary when in—

“The Irish Insurrection Bill was read a third time, and passed. A long debate on the Bill for Enlisting the Army from the Militia had preceded it: and it was not till *past three o'clock in the morning*, that this important measure of the Irish bill, was entered on. Several amendments were moved, on receiving the report, and amongst others, one to limit the duration of the bill to one year; but they were all rejected; consequently, the bill stands as it went through the committee: and is to continue in force for two years, and to the end of the then next session of Parliament. It was *five o'clock in the morning*, before the question upon the third reading was put, on which question alone, could the justice and policy of the measure be discussed; for, on the second reading, an understanding had prevailed on all sides, that the bill should go into a committee, that it might be seen how far it could be altered or mitigated, before its merits were debated. The debate which now took place was such as might have been expected at such an hour, when every body was tired and exhausted, and it lasted but a short time. Mr. Grattan spoke for the bill. He had voted for the shorter period of its duration, and for all the mitigations which had been proposed; but yet, he said, that such as the bill was, he thought it a necessary measure, and he said, that to his knowledge, there was a French party in Ireland. His arguments, or rather assertions, or to speak still more accurately, his authority had great weight, and determined many who came to the House intending to vote against the bill, to go away without dividing. Amongst these were Lord Milton, Ward (Lord Dudley's son), Ponsonby (the nephew of the late Irish Chancellor) and Dillon.

For myself, the measure appeared to me so impolitic, so unjust, and likely to produce so much mischief, that I determined if any person divided the House, to vote against it. Sheridan did divide it, on the question that the bill do pass, and I found myself in a minority of 10, including the tellers, against 108. The ten were, Sheridan, Lord William Russell, Daly, Colonel Talbot, Pigott, Henry Martin, Abercromby, Sharp, P. Moore, and myself. I did not speak upon the bill; that it would pass, whatever might be said against it, I could not doubt, and I therefore thought that to state my objections to it could have no other effect, than to increase the mischief which I wished to prevent. What triumphant arguments will not this bill, and that which is depending in the House for preventing the people having arms, furnish the disaffected with in Ireland! What laws more tyrannical could they have to dread, if the French yoke were imposed upon them? What worse could they endure than to be exposed to domiciliary visits, to have their houses broken open in the dead of the night, and to see insolent superintendents forcing their way into every bed chamber, to see that none of the family are from home; and to have those, who at such a season shall be absent, without being able to produce witnesses to prove that it was on some lawful occasion, subjected to transportation, as felons, to New South Wales? Can it be expected that men will be so blindly attached to a bondage thus cruel and degrading, as willingly to shed their blood in defence of it.

“To adopt such a measure at a moment like the present, appears to me to be little short of madness. Unfortunately the measure had been in the contemplation of the late ministry. They had left a draft of the bill in the Secretary of State's office; and they were now ashamed of what some of them had themselves thought of proposing. The Attorney and Solicitor General of Ireland had approved of the bill; but Pigott and myself had never heard that such a measure was in agitation, till it was brought into the House by the present ministers.”

And thus, with the approbation of one party and the assent of the other, without argument or discussion, at the hour when the sweepings of the government offices are hustled through the House, a bill suspending the constitution in Ireland, abolishing the trial by jury, and creating new officers, as well as new modes of trial, was passed through the House with less consideration, than would be bestowed upon a measure for inclosing the commons in the pettiest parish in England.

We do not seek to disguise the errors, or magnify the virtues of the Whig party in their policy towards this country—but it is only justice when outrages upon Irish liberty, such as that contemplated by them in 1806, rise to our recollection, to bear in

mind at the same time, that upon the few occasions on which, in modern times, they have succeeded in ascending the heights of office, they have inherited the consequences of their predecessors' policy, and reaped the abundant harvest of discontent which the others had sown. If, startled at the hoarse sounds in which the popular grievances find a vent, and pressed on by the English people, studiously excited by their opponents, they have sometimes adopted the worst expedients of their foes, they are not on that account to be placed in the same category, as the unmitigated oppressors whom they have displaced. The best refutation of the insidious and hypocritical pretences of moderation, put forward by the Tories at the present day, is to be found in the history of their past government of this country, a government conducted by the same party, almost by the very same men, who now, under the name of Conservatives, and with professions of impartiality, seek to soothe the prejudices of the Irish people against them, and thereby remove the great obstacle which separates them from office. That history furnishes, at the same time, an explanation and a justification of the strong hatred to their domination, entertained by the people of this country, and affords what would otherwise be wanting, a justification of their opponents. Placed alongside the lengthened bead-roll of Tory sins, the calendar of Whig offences, either of commission or of omission, seems trifling in comparison. From the Union down to November, 1830, with the short interval of the Fox and Grenville administration in 1806, and the equivocal interruption of the Canning and Goderich ministries in 1827, the Tories were continually and uninterruptedly in power; and during that period the Insurrection Act was in force from 1800 to 1802; Martial Law from 1803 to 1805; the Insurrection Act again from 1807 to 1810, from 1814 to 1818, and from 1822 to 1824. In addition to these tolerably stringent measures of coercion, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended until 1802, again from 1803 to 1806, and once again in 1822. There was besides the Arms' Act, allowing domiciliary visits, and prohibiting the use of arms, in force from 1807; and all this it should be remembered, was in addition to, and in aid of a criminal code of unparalleled severity, containing a whole series of sanguinary statutes peculiar to Ireland, and which are known by the name of the Whiteboy Acts. And

during this long reign of terror, under the undisputed sway of a government, thus self-convicted of oppression, by the alleged necessity of coercion, what beneficial measures have we as a set-off against these Arms' Acts, and Insurrection Acts? What permanent improvements to compensate for these temporary breaches of the constitution? What attempts to remove the grounds of discontent, thus conclusively admitted to exist? Ample opportunities there were for investigating, ample time for preparing, ample power for enacting remedial measures, had such been in their contemplation; and yet we seek in vain through the statute-book for traces of their existence. In vain do we look for any efforts to remedy the admitted abuses of the Grand Jury Laws,—any attempt to abate the acknowledged nuisance of Church Rates,—any desire to alleviate the glaring injustice of the Tithe Laws; and yet all these were subsequently admitted by themselves to be evils of great magnitude, deserving and requiring a remedy, which even they could not object to. It could not have been that power was wanting, for from 1807 to 1827 their official career was undisturbed by any serious obstacles, they encountered no rude gales of Parliamentary opposition, no hidden rocks of court intrigue. Their reconciliation with the Regent in 1812, secured them the Palace and obedient majorities in Parliament. Disregarding alike reason and justice, eloquence and argument, they triumphantly sustained the favourites of the Prince. Measures of coercion, of repression were rife, but of conciliation, of concession, there is literally not one. The Insurrection Act was carried by unlistening majorities; but the Catholic Bill was rejected. Stringent provisions were enacted to prevent the people of Ireland from possessing arms; but not the slightest provision was made for supplying them with instruction. And notwithstanding all this, and much more that might be adduced respecting the practical working of their government in Ireland, these men have the hardihood to put forward claims to impartiality, and to challenge public favour upon the faith of their zeal for Administrative Reform. Such flimsy, such hypocritical pretences may suit the squire-ridden people of England; but our wrongs have been too mighty, and our memories are too tenacious to allow of our forgetting for a moment the history of the last twenty years, if even the more recent conduct of this same party while in opposi-

tion, did not furnish us with additional reasons for utterly distrusting them.

It is a gratification to find Romilly upon every occasion resisting and denouncing this fatal course of policy, and through his whole political career the strenuous opponent of every measure of coercion. But the character in which we chiefly desire to contemplate him, that by which he is honourably distinguished from the precedent as well as subsequent politicians of his profession, is that of a law reformer. Since the days of Sir Matthew Hale, no man had emerged from the ranks of the law, so well qualified by nature and education, by intellectual capacity and by professional acquirements, for the task which he had undertaken. Profound learning in the lore of his profession, extensive and sound knowledge of jurisprudence, great experience of the practical working of the law, and a deep conviction of the necessity of sweeping and systematic change, as well as sincere inclination to effect it, were all united in him. But he had fallen upon evil days. His political opinions, and his inflexible adherence to them, debarred him from attaining that station and authority, which could alone have enabled him to carry his views into effect; and we can only judge from the plans which he had sketched out for his adoption, what a loss the country sustained in consequence of his exclusion from the office of Lord Chancellor, through the bigoted obstinacy of one sovereign and the equally mischievous fickleness of another. It is only by referring to those plans, which are given in the third volume, under the title of "Letters to C," that the reader can form any estimate of the gigantic schemes of law reform, which were in the brain of Romilly, ready to be put in execution when the expected day of triumph for his party should come. That day, alas, came not in his life time; and small was the portion of those plans which he, a single, unaided member of opposition, with apathetic allies and a powerful enemy, could carry into effect by the most persevering exertions. Great, however, as were the difficulties placed in his way, by the indifference of some, and the hostility of others, those which the subject itself created were still greater. In law reform, if not elsewhere, the "bit by bit" system is quite inapplicable; the effect produced by partial alterations in a complicated and technical system is often only to increase the complexity. A provision

which, by itself, or taken in connection with corresponding improvements in other parts of the same system, would be most useful, becomes quite the reverse, when it comes to operate on the unreformed parts of the old law, which it was not in the design, or, as in Romilly's case, in the power of the reformers to effect. There is, besides, to be encountered the inveterate hostility of the officials and practitioners, to any change which renders their former knowledge useless, and forces upon them the necessity of acquiring new. Their habits of acting, and their modes of thinking are disturbed; their past labours are shorn of some of their dignity, and, perhaps, of some of their profit by these irksome alterations: they accordingly decry in theory, and endeavour to paralyse in practice, the effect of changes which they have found inconvenient to themselves. The difficulty, too, of an individual member passing through both or either house of parliament, even without any serious opposition, any measure in which no immediate interests of political parties are involved, is greater than some of our readers, unacquainted with the details of legislation, may at first imagine.

None of these difficulties, however, was sufficient to slacken the ardour, or daunt the zeal of Romilly. Shortly after his return to parliament, besides introducing a measure for improving the bankrupt law, of too unimportant a character as well as of too technical a nature to admit of our detailing it here, he brought in, when Solicitor-General, a bill to render freehold estates of persons who died indebted, by simple contract, liable to the payment of those debts. It will, doubtless, seem strange to some that such a measure was necessary; but such was the dignity, which the feudal tenures deeply imprinted on every part of our law relating to real property, that it came to the hands of the heir, or devisee, discharged of all liability, to what is called, in the language of our law, simple contract debts, as contradistinguished from debts by specialty, i.e. under seal. Grievous was the injustice which the retention of this obsolete and absurd principle, derived from a state of society long since passed away, inflicted, not only by depriving the just creditors of a landed proprietor, whose personal estate proved deficient, (as was not unfrequently the case), of any relief against that which

constituted the bulk of his property, and upon which they ignorantly relied for payment—but also in depriving legatees of the bounty which the testator intended for them, by throwing the burden of their debts exclusively upon the personal property. Yet such was the jealousy entertained by the territorial aristocracy, of which almost exclusively is composed the legislature of England, of any infringement upon the privileges of the heir, that notwithstanding its obvious justice, and the limited nature of its effects, no arguments or eloquence could prevail upon them to pass it. The bill was rejected in the House of Commons by 69 to 47; all subsequent efforts of Romilly's to procure its enactment were equally unavailing; not was it until the year 1833 that this improvement could be effected. He experienced, however, better success in the next parliament, with a bill to render the freehold estates of traders, liable to the payment of their simple contract debts. It was not thought to trench upon the peculiar domain of the aristocracy, that London aldermen should be made pay their debts: as Romilly himself says, "Country gentlemen have no objection to tradesmen being made pay their debts; and to the honour of men in trade, of whom there were a good many in the house, they too had no objection to it."

The criminal law, however, it was, to which the exertions of Romilly were chiefly devoted. The defects of that branch of our law were so glaring, the evils occasioned by them so monstrous, and the remedies so easy of adoption, that notwithstanding his greater experience in and acquaintance with the law relating to the distribution of property, he determined to apply himself to remedying, at least, some of the grossest abuses. Our criminal code combines, in a striking manner, the two faults of severity and uncertainty of punishment. It derives, like the law of real property, its origin from a rude and remote age, when the distinctions in guilt and the gradations in punishment were so little known, that offences of the most trifling nature were included with the gravest crimes, in the same class, of felony, and subjected to the same penalty of death; when the misfortune, or at worst, immorality of bankruptcy, and the guilt of murder, were looked upon as offences of equal heinousness, and deserving of equal punishment.

The catalogue of offences comprised

within the criminal jurisprudence of an age, when personal property was confined to the few rude implements of husbandry, or weapons of the chase and war; which existed either in the miserable hut of the soil-bound serf, or in the more massive, though not much better furnished, castle of the feudal lord, was necessarily insufficient for the growing improvements and growing crimes of succeeding and more commercial ages. As the offences multiplied, with the temptations which increasing wealth gave rise to, and new crimes arose, unknown to the simplicity of former ages, new enactments were passed for their suppression; but the same disproportion of the punishment to the offence, and the same disregard of human life which had characterised the common law, were found in the statutable provisions which supplied its deficiencies. Death was threatened and inflicted with the same undistinguishing ferocity, whenever offences of any particular kind became so numerous as to attract the attention of the legislature. Thus, for example, the 8th of Elizabeth, c. 4, makes it a capital offence to steal privately from the person of another; while by an act of William III., to steal privately in a shop, to the value of five shillings, is subjected to the same disproportionate punishment. The alteration effected in the relative value of money, had greatly increased the severity of this latter, and of all similar statutes by which the offence and its punishment were defined by a pecuniary standard, adopted when money was comparatively dear, and retained when it had become comparatively cheap, so that, as Romilly observes—"As all the articles of life have been gradually, for many years, becoming dearer, the life of man has, in the contemplation of the legislature, been growing cheaper and of less account."

At first these enactments were rigorously enforced, "rogues were trussed up apace;" it is stated that in the reign of Henry VIII, 70,000 persons were executed for thefts and robberies, being nearly two thousand a year, which diminished in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign to the still formidable number of 400 annually. When the feeling of humanity in the public mind revolted against this monstrous severity, and the facilities of disposing of criminals by transportation had increased, executions gradually diminished, but still no rational scale of punishment had been adopted:—the sentence of death, which



the law made it the duty of the judge to record, was inflicted or commuted as caprice or accident might dictate. The amount of punishment was decided on, after the trial, by the Secretary for the Home Department, unacquainted with the minute circumstances of the case, which might determine its relative criminality; and according to the varying humour of that minister, as alternate hot and cold fits of moderation, or of severity, affected the limner of the government, and of the public mind, executions were fewer or more frequent. A curious instance of the uncertainty of punishment, and of the injurious effects, which even a well meant attempt to remedy that uncertainty, produced, is mentioned by Romilly in the first volume :—

“ Madan had recently published his *Thoughts on Executive Justice*, a small tract, in which by a mistaken application of the maxim, “ that the certainty of punishment is more efficacious than its severity, in the prevention of crime,” he absurdly insisted on the expediency of rigidly enforcing in every instance our penal code, sanguinary and barbarous as it is ; the certainty of punishment he strongly recommended, but intimated no wish to see any part of its severity relaxed. The work was, in truth, a strong and vehement censure upon the judges and the ministers, for their mode of administering the law, and for the frequency of the pardons which they granted. It was very much read, and certainly was followed by the sacrifice of many lives,—by the useless sacrifice of them ; for though some of the judges, and the government for a time adopted his reasoning, it was but for a short time that they adopted it ; and indeed a long perseverance in such a system was impossible. Lord Ellenborough, who seems to conceive himself as bound to defend the conduct of all judges, whether living or dead, has lately in the House of Lords, in his usual way of unqualified and vehement assertion, declared that this book had not any effect whatever, upon judges or ministers. To this assertion I have only to oppose these plain facts : in the year 1783, the year before the work was published, there were executed in London only 51 malefactors ; in 1785, the year after it was published, there were executed 97 ; and it was recently after the publication of this book that was exhibited a spectacle unseen in London for a long course of years before, the execution of nearly 20 criminals at a time.”

If to the defect of the uncertainty of the amount of punishment after conviction, we add the uncertainty of conviction even after the clearest proof of guilt, in consequence either of some technical subtlety in the artificial system of written pleading, or of the interposition of some of the many

rules of guidance adopted, seemingly for the express purpose of excluding the truth,—the encouragement held out to the commission of crime must be admitted to be extensive. The criminal who is fated to undergo the last sentence of the law, may attribute his destiny to unskilfulness on the part of the counsel, ill luck on his own, cruelty or caprice on the part of the minister for the time being,—to any thing rather than to the certainty of conviction and punishment, which in a well arranged system of criminal jurisprudence, should attend crime as its shadow.

These defects in the criminal law had early attracted the observation, and occupied the attention of Romilly, and during the short interval of his absence from Parliament, between the loss of his seat for Horsham, by the adverse decision of a committee, and his return for Wareham, he occupied his leisure in considering how he might mitigate its severity. An attempt at once to repeal all the statutes which punished with death, mere thefts, unaccompanied with violence or other aggravation, seemed too extensive an improvement for the temper of Parliament. Romilly, bearing in mind the fable of the bundle of sticks, determined to adopt the more practicable course of getting rid of them one by one, beginning with the most odious; and accordingly, shortly after taking his seat for Wareham, he introduced a bill for repealing the 8 Eliz., c. 4., which makes the offence of privately stealing from the person, punishable with death.

Independently of the opposition to be expected from judges and lawyers, to any alteration of the law, there was at that time prevalent in the public mind, a spirit of dogged, unreasoning resistance to any change, however trifling or however advantageous. A striking, and at the same time, disgusting exhibition of this spirit is mentioned by Romilly :—

“ If any person be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects, which have been produced in this country by the French revolution and its attendant horrors, he should attempt some legislative reform on humane and liberal principles. He will then find not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen. I have had several opportunities of observing this. It is but a few nights ago, that while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, whose name is not worth setting down, came up to me, and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested

debauch, stammered out, 'I am against your bill; I am for hanging all.' I was confounded; and endeavouring to find out some excuse for him, I observed, that he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crimes, the laws, whatever they were, ought to be executed. 'No, no,' he said, 'it is not that—there is no good done by mercy—they only get worse—I would hang them all at once.'

Notwithstanding, however, the opposition of this specimen of the "first assembly of gentlemen in the world," and the more formidable reluctance of some of the judges, to resign any portion of their judicial sovereignty, the bill passed into a law; with the material substitution, however, of transportation for life, for seven years, a concession that Romilly was obliged to assent to, in order to neutralize the expected opposition of Lord Ellenborough. A bill which he introduced at the same time, for giving compensation to persons unjustly accused, and thereby providing for the accused, who establishes his innocence, the same protection from loss by an unjust accusation, which the law at present affords to the prosecutor, was not equally successful. It was certainly liable to the objection of increasing to a formidable extent, that judicial discretion, already too large.

The inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, in 1809, which, through the presumptuous and ill-grounded confidence of ministers, was conducted with all the notoriety that attaches to an inquiry at the bar of the House, and which revealed to the world the startling disclosure, that in the British army—then the only army in Europe which had not yielded to the genius of Bonaparte—promotions were the result, not of merit, or even of official or parliamentary interest, but of the gold-bought influence of the courtesan; and that, under the rule of a Prince of the Blood, within a few steps of the throne, was a trying test for politicians of greater ambition, or weaker sense of duty than Sir Samuel Romilly. On the one side, the King, anxious to shield his favourite son from parliamentary censure, viewed as a personal enemy, any one who would concur in drawing down that censure upon his head: on the other, the Prince of Wales, as yet unconverted to the Tory creed, and still faithful to his early political connexions, on this one occasion, deviating from the general rule of hostility between a monarch in possession and his expectant heir, espoused the cause of his brother with scarcely less zeal than

the father of the delinquent Prince. It is true, that, as the enquiry proceeded, and the depths of the degradation into which the Duke was plunged, were gradually developed, the force of public opinion, and his own instinctive selfishness, made him affect a neutrality which he did not feel; but that did not render any opposition to his secret wishes, less injurious to the interests of any one with whom official promotion was an object. The knowledge of this, however, did not deter Romilly from pursuing the course which duty pointed out to him, and in defiance of the known wishes of the Prince communicated to him, in the Prince's own letter to Adam, in which he said that he considered an attack on the Duke, as an attack on himself, he not only voted but spoke earnestly and effectively against the equivocal, though ill sustained acquittal, which the House voted by a considerable majority. His opinion of the result of the enquiry, and his account of his motives, must be given in his own words:—

"It was established beyond the possibility of doubt, that the Duke had permitted Mrs. Clarke, his mistress, to interfere in military promotions; that he had given commissions at her recommendation; and that she had taken money for the recommendations. That the Duke knew that she took money, or that he knew that the establishment which he had set on foot for her, was partly supported with the money thus illegally procured by her, did not appear otherwise than by her evidence. She, however, asserted the fact directly and positively; and her evidence was supported in many other particulars, that seemed the most incredible, by such strong corroborations, that her immoral character, her resentment, and her contradictions, were not sufficient to render her evidence altogether incredible. There was not evidence to convict the Duke of the crimes imputed to him; but undoubtedly there was evidence sufficient to charge him with them; and it is to me matter of astonishment that any considerable number of members should be brought to concur in the resolution, which Perceval has stated that he intends to move, namely, that there is no ground to charge the Duke, either with corruption, or with connivance at the corruption of Mrs. Clarke. Entertaining a very strong opinion against Perceval's proposed resolution, and in favour of Wardle's address, I thought it my duty to express that opinion, and I did it to-day to the best of my ability, and in a way which seemed to make some impression on the House. I am told by several persons, that after making such a speech, I must give up all hopes of ever being Lord Chancellor. I am not quite sure of that, but of this I think I may be sure, that if ever, after the part I have now taken, I should be

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raised to that situation, it will not be in the expectation that I shall act in it otherwise than as an honest man. It certainly is not probable that I should receive such a promotion; nothing perhaps can be more improbable; but if contrary to all expectation it should happen, the promotion will be more honourable to myself, and to the person to whom I shall be indebted for it, than it could possibly have been, if upon this occasion I had adopted a different line of conduct."

If any one should think that this line of conduct, apparently disinterested as it was, was suggested either by private pique, or by a desire to obtain a share of the fleeting and temporary popularity, which is so cheaply earned and so quickly lost, Romilly's subsequent conduct must undeceive him. The invitations to dinner, and other occasions of public gratulation were coldly received, or civilly declined; no disposition was manifested on his part to court the favour of the populace, while the unabated confidence, and increased respect of those with whom he usually acted, repel the calumnious insinuation which would attribute to him so unworthy a motive as the former.

An Act for the amendment of the Bankrupt Laws, restricting still further the power of the creditor over his imprudent or unfortunate debtor, and a successful opposition to an insidious attempt of the then Attorney-General (Sir Vicary Gibbs,) to extend and aggravate the severity of the Law of Sedition, closed Romilly's Parliamentary exertions for the session of 1809. In the recess of that year the incompetency of Lord Castlereagh, and the intrigues of Canning for his removal, broke up the Cabinet of the Duke of Portland, strong only in corruption and court favour, and unable to support the shock which the resignation of two of its leading members occasioned. The two grand Secretaries, one accusing the other of treachery, and the other retorting upon his opponent the counter-charge of unfitness for office, with more success than attended the vindication of his own conduct from the accusation of his colleague, vented their wrath in a causeless and criminal duel. The Duke of Portland hastily retired from an office that he ought never to have filled; Perceval, entrusted with the task of forming a new Administration, made insidious and insulting offers of a coalition to Lords Grey and Grenville, which were indignantly rejected by those noblemen; and after the failure of that intrigue, with the co-operation of Lord Liverpool and of

Lord Wellesley, recalled from his Embassy in Spain to assume the direction of Foreign Affairs, constructed a Cabinet still weaker than the one which preceded it, and placed himself at its head. The public discontent at the manner in which the war had been conducted, aggravated by the fatal issue of the wretched Walcheren expedition, produced some effect even within the walls of Parliament. At the opening of the session the new ministers were left in a minority of nine, upon Lord Porchester's motion for an enquiry into the conduct and policy of the disastrous expedition to the Scheldt. Some minor divisions indicated the opinions which many members of the House had formed of the merits or stability of the ministry, when the attention of Parliament and the public, was diverted from more important subjects, to the absurd and dangerous contest, in which the House of Commons soon became involved with one of its own members. A placard announcing the opinion which some debating society had formed, and containing strong, but by no means undeserved, censure of the conduct of a member of the Government and the House, (Charles Yorke,)—who during the enquiry into the Walcheren expedition, had the courage or the audacity to enforce the standing order of the House for the exclusion of strangers, and thereby withhold from the public all knowledge of what their professed representatives were doing,—was gravely complained of to the House as a breach of privilege, and thought of sufficient importance and criminality to justify the punishment of its author. Sir Francis Burdett, then as now, covetous of notoriety, and then as now, reckless of the means whereby it was obtained, availed himself of the opportunity, and of the unpopularity of the House, to ingratiate himself with the discontented out of doors. The House, with all the petulance and sensitiveness to censure, which is the unvariable attendant upon error, and glad of getting some more distinguished object upon whom to wreak their vengeance and assert their privileges, voted Burdett's publication to be a libel, and committed himself to the Tower. Burdett's idle and culpable threats of opposition to the warrant of the Speaker, stimulated his admirers to a more real resistance, which cost some of them their lives; but the order of the House was enforced without difficulty. A confinement of some months in the Tower, sobered the imagination and moderated the ambition

of Sir Francis, who, weary of the character which he had assumed, when the period of his imprisonment expired, disappointed the expectations of his partizans by returning from the Tower by water, and avoiding the triumphal procession which their zeal had prepared for him—not without some diminution of his reputation as well as his popularity.

In all the discussions on this subject, Romilly was the unceasing but unsuccessful advocate of moderation. He endeavoured to dissuade the House from the assertion of such a privilege, as that of being at once accusers and judges in their own case; at a time too when their general estimation with the public was at its lowest ebb: but his arguments met with the success that usually attends every attempt with every body of men, to diminish their privileges and moderate their power. Notwithstanding his opposition to the claim set up on behalf of the House, to a species of criminal jurisdiction in a case of alleged libel upon itself or any of its members, there can be no doubt what course Romilly would have taken, had he witnessed the recent struggle respecting the privileges of the House. The distinction between the privilege of punishing libels upon itself, and the protection of its own officers, against the consequence of acts done in obedience to its authority, would not have escaped him, and he would have vindicated the disputed privilege upon the broad ground of public advantage. Far different was the claim then set up by the House, and it was accordingly strenuously resisted by Romilly, whose arguments were directed to the rebutting of the asserted right of unlimited and unquestioned imprisonment for contempt, which was claimed for the House of Commons in common with other Courts. The action brought by Burdett against the Speaker and Serjeant-at-arms, for an illegal imprisonment, involved the asserters of privilege in a new dilemma. To defend the action was to admit the jurisdiction of the courts of Law, to decide on and define the extent of the privileges of Parliament; while it seemed a hazardous experiment, in the then state of public feeling, to restrain the action. Precedents were searched for, and of course found, sufficiently numerous and strong to justify their adopting the latter course; but unfortunately they were precedents that occurred in times, when the power of the House rested upon, and was sustained by, public opinion out of doors—when the majority

of the House represented a corresponding majority of the people—and were totally unapplicable to a state of things, when the House and its authority were at the very nadir of unpopularity, and no power existed to enforce its resolutions, save its own officials, and the dangerous aid of the military power. Resolutions were, as in our own time, passed, denying the jurisdiction of the courts of Law; but that jurisdiction was practically affirmed by the House, through its servants, appearing and pleading to the action: and Sir Francis having obstinately or maliciously sued out a writ of error, the privileges of one House of Parliament, were finally made the subject of adjudication in the other.

Another pluck at the horse's tail, another attempt to mitigate the severity of the criminal law, was made by Romilly in this session. The 10 and 11 Wm. III., c. 23, which punished with death the offence of stealing privately in a shop, goods to the value of 5s.; the 12 An., st. 1, c. 7, and the 24 Geo. II., which inflicted the same disproportionate punishment upon the offence of stealing to the value of 40s. in dwelling-houses, or on board vessels in navigable rivers, were attempted to be repealed, in three separate bills. The two latter of these bills were opposed by the ministers, who, from the indifference of the House and the public, had very little difficulty in defeating them. Their tacit acquiescence in the third, did not obtain for it any larger measure of success; it passed the House of Commons, it is true, but the House of Lords, then as now, the great impediment to all useful legislation, repealed it by a majority of 31 to 11. Amongst those who voted for the continuance of this barbarous law, were no less than seven prelates, who thus expressed their opinion of the necessity of capital punishment, as an auxiliary to their own episcopal exhortations. We regret that we cannot extract the account, given by Romilly, of the debate in the House of Lords, which preceded the rejection of this humane measure. It contains genuine specimens of all the leading fallacies, used when any reform is attempted; from the doubts of the Chancellor, to the rash assertion and stringent severity of Lord Ellenborough, the strenuous opponent of every attempt to diminish the power and reduce the discretion of his colleagues on the bench. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of presenting to our readers, the following specimen of the manner in.

which that discretion is sometimes exercised, as the best answer to the oft-repeated fallacy, that the system works well :—

“ In the last month, and while my bills were depending in the House of Commons, I received by the post a letter signed Step. R. Amwell, informing me, that in passing through Maidstone, the writer had learned that three men, all convicted for slight offences, had been left for execution by the presiding Judge, and that one of them, of the name of Lawes, whose crime was that of stealing property of the value of 40s. in a dwelling-house, might be thought to have some claim for mercy, as a bill was depending in parliament to repeal in such cases the punishment of death, and requesting me to apply to the Secretary of State without delay, as the man was to be hanged the morning following the day on which I should receive the letter. Immediately on receiving the letter I hastened to Ryder, the Secretary of State, and put the letter into his hands, and he without delay transmitted it to Mr. Justice Heath, the judge by whom the prisoner had been tried, and requested him to inform him of the case. Heath's answer to the application, (for Ryder sent it to me and I preserved a copy of it,) is in these words :

“ SIR—I have received and read the letter with the signature of Amwell, and by some passages, I am confident that he wrote me a letter, signed Amicus Curie, respecting Lawes. As to Lawes, he was guilty of house-breaking, and, *most probably*, of burglary, in the dwelling-house of Mary Wilkins, a widow woman, who carried on the business of a baker at Minster, and stole plate to the value of 20l. and upwards, to the best of my recollection. As house-breaking had been frequent in Kent, and no person to give him a character, I left him for execution. Stephen Nichols was convicted of stealing two heifers, which the prisoner and his brother, who has absconded, pretended to have bought for 34l. They were driven from the close of a poor widow woman, whose property they were, and slaughtered by the prisoner. The third is Peter Presnal, who was convicted of breaking the cottage of John Orpin, no person being therein, and stealing property of the value of 5s., in fact the things were of the value of 40s. It was proved that the cottage was broken while the prosecutor was absent at his labour, and all the valuable things were taken by the prisoner. I consider this offence the worst of all ; because if not checked, it would destroy all parsimony and frugality among cottagers. In truth, I tried at Maidstone ninety-nine prisoners, and excepting one execution for murder, I only left the above three for execution, and not one of them could adduce a single witness to his character.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.,

“ J. HEATH.”

“ No respite was sent, and consequently the three men were hanged. It surely ought to be generally known, that the not producing wit-

nesses to the character of a prisoner, leads, according to the practise of some judges, to such important consequences ; to me this was perfectly new.”

These were the reasons assigned by a judge, who has always had a respectable character, for depriving three fellow-creatures (one of them, if we are to believe the newspapers of the day, only 19 years of age,) of life, and these reasons were considered by government to be sufficient to justify their declining to interfere with the sentence of that judge. And it was for the perpetration of a system which sanctioned such things, that Lords Eldon and Ellenborough agreed, and that seven courtly prelates voted. We do not seek to disparage the judicial bench, or to subject its occupants to every varying gust of popular prejudice ; but we do wish to abolish the superstitious reverence, for every opinion of a judge, whether within the sphere of his judicial duties or not, which prevails with large classes—we wish to get rid of the infallibility which is attributed to the judges, and to deprive them of that unlimited discretion which makes them legislators instead of judges. We hold that the two powers, the legislative and the judicial, are in theory, and ought to be in practice essentially distinct ; that the proper office of the latter is to expound what the former has enacted—to apply to the ever-varying circumstances of individual cases the general rules which the legislature has laid down, not to question their propriety, or limit their operation. We hold that if there be defects in the measures which the legislature has adopted, the legislature alone is competent to remedy those defects ; that if particular laws be inexpedient or impolitic, the legislature alone is competent to repeal or amend them ; and that when judges express their unwillingness to adopt a particular construction, or to extend a particular remedy, they constitute themselves judges of the policy and not of the existence or application of the law—they make themselves partial legislators instead of unprejudiced expounders.

The latter part of the year 1810, brought on, for the second time in the reign of George III., a difficulty in constitutional law, which had never before arisen, since the doctrine of the legislative supremacy of the three estates had been definitively arranged. One of those three estates was incapacitated from the exercise of its legislative and executive duties, by an event,

the recurrence of which had not been provided for. A prince of mature years, in the full enjoyment of royal authority, was, by sudden calamity, suspended from its further exercise; and yet that royal authority did not, as in ordinary cases, devolve upon his successor. The two houses of parliament alone possessed the right, or rather the power, of providing for this unexpected contingency, and but little substantial difficulty was experienced in supplying the defect; but many and grave were the objections, in theory, to any course that could have been pursued, and strenuous the exertions to stretch the constitutional theory, in such a manner and to such an extent, as to comprehend a case, which most evidently it was not capable of embracing. After much weary and unprofitable discussion, which those who are curious to witness the ingenuity of men in stretching of formulas, may not unprofitably consult, the idle farce was gone through, of putting the great seal, the index of the royal authority, and the evidence of the royal assent, by the direction of the two houses, into a commission, under which those two houses, thus self-authorised, met and acted as a parliament. The first technical objection being thus surmounted, the rest were speedily overcome; the assumption of legislative authority followed, of course, upon this exercise of executive power, and the regency, subject to some unimportant and temporary restrictions, was conferred by a bill upon the Prince of Wales: the hour of triumph long delayed, thus seemed approaching for excluded whigs. The expectation of this event had produced a sensible change in the inclinations of the House of Commons; several members were determined to have merits to plead with the expected whig administration, and in several divisions on the regency, the ministers of the insane monarch were left in minorities, ominous of their fate under the approaching government of his successor. But not so were they to fall—the influence which we have mentioned before, then unsuspected, had secretly undermined the whigs in the affections of the prince, and reconciled him to those tory counsellors, whose political creed was more congenial to royalty, and whom he never afterwards abandoned. Still the open, undisguised abandonment of the cherished companions of his youth, and the chosen advisers of his maturer years, was a measure requiring caution in its execution.

Not a word was breathed by the apparently retiring ministers, even to their own adherents, of their prospects of continuing in office; not a hint was given to their expectant successors, of the long exclusion to which they were doomed; the farce was carried so far as the nomination of a whig administration, when suddenly, and, as it appeared to the public, unexpectedly, the tory ministers were confirmed by the Regent in the office they then held. Not even then was the mask dropped; the Prince affected to have been influenced by a desire to spare his father, (who, it was pretended, continued sensible to such matters,) the pain of a change, alleged that he had been overreached by Perceval and Eldon, and promised when the restrictions upon his Regency should expire, to surround himself with advisers, from the party with whom he had always acted. With this hope the disappointed whigs consoled themselves, and it was not until 1812, when the Prince a second time took the tories to his confidence, that the fatal truth dawned upon them, that the court favour upon which they had calculated, had passed over to their opponents. The previous connexions, however, of the Prince, the opinions he had expressed, and the exhortations he had held out, were not a little embarrassing; in this country the Catholics looked forward to his reign with anxious hope, as to the era of promised deliverance from their bondage. The obstinate bigotry of the king rendered it madness to expect any relaxation of the penal laws, while he held the rein of power; but on the lips of the heir apparent there hung golden words of promise for Ireland, who looked to their fulfilment with undoubting confidence, and now the day of that fulfilment seemed at hand. The Prince's explanation of his reasons for retaining the tory ministers of his father, had been gladly and trustfully received, and bitter was the disappointment when it was publicly known that Perceval and Eldon, the unyielding opponents of all concession, were the chosen ministers of a Prince, who, in the words of one of our orators, "was beloved by Ireland in his youth, who beguiled her in his manhood, and betrayed her in his age." One important lesson, however, was taught the people of this country, well worth the temporary disappointment caused by the treachery of the Prince; and that was the necessity of relying upon their own exertions exclusively, for that freedom which

they had previously expected from the hands of Princes and ministers. Until that was taught, nothing could be done. When it once was firmly impressed upon the minds of our people, the difficulties which prevented the accomplishment of their wishes, vanished like snow wreaths before the morning sun; the Catholic question ceased to be bandied about like a football between contending parties in England, the subject or excuse for unprofitable intrigue, and for much wearisome discussion: and finally, what had been expected as a boon, upon the accession of the youthful Prince, was extorted almost by force from the unwilling grasp of the aged monarch, who could with difficulty be prevailed on to save his empire by the sacrifice of his inveterate antipathy, to those whom he hated, because he was conscious of having deceived them.

The loss of office when almost within his grasp, the exclusion for ever from what he had doubtless looked forward to as the probable termination of his professional exertions, that legitimate object of honourable ambition, the possession of the Great Seal, with all its attendant authority and honour—authority which would have given weight to his extensive projects of reform; power which would have enabled him to carry those projects into execution—seems to have made no alteration in the temper, the happiness, or the public conduct of Romilly. In the interval between the Prince's accession to the Regency, and his final adoption of the tory creed, while the change in his opinions was yet a secret to all but the ministers, and the minions of the palace, he alone of the party with whom he acted had the courage to provoke the imaginary resentment of the Prince, and to incur the displeasure of the leaders of that party, by voting in a minority of 47, upon a motion of the present Lord Fitzwilliam (then Lord Milton), for a censure upon the re-appointment of the Duke of York to the office of Commander in Chief. His exertions for the improvement of the law were continued with unabated vigour. The same three bills which had been rejected in the previous session, were introduced by him again in the session of 1811, only to meet a similar fate in the House of Lords; various bills, which proposed to establish petty local despotisms of the most galling kind, over those who were compelled by imprudence or misfortune, to partake of the wretched pittance doled out by the parish officers, under the Poor Law, were,

owing to his vigilance, defeated. One measure which was introduced by Whitbread, for remedying one of the many abuses which the system of Poor Laws in England had engendered, is so characteristic of that system, and of the state of society which gave rise to it, that we must give to our readers Romilly's own account of it:—

"Whitbread having put into my hands, a bill for the better regulation of parish apprentices, which it is proposed by Mr. Booth to bring into the House, I this day returned it to Whitbread, with a letter containing my observations upon it. The principal evil which the bill proposes to remedy is, the blinding children apprentices by parish officers, to masters residing at a very great distance from the parishes to which the children belong, and where their parents are resident. This is an evil which has grown of late years to a very serious magnitude. It is a very common practise with the great populous parishes in London to bind children in large numbers to the proprietors of cotton mills in Lancashire and Yorkshire, at a distance of 200 miles. The children, who are sent off by waggon loads at a time, are as much lost for ever to their parents, as if they were shipped off for the West Indies. The parishes that bind them, by procuring a settlement for the children, at the end of forty days, get rid of them for ever; and the poor children have not a human being in the world to whom they can look up for redress, against the wrongs they may be exposed to, from these wholesale dealers in them, whose object it is to get every thing they can possibly wring from their excessive labour and fatigue. Instances have come to my own knowledge, of the anguish sustained by poor persons on having their children thus for ever torn from them, which could not fail to excite a strong interest in their favour, if they were more generally known. Instances have recently occurred, of masters, who with 200 such apprentices, have become bankrupts, and been obliged to send all their apprentices to the poor house of the parish in which their manufactory happened to be established, to be supported by strangers, who considered them as fraudulently thrown upon them for relief."

Here, in this simple statement of facts, told in the unexaggerating language of one, whose lightest word it is impossible for the most incredulous to doubt, we have an instance of the blessed results produced, on the one side, by accumulated capital, whose amount has never been surpassed, and by manufacturing industry, whose extent has never been equalled; and on the other, by consolidated estates, by extensive farms, by a law of primogeniture, and an aristocratic system of government; we have here, the practical results of the system, which looks so flourishing in statistical re-

turns and financial statements. We can by this, test the value of the exports and imports; the many million pounds of cotton and tons of shipping, and all the other mania of manufacturing and commercial prosperity; we have here the dark back ground of the picture, the prominent figures in which are decked out in such brilliant colours—the reverse of the medal, whose obverse presented so agreeable a representation—the foul inside of the painted sepulchre, whose exterior looked so fair to the inexperienced. Verily, the African slave traders might with justice complain that they have been calumniated, since as nefarious dealers in human flesh, as even they, have existed and continue to exist in the heart of England. They were open pirates, undisguised kidnapers; but they affected not humanity—they babbled not of philanthropy—they violated no duty to their victims—they betrayed no trust. The fate to which the remorseless dealers in white flesh consigned their innocent victims, may be judged of by the present state of any of the great manufacturing towns; and cruel as it may seem, it would, in truth, have been more merciful to have put to death, the waggon loads of children thus continually transported from the modern Babylon to the north of England, instead of reserving them for the life of physical suffering and moral evil to which they were doomed. From this, Vathek must have derived the idea of the fiend, who ravens with insatiable appetite for the destruction of children, and cries continually for more; but the original far surpasses the derivative horror; the real far exceeds in magnitude the ideal, in as much as moral evil is more dreadful than physical—as eternal ruin far exceeds temporal destruction.

The humane measure of Whitbread was of course rejected, and the following is the account given by Romilly, of the manner of that rejection:—

"Mr. Booth having given up for the present session the bill which he had brought in for the relief of parish apprentices, and having to-day moved for some returns of the number of apprentices bound out by the parishes in London, I took this opportunity of expressing my concern that the bill was given up, and of stating my view of the subject pretty much at large. Some conversation ensued, in the course of which Sir Robert Peel, a cotton manufacturer, expressed his disapprobation of the bill. He said that it would be highly unjust to prevent a man from taking as many apprentices as he thought proper; that the children so bound

from London were boys educated to picking pockets; and that it was the happiest thing possible for them to be removed from their former connexions. Mr. Wortley, who spoke on the same side, insisted that although in the higher ranks of society it was true, that to cultivate the affections of children for their family was the source of every virtue, yet that it was not so among the lower orders, and that it was a benefit to the children to take them away from their miserable and degraded parents. He said, too, that it would be highly injurious to the public to put a stop to the binding so many apprentices to the cotton manufacturers, as it must necessarily raise the price of labour and enhance the price of cotton manufactured goods."

The year 1812 was the crisis of the fate of political parties, during the sovereignty of George the Fourth. In the beginning of that year, terminated, as well the parliamentary restrictions upon his Regency, as the voluntary restriction which he pretended to have imposed upon himself, as to the choice of his ministers. As the period drew near, the hearts of the whigs beat high with hope, destined to experience a speedy and decisive disappointment. An illusive and insulting proposal of a coalition with Perceval and Eldon, was made by the Prince's direction, to Lords Grey and Grenville, for the purpose of disguising his own desertion, and with the hope of seducing those noblemen and their adherents, from the principles which they uniformly acted upon, and thus reducing them in the public estimation to the level of his own debasement. They, however, had too much honour, as well as too much discretion, to be led into such a snare, and the proposition was unhesitatingly rejected. The substitution of Lord Castlereagh for Lord Wellesley, still further lowered the administration in public opinion, when Perceval, its head, was murdered in the lobby of the House of Commons. Substantial pensions and empty praise were of course lavishly bestowed upon the occasion; but the apparent weakness of the cabinet, thus suddenly deprived of its head, and the prospects of approaching change, made most of its quondam adherents waver in their allegiance, and on the motion of Mr. Stuart Wortley (the present Lord Wharncliffe), himself a supporter of Perceval's administration, an address to the Regent, praying him to form a strong and efficient government, was carried by a majority of 174 against 170. This decision apparently disturbed the arrangements then in progress for reconstructing the cabi-



net, and on the following day the ministers tendered their resignations, which were accepted by the Regent. Nothing, however, could be further from the intentions either of the resigned ministers or of the Regent, who had accepted their resignations, than that any change should really take place.

Pending the negotiations for the appointment of their successors, they filled up vacant offices, and acted in every respect, as if they were the permanent advisers of the Crown; and in their expectations they were not disappointed. The negotiations with Lords Grenville and Grey, were rendered fruitless by the refusal of the Regent, to concede to them the right of appointing to the household offices, usually filled by members of parliament, without which, those noblemen thought, and thought properly, that they could not undertake the government. The exertions of Lord Moira and Lord Wellesley to construct a cabinet, were equally unsuccessful, and after a ministerial interregnum of three weeks, the resigned ministers were re-appointed to their offices, and the place of Prime Minister, at that dangerous and difficult period, was filled with the clerk-like punctuality, mercantile habits, unassuming deportment, and mediocre capacity of Lord Liverpool.

Notwithstanding, however, the personal difficulties of the new Premier, and of the restored administration, of which he was the head, the predilections of the Regent effected a striking change in the dispositions of the House of Commons, and procured for them a support in that assembly, which their own merits could not have obtained. The house, which had by its vote of the 21st May, tacitly condemned an administration, that seemed not destined to enjoy a lengthened existence, when that same administration was confirmed in office by the favour of the regent, rejected, on the 11th of June, a motion of similar import, by a majority of 289 to 165.

In the general election, which took place shortly after, Romilly, at the invitation of an influential portion of the electors of Bristol, who coincided in his political opinions, and admired his zeal and ability in overthrowing ancient abuses, became a candidate for that city: but, notwithstanding an enthusiasm displayed in his behalf, creditable alike to him and to the people of Bristol, the old leaven prevailed, and he was defeated by a coalition between a professing whig and an

avowed tory. The borough of Arundel, under the influence of the Duke of Norfolk, received the rejected of Bristol, and the country was deprived but for a short time of the parliamentary exertions of Romilly. His exclusion from office, and rejection by a large constituency, altered not his views and abated not his zeal. Immediately after taking his seat in the new parliament, he introduced a bill for abolishing the punishment of death, for the offence of stealing privately, in a shop, warehouse, or stable, goods to the value of five shillings; another to alter the disgusting punishment of high treason, and another to take away the corruption of blood, as a consequence of attainder of treason or felony. The bills previously introduced by him, for abolishing capital punishment in the cases of stealing, in dwelling houses and on board vessels, were omitted for the present, only because their introduction might have prejudiced the success of the other measures, which by themselves excited less opposition. This precaution, however, was not very effective in promoting the objects he had in view: the first bill having passed the House of Commons, was thrown out again in the House of Lords, at the instance of Lords Sidmouth, Eldon and Ellenborough, while the other two were prevented from ever reaching that stage in the process of legislation. No part of our law perhaps is more defective, and productive of more injustice and oppression, than the law of debtor and creditor, by its deficiency in not reaching the property of the debtor, and by its tyranny in placing his liberty in the power of his creditor. It works injury to both, and exhibits an illustration of the two principal, and sometimes opposing, tendencies of English legislation, the aristocratic and the commercial. Romilly's bill, to render freehold estates liable to simple contract debts, would have remedied part of the former deficiency, and he would, had he been permitted, have still further extended the remedies of the creditor over the property, while he restricted his right against the person of his debtor; he would, in fact, have extended the former even farther than they have been subsequently carried, and restricted the latter within narrower limits than they are at present confined to in this country. He would have distinguished between misfortune and crime, between imprudence and fraud; and while he would have punished the latter with the severity that it deserves,

he would have relieved the former upon equitable terms of surrender of property. Had his views been carried into effect, a vindictive creditor would not have retained the power of depriving of his liberty, the unfortunate man, whose necessities, or want of foresight, have compelled him to incur liabilities, which he has not the means of immediately discharging. Misfortune would not have been punished as a crime, or an imprisonment in one of these dens of vice and misery, which are a disgrace to the country, required as an indispensable preliminary to obtaining the benefit of a salutary statute. To attempt such improvements at that time, would of course have been idle, and Romilly's exertions were confined to protecting from the hostility of the great traders of London—and the not less dangerous support of some lawyers in parliament—a clumsy and incomplete measure for the relief of insolvent debtors, which had been introduced by Lord Redesdale.

In the session of 1814, his bills for the alteration of the punishment of high treason, and for taking away the corruption of blood, were passed into laws; but the bill which he once more introduced for rendering freehold estates liable to simple contract debts, was too hostile to the supposed interests of the aristocracy, to admit of its having any chance of success, and it was accordingly rejected by the lords. An Irish Insurrection Act, which had now become, under the regime of the tories, almost a sessional order, experienced the energetic, but ineffectual, opposition of Romilly, and, with that exception, excited no interest, and attracted no attention from either side of the house.

The sudden successes which attended the allied armies, from the time when the sun of Austerlitz had been obscured by a Russian winter, and the star of Napoleon's destiny grown pale in the light of the conflagration of Moscow, sustained the weakness and concealed the defects of the Liverpool administration. Peace, which at their restoration to office in 1812, seemed as distant as at the commencement of the war, and if effected at all, likely to be so only under circumstances, which would leave the greater part of Europe under the supremacy of France and her ambitious Emperor, was, upon an unexpected change of fortune, restored to the world by the entry of the allied armies into Paris. He, who but a few months before had scornfully rejected, at the con-

ferences of Chatillon, a treaty which would have left him the undisputed ruler of the broad realm of France, as far as the Rhine, was, by the treaty of Fontainebleau, forced to content himself with the petty principality of Elba, and the barren title of Emperor. All parliamentary opposition to the ministers, under whose fortunate government these unforeseen events had occurred, was hushed in the tumult of rejoicings which attended the restoration of peace; but the strength of the great whig party continued unbroken, until the return of Napoleon from his short exile at Elba, when marching, unattended and unopposed, from one end of France to the other, he conquered an empire by the mere sound of his name, and "the eagle, flying from belfry to belfry, perched upon the towers of Notre Dame."

The difference of opinion between Lords Grey and Grenville, as to the policy to be pursued by England upon that occasion, of course extended to their respective followers, and originated a division among the whigs, which rendered their opposition powerless, and paralyzed their exertions for years to come. In that unfortunate division, Romilly joined the section who adhered to Lord Grey, and condemned unequivocally the policy of engaging in a war, for the unavowed object of restoring an unpopular dynasty to the throne of France. Any such intention on the part of the government was, of course, strenuously denied by their organs in both houses, in words which were soon to be belied by the event; and Lords Grenville and Erskine in the House of Lords, and Grattan and Plunkett in the House of Commons, supported by voice and vote the address in answer to the speech from the throne, which was, of course, carried by a large majority. The result was, however, fatal to the whig party, who never recovered from the effects of this division in their ranks, which weakened them so much that they did not again become formidable to their opponents, until the events of 1830 brought power once more within their reach.

In this division of the party with whom he had generally acted, Romilly concurred in the course pursued by the section that coincided in opinion with Lord Grey, and condemned a war entered into, not as was pretended, for the mere purpose of securing the peace of Europe, by depriving of power its veteran disturber, but in order

to replace upon the throne of France a dynasty whom the French nation rejected. The existence of such a design was, as we have stated, at first indignantly denied, and the allegations to the contrary triumphantly refuted as calumnies. Sentiments of moderation, and declarations of friendly intentions towards France, were lavishly and unscrupulously employed. The distinction between the French nation and its usurping and turbulent ruler was carefully kept up—nothing more, it was pretended, was wished, than that France, relinquishing Napoleon, should re-enter into the great European confederacy, under such government as she should select; and that the allied armies should return to their own countries, after having rescued France from the grasp of a military usurper, and delivered Europe from the dread of an aspirant after universal empire. The English ministers carried their hypocrisy so far, as to have an express declaration published before their accession to the treaty of Vienna, that that compact was not to be understood as binding England to prosecute the war, for the purpose of imposing any particular form of government upon France, and at the same time to declare through their ambassador (Lord Clancarty) that they had no desire to interfere with the legitimate right of the French people to choose their own form of government. This moderation, and these professions of friendship, were only intended for the period of doubt and danger. So long as there was any prospect that the French people would partake of the enthusiasm of the soldiers in favour of their chief, or that the context might become national—or that the people, perceiving their independence menaced, might act over again the scenes of 1792, and rising *en masse*, hurl back their invaders over the frontier—the mask assumed for the purpose of lulling their apprehensions, and preventing their assistance, was sedulously worn. But when the issue was no longer doubtful; when the French people, relying upon the professions and promises of the ministers and generals of the allies, abandoned the now unsuccessful usurper, and laid aside the intention and attitude of resistance—when their armies had been disbanded, and the allies become masters of their capital, while the nation lay bound and bleeding at the feet of their conquerors—then, and not till then, did the importance of inflicting a severe moral lesson upon

France become manifest; then, and not till then, were securities talked of and contributions demanded, and the acknowledged right of the people to choose their own government, contemptuously set at nought, by replacing a twice exiled dynasty, upon a throne supported by foreign bayonets.

Romilly exposed this treachery in the House of Commons, in a speech of which the following extract is given in his diary:—

“That the French nation might be induced the more implicitly to rely on these assurances, Lord Clancarty appealed to the conduct of the allies last year in the following words—‘It should seem that the glorious forbearance observed by the allies, when masters of the French capital in the early part of the last year, ought to prove to the French that this is not a war against their freedom and independence.’ I stated that this system of delusion of the French, had been carried on quite to the moment of the convention of St. Cloud, by which Paris had been surrendered to the allies. I mentioned that when, after the battle of Waterloo, plenipotentiaries had been sent by the provisional French government to treat with Marshal Blücher and the Duke of Wellington for an armistice, though both those generals had evaded treating with them, the duke had had frequent conversations with them, from their first obtaining an audience of him till his near approach to Paris, they attending him during his march; and that in the course of these conversations he had distinctly told them that the allies were making war, not for Louis XVIII., but solely against Bonaparte—the French were at liberty to choose what king they pleased, but that if they chose any other than Louis XVIII., securities must be required for the allied powers, which with him were unnecessary—his personal virtues and his known character being considered by them as the best guarantee for peace that France at that time could offer—and he proceeded to name to the plenipotentiaries individuals, and particularly one of the family of Bourbon, (the Duke of Orleans,) whom, if they thought proper, they might raise to the throne, but whom the allies must consider as an usurper, though of illustrious birth, and with whom, therefore, they must insist on securities. I had shortly mentioned these facts on the first day of the session, but neither then nor now did Lord Clancarty take any notice of them.”

The peace which had been purchased by this violation of national faith, and for which blood and treasure had been so lavishly expended, brought with it none of those halcyon days, which had been so largely anticipated. The revulsion occasioned by the sudden change from exorbitant war prices to the more healthy, but less ex-

eting, condition of peace, produced an immense alteration in the fortunes of many. The cessation of a profuse war expenditure, and of the demand for manufactures, which the war kept up, produced physical distress, and its unvariable accompaniment, political discontent, among the manufacturers, who were still farther irritated by the resolution of the aristocracy, to keep up the amount of their own incomes, by excluding foreigners from any competition with them, in the supply of food to the hungry artisans. The return to a metallic currency, of course aggravated the confusion, which under the most favorable circumstances could not have been altogether averted. The nation had become accustomed to a state of war, with its high prices, its lavish expenditure, its exciting triumphs; and the return to peace was like the awakening of a penitent libertine from his long dream of guilty pleasure. In such a state of things, the government, anxious to take advantage of the terrors of one portion of the community, and of the excesses of another, encouraged the latter, by criminal connivance, if not by treacherous encouragement, and stimulated the former by magnifying into wide-spreading treasonable conspiracies, the clamorous discontent of hungry mechanics. Messages from the Regent, to both Houses, on the alarming state of the country, the presentation of sealed papers, the appointment of secret committees, and all the other pomp and circumstance of ministerial manœuvring, heralded the way, and prepared the public mind for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, which, with an act for the prevention of seditious meetings, was proposed by Lord Castlereagh, in February, 1817, and continued in the month of June of that year. It is needless to say that both measures experienced from Romilly a severe resistance, which the diminished and disheartened ranks of the opposition rendered fruitless for any purpose, but that of expressing his opinions and performing his duty.

The exposure of the conduct of the government, in employing spies and informers, which took place in June, 1817, compelled the abandonment, or, at least, the more sparing employment of those detestable instruments of tyranny. From that time the public tranquillity was so little interrupted, that the ministers themselves were obliged to come down to parliament in 1818, with a bill to repeal the

suspension act, and to indemnify them and their hirelings, against the consequences of their illegal acts. The parliament was, of course, complying enough to give any indemnity which the ministers might require, and the bill accordingly passed. The legal existence, however, of the parliament itself, was drawing to its close, having amply earned for itself the character given of it by Romilly, in his speech on the last day of its session, in which, after summing up its most important acts, he concludes by expressing, "his fervent hope, that England might never see another parliament, so regardless of the rights and liberties of the people, and of the principles of eternal justice, as that which was then about to expire." But neither the number of his opponents, nor the fewness of the whigs, now reduced to a small section, whom the death of the Princess Charlotte, and the consequent change in the succession, rendered hopeless of ever emerging from the dreary shades of opposition, into the upper air of place and power, produced any alteration in the conduct of Romilly. He still continued to press on the alterations in the law, which he felt to be necessary, and after every successive defeat, returned every succeeding session, Antæus-like, to his well nigh desperate task. Nor did legal improvements alone occupy his attention. The removal of civil disabilities on account of religious opinions, the reform of the parliamentary representation of the people, the improvement of the condition of the negroes, found in him, an eloquent and effective supporter; and gladly, did our space permit, would we extract the records of his opinions and of his exertions upon those important subjects; but we must only console ourselves with the hope that our readers will themselves supply our deficiencies.

Romilly did not, however, long survive the parliament, which he had addressed with well-merited censure in the last moments of its existence. At the general election which followed, he was invited to become a candidate for the city of Westminster, and in spite of the opposition of the adherents of government on one side, and of the admirers of Burdett on the other, he was, after a protracted contest, triumphantly returned, without having himself taken any part in the election. But unfortunately, he was not destined long to enjoy the well-earned honour thus conferred upon him. Lady Romilly's health, which had been for some time precarious,

gave way towards the end of 1818. She died on the 29th of October, in that year, and in three days after her decease, the mind of her husband, long harassed with anxiety respecting her fate, and unable to sustain the shock which her loss inflicted, gave way. The constitutional gloom which uninterrupted happiness, and the enjoyment of her society, had enabled him hitherto to vanquish, resumed its ascendancy, and in a sudden fit of insanity, he terminated his existence with his own hand.

His sons have wisely abstained from presenting to the public, the painful details of this melancholy catastrophe; they have given no other record of his feelings, than the short and hurried entries in his journal for the few days preceding Lady Romilly's decease. We have no wish to lift the veil which they have left undrawn, or to pry with heartless curiosity into the wrestlings of his mind with the demon that finally subdued it—the convulsive struggles of his imagination, with the horrible fascination that ultimately prevailed over his reason. Our business was with the manner in which his life was passed, and not with the mode of its termination; we have accordingly endeavoured to present to our readers, a faithful summary of the principal events of his well spent existence. But we trust that they will not rest content with the abridgment which we have given them, but will consult the original work. By that means alone, can they obtain an adequate idea of the amount of Romilly's labours in the public cause, or of the extent of the reforms which he projected. The result of those labours he did not live to witness; those plans, during his life, were only known to the few intimate friends, who could understand the intentions and appreciate the merits of their author. By a mysterious dispensation of that providence, which so often smites the green bough and spares the withered branch—which, in the working out of its own wise ends, mows down valuable lives like grass, while it permits the worthless or the mischievous to cumber the earth with their existence—he was cut off while yet in the vigour of his age. During the thick darkness of one of these periods of obscurity, which seem to occur at varying intervals in the history of nations, contrasting painfully with the brightness through which they have recently passed, “alternating elysian brightness with deep and dreadful night,”—he was removed from the

scene of his labours, before the thick obscurity of the political horizon was illumined by the faintest streak of the coming dawn, before the faintest hope was entertained of that reflux of the tide of events, which afterwards wafted his party to power.

Not even so, however, were his labours fruitless, or his eloquence altogether thrown away; the seed which he scattered with an unsparing hand may have fallen on a barren soil; but it did not, nevertheless, perish utterly. His strenuous and uncensured exertions for the improvement of the law, could not, and did not fail of making impression, even upon the most prejudiced. No wounded vanity, irritated by the neglect of his real or supposed talents; no disappointed ambition urged him to destroy a system, which he was incapable of comprehending or profiting by; no sickly affectation of notoriety—no eager thirst for popularity—no greedy appetite for power—no rash enthusiasm of change, stimulated him to undertake the laborious and thankless office of a law Reformer. As a lawyer, he had, by his own abilities and profound knowledge, attained the highest rank, and acquired the largest emoluments that a private practitioner had ever enjoyed. He needed but to have bowed down and worshipped the idol of Toryism, in order to have secured the highest honours of the state. Under such circumstances, that he should have exaggerated the merits, and overlooked the defects of a system, in acquiring the knowledge of which, he had spent his youth, and in the administration of which his maturer years had been employed, and which had so amply remunerated his toil, were natural and pardonable, and he would have escaped censure and obtained place, had he, like all the rest of his professional brethren, used his seat in parliament as a stepping-stone to a seat upon the bench.

But so paltry an ambition as this was not in Romilly's nature; his clear, unclouded intellect, unbiassed by any sinister interest, saw plainly the defects in the system of law with which he was conversant; and no daily custom, however long continued—no practice, however lucrative—could reconcile him to their existence. Long and earnestly did he struggle for their abolition, though not by any sweeping reform, which would have brought him at least the fame of a mighty legislator. Slowly and patiently, and with admirable perseverance, did he press for,

one by one, the measures which he thought would remove part of the defects complained of; and if popularity came at last, it came unsolicited, unsought, undesired, though not undeserved. His exertions, though failing of immediate success, were not without their effect, in attracting attention to the criminal law. Almost every measure which he proposed, only to be rejected, has subsequently been adopted with the consent of all parties. But the more extensive improvements which he contemplated, the reducing the vast and

daily increasing mass of English law into one uniform system—consolidating the appalling array of statutes and reports—reconciling conflicting decisions—repealing inconsistent acts—levelling absurd distinctions, and abolishing subtle refinements—remains as yet to be done. Until another shall arise, who to the profound knowledge, the enlarged views, the honest intentions, the untiring zeal of Romilly, shall add the power which was denied to him, the laws of England will still need their Tribonian.

## WOMAN AND HER MASTER.\*

BY LADY MORGAN.

We own that Lady Morgan has completely succeeded in mystifying us with the title of her long promised book. "Woman and her Master!" Who is woman's master? Surely (in our simplicity we thought) no mortal of the *unfair* sex can deserve the dignity of such an appellation; and Lady Morgan can only mean to pourtray, under these words, the mastery exercised over female hearts by the abstract divinity, "Love." In fact, we opened the book expecting a love story, diversified by some of those lively sketches of society, with which the public has been heretofore gratified; and we conceived that its title had been borrowed from Voltaire's well known inscription to the statue of Cupid—

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton maitre."

"Il est; le fut; ou le doit être!"

We had half hoped for some worthy national successor of "Florence Macarthy," or "The O'Briens and O'Flaherties;" and had fondly imagined that the object of her ladyship's book was to show, by a history of the metaphysics of some Irish female heart, how powerfully the little god reigns, and must reign, there as master.

We have however been disappointed, and (if we can say so without a bull) agreeably disappointed, by a perusal of our countrywoman's book. It is a work of a higher order, and of a far different caste from the novels and travels (excellent as they are in their several "genres") by which our fair authoress has already acquired literary

fame and distinction. It is not a mere ephemeral production addressed "alla giornata," and thrown off in the gay exuberance of an Irishwoman's lively fancy, (like the "Dramatic Sketches,") but a serious treatise, composed with a philosophical object, and evincing marks of considerable research and meditation. We are much mistaken if this work has not occupied Lady Morgan's mind for a much longer period than any of her preceding productions; and if the avowed aim of its pages, i. e. the moral and social elevation of her sex, has not been her literary "thought by day and dream by night" for many years. It is in fact a bold, and as we think, in a great degree successful attempt to shew, by an elaborate history of "woman" in different ages and countries of the world, that the position held by her in the present social system is essentially a false one. It is in truth a studied thesis, composed with the view of proving, that in the advance of that civilisation, to which the sex has so potently contributed, she is entitled to a loftier station, and has far higher duties to fulfil, than those contemptuously allotted to her by the lags of the stronger sex—

"Of suckling fools, and chronicling small beer."

The subject indeed is not strictly a new one, that is to say a new one to the reading public of the present day; although in the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the classic reign of Anne, (*sub regno*

*Cinara*.) "Woman and her Master" would most probably have been considered as a monstrous satire upon the lords of the creation, if not stigmatised as impious and atheistical! Woman suffered then, not like Dante's slaves, "*servi siam, ma servi ognor frementi*;" but as slaves of a lower order still, in silence and in tears. The reader will seek in vain, in the pages of the Spectators and Tatlers, in the social essays of the Addisons and the Swifts, for a voice raised in favour of those, termed as in mockery, the better halves of the community; and any attempt by a woman to raise her fellow-women in the social scale, would then have appeared presumptuous to the last degree. A change, however, has come over the spirit of men's dreams in this respect; many of the most distinguished women of the last fifty years, have naturally directed their attention to the position of their sisters; and we need only recall to the minds of our readers the names of Madame de Stael, Madame Roland, and Mary Wolstonecroft. Their opinions, if not received without cavil and suspicion, have at least been listened to; and women, by making themselves heard in the intellectual world, have made themselves respected. Many of the most celebrated men in Continental as well as English literature, have responded to the call; Schiller in Germany, Condorcet and Segur in France; in England Bentham, and more lately Bulwer.

Although the subject is therefore far from a new one, Lady Morgan, by her mode of treatment, has invested it with the charms of novelty, and by the calm and dispassionate manner in which she has asserted the rights of her sex, (as well as by the talent evinced in her advocacy,) has, we think, taken a more successful course than even her many and able predecessors. She believes that appeals to the reasoning faculties of society are likely to be ultimately attended with more permanent results, than appeals to their passions; and that a writer who can convince the reflecting portion of the community, that a change of the system of female education will give men more companionable wives, and better mothers for their children—has a much more favorable chance of ultimately effecting her object, than Madame de Stael in the highest flights of her eloquence, or even Schiller or Byron, when the one apostrophizes woman in his well-known "Ehret den Frauen," or the other mourns over her fate as the—

"Poor thing of usages, coerced, compelled,  
Victim when wrong; and martyr oft when right."

The reader, however, must not imagine that Lady Morgan's book is divested of those ornamental graces, which female genius can so easily throw over her favorite creations. The book, even independently of its philosophic object, to which all its well selected illustrations are subordinate, is a very pleasant one, from the numerous literary associations it recalls, and the bright and striking colours in which many of the historical scenes, where woman has acted so prominent a part, are brought before the reader's mind. The different chapters of the book may be fairly regarded as constituting a grand and striking panorama, in which the several remarkable women who have appeared upon the great stage of human life, are successively evoked from their historical sepulchres, and again play over their busy and various parts. Like the shadows in Banquo's magic glass, the heroines of the different countries and ages of the world, pass before us; the Greek women follow the Hebrews, and the Romans succeed the Greeks. The graces of Aspasia efface the recollection of Miriam's tears, and the noble virtues of the mother of the Gracchi make us blush for the flowery thralldom in which Pericles was held by the Athenian Hetaira. In all the various and shifting scenes, however, in which the several heroines appear, we recognise the irresistible potency of woman's influence, whether for good or for evil (but principally for the former,) and we are compelled to admit the truth of Lady Morgan's eloquent assertion—

"That wherever woman has been, there she has left the track of her humanity to mark her passage; incidentally impressing the seal of her sensibility and her wrongs upon every phasis of Society, and in every region from Indus to the Pole."

It is difficult to make such selections from a work like "Woman and her Master," (every passage of which appears to have been written for the purpose of establishing the author's foregone conclusions,) as will fairly give the reader an idea of its merits as a whole. The proverb, "*ex pede Herculem*," however true when applied to a statue, is by no means equally applicable to a book, whose power consists in the skill, with which its several chapters are made to bear upon its great and principal object. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting some passages, peculiarly characteristic of Lady Morgan's style, and eluci-

dating her views of the present state of the female community, and the consequent necessity of a radical change:—

"If (says her ladyship) in the first era of society, woman was the victim of man's physical superiority, she is still in the last the subject of laws, in the enactment of which she has had no voice—amenable to the penalties of a code from which she derives but little protection. While man, in his first crude attempts at jurisprudence, has surrounded the sex with restraints and disabilities, he has left its natural rights unregarded, and its liberty unacknowledged; merging the very existence of women in his own, he has allowed her no separate interest, assigned her no independent possessions, for, says the law, the law of *man*, the husband is the head of the wife, and all that she has belongs to him.\* Even the fruit of her own labour is torn from her, unless she is protected by the solitary blessedness of a derided but innocent celibacy, or by an infamous frailty: thus to adopt the barbarous jargon of barbarous laws, as "femme sole," or "femme convert," she is equally the victim of violence and injustice, those universal and invariable attributes of the law of the strongest. Educating woman for the Harem, but calling upon her for the practices of the Portico, man expects from his Odalisque the firmness of the Stoic, and demands from his servants the exercise of those virtues, which placing the elite of his own sex at the head of its muster roll, give immortality to the master. He tells her that obscurity is her true glory, insignificance her distinction, ignorance her lot, and passive obedience the perfection of her nature; yet he expects from her, as the daily and hourly habit of her existence, that conquest over the passions by the strength of reason, that triumph of moral energy over the senses and their appetites, and that endurance of personal privations and self denial, which with him (under all the excitements of ambition, and incentives to renown,) are qualities of rare exception, the practices of most painful acquirement. Such has been the destiny of woman amongst the most highly organized and intellectual of the human race, and in the regions most favourable to their moral development."

We had marked several other passages for extraction, but our limits compel us to rest satisfied with presenting to the reader two of the many striking female portraits which Lady Morgan has sketched, and which, from the contrast between the subjects, will afford fair specimens of the variety of her ladyship's style:—

"Aspasia of Miletus, called the sophist, was one of those notable personages, whose character and influence best record the manners of the age in which they flourish. The women of Miletus, in Asia Minor, had long been celebrated for their intellectual endowments as for

their personal graces. It seemed that this exquisite region (colonized from Crete, where women were a proverb,) was the 'nido paterno' of Grecian wit and beauty, and Aspasia may have been more the disciple than the foundress of that school of intellectual fascination, which gives the permanency of a moral impression, to the fleeting witchery of personal charms. This splendid and mischievous Hetaira flourished at a moment, when, as a modern French writer has observed, 'Le sort de la Grece etait entre les mains des courtisanes.' Of all the female celebrities of antiquity, none has obtained a greater reputation for talent, grace, and eloquence, and, above all, for a resistless power over the minds and passions of man, than Aspasia. Still her reputation is but a tradition, and little emanating from herself remains to testify her great (intellectual superiority: no 'divine verse,' the poetry of passion like that of Sappho—no philosophical views preserved by a style, like that of Leontium, which provoked the admiration and envy of Cicero—no brilliant mots, which have passed over the sweep of two thousand years, like the sallies and epigrams of Glycera and Lais, nor any one act of high intellectual energy in favour of public good, such as marks the undeniable endowments of others of her order, stand on record to brighten, if they could not excuse, the private vices of the woman. Her influence over Pericles was that of one well versed in the passions and weakness of man, and capable of governing them only for her own interest and advantage, or for the gratification of her own vanity and ambition."

This portrait is beautifully painted, but we own our preference for the following less elaborate, but more natural sketch of a Roman matron:—

"The life of Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the wife of Sempronius Gracchus, and the mother of his two immortal sons of that name, would alone suffice to establish the intellectual and moral endowments of the women of the Roman Republic, and their worthiness to claim and possess the rights of citizenship, as nobly performing its duties. Tiberius and Caius Gracchus owed the virtues and the powers, by which they were enabled to illustrate their unknown though patrician name, to the temperament of their mother. Cornelia has been accused of having applied too much stimulus to the fierce and kindling genius of her sons. Her frequent reproach to them, 'shall I then only be honoured as the mother-in-law (*daughter?*) of Scipio, when I desire the greater title of the mother of the Gracchi,' was thought to imply a higher and a less justifiable ambition than that of maternal gratification.—But her sons and pupils, through their short and glorious lives, amply justified the purity and patriotism of their parent's aspirations.

After the death of both her sons, Cornelia, the devoted mother, remained alone in her sublime

\* Blackstone.



desolation, a more magnificent monument of moral grandeur, than that splendid trophy raised in her own lifetime to her glory, and inscribed by reverential cotemporaries with the simple name—

CORNELIA MATER GRACCHORUM.

"This great woman long survived her afflicting losses. Immediately on the murder of Caius, she withdrew from the shores of the Tiber, to whose water the bleeding bodies of both her children had been contemptuously committed, and fixed her melancholy retreat near to Misenum, where the greatest and most eminent personages, both of Greece and Italy, resorted to make their offerings of esteem, to invoke the lessons of her experience, and to revere in her person the lost virtues of ancient Rome. To their interrogations concerning the past, she is said to have replied with perspicuity and eloquence, and with a thorough knowledge of events, and travellers from distant climes retraced their homeward steps in pride, to relate at their own hearths, that they had seen and conversed with the mother of the Gracchi. The star of Cornelia's genius long left its luminous track behind it: the mothers of Rome were wont to cite her sayings as moral precepts, and Quintilian quotes her epistles, as among the purest specimens of style, extant in his time."

We are sure that these two portraits will give the reader the desire of seeing the rest of the gallery; but at the same time he will perceive that Lady Morgan's book labours under the disadvantage of having appeared in an unfinished state. Two volumes only have been published, and their last chapter comes down to no more recent period than the time of the Empress Helena. We feel annoyed at this, for many reasons; partly, because (as Lady Morgan herself says) "a strict adherence to chronological order obliged the authoress to bring before the public

that portion of the history of women, which, from its remoter associations, may be deemed the least interesting;" but principally, because we are left in ignorance of the many changes, which Lady Morgan *must* mean to propose as ameliorations of the present system, and which she could not of course present to the reader, until the complete history of the sex, which suggests these changes, shall have been brought before him. This, we think, will form the most valuable part of her *Ladyship's* treatise, and also the part which will require the greatest delicacy of touch and variety of execution. Mankind is always so wedded to existing institutions, that the proposer of change is generally looked upon with suspicion and distrust. Lord Bacon, who knew the world so well, never uttered a wiser apophthegm than, "that if a man's hand were full of truths, he should only open his little finger;" and we shall be curious to discover by what ingenuity our authoress will avoid unnecessarily irritating all those prejudices, which are so easily called into action by the magic word "innovation."

We think we can discern, as through a glass darkly, the proposed changes in the relations of "Woman and her Master," but it would be unfair to speculate upon their merits, until we shall have them fully and fairly before us, under the hand of the authoress herself. For the present we bid her farewell, with a strong conviction, that "Woman and her Master," when completed, will deserve the praise (heretofore bestowed upon Lady Morgan's *Italy* by Lord Byron) of being both "fearless and excellent."

R.

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STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Would'st thou in the bowers of pleasure,  
See its brightest roses blow;  
Where Hope hoards its choicest treasure,  
Would'st thou unforbidden go?  
From the bonds of care and sorrow,  
Would'st thou keep thy bosom free?  
At joy's altar would'st thou borrow  
All its blessings—love like me.  
Love like me, oh! love like me.

Love like me—the sound that saddens  
Cannot cost thine eye a tear;  
Love like me—the dream that gladdens  
Heart and hope must still be near.  
Every ray that beams to brighten  
Earth and air, and land and sea—  
Every thought that grief can lighten,  
Waits thee—if thou'lt love like me.  
If thou'lt *only* love like me.

## SYLLA.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAWKINS'-STREET, DUBLIN, IN JUNE, 1837.

## PREFACE.

THE present is, so far as the writer is aware, the first attempt in the English language to illustrate, by dramatic action, the character of Sylla, and to account plausibly for the motives for his last astounding act of power—namely, his laying down the dictatorship. That the man, and the events of his public life, particularly the one specified, are strikingly dramatic, will not be denied; and the previous want of an English tragedy built with such materials, is almost as striking. Perhaps it may have been caused by the apparent difficulty of the task. It is quite true that history supplies very little to make such a task easy. Sylla's heart and mind have been less unveiled to us by old writers, than have those of any other celebrated personage of antiquity. His own reasons for some of his actions—actions, sometimes noble, sometimes atrocious, always startling, remain at best but as matters of guess work to us. The outline of his character is blurred to our eyes. We do not understand him. Cæsar, Antony, Brutus, Catiline, and a score other citizens of old Rome, occur to our thoughts like intimate, well-known acquaintances, while of Sylla our notions are vague and unformed. As to what must have been truly his state of mind, when he laid down the palm and purple, and dismissed his lictors in the Forum, amid a crowd of people, from scarce one of whom he had not good reason to dread a stern and dangerous remonstrance regarding his reign as dictator—upon his reasons for this prodigious and sublime act of hardihood, history is silent. And hence, indeed, would seem to arise such a difficulty as had just been conjectured. If you make a man the hero of a play, you must necessarily make him speak in his own person; and just as necessarily, sooner or later, in the progress of your five acts, you must make him account, out of his own lips, for what he does. But how is this to be easily effected with a historical character, of whose *incentives to what he does*, ancient historians seem to decline all explanation?

In another country, however, a tragedy of Sylla has been produced, and its author, M. Jouy, of the French Academy, has, in his own apprehension, found no obstacle in the way. Upon the authority of Montesquieu, that gentleman refers to what can be nothing, or little less than patriotism, not only Sylla's abdication, but even his usurpation of the dictatorship, thus—(I quote from M. Jouy's preface to his tragedy):—

“ Sous la plume de l'auteur de *la grandeur et decadence des Romains*, Sylla devient le reformateur de Rome; et veut les ramener à l'amour de la liberté, par les horreurs de la tyrannie, et quand il a suffisamment abusé du pouvoir dans l'interet de la republique, qu'il ne separe pas de ses vengeances personnelles, satisfait de la leçon sanglante qu'il a donné à ses compatriots, il brise lui meme la palme du dictateur qu'il a usurpé.”

And therefore—

“ Ce n'est point Sylla si imparfaitement esquissé par Plutarque, c'est ce Sylla si admirablement indiqué par Montesquieu, que je veuille reproduire sur la scene.”

But there is no reason, notwithstanding M. Jouy's preference, why Montesquieu, who lived about seventeen hundred years after Sylla, should be authority for his patriotism, when Plutarch, who lived only about two hundred and twenty years after him, says nothing on the subject, nor Appian, who was a contemporary of Plutarch; nor Valerius Maximus, who lived very nearly a century still closer to Sylla. And since Montesquieu could not have derived his reading of Sylla's motives from these authorities, where did he get it?

There is a point still more perilous to M. Jouy, and a curious and rather astonishing one it is. What M. Jouy says for Montesquieu, that writer does not say for himself. Nay, he says the very contrary, as follows—"La fantaisie qui lui fait quitter la dictature *semble* rendre la vie à la république, mais dans la fureur de ses succès il avait fait des choses qui mirent la Rome dans l'impossibilité de conserver sa liberté."—And Montesquieu supplies a frightful list of the things which Sylla did, tending to destroy the liberties of Rome. It will further be noticed, from this last quotation, that instead of ascribing to patriotism Sylla's abdication of the dictatorship, Montesquieu, very conveniently for the exercise of his own penetration, absolutely calls his motive or impulse upon that occasion, "whim," and nothing else. But the fact is, M. Jouy, in presenting to a Paris audience a tragedy of Sylla, tried, in order to ensure success for his drama, to paint in its hero, the character of Napoleon; and as history stood in the way of such a project, he had very little hesitation in getting rid of it. He hit his mark, however, with indeed considerable assistance from Talma, who gave an imitation of the companion of his youth, even to the adjustment of his own stage wig; and the worthy Parisians flocked night after night to enjoy, under the name of the old Roman dictator, the political sentiments, allusions, and even personal peculiarities, of the great chief, then uppermost in their thoughts—I was going to say affections. M. Jouy could have written his tragedy in a fitter view than this.

Having said so much in admission of the difficulties of the present attempt, I hope I shall not incur the charge of temerity for having engaged in it all. With very little assistance certainly, I have had to sit down, and, after careful study, venture a *new* solution of the enigma of Sylla's dark character, and above all, of the last grand act of his public existence. If I have failed, let me be judged only as severely as the reader's recollections of history will warrant. Nor shall I attempt to conciliate, in a preface, his good-natured dispositions towards my dramatic scenes, by a detailed account of why and wherefore I constructed them as they are, for if they do not tell their own story, so far at least, they tell nothing. It is useless trying to argue a man into a conviction of the plausible.

I beg leave to be understood, however, as by no means depreciating the French tragedy, as a literary composition. Indeed I give proofs more substantial than words, of a deferential sense of M. Jouy's talents, by appropriating, in my play, as much of his as might consistently be made use of. This could not indeed be much, when the identity of the principal personage was to be changed; when consistently with the national dramatic taste, an attempt was to be made to write a drama of action rather than of narration; when, in this view, three years, instead of M. Jouy's three hours, of Sylla's life were to be accounted for; and when, as necessarily perhaps, a new by-plot altogether was to be invented, and M. Jouy's non-historical personages consequently quite given up.

The two first acts then of this tragedy, have no parallels in the French one. But Sylla's audience scene in the third act is taken from M. Jouy; and the first sixteen lines of it are but translations or adaptations from him, as also are the six that conclude it; while the intermediate passages are original in matter and language. Next, Julius alone with Sylla in the fourth act, is equivalent to Claudius alone with him in the same act of the French play. The grand historical situation in the fifth act, must be considered as common property; one incident, however, that grows out of it, namely the attempt of Julius to stab Sylla, was most probably suggested by the same attempt in the person of M. Jouy's imaginary heroine, Valeria. Of all M. Jouy's secondary characters, that of Catiline alone has been preserved; but this similitude was also historically imperative. And Catiline's agency in the plot is also generally similar; and in one or two instances he receives action from his French counterpart. And from the many speeches of M. Jouy's Sylla to the people in the Forum, the spirit of some lines has been copied; while the following three good ones are almost literally translated—

"Me voila desarmé!—je vous livre ma vie—  
 Au complots, au poignards, j'oppose mon génie—  
 Cheronée, Orchomene, et l'effroi de mon nom!"

I have now confessed the extent of the thefts of which I am conscious; yet other seeming imitations may perhaps occur to the very critical reader. J. B.

SYLLA. A TRAGEDY.

*Dramatis Personæ:—*

SYLLA  
CURTIUS  
LEPIDUS  
CATILINE  
MARCUS CRASSUS  
LUCRETIVS OFELLA

CETHEGUS  
METELLUS  
AUFIDIUS  
LÆNAS  
FIRST TRIBUNE  
SECOND TRIBUNE

CENTURION  
SOLDIER  
CHIEF AUGUR  
FIRST CITIZEN  
SECOND CITIZEN

CORDUS and ARIORAZANES, Kings of Cappadocia; ARCHELAUS; Parthian Ambassadors, Lictors, Soldiers, Knights, Augurs, Citizens, Attendants, &c. &c.

PHRYNE,  
Female Attendant.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea Coast at Brundisium. Lucretius Ofella and Centurion, meeting, with Forces.*

CENT.—Well met, Ofella.

OF.—Well met—see! for our hopes

How fresh and fair the vassal breeze holds on,  
No speck is in the sky, no threat of storm,  
The dimpled sea invites a cleaving passage,  
And, far and near, her strands spread out in silence,  
Seem, like ourselves, hushed with an expectation.

(*Trumpet heard.*)

Another friend?

*Enter Marcus Crassus, with forces.*

CRAS.—Behold!

OF.—Old Marcus Crassus!

In exile *you* have heard our joyful summons?

CRAS.—Aye, and from exile here do answer it.

Ofella, hath our Sylla promised us?

OF.—He hath.

CRAS.—Was to embark, this morning, (*pointing*) at Dyrrachium?

OF.—And here, to-day, upon Brundisium's coast,

Will land. But my good Crassus, e're we parted,  
From fickle Rome, methought her Sylla's hand  
Against relapses such as ours had charmed her?  
The old, gaunt lion, Marius, quailed before him,  
Seeking his distant lair! But who comes now?

CRAS.—Some that may better spin the story out.

OF.—Cethegus—at my summons leading on  
Another force.

CRAS.—And with him Catiline;

Who, if he brings no soldiers at his back,  
Doth breed, in brain and bosom, work enough  
For myriad legions.

*Enter Catiline and Cethegus, with forces.*

OF.—Welcome, countrymen,

It is the place and time.

CETH.—We greet Ofella.

CAT.—What—Marcus Crassus, too? Oh! this looks hopeful.  
The place and—time—Ofella?

OF.—Aye.

CAT.—How now ?

You send your eyes a voyage upon the water,  
As if ———

OF.—Here Catiline ! Near yonder neck  
Of land ———

CAT.—I see them !

CRAS.—And I, too.

CETH.—And I.

CAT.—As yet, no bigger than a busy flock

Of white sea-mews, their wings touched with the sunlight.

OF.—As they come on, the nearer point will hide them.

CRAS.—And in the pause, for lack of better pastime,

You, Catiline, advise Ofella, here,

What did ye all at Rome, after his parting.

CAT.—The soldiers marched to Capua, where their camp  
Shouted up Cinna.

OF.—What then said your Senate ?

CAT.—Little, until, to give them time for babbling,

Old Marius, after roaming thro' the world

In search of novelties, struck home again.

A flock of citizens cackled out to meet him.

CAT.—Oh, yes ; his own primevals.

So, he took Ostia ; and with Cinna leagued,

Scowled at us from the brow of the Janiculum.

CETH.—And then the Senate sent Metellus to them.

CAT.—Metellus's men would fight—*with* Marius, tho',

If not *against* him. That's the last of it ;

For then we oped our gates, and let them in,

And both were Consuls.

CETH.—Lucius Catiline,

The last you have not told ; the last and worst.

CAT.—Oh, if it must be something eloquent,

I can go on. Poor Cinna walked in, smiling,

At our first humble prayer to the purpose.

Not so old Marius. There, outside the walls,

Affectedly displaying his long beard,

(My sword's length) and his beggar's rags—there stood he,

Frowning, and muttering something of the ban

Of outlawry upon him—what, Cethegus ?

CETH.—Which must, he said, be publicly revoked

Ere he would enter.

CAT.—The obedient people

Proceeded, in due course, to take it off.

CETH.—Then, he—

CAT.—No longer able to dam up,

With such stale affectation, his old nature,

Strode onward with his guards into the city,

Stabbed the liege Consul in his chair of state,

And in the open streets, all Senators

He met—and he was Consul then, at least.

OF.—Marcus ?

Look, look ! Our words have wiled the time :

The ships now ride at anchor.

CAT.—See ! the decks

Alive with soldiers !—wave your eagles !—they

See us ! and now wave theirs !

OF.—Shout ! shout !

CAT.—Aye, shout !

The boats put off—trumpets ! Oh, I should know

The man that now leaps in, and standing up  
Amid his rowers, looks so longingly  
To land!

OF.—'Tis he!—our Sylla!

ALL—Sylla! Sylla!

CAT.—Trumpets, your welcome!

*Sylla appears in a boat with sailors and soldiers; he lands.*

SYL.—My mother-land, all hail!

Gods of old Italy, of her vales and mountains,  
Hail, hail! My foot is on my natal ground  
Again!

CAT.—And hail, thou, Sylla! hail and welcome!

ALL—Hail, hail, and welcome, Sylla!

SYL.—Countrymen,

Your hands around: first gentle Marcus, yours—

CETH.—(To Catiline)—Why?

CAT.—Marcus is the *richest* of us all;

And he that will have wars, must not lack—

CETH.—Monies?

CAT.—'Tis like the word.

SYL.—(Aside to Crassus)—It shall be doubled, Marcus.

(Aloud)—Ofella—Lucius Catiline—Cethegus.

OF.—Your friends bring pledges of sincerity

To greet you, Sylla. Look around.

SYL.—I see;

And I do answer them. Our eastern foes  
Have not so hacked my legions, but I lead  
Some hardy veterans home again. Behold!  
Ofella, this way—I did freight your ship  
With spoil enough to lull the honest zeal  
Of twenty modern Consuls?

OF.—Thro' their camp,

Armed but with *it*, I sent my emissaries,  
And Scipio's legion to a man is yours.

SYL.—And of the other?—tush—his name—Urbanus?

OF.—He would be honest—so—

SYL.—You fought, and beat him?

Old Marius, friends?

CAT.—Marius is—

SYL.—Coming on!

CAT.—Marius is dead.

SYL.—Dead?

CAT.—Dead.

SYL.—He hath escaped me—(trumpet.)

OF.—(Pointing off.)—Metellus.

SYL.—I do greet him. Who can speak

Of Cneius Pompey, yet?

CAT.—Young Cneius Pompey,

Soul, heart and hand is yours. Already he  
Hath served you.

SYL.—I respect that youthful Pompey.

But see—Metellus!

*Enter Metellus with forces.*

MET.—Sylla!

SYL.—Aye—once more

The Roman Sylla. Brave Metellus, thanks,  
For this most timely aid. And now, friends *all*,  
Methinks we swell to something formidable  
And may be thinking of a deed to do.

Metellus, you have latest come from Rome ;  
Declare our enemies.

MET.—Carbo and young Marius  
Have been appointed Consuls, in the places  
Of Scipio and Urbanus.

SYL.—And have taken  
The field ?

MET.—They have. Carbo lies east of Rome,  
With twenty thousand.

SYL.—Beat them west, Metellus ;  
You can do that. And next, where may we meet  
Their lion-cub of a true lion-sire ?  
Young Marius ?

MET.—As I hastened on, 'twas said  
That he had marched——

SYL.—To meet us ?  
Countrymen, Soldiers, Romans, Conquerors  
Of the tamed world ! Abroad has Rome no foe  
I could not quell, and breeds she parricides  
At home ? *That* world against her, nothing—  
Herself her only scourge ? I snatched ye, friends,  
E're last I left ye, from rebellion's gripe  
Your olive bough, and is it reft again ?

CAT.—It is—to be redeemed by you again.

SYL.—It is ! to be redeemed by me, again !  
Your hands ! and, as like sand I scattered wide  
The swarming hosts of Asia and old Greece,  
So will I purge from your eternal name  
This in-bred blotch ! Your hands and voices ! swear !  
Your *oaths* for Rome and Sylla ! swear !

ALL.—We swear.

SYL.—Out with our swords ! and never to our thighs  
Be they remitted, till, in branch and root,  
We lop this noxious treason ! Romans, prompt me.  
A word—*one* word to speak our patriot wrath—  
Extermination ?—aye—extermination !  
Your *oaths* again !

ALL.—We swear !

SYL.—Hear us, young Marius !  
And let the savage spirit of your sire  
Catch that profound response ! My countrymen,  
The foe at once ! Metellus—ha ?—not with me ?

*(Speaking to himself, as he searches something under his robe.)*

Tablet nor scroll ? Metellus—Carbo's yours—  
Lost ?—that were bad and blameful—no—I hold them—  
Myself, amid his quaking, traitor cohorts,  
Will find young Marius—*on !* to Rome ! *for* Rome ! *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.—*In Rome. A Chamber. Curtius and Phryne.*

PHRY.—Often, too often, have we met and parted,  
In mystery, unsanctioned and unlawful,  
And oh, how perilous ! My own dear Curtius,  
Have I not loved as woman seldom loves ?  
To trust you, take you, vow a secret vow,  
With one I know not——

CURT.—And you wish it back,  
Phryne ?

- PHRY.—There is a something tyrannous  
 In what you say, now, Curtius. To evade  
 A just demand upon your manliness,  
 You fright me with the prospect of a loss  
 You know must overshadow all other grief;  
 But thus you should not, shall not, must not—for,  
 In turn I can out threat—you *will* not, Curtius,  
 Thus mock the growing agony of heart,  
 The silent boding, the unbidden tears,  
 That——
- CURT.—Phryne, hear me. When I met you first—
- PHRY.—That very first sad eve we ever met!
- CURT.—When, with your aged bondswoman, you walked  
 Outside the city walls—
- PHRY.—I do remember!
- 'Tis now some forty months. I was a child.
- CURT.—A creature wearing fresh the first blown blossom  
 Of womanhood! I saw you; for eternity  
 Adored. You've told me, from that moment, too,  
 I was your chosen?
- PHRY.—Above all mankind.
- CURT.—*Then*, nothing did we know of one another,  
 But that we were beloved of one another.  
 For *me*, that was enough. We met again;  
 And oft; and I did learn, at last, you were  
 The child of——
- PHRY.—Sylla! (*Proudly.*)
- CURT.—Yes—even that man's child.
- PHRY.—The child of Asia's conqueror! The child  
 Of Marius' scourge!
- CURT.—Hold, Phryne— (*Agitated and checking himself.*)
- PHRY.—I feared not  
 To tell my name.
- CURT.—I heard—and—perhaps—  
*In* it, enough to bid us part for ever!  
 This is the first time I have said so much.
- PHRY.—It is—and—first or last, so much appals me.  
 What can you mean? for ever? part for ever?
- CURT.—At least I heard enough to make me hide  
*My* name, *my* father's name—from *you*—tho' not  
 A breath to shake you on your central throne,  
 This heart.
- PHRY.—Now let me understand it—ha!  
 And will my black conjectures, sprung too late,  
 And 'till this moment spurned at, as impossible—  
 Tho' felt most awfully—will they take shape  
 And true existence! Why should you have heard,  
 In Sylla's name, a sound to fright you?—why?
- CURT.—To fright me? Not the echo of a sound!
- PHRY.—Then to compel that mystery you speak of,  
 And to suggest—if not compel—your wish,  
 Or thought—of parting? My beloved, speak!  
 A deadly meaning gathers on your brow—  
 And your lip parches, and your bosom heaves  
 With hot concealment——
- Enter, hastily, Lepidus.*
- LEP.—Curtius! I have sought you—  
 Your pardon, lady Phryne—I have sought you  
 In earnest speed——
- CURT.—Here, Lepidus—the cause?



LEP.—Sylla has landed at Brundisium—  
And—leagued with Crassus, Pompey, and Cethegus—  
E're this your brother and himself have met.

CURT.—'Tis sudden—tho' expected.

PHRY.—That man's face!

My Curtius!

CURT.—Hath the news yet reached the city?

LEP.—It hath indeed.

CURT.—And what effects appear?

LEP.—Terror and silence.

CURT.—Nothing more? Oh, Phryne,  
The hour has come when you at last should know me!  
And deem not my concealment cowardly,  
Or else put on in selfish caution, merely—  
For—so let me be judged—and, now, befriended—  
If I did ever fear—nay, *yet*, I do not—  
That I should seem—or shall—too questionable  
For your regard—Lepidus!—nothing more?  
The senate? do *they* quake?

PHRY.—Curtius! say on!

LEP.—They do—and have assembled to prepare  
A tame submission to him.

CURT.—But the people?  
Beloved Phryne!—then—and all along—  
As now—with help from fortune—I was strong  
In friends and party—stronger, sweet, than you—  
The people, Lepidus?

LEP.—Hang down their heads—  
Or, in the public places, or at corners,  
Glare strangely at each other—

CURT.—Abject clods!

LEP.—Even the patricians, our most wordy friends,  
Prepare to leave the city.

CURT.—Slaves and cowards!

PHRY.—If, here, you would not see me at your feet,  
In fainting helplessness, turn! turn and speak!

CURT.—First, then, your father, Phryne—

PHRY.—He is dead!

CURT.—Hath landed.

PHRY.—Safe? In health?

CURT.—As I can hear,  
Safe—yet.

PHRY.—The gods of Rome be thanked, my Curtius!

CURT.—Cursed be the sun that lit him to our shores!

Curst be the winds and waves that helped him on—

PHRY.—How!

CURT.—Phryne, Phryne, now we part, indeed—

LEP.—Haste! our few friends await you in the Forum!

CURT.—And still, oh still, be it in mystery!  
Farewell my soul's own queen! thro' good or ill,  
Thro' time and tide, my own eternal Phryne!  
Farewell!

PHRY.—Stay, yet! a little moment yet!  
Say it! altho' it cleave the conscious roof  
And crush me! tho' it make my heart a silence!  
I swear—*will* swear by any oath—you shall not,  
Until you answer me!—say it! you *are*  
The son—

CURT.—The youngest son of Caius Marius. (*Exeunt Curtius & Lepidus.*)  
(*Phryne shrieks, totters to her knees and hides her face with her hands.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. The Forum. Catiline, Aufidius, Lænas.*

LÆN.—He hath been with us as a hurricane

That desolates and leaves.

CAT.—But what *did* Sylla?

LÆN.—First, rushing to the Forum, here, he taxed

The people with their past disloyalty—

Then ordered sale of all the property

Of those who fled—stationed a legion with us,

And parted suddenly, as he had come.

AUF.—His soldiers shouting the defeat of——

CAT.—Marius!

LÆN.—*Is* Marius beaten?

CAT.—I beheld his flight.

AUF.—And whether hath he fled?

CAT.—Unto Præneste;

And after him our hero, Sylla, hastens.

LÆN.—Then, Carbo and the Samnite general

Are now his only foes?

CAT.—If yet they——*are*.

AUF.—His last words to the people were—"I live

In times of dread necessity, and I will act

Up to them; yet, my friends should nothing fear;

Their enemies and mine alone may tremble."

LÆN.—What did he fully mean?

CAT.—'Twere hard to say,

Altho' the words are plain. There ever was

About him, as a cloud, impervious will

In which he dwells a living light, himself,

Unto himself—an unrevealed man

To all beside.

AUF.—Nay, Sylla is impetuous,

And little else, save fortunate.

CAT.—Impetuous!

The impetuosity of a dread machine,

Whose hundred well-knit parts take measured motion,

Perhaps he hath—no other.

LÆN.—Would he now

Strike for the consulate?

CAT.—The consulate?

The common consulate? Ye know not Sylla.

Hark!—hark! (*A distant clamour.*)

AUF.—'Tis he returned!

CAT.—Oh no—some tumult.

LÆN.—Let's question it. (*Ex. Lænas and Aufidius.*)

CAT.—You know him not, indeed,

Senators; and, for the sway of such a mind

'Tis fit you should not. But he is *my* study!

This dark, unknown, and irresistible

Spirit of power, who wills himself to be

The thing he dares aspire to, and *is* it,

Self made, and self confirmed. I did not tell them,

That on the sybil leaf of his shut soul

One line at least I have interpreted.

I did not say, that, when unto the herd

He sometimes rants of holy patriotism,

It is but good enaction of a part  
Well conned in secret motive, and contempt!

*Re-enter Aufidius and Lænas, with people.*

AUF.—Shut all the gates!

PEOPLE.—The Samnites!

CAT.—Telesinus?

AUF.—Yes, Sylla missed them, or they baffled him,  
Between Praeneste and our wretched Rome,  
And——

*Enter First Tribune, with people.*

1ST TRIB.—Lost! our men, led out by Appius Claudius  
Fly from the Samnites!

*Enter Second Tribune, also with people, among whom are Curtius and Lepidus.*

2ND TRIB.—Thro' the eastern gates  
They burst their way, and Telesinus follows!

*Enter Soldiers with an Eagle.*

SOL.—Save yourself, friends! (*Shout to one side, and trumpet.*)  
Hark to their shout!

AUF.—And where

Is your great Sylla now? (*To Catiline.*)

CAT.—Hark! Sylla answers!

(*Trumpet and shout to the other side.*)

*Enter, at that side, Sylla with forces, he snatches the Eagle.*

SYL.—Stand on your lives! No! stand not! back again!

Back, ye poor home-turned fencers! Catiline—  
This scroll unto the people—Citizens,  
Await me, here, till, in your name I ask  
These Samnites what they shout for. Back, I say,  
Ye pageant-warriors, holiday protectors  
Of your old Rome! see ye not by my side  
The law-givers of Greece and Asia!  
Aufidius, Lænas, Senators—I will meet  
Your brethren, at my palace, in an hour—

(*Ex. Aufidius and Lænas.*)

And now, my comrades, try them! outside the walls,  
There's room for fighting—turn with us, hare-hearts!  
By Mars, the man that only looks behind him  
I will, with my own hand, strike down!  
Turn! forward! (*Ex. Sylla and soldiers.*)

CURT.—Now, Lepidus, to stir them! (*As all look off.*)

LEP.—No—not while Catiline is here to mark you—  
He knows your person well.

CAT.—The happiest fortune

Must still attend him. What's this scroll, which he,  
Amid his sneering rage, had thought and time  
To hand me? (*Reads it.*)

1ST TRIB.—How the people throng the walls?

CITZ.—Let's on to join them—

TRIB.—No—for heard you not

His charge to wait him here?

CAT.—It is digested,

Planned and set up from the foundation line  
In method and assurance, wonderful.

People of Rome, our Sylla sends you—*this*—  
Who answers it?

CITZ.—Our Tribunes who are here.

CAT.—Then you and they attend to me. In this time

Of outrage 'gainst the liberties of Rome,  
Sylla, engaged in every way to serve  
Her and yourselves, demands that, once again,  
You do revive the office of Dictator,  
Which, in your former need, befriended you.  
Here is the ample shape of his advice,  
And now your tribunes will consider it.

CURT.—Oh monstrous, monstrous!

LEP.—Peace, my Curtius, peace!

1ST TRIB.—Sylla is our deliverer—his voice  
Should be our law.

CAT.—Ye will examine it,  
In every view. Pray you, peruse the writing—  
At the conclusion, very modestly  
Put forth, there is a personal request  
From Sylla. Read it. Ye have gratitude,  
Reason and observation. Read it. (*Exit Catiline.*)

CITZ.—Yes.

Let's hear.

CURT.—What! more? ye have not heard enough?  
Dictator? why? where be your consuls, Romans?  
Your Senators? your own most worthy Tribunes?  
Why stand these very officers before me?  
When Junius Brutus reckoned with the Tarquin—  
When Mutius braved and awed—alone—unarmed—  
Amid the thousands, the invading tyrant—  
When Cocles sentinelled yon bridge, and cleft  
Yon river!—where was your dictator, then!  
Dictator!—whom? oh, do not answer me!  
Is it not written, there, to be transcribed  
In your own blood!

CITZ.—What's written?

1ST TRIB.—Sylla's self  
Requests you may remember his good deeds  
In your election.

1ST CITZ.—Let us choose him—

2ND CITZ.—Let us!

CURT.—Traitors!—young Marius, Caius' eldest son—  
If ye dispose of honours, place and trust,  
Is he forgotten?

1ST TRIB.—Sylla hath not been  
To us, the tyrant that old Marius was.  
No—he hath shed no Roman blood in Rome. (*Distant shouting.*)  
*Enter Lucretius Ofella.*

OF.—Echo back

Our cheer! The Samnites are o'erthrown—  
Captive or slaughtered! Sylla doth commend him  
Unto the people; but a moment's pause  
From toil he asks; then, in a peaceful guise,  
Unarmed, a citizen, he will come to greet you. (*Exit Ofella.*)

CITZ.—Huzza! Great Sylla! Sylla!

CURT.—False, base tongues  
And hearts! when after many wanderings  
Your Marius sought again the gates of Rome—  
Ha—ye remember that?—ye outlawed him.  
From place to place he strayed, a vagabond  
Upon the earth—Æneria, Sicily,  
The sands of Africa heard his lonely footsteps,  
Amid the silent ashes of old Carthage  
Sternly he sat awhile—and note ye when

That Cimbrian slave—a dagger in his hand—  
 And he in solitude with the *fettered* Marius,  
 Shrank back but from his word and frown—and fled,  
 The dagger idly dropt, in fear away,  
 Leaving a bloody business unperformed !  
 Reptiles !—his pilgrimages done, the old hero,  
 A deity in years and recollections,  
 Stood scarred and reverend at your city gates,  
 And even thus ye shouted his return,  
 Thus thronged to meet him ! (*Voices abroad. "Sylla ! Sylla !"*)

1ST TRIB.—Peace—

Great Sylla comes !

CURT.—Great Sylla ? *Great Sylla*—forget ye  
 That as *his* quæstor in Numidia  
 Under that very Marius—Caius Marius—  
*My father*—Marius—*mine* !—this very Sylla  
 First learned to be a soldier !

*Enter Sylla, in civil attire—Catiline, Ofella, Cethegus, Knights, Soldiers, and People. Sylla now comes in calmly and slowly.*

SYL.—Here's a voice  
 Before us, friends.

CURT.—No—yet, yet ye have not felt him.  
 But let the dark unfathomable Sylla  
 Gain mastery o'er ye,—even *that* he seeks—  
 And to the latest of your generations  
 Remember him !

LEP.—Peace, Curtius, and away——

SYL.—Catiline.

CAT.—Sylla.

SYL.—Know we

This graceful orator ?

LEP.—Curtius, delay not !

*Catiline whispers Sylla.*

CURT.—Take him—and

Your clinging curse together ! (*Exeunt Curtius and Lepidus.*)

SYL.—Catiline !

(*Motions towards the soldiers, with some of whom ex. Catiline.*)

The youngest son of Marius—Julius Marius. (*Writes in his tablets.*)

CETH.—What would our Sylla with the citizens ?

OF.—I know not. But he will address them. Sylla.

SYL.—Lucretius ?

OF.—If it be your thought to speak

Unto the people——

SYL.—Tush. My countrymen——

1ST TRIB.—Hearken to Sylla.

SYL.—By Lucius Catiline

I have conferred with you—peace, yet, and hear.

E're on my eastern wars I entered,

The hydra faction felt my chastisement.

Returning victor—victor o'er a world

Which dared dispute your sovereignty, I meet

The monster rampant in your streets again.

This should not be—this shall not ! That it may not,

Let him who *can*, now name the stern preventive.

My own opinion I have placed before you.

1ST TRIB.—And we have pondered it.

2ND TRIB.—And in the name

Of Rome's great people call you to the chair,

Too long vacated, of supreme dictator.

SYL.—Such is the people's wish ?

ALL—Our wish ! our voice !

SYL—Then, tribunes, your insignia and lictors—

I will stand here till you return with them.

(*Ex. Tribunes.*)

The tribunes of the people are good officers ;

Good, useful, and of much repute ; and I—

The very first assumption of my power—

Shall ratify them in continuance,

With *this* clause only—that to *keep* them useful,

It be a law, no Roman citizen,

One chosen tribune, shall be eligible

To any place beside. Ye are content ?

CITZ.—All—all content !

OTHERS.—A very wise enactment !

SYL.—Very. For ye ? Oh thorough politicians !

(*Aside.*)

*Re-enter Tribunes with insignia and lictors.*

1ST. TRIB.—Receive your purple and your golden palm,

Types of a power uncontrollable.

2ND TRIB.—Attend your sovereign dictator.

SYL.—Ye will observe, that as a single citizen

I have stood here to court your free election—

Speak not, but let me on. The old dictator

Had a year's reign. For me, I cannot promise,

In space so limited, to carve ye out

The benefits I purpose. 'Tis set down

Even in the instrument ye hold, I cannot :

And, would ye mock me with the sound and shadow

Of a power whose substance I can never wield,—

Here, now, I do abjure your palm and purple,

Reserving to myself some other way

To save the state and crush her enemies.

Read ye that scroll ?

1ST TRIB.—It is set down, indeed—

2ND. TRIB.—And also a proposal that the office

In Sylla's person be perpetual.

SYL.—Aye. That is set down, too.

1ST. TRIB.—An innovation.

SYL.—An innovation—yet consider it.

With innovations am I called to cope.

Consider it.

2ND. TRIB.—We have, and now approve it.

Live Sylla, our perpetual dictator !

ALL—A vote ! a vote !

SYL.—Stand to your vote, then, citizens !

The dread superiority ye give—

In love or fear I ask not—now abide !

(*Ascends the rostrum.*)

All Romans hear me ! When I first essayed

To save the state, my means were ineffectual,

Because in weak, fond leniency, abortive.

But now, in renovate authority,

And as the mouth of Rome—her high dictator,—

Sylla, no more as Sylla, but as sovereign—

While all the feeble yearnings of his nature

He smoulders in the incense of his wrath—

Attend my judgment. Blow for blow I judge !

Let all who hope to live as sons of Rome,

Rise up in strength and smite her enemies !

The honours and the wealth of the denounced

To the destroyer ! be their issue slaves !

Their children's children born in vassalage !

For come this must, till Tiber's yellow cloak  
Grow scarlet, ere our country stand avenged,  
Free, dreaded, and secure!

*Re-enter Catiline. Sylla descends rapidly.*

SYL.—Young Julius Marius?

CAT.—Our hot pursuit was vain.

SYL.—That irketh me.

CAT.—But, here without, we hold a quaking crowd—

SYL.—Prisoners?

CAT.—Marians, who submit themselves  
Unto your mercy.

SYL.—'Tis a word,—at present—

Mercy! Lead them to the Campus Martius.

CAT.—Their prayer?

SYL.—Lead them to the Campus Martius!—

Have I not spoken?—hark, again—(*Whispers.*)

CAT.—Shall I

Await it?

SYL.—No. Follow me to my house.

Lictors, your office. Brother soldiers, with me.

(*Exit Catiline.*)

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II.—*In Sylla's Palace. Aufidius, Lænas, and Senators.*

AUF.—In his own house—to make the senate wait him!

LÆN.—He comes at last—and note ye how attired  
And tended?

AUF.—In the palm and purple! Lictors!

*Enter Sylla, Cethegus, Knights, Lictors.*

SYL.—Sages of Rome—Eupator Mithridates

Hath, in the heart of his own wilderness,

Sued at my knee for Roman clemency.

Barbarian multitudes have bled to make  
Oblation for the Roman blood he wasted.

Your eagle soars unchecked o'er the Ægean,

The Bosphorus, the Euxine, the Propontia.

Yet wherefore? On the savage Caspian shore

Have I felt gaunt rebellion fettered down,

Only to find her here resuscitant

On mine own shore? Behold Rome's fate and Sylla's!

Extermination still her need thro' him—

Extermination—and the work begun!

(*Distant cries.*)

Hark to my evidence!

AUF.—What fearful cry,

Sylla?

*Enter Catiline.*

SYL.—The Campus Martius?

CAT.—You have heard

Their last appeal.

(*Aside.*)

SYL.—The expiative cry

Of some—such as we spoke of—who have felt

The vengeance of their country. More shall feel it.

Look on me!—on the robe and badge I wear,

And on the men that marshal me!

AUF.—We see

And own the high dictator's sovereignty.

SYL.—Romans, it shall be owned. Rome shall have peace—

Peace, tho' it were but silence in her streets,

And Senate—I have said the word—her Senate!

This moment, forty traitors have access

Even to your benches. You can read their names

Here written down. (*Gives a scroll.*)

*Enter Metellus.*

Metellus? home so soon?

Carbo and you have met?

MET.—For our last meeting;  
His force is broken—he, a fugitive.

SYL.—Hark, senators. And now you have perused  
The list, thus we dispose it.

(*Takes back the scroll, and hands it to the Chief Lictor.*)

Act! (*To the Chief Lictor; some of the senators present are arrested*)

*Enter Marcus Crassus.*

Præneste?

CRAS.—My task is sped. Præneste bows to Sylla.

SYL.—Then let young Marius stand before me.

*Enter Phryne, unseen by Sylla.*

CRAS.—Him,  
With a chief officer, we found beneath  
The walls, self-slain.

SYL.—Again the Marian foils me—Lictor, look to them.

PHRY.—My father, welcome home!

SYL.—Child!—dearest child!  
Alone I had preferred our meeting, Phryne,  
But bless it even now!—one is secured—  
The other—Julius Marius—

PHRY.—Father! father!

SYL.—Phryne, impede not thus the grave dispatch  
Of the State's business—him—

PHRY.—Oh let me pray  
One thing, this very blessed hour we meet!  
Long, very long have you abandoned Phryne  
For your stern wars—list to my prayer! end now,  
Without a word, your this day's occupation,  
And sit with me among our household gods,  
And let your Phryne warm her shivering heart  
In a fond father's smile—do not gainsay me!

SYL.—Well ———. Julius Marius———

PHRY.—Without a word!  
Without one single word!—upon my knee,  
A duteous daughter's knee—that is my suit!

SYL.—A very womanish and wayward one.

PHRY.—Oh, call it, think it anything, but grant it!  
Shew Phryne, after years of separation,  
You love her now, even in her time of meeting!

SYL.—Weak girl, you weep?

PHRY.—I do—my heart weeps in me!

SYL.—For such a childish thing?

PHRY.—For that, and—joy  
To see you home again.

SYL.—Rise—take your suit—

Well-beloved child—creature for whom I've wept  
In absence, when no man did know or think it—  
Image of your dead mother—take from me,

(*Leads her to the wing and hands her off.*)

Whatever I can grant you. Senators—  
To-morrow, at high noon, we speak again.

*Re-enter Phryne, agitated.*

Your cheek is pale, my daughter?

PHRY.—Hear the cause!

As I stept o'er the threshold of your gate,



A very aged man, all spent from travel,  
 Reeled in, and fell on the hard marble;  
 Addressing me, in frantic tones, he said—  
 "I am the eldest citizen of Norba—  
 And now the only one—"

SYL.—Ha!

PHRY.—"I've come here

With news to Sylla, that when sorely pressed  
 By his beleaguers, our inhabitants  
 With their own hands fired their own city—and—  
 All except me—in flame and wreck have perished!"

SYL.—It was the last rebellious town  
 Of Italy. Go on.

PHRY.—"Tell him," he cried,  
 "That I but lived to bring him word of this—  
 And now—my mission ended—thus escape him."

SYL.—He died?

PHRY.—As the old man pronounced these words,  
 He plucked a dagger from his withered bosom,  
 Shrieked, plunged it back again—and was a corse!

SYL.—(*After a pause, abstractedly to the lictors.*)  
 Remove the body. Friends! and grave senators!  
 Rome has not now to fear one open foe!  
 Fears she, thro' me, her hidden traitors? Time  
 Will answer. Phryne, gentle daughter, in!  
 No! Rome does not! In, in—my only child. (*Exeunt.*)

END OF SECOND ACT.

## INDIA—HER OWN—AND ANOTHER'S.

(*Continued from Vol. I, page 433.*)

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE ROHILLAS.

"We are at last arrived at that critical period which I have long foreseen, which renders it necessary for us to determine whether we shall take the whole to ourselves; for it is not hyperbole to say—to-morrow the whole Moghul empire is in our power. After the lengths we have run, the Princes of Hindustan must conclude our views to be boundless; they have such instances of our ambition, that they cannot suppose us capable of moderation. The very nabobs, whom we might support, would be jealous of our power. We must become nabobs ourselves, in fact if not in name."—

CLIVE.

THE second administration of Clive, who was sent from England to consolidate the acquisitions somewhat awkwardly achieved by Vansittart and his council, lasted about two years. After that, Verelst and Cartier filled successively the office of president of Bengal, and being "calm unambitious men, few events of historical importance occurred:"—it were perhaps more accurate to say, that few striking or sudden changes took place in the supreme rela-

tions of the state, during that period. For events of historical importance are of two kinds, the silent and the noisy; and all things considered, the silent are of much more consequence than those whose taking-place clamours for observation. In Bengal a great event, or coming forth into light of a new fact on the scroll of human destiny, noiselessly revealed itself; no less a fact than that of an attempted government by two separate and unlike

\* Confidential letter (from Madras) in 1765, to Mr. Rous, one of the directors.

powers,—the one native and hitherto paramount—the other alien, and hitherto tributary, but now become audacious from impunity, and irresistible in force. All the old respect, and moral sense of duty, looked after the paleing shadow of the Soubahdar dynasty; all the fear of oppression, and all the fear of punishment, looked towards the Presidency. The feelings of the community were instinctively devoted still to the native laws and administration: their apprehensions were daily riveted more enquiringly, upon the strange and unintelligible commands of their new masters. How this usurpation of force came by degrees to be submitted to as irreversible; how acquiescence, in the course of years, grew into a sulky habit of obedience, and how the nation's soul died out the while—will be seen more fully, when we come to review separately the civil government of India by the English—its modifications and results. We reserve this portion of our subject till the conclusion of the narrative of those events, whereby India ceased to be her own, and became another's. Meanwhile there are certain characteristics of the system, which will develop themselves in the progress of our narrative.

The period which succeeded the tragic deeds that in our last chapter were detailed, though less famous in its appeal to the sympathy of nations, was in truth more full of warning to Hindustan. The monarchs of Bengal had been deposed, supplanted, and banished from their dominions; their revenues were already beginning to build palaces in England; and the dust of their despoiled cities had begun already to forget that it had drunk their blood. The Northern Circars had been in like manner wrenched from the Nizam, and were henceforth declared to be a province of Great Britain. The nabob of the Carnatic still kept up a show of separate rule; but his councils were, with small pretence of secrecy, governed by the solicitude of his no longer alienable friends and allies at Madras. His vanity had still its costly fare of ornaments, and retinue, and parade; and as many drums as formerly were beaten in his honour, every morn and eve; but his independence as a prince, and the severalty of his kingdom as a power among the kingdoms of the earth, were gone. He was the vassal of the English governor of Fort George. He was not wholly stript as yet of the faculty or privilege of doing mischief to those who still retained the name of being

his subjects; but his power to do them any efficient good—to shield, protect, defend them—was for ever passed away. Such, in 1770, was the aspect of the three monarchs of the East, with whom the English had hitherto been on terms of intimacy.

To us, we freely own, such wounds, though dealt upon the head of men individually worthless, are causes of deep and earnest sorrow. None love less than we do, the forms of oriental rule. None hold cheaper, or of less account, the pretension of hereditary right to govern, or the entailed obligation to obey. None would more gladly hear that India also had begun to learn the incurable viciousness of arbitrary power, and to calculate how much the chances—so to speak—are against the lineal successors of a good prince being worthy of him. And among the sins, and they are legion, which England has to answer for towards India, none is laden with a deeper curse than this, that by her disregard of every principle of justice, her shameful breach of faith and professed friendship, and her unconcealed rapacity, she has destroyed, upon the threshold of European intercourse with the East, the idea in the minds of its people, that better ways of rule, like better lights of faith, might be learned from the more favoured continent. How shall the missionary hope to find an echo-witness in the bosom of those he speaks to—how shall the religion of the spoiler sound other than a hideous and unpleasing pretence, when full of words of love, and self-denial, and beneficence, and infinite compassion, its votaries are signally distinguishable by their lust of unnatural, unjust, and unholy gain? Truly this is to put the religion of our Lord to open shame. And how shall the worth of popular institutions be believed, or European attachment to them be regarded as other than a mocking irony, where the recollection of worse than Moslem tyranny or Mahratta spoil, is branded indelibly upon every old man's memory, is overheard by every boy round the winter's hearth, as the timid whisper low?

But, destitute although the inhabitants of India were, of any notion of what we call representative or constitutional government, and absolute—in principle at least—as their system of monarchy may have been, we have had occasion to observe that there were local rights and franchises, not a few, that materially modified the despotism of the supreme authority. "Property was as carefully protected by laws

as in Europe," and their infringement sometimes cost a prince his throne or life.\* But had it been otherwise, our opinion of the invasion and usurpation, whereby that supreme authority was subverted, would not essentially be changed. Had the Indians felt themselves oppressed; had they bethought them of seeking greater liberty than they had before; had any thinking portion of the community, anxious to hasten on the advent of amelioration, assumed the dangerous and seldom useful privilege of calling in foreign aid against their tyrants—the case would have been different. But there was naught of this; naught that by any diplomatic straining or prevarication could be stretched to it. It was unmitigated, unmistakable aggression upon the country and the people, when the subsisting sovereignties were assailed; and it was a stabbing, with intent to kill, the nationality of India, when the monarchs that represented that nationality were overthrown, or humbled into pensionaries.

But it has been said, and not untruly, that whatever loss of dignity and self-esteem a country may endure, by such violent mutations of the royal power, the happiness of the many does not always suffer—not immediately or perceptibly at least—thereupon. Government is much more palpable, and to the community is much more influential in the performance of its daily administrative duties, than in its intercourse with foreign states, or in its internal exercise of what may be termed national functions. It is true that a gradual and exact subordination of powers to the one supreme is indispensable; and that such as the one is, such are the subordinate many ever likely to be. But it frequently takes time to discern this. Practically the conviction can only be made sensible, by habit and reflection; and it were folly to pretend that instances have never occurred, or may never happen, where the subtlety, and care, and wisdom of a usurping and anti-national government, may introduce improvements and reformatations, appealing to the sense, if unable to engage the affections, of the people. And however short-lived and unstable such advantages may be, or however justly the people refuse to pay any gratitude for the benefits so imposed on them, we can imagine men so sick and weary of domestic misrule, as to

hail with reckless but sincere joy, the questionable intervention of alien sympathy and justice.

In the story of Hindustan's undoing, we have, however, no task of nice discrimination to perform. Not only was the supreme nationality of each state subverted, but the subordinate and perhaps more important nationalities of law, property, and taxation, were subverted also. The spirit of conquest paused not at the palace gate. We have already heard it there, and marked its tone of insolent menace, and imperious boasting. We must now observe its gait and mien, in the adawlut, in the cutchery, in the duannee.\* When it smote the plume of royalty, how fared the rajahs, the zemindars, and the ryots?† Following the course of the annals, we shall learn.

We have already seen how the great lieutenants, who were entrusted by the court of Delhi with large provinces, succeeded in establishing for themselves, in effect, independent sovereignties. Analogous to this change, though in a different sphere, the local chiefs, in many instances, had played successfully the same game. Availing themselves of the embarrassment of their suzerains, they tried to emancipate their particular domains from those tributes that pressed most heavily upon them; though in a majority of instances a real as well as nominal allegiance was kept up to the soubadhar or the emperor. The continual recurrence of war, made this a matter of self protection and necessity. A rajah desired to be independent within his own territories, and to administer the laws without the intervention of a distant and necessarily ignorant court; but he knew how little he could stand alone against external enemies; and he willingly rendered, for the protection afforded his little principality as an integral portion of some powerful state, that contributive aid which it in return demanded.

The terms, however, of these mutual obligations were various, and dependent much upon the strength of the rajahs and the position of their territories. Sometimes these chieftains were united among themselves by the ties of blood or friendship, and sometimes by the ties of neighbourhood and common interest. We may conceive how jealously such combinations

\* "The land-tax of India considered," by General Briggs.

\* The court of justice, the collectorate, and the home department.

† The princes, the middlemen, and the peasantry.

were regarded by the superior princes; we may also conceive how natural and how beneficial they were capable of being made to those who adopted them. It was the confederacy of local power against centralised ambition; the strengthening of an authority, which, though not theoretically responsible to the opinion of its subjects, was at least always present to receive information, generally identified with the interests of its subjects, and seldom strong enough to defy with long impunity their prejudices or remonstrances. The peasant cultivator, when he tilled his farm, might grumble at the share that went as rent to the zeminda or the rajah; but he had at least the protection of a native local judge, if not a jury, against undue exaction, and he had the satisfaction of seeing what was taken from his industry, spent among that community of which he was a member. Comparing this with the system of absenteeism, which every centralised government in an aristocratic state begets, it is easy to divine which of the two the people at large preferred.

Upon the confines of Oude, where the deep waters of the Caramnassa wind their way through many valleys, dwelt the freest race of all that land. They were girded in on almost every side by rocky hills, and unambitious of augmenting their own wealth by injury of their neighbours, they lived by the fruit of their own toil, and heaven blessed them. Like the people of other districts, the Rohillas were locally ruled by their own chieftains and their own magistrates; but they enjoyed more than ordinary freedom, and consequently more prosperity, than any other people. "They are never to be feared"—said Governor Verelst, in 1768,—“from the nature of their government. When attacked their national affection will unite, the common cause will animate them; but it is not practicable to engage their voice, on any other motive than their general safety.”\* And of the result of their steady adherence to this national policy, we are thus informed:—“Their territory was by far the best governed part of India; the people were protected; their industry encouraged, and the country flourished beyond all parallel. It was by these cares, and by cultivating diligently the arts of neutrality, and not by conquering from their neighbours, that they provided for their independence.”† The Vizier of

Oude had never been able either to subdue their military spirit, nor yet to provoke it to designs of self destruction. While so many of the governments of Hindustan were perpetually encroaching on each other's territories—in much the same wise and useful manner that the monarchs of Europe amused themselves, in times past—the Rohillas, like the Swiss, sedulously cultivated the arts of peace, and such a spirit of self-defensive war as could alone secure them their enjoyment.

During the war of 1772, the Rohillas had faithfully adhered to their alliance with the vizier. Their territory lay between Oude, and the recent conquests of the Mahrattas; and when that restless people in the following year menaced the dominions of the vizier, and offered advantageous terms to the brave mountain clans, if they would even tacitly permit them a passage through their country, the offer was steadily and repeatedly refused.\* By this they exposed themselves to the whole tempest of the Mahratta inroads; a danger, whose greatness the haughtiest sovereigns in Hindustan were not ashamed to avert by the most exorbitant concessions. The treaty of mutual alliance, by which these noble people deemed it their duty thus to abide, had been entered into at the express instance of the English, and under their solemn guarantee.† And when the forfeit of their fidelity had been incurred, and Rohilcund was ravaged by the Mahrattas in 1773, the allied forces of the English and of Oude were employed to co-operate in opposing the common enemy. No sooner, however, were the invading forces repelled, than the vizier secretly proposed to the Governor-general, a plan for Poland-izing the territory of their brave allies. This project, says Hastings, writing confidentially to the directors, 3d December, 1774, “*I encouraged as I had done before.*”‡

For we are come to that memorable period, when the great and guilty Warren Hastings wielded the stolen sceptre of the East—a man trained in the school of Clive—and who, if inferior to his master in personal daring and military genius, was perhaps more than his equal in political craft, and far-sighted rapacity. His own account of the transaction in question is too instructive to be passed over, or given in any other words than his own. “As this

\* Mill. Book, V. Chap. 1.

† Idem:

‡ Fifth Parliamentary Report, written by E. Burke.

\* Verelst Account. † Mill. Book V. l. Ch.

had been a favourite object of the vizier, the board judged with me, that it might afford *a fair occasion* to urge the improvement of our alliance, by obtaining his assent to an equitable compensation for the aid he had occasionally received from our forces."\* The meaning of this sleek villany was this: the English had induced the vizier to employ a subsidiary force within his dominions, on the plan afterwards so fatally acted on by other princes. This force was professedly to defend the Soubahdar against foreign enemies; but it was officered and commanded exclusively by the company. Once introduced, there were always reasons why it could not be withdrawn; but, as yet, this design was not perceived by the cunning but outwitted vizier. Meanwhile, the sums stipulated for its support were such as to yield an overplus, and to be systematically relied on as a source of profit and revenue; and it was with a view to the increase of this profit, and to supply deficiencies in other departments, that the sale of the Rohillas was agreed to.

"All our advices represented the distresses of the company at home as extreme. For many years past the income of the year was found inadequate to its expense, to defray which a heavy bond debt of 125 lacs of rupees had been accumulated."† A secret treaty was therefore entered into between the Soubahdar and the Governor-general, whereby the company were engaged, whenever a suitable pretence should be found or made—in consideration of a sum of forty lacs of rupees, and payment of all expenses to be incurred in the business—to hunt down the Rohillas, in concert with the troops of Oude, and to secure the absolute submission of their country to the vizier. The impolicy of this, on the part of the covetous but short-sighted usurper, seems manifest enough. The Rohillas were, as they proved themselves to be, the best soldiers in the east; and they formed a permanent outguard and defence against the Mahrattas. But the insane desire of territorial acquisition, blinded the vizier to his interest as well as to his honour; and the ambition of duping so powerful a monarch into a pecuniary and military relation with the company, from which it was clearly foreseen he could never be able to get free, seared the conscience of Hastings to all remorse or shame. By him was the precedent set of hiring out to the princes

of Hindustan, permanent bodies of British troops, under the designation of subsidiary forces, and thereby was a means established of sapping the authority and independence of every one of them. Hastings avows that in establishing such a force in Oude, he designed to weaken the native government, and reduce it to dependancy; and how soon the guilty partner of his present wickedness found that he had sold himself with his prey, we shall speedily see.

The treaty of Benares was signed in September, 1773; but the article for the destruction of the Rohillas was not avowed till January, 1774. Various pretences of claims unsatisfied had been duly made in the interval; and if any one is curious on the matter, he may, on enquiry, satisfy himself that they were not even colourably true: such at least was the verdict of parliament, and of the directors at home, some years afterwards. We waste no words upon them here. On the 17th April, the allied plunderers entered Rohilcund. In vain the brave but outnumbered people sued for mercy; in vain they proffered bitter and miserable submissions. The vizier feared that they might live for vengeance, and insisted that nothing but their entire dispossession and ejection from their homes, could give him security. Sooner than submit to this, they chose rather to abide the event of battle. Ranged on the steep sides of the Babul Nulla, they waited the murderous onslaught. "It were impossible," said the English General, "to describe a more obstinate firmness of resolution than they displayed. Numerous were their gallant men who advanced, and often pitched their colours between the two armies, to encourage their men to follow them. Two thousand fell upon the field; among them many sirdars, (chiefs,) and Hafez Rhamet their commander, who was killed whilst bravely rallying his people."

This memorable conflict took place on 23rd April, and may be said to have determined the issue of the war. Fyzoola Khan retired to the mountains with the broken remnant of the gallant host; but the country was left bare to the knife of rapine. Seldom, if ever, have what are called the rights of victory, been more inhumanly abused. "Every man who bore the name of Rohilla was either butchered, or found his safety in exile." But this did not exceed the stipulations of the treaty, for by Hastings' own letters, it ap-

\* Fifth Parliamentary Report.

† Fifth Report.

\* Fifth Parliamentary Report.

pears that in its provisions there was the specific agreement, that if necessary "the Rohillas should be exterminated;" the phrase is his not ours.\*

By the time the work of confiscation was complete, and the red gleam of burning homesteads no longer lit by night the once happy vales of Rohilcund, the allies found the season spent, the country utterly exhausted, and that Fyzoola Khan

had entrenched himself so strongly in the mountains, that no speedy hope might be entertained of his reduction. To him and his followers they granted, therefore, a sufferance and amnesty; and thus ended the war. The government and the company in England expressed aloud their disapprobation of the entire proceeding; but, "upon the maturest deliberation, they affirmed the treaty of Benares."\*

\* Fifth Parliamentary Report.

\* Mill. V. Book, 1 Cap.

[The seventh and eighth chapters of the work from which the present leaves are taken, narrate the affecting incidents of the ruin of the Rajah of Benares, the spoliation of the Begums of Oude, the subjugation of the Marawars, and the treatment of the chieftains of the Northern Circars. But as these, however illustrative of the spirit of Anglo-Indian rule, may in some degree be looked upon as episodes in the general narrative, we have ventured to omit them here, and we feel the less regret in doing so, because we hope that at some future day our readers will possess the entire work, of which the chapters we have been permitted to give, are but fragmentary portions.]—ED.

#### CHAPTER IX.

### HYDER ALI.

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the enemies of human intercourse itself, he determined to make the country possessed of these incorrigible criminals a memorable example to mankind—to put a barrier of desolation between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection."—*Burke*.

THE war between the French and the English, which was terminated by the treaty of 1763, left the former scarce a remnant of their once extensive possessions on the Coromandel coast. The feeble administrations of Louis XV. were ill suited to devise means for the recovery of what had been lost; and their ancient rival's flag now floated peaceably over nearly every wall and field, that had so long and bloodily been contended for. Nor seemed there any power remaining all along that shore, whom the conquerors need henceforth fear. The maritime provinces of the Nizam were already theirs; Surat and Salsette had been recently filched from the Mahrattas; and the Dutch no longer dreamed of challenging, as in former days, the sovereignty of the seas. One native power alone had the presumption to retain a seaboard territory. True, it was as yet without a navy, or the apparent means of creating one; but, to the jealous eye of political and commercial monopoly, all things are possible—probable—imminent, when it is desirable to find them so; and, therefore, it is recorded, that in the year

1767, an English corps, duly officered and supplied, suddenly crossed the northern frontiers of the Carnatic, and took possession of the rich and important province of Baramahl. Why then, and not sooner, a very few words will sufficiently explain.

Baramahl was one of the most fruitful provinces of Mysore, and from its position, served to connect the inland portions of that kingdom with those more immediately bordering on the sea. A long series of domestic troubles had unnerved the vigour of the Mysorean government, and opened the way for the elevation of Hyder Ali, a soldier of fortune, to the throne, which he alone was competent to fill. Imperfect as the materials are for enabling us to estimate the genius and character of Hyder, enough remains to testify that, as a ruler and a leader, he was of that stamp which seldom breaks the level of ordinary capacity. The power of creating internal organization, where he found decrepid custom and spontaneous innovation warring together unto social anarchy—the vigour he imparted to the outworn functions of the administration,

\* Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 28th February, 1785.

both in peace and war—the aptitude he evinced for applying to the external defence of his country, and to the internal development of its resources, the arts and inventions of a foreign civilization—his activity, his perseverance, his self-reliance, his high personal daring, and above all, the instinctive faculty he possessed of attaching men to him, have sufficiently been attested by those, who, having bearded him in an hour of weakness, were taught to tremble at his very name.

The power of Hyder, by the steady course of a system of policy which his untought genius had created, had reached a height in 1767, which the surrounding governments could no longer view with disregard. The Mahrattas and the Nizam had their own quarrels with this formidable chief; but the English had never as yet been brought into collision with him. On the contrary, throughout his long reign, they had always hitherto kept up with him friendly if not intimate relations; and if their expressions of esteem in latter days grew less sincere, care was taken that they should be at least as loud, or perhaps a little louder even than before. Indeed, it is a habit to which rival diplomatists are notoriously prone, to render their mutual salutations more energetic, as their schemes for each other's ruin approach maturity. Of this, we shall not fail to meet with some amusing specimens by and bye.

The usual fortune that attended Hyder in his conflicts with other nations, appeared to have deserted him, in his wars with the combined forces of the Mahrattas and the Nizam. The frontiers of Mysore were threatened on the north and east, at one and the same time. His resources were still great; but it took them all to meet the opposite dangers that were thus concentrated upon his unaided kingdom. This was the moment chosen by the English for suddenly seizing Baramahl. It is true that they were, up to the day when the invading corps began their march, not only at peace with Mysore, but engaged in terms of friendship and alliance with its formidable ruler. But what of that? Though ruler still, he was formidable no longer; and was mere faith to stand in the way of the clear and manifest opportunity of helping themselves, out of the exposed possessions of their friend? Were they to allow him to recover from the stunning blows already dealt upon him by his enemies? Or wait till the Mahrattas had ap-

propriated, perchance, the entire of the spoil? The governor and council of Madras were far too wise for such omissions. They determined, accordingly, to avail themselves of the defenceless situation of the Mysorean territory nearest to their own, and which, moreover, happened to be the very best worth stealing; and Baramahl, they said, shall be also added to the British empire: but a voice, as if an echo, whispered, it shall—nevertheless, not now.

By one of those sudden changes that in oriental war are of frequent occurrence, Hyder found himself relieved, within a few weeks, from both his powerful enemies, and at full liberty to devote his entire attention to his friends. With fitting promptitude he abandoned all other cares, until he should not only satisfy them that they had seen quite as much of his territories, as such visitors usually desire to become acquainted with, but with a more than ordinary ceremony, he resolved never to quit them till he had seen them home. And rigorously did he keep his word. With the speed of the whirlwind fell the whole wrath of the still mighty chief, upon the new occupants of Baramahl. From point to point, breathless and panic-stricken, the presumptuous invaders were hurled back across the borders, down, onward, headlong, till they reached, with heavy loss and total discomfiture, the mound of St. Thomas.

Under the walls of Madras, Hyder dictated a new treaty with the Company, and among its provisions was a solemn stipulation, that "in case his dominions were attacked by any foreign enemy, they should furnish him with seven battalions of sepoys."\* To the humbled and beleaguered garrison of Madras, such a stipulation sounded almost like a mockery; and we may even imagine the sagacious Sultan feeling somewhat of contempt at the appearances, amid which he thought fit to impose such a condition. But it was destined to prove a memorable stipulation, not alone to him and them, but, in its direct though protracted consequences, to the people of the entire peninsula. By the time that Hyder found himself free to set about restoring the somewhat exhausted resources of his kingdom, the year 1768 had closed; and ere his more peaceable occupations were well begun, the Mahrattas were once more upon the northern frontier.

His natural endeavour, under these cir-

\* Memoirs of Sir Thomas Munro. Vol 1. chap. 2.

circumstances was, to present, if possible, so imposing an aspect to the enemy, as to deter them from entering on a renewal of their devastating warfare. To effect this purpose he desired to show that the English were his allies in reality as well as in name; and, in acknowledged right of the treaty he had so recently made, he demanded a moderate force from the company. In reply, they alleged that their troops were few and their resources limited, and that they could not spare any which would be of service to him. It is remarkable that this, or some like excuse, was always ready when no scheme of conquest was in view; but whenever a prospect of annexation or mediatizing, however perilous, was opened to them, then heaven and earth were moved to raise supplies of men and arms. Hyder was not the man, however, to be outwitted thus. He resolved to test their sincerity to the core. If they could not send a large force, he would be contented with a small one; if they had not money available, he would pay them himself. But they persisted in refusing every requisition, and kept their troops shut up in garrison.

Meanwhile the Mahratta tide poured down through the rich valleys of Mysore; province after province was overrun by the irregular horsemen of that dreaded power. The aged chief in vain out-generalled and defeated them in a hundred fights and marches; they wasted his territory as much in retreat as in advance, and by dint of their locust numbers wrought all the ruin he had striven to avert. Month after month the harrassing conflict lasted, and every month Hyder appealed imploringly to the English at Madras for aid; but they doggedly adhered to their perfidy, and "did not send a man to his assistance."<sup>\*</sup> One party among them even desired to espouse openly the side of the Mahrattas, and proposed a partition of Mysore; but the president and council were satisfied to behold their ally's kingdom wrecked by other hands; and the sight of a Mysorean camp, under the walls of Fort George, was still too recent in their memories.<sup>†</sup>

At length, in July, 1771, Hyder was fain to purchase peace by extensive cessions of territory, and the payment of heavy contributions to the Mahrattas. Slowly did Mysore recover from the effects of this

fatal war. Not all his wounded pride nor thirst of vengeance could tempt Hyder into hostilities, for many years afterwards. He saw that his country could not be recruited by a brief repose; and he resolutely maintained a strict neutrality for a considerable period. His ancient antagonists in 1777 ventured once more to assail him, and "though deeply exasperated against the English by their evasion of the treaty, he was now induced to make a fresh proposal, requiring only a supply of arms and stores for which he would pay, and a body of troops whose expenses he would defray;"<sup>\*</sup> this, as before, was totally disregarded. The veteran bridled his resentment for the time, and went to seek the invaders. He found their main army encamped near Adoni; in a pitched battle he utterly destroyed their imposing force; the scattered remnant of their army retreated hastily towards their own country, and the Mahrattas from that day troubled him no more.

While these events were taking place in India, the recognition of the independence of the American colonies by France, had re-kindled war between that power and Great Britain. In the course of 1778, Pondichery and other towns, where the French still retained their factories, were besieged, and after some resistance taken. An expedition likewise was undertaken against Mahé, a place of no importance in itself, but as the last relic of the conquests of Dupleix, worth seizing in the estimation of the English, and worth invading an ally's territory to seize. Mahé was situated in one of the provinces of Mysore, and consequently was under the protection of its sovereign. The company well knew, however, that his consent was not likely to be obtained to their investing it; and they alleged, not without some truth, that Hyder had lately shown an inclination to cultivate a greater intercourse with the French, than he formerly had done. "They acknowledged that had not the treaty of 1767 been evaded, he never would have sought other allies than themselves;"<sup>†</sup> and it is now unquestionable that up to the year 1779, he had no treaty with the French. When, however, the investiture of Mahé commenced, Hyder loudly protested; and finding his expostulations disregarded, he declared that if Mahé should fall, he would invade the Carnatic. The English per-

<sup>\*</sup> Munro, vol. 1, chap. 2.

<sup>†</sup> Mill, Book V. chap. 4.

<sup>\*</sup> Mill., Book V., Chap. 5.

<sup>†</sup> Mill, Book V., Chap. 5.



severed, and Mahé was taken 19th March, 1779.

The cup of his resentment was now full, and there was no longer aught to restrain its overflowing. Terrible is the record left by history, of the long delayed retribution taken by Hyder on the possessions of the English; imperishable is the eloquence which devoted its best efforts to the commemoration of that fearful scene. On every point the Carnatic frontier was assailed; towns and villages were occupied and laid under contribution; the cities were besieged; the crops every where were consumed or fired. They who had taken the guardianship of the country from its native princes, and who had now provoked this fearful inroad, had taken no precautions adequate to resist it. They said in extenuation of their omission, that they were unable; a poor excuse. They had wrested the direction and the means of public defence from those, who, if not the best fitted to govern, had at least an incomparably better right to rule than they; and now, in the midst of dangers their own avarice and faithlessness had drawn down, they leave their involuntary subjects to the mercy of an exasperated foe. They had by force and fraud usurped the sovereignty of the Carnatic: what a commentary their own confession, that they were wholly unable to defend it!

They now affected to bewail the sad condition of the people, and in their letters home, implored the sympathy, and strove to kindle the indignation of the government and the public in England, against Hyder. But a memorable record laughs scornfully to silence, this miserable hypocrisy. We are told by more than one eye witness of the events, that amid all the devastations committed by his troops, "Hyder was less detested as a destroyer than hailed as a deliverer. While Colonel Cosby (the English commander) found himself in great distress for intelligence, which by no exertion he was able to procure, every motion of his was promptly communicated to Hyder by the people of the country. In an official letter, dated 5th December, 1783, he says—there is no doubt that Hyder has greatly attached the inhabitants to him."\* The sincerity of their preference was signally illustrated, by an incident mentioned by Munro. When the main army was endeavouring to re-unite with Baillie's corps, "three men

were found near the road, who were told by the general that if they would conduct him to Baillie, he would reward them; but if they should misguide him, he would instantly put them to death. They walked at the head of the army, with halters about their necks, and conducted us to the side of a lake where the road terminated."† They were suffered to escape, though Munro does not conceal his indignation at the lenity manifested towards men, who without the expectation even of one farewell cheer from their countrymen, thus deliberately prepared to sacrifice themselves. Such is conquest; and such too is the sense of country.

The patriot treachery of these men determined probably the fate of Baillie. His corps had been unwisely separated from the main body, and on the 8th and 9th of September, was pursued and nearly surrounded by the hosts of Hyder. Anxiously he wrote to the British general, apprising him of his situation, and proposing by irregular night marches to endeavour to elude the vigilance of the enemy, until relief could be afforded him. The entire force under Sir Hector Munro was at once put in motion. On the second day they heard distinctly the sound of continued firing, and had they known the country, there is now no doubt that they would have come up in time, if not to avert a conflict, at least to cover a retreat. But the precious hours were spent, in wearisome and ineffectual attempts to find the road; and the very night they returned in despair to their quarters at Conjeeveram, the doom of Baillie and his heroic band was sealed. At sunrise on the 10th of September, they beheld themselves hemmed in on all sides, by the Mysorean army, under the command of Tippoo Saib. Hour after hour they withstood unbroken the terrible onslaughts of the enemy. The hope of aid sustained them long; after that, despair. At length outworn they sunk down man by man on the ground, where they had defied their myriad foes throughout the murderous day—overwhelmed but unconquered.†

No further attempt was made to oppose the invasion, and the main army forthwith retreated to Madras. So rapid was their march, that two hundred men belonging to a Highland regiment, dropped down from absolute exhaustion, having been compelled to march thirty miles during a sul-

\* Munro. Vol. 1. Chap. 2.

† Wilks' Hist. Sketches, and Munro.

try day.\* Amongst the baggage taken during this retreat, were the military papers belonging to Lord Mac Leod, the second in command; and these contained a plan for the reduction and appropriation of Hyder's dominions.† How far the perusal of such a document was calculated to appease the triumphant chief's resentment, it is unnecessary to conjecture.

On the 3rd November, Arcot fell. The pettah was taken by storm, and the town was compelled to surrender. The inhabitants were treated with every humanity; no plundering or license was allowed. "Every one was continued in the enjoyment of his fortune, and all who had held places under the nabob retained them;" to the English officers who were taken prisoners, Hyder gave money to provide for their necessities.‡ The minor cities now opened their gates to him; and the general disaffection was no longer hidden. At the close of 1780 the authority of the company extended little beyond the pre-

cincts of Madras. Early in the ensuing spring, however, reinforcements arrived from Bengal, and a squadron appeared off the coast. Sir Eyre Coote succeeded to the command, and ventured to advance against Hyder. He was defeated twice, however, by the veteran chief; and the English were at the end of the season beaten back once more to St. Thomas's Mount. Pent up within the walls of Madras, disease soon made its appearance among the garrison; and to the horrors of disease were added those of famine. Hundreds died daily in the streets; no means of relief existed; and those who survived were hourly doomed to see the dead carts trail their unshrouded piles of corpses outside the ramparts, where huge trenches for promiscuous burial had been made.

But death, while busy with the enemies of Hyder, found time to seek him out also. At the moment when his vengeance had been sated to the full, and the renown of his genius had reached its zenith, the strength of his constitution, though singularly great, gave way, and the greatest spirit, whose presence India has in latter times confessed, was summoned from its earthly wanderings.

\* Munro, Vol. 1. Chap. 2. † Idem.

‡ Munro, Vol. 1. Chap. 2.—How this demeanour was requited will be seen in the narrative, gathered chiefly from the same witnesses, of the taking of Seringapatam.

## STORIES OF THE PYRENEES.—No. III.

### THE GAMBLERS.

(Concluded from page 58.)

"WHAT a hardened villain," exclaimed M. de Ravelle, when the guards had retired with their prisoner; "who would imagine that man had held for some time a station in society, which he adorned as well by his talents, as well as every seeming good quality? Again you must excuse me for thus coming '*vi et armis*' among my fellow members. Duty is imperative, and on the whole, perhaps, you have reason not to be the least dissatisfied. Any collision with a fellow like this Valentin would have been disagreeable, to say the least of it. I am glad to have delivered you of him, and can only repeat my regret that the interminable election business I went on, delayed me so long away, otherwise I should have returned in time to save this morning's victim. His assassin, (I cannot call him by another name,) cannot fail—this is small compen-

sation—to meet with the punishment he deserves; not for *this*, unfortunately—the law is powerless on the point—but for other offences, so that his fate is tolerably well provided for already, as you will promptly see."

M. de Ravelle, unbridling from the gravity of office, sat down familiarly in the centre of the assembly, now increased by the arrival of several absent members, who pressed in to learn the truth of what had been passing, which they had swiftly had rumour of, (every thing is known even before it half takes place, in a small city.) As may be in some measure concluded from the prompt decision of his conduct on the present occasion, M. de Ravelle was a widely different person in every regard, from the good-natured temporizing mayor, who was an extremely worthy man,

but wholly unfit to fill any office calling for activity or resolution. On the arrival of the former, as we have mentioned, scarcely two hours before, an arrival hastened by news of serious disturbances which had occasionally of late taken place on the highland frontiers, in consequence of the increasing severity with which the regulations preventive of contraband had been enforced, he had, on being informed of the fatal event of the morning, though necessarily much immersed in business, promptly taken measures for carrying into effect, in the manner we have just witnessed, the warrant against Fermondrières, the execution of which he had resolved to confide to no one but himself. He had likewise found time to institute an enquiry into the proceedings of the suspicious familiars of the *saloon*, where D'Ersigny's ruin had been consummated. The proprietors, advertised in time, had absconded, and the result of the investigation had been such as to leave no doubt that an extreme system of "honourable" speculation had been carried on there. Several "gentlemen" of the saloon had been arrested, and the deposition of two waiters of the establishment, who now, in this change of circumstances, found it their interest to be honest, fully implicated both them and our present hero, as principals in their nefarious practices. That the gravity of the case justified such a proceeding, was sufficiently manifest from the details which M. de Ravelle entered into in the course of the conversation that occurred; and, indeed, from much beside, with which my readers are already acquainted. Added to these, and some others elicited from D'Ersigny the preceding evening, they form a pretty complete outline of the character and general history of the individual whose vices, no less than his natural and acquired talents, solely devoted to the services of these vices, had here, as well as elsewhere, been productive of so much misery to others—a misery which, in consequence of the imperfect condition and constitution of human affairs, frequently falls heaviest on those least connected with, and most guiltless of, the actions and conduct that have originated it.

Valentin de la Roche, or, as he found it more convenient to style himself in one part of his career, De la Roche Fermon, de Fermondrières, was the fourth son of six children, composing the family of a needy, impoverished descendant of an ancient line of provincial gentry, who had been possessed of considerable property in their

time, but which, long since, what with the upsets and spoilings of revolution, and the successive fractioning of the inheritance, on the death of each of its members, had dwindled into comparative insufficiency. His father, a shrewd, intelligent, worldly-minded man, writhing with deepest vexation, under the yoke of that want of means which condemned him to a life of obscurity, had, on different occasions, made struggling efforts to rise from this state of insignificance, so galling to his spirit—each time only to find himself, from the same cause, unsuccessfully thrown back with the additional mortification of failure, into the position which weighed him down.

At first fretted and pining, he had ended by becoming morose in his home, and harsh to every one around him. The young Valentin formed the only exception. Hating mankind, on whom his aspiration was solely to visit the effects of his discomfiture, he had early remarked, and eagerly cherished the prompt vivacity and sharpness of intellect this favourite showed, when yet a child; his fertility of resources and readiness of invention, when placed in any circumstance of embarrassment. He had devoted with pleasure his attention to the development of those qualities, which he even then, doubting of success himself in the task, assiduously laid the foundation of ripening, (as he trusted they would end by doing) into a full means of at once avenging his own repeated defects in the worldly race, and turning them into a source of success and future aggrandizement. His trust and hopes were on him alone, to the exclusion of his other children, who manifested no intellectual quickness, seeming rather to follow their mother—a simple and pious woman, whom he had, (as he now bitterly reproached himself,) married for love, before he was of age to judge what evils the step had in store for those to whom an alliance of the kind brought not likewise riches. Dearly did the young protégé and pet repay and profit by paternal instructions; his progress in every youthful branch of study, though great and rapid, was as nothing compared to that he daily made under such tuition, aided by his own talent of observation, in the science of men and things—of the world in a word. At eighteen he was already an adept—at twenty a match for any diplomatist.

So far differing from his sire, *he* did not hate mankind; he contented himself with despising them—they did not appear to him worth so lively a sentiment, only

looking on them as tools, as stock to be turned to account. With these happy dispositions—a cool effrontery which nothing could disconcert, a prepossessing appearance and engaging manner, an unstudied facility and eloquence of expression that stood but in need of cultivation and matter to become eloquence—the bar, by which so many in these latter times have risen to eminence, appeared to his tutor and parent the most fitting career to launch him into, for the trial of his fortune. Accordingly this ambitious father, disregarding wholly the claims of his other children, selfishly sacrificed their future prospects, by an arrangement of his remnant of property, such as to afford the promising Valentin a sufficiently ample provision for pushing on the projects he had formed for him, while it left them without a support of any description, in the event of his death. The representations of Madame De la Roche, who long neglected, now openly contemned, had ventured to speak in their favour, were fruitless—vain were the remonstrances of the young men themselves, who had been awakened tardily to the sense of the injury that was about to be done them. “Such was his will, they should submit—they were dunces, nothings—they should be satisfied with their lot; Valentin had talent for all, would do for all.”

This decree, thus sternly issued, marked the beginning of a period of wretchedness to the formerly quiet, though certainly far from happy or peaceful family mansion; it was, however, irrevocable, and should be obeyed whether in sorrow or in joy. The bar was Valentin's destiny, and Paris his sphere of action. For Paris accordingly he soon after set out, scarcely deigning an affectionate embrace to his mother, who wept over him and prayed for him; or a civil farewell to his brothers, whose dislike he repaid with scornful indifference. With M. de la Roche the case was different; long did he remain closeted with his worthy sire, taking his last instructions, and making his promises to be prudent, to be watchful, to be daring in fit time: fervently as he pressed the old man in his parting embrace, did he swear, in his own heart, he would, and ratify the oath by tears, the only sincere ones he shed from that time forward.

Three days afterwards, he was established in a retired lodging and quarter of the “Pays Latin,” there to serve the noviciate of his future greatness—a rude change for many from the comforts of home, how-

ever homely; but he heeded it not: the lessons of his youth had blossomed and fructified; and however painful and hardship-giving the *means*, he had learned by these lessons only to consider the *end*; and to that end he henceforward devoted himself with an energy of perseverance, as intense as he was resolved it should be successful.

Such efforts do not often fail. Three years thus untiringly passed, had easily advanced him in the term of his prescribed studies, and he was admitted with well-merited honours and distinguished welcome from his “ancients,” member of the legal body. “All this is well and excellent,” thought the crafty aspirant, his brow decked with modest smiles, “your compliments, good folks, are pleasing—but what are they worth to me? What I *have* done, is as nothing to what remains for me to do. ’Tis fine, vastly fine, no doubt, to pass one’s ordeals and take one’s scrip of skin with supreme honours; but what does the upshot really amount to? That I have attained a station of equality with that most perfect of dunces, L \* \* \*, who passed along with me, by mere sufferance; or any other ass among the hundreds that daily are let loose to pick their way through life, by fair means or by foul, and who, if they have but impudence and friends to push them, run as good, nay a better chance of ultimate exaltation, than if they possessed the science of a *Harley*, and the eloquence of a *Gerbier*. This airy sort of position will never do for me; I have neither patron or friend; the world is before me—to prey, or be preyed upon—there can be no medium. *It or I must fail*—to work then—the fault and punishment be mine if mine the failure!”

These reflections, of which we only present an epitome—true, sensible, and rational enough in the mind of a man of principle and rectitude—promised in our tyro barrister a *sharp practitioner*. They were soon after followed, a very few days having been first given to planings and meditations, by a corresponding change in his habits and course of action. Hitherto he had passed the life of a total recluse, dividing his whole time between his books and the lessons of his professor; despite an ardent temperament, strong passions, and an innate love for the enjoyment of ease. The pleasures and attractions, by which he was surrounded, and which his youth, his acquirements and exterior advantages, would have so easily procured him an op-

portunity of participating in, had been nearly powerless to divert him from the purpose to which he had bound and chained himself. The very recreations, the only relaxations he allowed himself were, in themselves, pursuits more or less allied to the main object. Thus he occupied the hours during which he could no longer labour at his profession, in exercises of declamation, or at the manège, the fencing-room, or the shooting gallery. "To rise," he often repeated to himself, "the first quality is boldness; but boldness needs both moral and physical support—so I can hold a foil with *Ghebauer*, and strike, three times out of five, a ball into the ace of hearts at thirty paces." Now feeling the necessity of appearing in society, of making himself known, he gradually laid down the book-worm, to assume the air and manner of an engaging witty man of the world—a manner which, it must be confessed, admirably fitted him, or rather became peculiarly his own. He had made a call on paternal kindness just at this time, which had been joyfully responded to by the fond parent, who in his egotistical dreams saw his pet already high in power and office—and was (as the letter, enclosing the remainder of the funds of reserve provided for him on a former occasion, strongly advised) preparing to quit his more than modest apartment in the "*Quartier des Ecoles*," for a residence more suitable to the character he was henceforth to appear in—when circumstances which exercised a considerable influence over his future proceedings and destiny, came to prevent him.

It chanced, at the moment that the hotel of which he had been a constant inmate during his period of probation, changed hands, the new proprietors expressed an anxiety to retain, if possible, the different persons, principally students, who were in occupation of the premises, and particularly De Fermondieres, who had earned golden opinions for himself in the locality, by his regularity and presumed steadiness. "They had in contemplation," they said, "to put the house on a totally new footing—to make considerable alterations and embellishments. M. de Fermondieres should have, if he wished, a small suit of rooms appropriately furnished—there should be a regular table d'hôte well served, at a moderate rate—it was their intention to form an establishment where young men of the best order, who could afford to pay somewhat more extensively for these advantages, would find accommodation, society,

and occasional amusement, fitting their rank." Something unusual in these people struck the acute eye of De Fermondieres; whether instinctively or comprehensively, he guessed there might be a probable advantage to be derived from them, or by them, in the arrangement proposed, and he immediately assented to it. In a few weeks he found himself installed in an extremely agreeable apartment, served with great regularity, and the object of many attentions on the part of the master of the table, which he had joined, together with several young men apparently of good means, attracted, as well by the reality of superior accommodation, as by the striking appearance, amiable manners, and perfect good tone of the hostess and her lord, M. de Serval, who, though on the whole much her inferior in this regard, and at times capriciously ill-humoured and sullen, seemed to make an effort, with what good grace he was capable of, even at these moments, for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. A restrained look of pain, imperceptible to all but the far-seeing Valentin, and strugglingly repressed tears on those occasions, told of some inward feelings of hers. "M. de Serval—her husband!" would he say to himself, (blandly smiling as if he had made no inward observation, in continuation of the train of thought the first view of M. and Madame de Serval had suggested). "I doubt it—man and wife, they?—no such thing; let me look close."

Close he did look, searchingly, spyingly, neither making a confidant, nor giving rise to a suspicion—his countenance, peculiarly handsome, as we have stated, until dissipation and evil passions had left their marks there, expressing the while, deference and respectful admiration of the woman—the charms of whose mind and person became the more touching, as they suffered themselves to be better known—whose moral and material position he was thus insidiously prying into. His efforts were for a long time without a result; he was not one, however, to be foiled by a first disappointment—he returned to the charge, and finally, by means of secret indications which another had blushed to use, which he would have blushed *not to have* recourse to, and a chain of circumstantial incidents, arrived at the knowledge of all he wished to know—knowledge which he turned as unscrupulously as he had acquired it, to the furthering his own ends, and which had a powerful influence, as will

be seen, on the direction of his future actions.

It was about this time that D'Ersigny, sent by his family under the nominal pretext of studying the law, to pass a few years in the capital, and finish his education by becoming acquainted with the world on an extended scale, casually came, not many weeks before his return to the provinces, to make one among the frequenters of the table d'hôte patronized by Fermondrières. The auspices under which this fatal friendship commenced, have been already mentioned; the new-comer, it will be recollected, had already seen a good deal of Parisian life, or what is usually called so, though he still remained, unfortunately for his own sake, sadly unsophisticated and green in its ways. Fermondrières knew him to be a man of property and good connexion, one whom, from his easy facility of disposition and unsuspecting character, he could easily obtain unreserved influence over, and make his own. Hence the promptness with which he espoused his quarrel, and the kind interference by which he got him out of an unpleasant dilemma—hence the enduring hold he kept on this unfortunate young man, destined in every way to find no opening of escape from the net woven unconsciously about him. The period of his departure from Paris happening, as I have mentioned, soon after this, he had not an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the real character of his new associate, whom he continued to look upon with feelings of warmest gratitude—much less of knowing the part he afterwards took in the shameful series of manoeuvres, of which we have but just entered on the details, nor the results of the detection from which he had no refuge but a precipitate flight, disguised, at the moment my story opens, under the name of a tripto the south, "on a long promised visit to his friend D'Ersigny."

The facts his adroit exertions of cunning had elicited, were these—Philippe Serval, (plain Serval, the nobiliary particle being an assumption,) had occupied the post of private secretary to the Marquis D'Acundha Valreas, a Spanish grandee, settled long in France, to whom, as well as to his family and connections he had, if not endeared, rendered himself signally agreeable by many and varied qualities of intellect and disposition. Of the reality of the existence of the former there could be no doubt, of the sincerity of the latter no one made ques-

tion—and least of all, unfortunately for herself, the young and vivid Stephanie de \* \* \*, grand-daughter of the old nobleman, who with a warmth of affection the more ardent, as if anxious to compensate for the loss of a mother's of whom she had been bereft, while yet an infant—and of a father who, satisfied with her presumed position, as future heiress of the Marquis's possessions added to his late wife's property, settled on her from the moment she ceased to be a minor, had long since contracted a second alliance, renouncing completely the controul and guardianship of his child. She was young and artless; she was eminently beautiful; she was a favourite; her will was law. Serval was ambitious: the ambitions are without a heart, or crush its impulse, if they have one. Circumstances brought them continually together. He soon marked the feeling she unconsciously cherished towards him, and forgetting duty, honour, and the gratitude he owed his benefactor, resolved to profit by it. The idea of a marriage with him—with a Mr. Philip Serval, he full well knew would, in ordinary circumstances, be repelled with indignant scorn. An evil genius insinuated that there was a means of rendering such a marriage necessary, and he followed up the base suggestion with but too complete success. In Madame de Serval we have to recognise Stephanie de \* \* \*, not even now the wife of her seducer. The designing man had overshoot himself in his calculations: immediate, total rejection by her hitherto fondly doting grandsire—not a sanction of her fault, by his consent to a union which he looked upon but as worse degradation—was the result of its discovery. The old man was inexorable: deceived as he had been, he would not pardon; he hated *now* as he loved before; they were repulsed and expelled, treated with insult and contumely by the family, and abandoned by all their friends. But for a small sum which Serval had saved in the exercise of his employment, added to the produce of the sale of her diamonds, they might have been exposed to the extremes of want, while waiting for the epoch of her majority, which did not occur for some months.

The hapless daughter of the Valreas had not even, in her altered position of wretchedness, the consolation of being borne up by her fellow-offender's love. Philip, beyond a mere sensual feeling, had never loved her otherwise than as an instrument of his ambition. Now *that* hope was lost

in the dejection of disappointment, he became first indifferent, then morose, and finally ended by bitterly reproaching her with the failure of his plans, with the misfortune into which he had betrayed her innocence. On coming of age she received a sum of 300,000 francs, settled on her by her mother's marriage articles. Another ineffectual effort at reconciliation with the Marquis, was attempted on the occasion by Serval, (who had the audacity to put forward, as persuading condition, the offer to marry his victim,) and only served to redouble his rage and vexation. Serval ran to the gaming table in hope of redeeming his mischances, lost, and lost again. To be brief, after a short period, during which his miserable paramour had to suffer with him untold anguish and torture—they had been, as a last resource, constrained, with the remnant of her money, to undertake the conduct of the establishment, at which we have found them some pages since—the objects of Fermondieres schemes—she wretched and remorseful, he sullen and moody, combining symptoms of play—a fitting tool for a deeper mind to play upon, and fool to its purpose. Such a mind, we need not say, was *Valentin's*, and once he had reconnoitred and knew well his ground and his man, he proceeded to push cautiously forward his plan of attack.

It were long to tell by what insidious means and slippery paths he managed, by degrees, to glide into the unreserved confidence, first of Serval and his presumed wife, next of several members of the Achunda family, and lastly of the old head of it himself. Besides, to do the villain but fair justice, his project in taking the line he did, was not at first what it afterwards became; as in the course of the circumstances that arose, new prospects and probable chances opened their temptations to his view. Acting on a preconceived system which he endeavoured to apply—which he had applied alternately to every individual he came in contact with, *D'Ersigny* among the number,—he merely sought, in the origin, to become master of people's secrets, in order to make himself useful; to form acquaintances, friends, and patrons if he could. What a master-stroke of policy if he succeeded in getting in with the high and influential Achunda connexion! To this he devoted himself with might and main. Serval had told him of his losses, his useless efforts to accomplish an arrangement with *Madame de Serval's* family, and his precarious position. The unsuspecting

*Stephanie* had made him a confidant of her ill-treatment and her despair. The one he blamed for his discouragement, laying before him plans of proceeding, by which he confidently bid him hope to move her relation's obstinacy—offering, as if casually, to interfere and be the bearer of proposals, hinting in some manner at his own cleverness and knowledge of the world—which offer was eagerly, much to his satisfaction, accepted. The other he consoled, he compassionated, he cheered with words of sympathy and condolence, already inwardly portioning the tax he should levy on her gratitude, in case of failure elsewhere. He admired her, and envied the insensible Serval. Nay, he might be said to nourish a deeper sentiment, if such could exist in a heart like his, steeled to every impression save self-profit and self-gratification. Serval, it may be imagined, knew nought of this; there existed nothing to disturb the bosom friendship, which had now grown up thus unexpectedly between the parties.

Summoning all his assurance and all his dexterity to his aid, he presented himself at the *Hôtel d'Achunda*, and demanded an interview on business with the Marquis. He was admitted without difficulty. At the first mention of the object of his visit, the injured old man could scarcely contain himself sufficiently to find words to forbid him to proceed. *Fermondieres* waited a while to let the storm pass, and then, according as he became convinced, by what he heard and witnessed, of the implacable resentment and rooted determination, existing against the guilty pair whose cause he had come to plead—shifting by degrees his position, he appeared to recognise the justness of those feelings, to associate himself in some measure with them, and finally found means by dint of supple concession and insinuating language, of which no one had a more easy command than he, to calm the old Marquis, and bring him to speak seriously and quietly on "business," as he said.

This business was no longer the one he ostensibly came on, seeing how immovable was the resolve he had undertaken to combat, how ardent the indignation, the positive hatred, he had to contend with; he at once, in his own mind, concluded it should be useless to try the point further. Whether Serval obtained his aim or not, was to him nothing. The essential matter for him was to ensure a friend and protector, and that he fancied that he could

now succeed in doing with M. d'Achunda. An expression or two of the Marquis in the heat of conversation, indicated too intelligibly to be mistaken, in the fulness of the sentiments of hatred and aversion above alluded to, that an opportunity of revenge—revenge at any price, on the author of all this evil, if it could be safely taken advantage of, might, aye *would*, be acceptable. On this hint Fermondières shaped his course; he experienced little difficulty in conveying to the Marquis the assurance, that he took a new view of the whole affair, and was rather disposed than otherwise to think on it, and to act as he. They parted much better friends than they had promised to be at the outset—he to meditate on a scheme that had already struck his fertile brain, by which he hoped to ingratiate himself into the patronage and protection he languished for; to benefit his own purse, and remove the envied obstacle that stood in the way of his attentions to the betrayed Stephanie. The events which took place some time after, will best explain its purport and result.

A fortnight, or three weeks, it might be, passed, without any change in the situation of the ever unhappy pair, save that Serval had become more ill-tempered, as his gambling combinations were overthrown. Fermondières had seen the Marquis repeatedly, much oftener than he chose to say, and as will be seen further on, had come to a perfect understanding with him. The latter circumstance, it will be well imagined, he carefully concealed from them; in answer to their eager inquiries, he shook his head with well affected sadness, and told of the inutility, the fruitlessness of his attempts, of the Marquis's unyielding obstinacy and irreconcilable anger. Meanwhile demands were pressing, creditors clamorous; the establishment had succeeded, but Serval lavished far beyond the profit, in his vain speculations at *rouge et noire*. Fermondières, "would go once again, would try a last effort—perhaps Valreas might be brought to yield." The prayers of the neglected one wished him success, and breathing gratitude accompanied his steps. She little knew whom, and what she prayed for!

On his return he found them together; they had waited for him—Stephanie was in tears, and bore evident marks of recent more severe suffering, Serval looked hopeless and desperate. He had just lost, in the usual way, a considerable sum, collected to meet a large bill on which, if not

paid, execution was to be levied on the morrow. A violent scene was only at its close. "Well! well!" cried he, the moment Valentin entered the room, while Stephanie, her eyes eagerly fixed on him and reading disappointment, misfortune there, had nearly fallen fainting, but that he ran to support her. "What says the old curmudgeon?—nothing good I perceive by your countenance. May devils confound him and all his race." "Be calm, my good friend, be yourself—'tis true I am bearer of bad news, but you at least know the worst," producing a paper, "and if you be but cool and determined, and listen to me, perhaps all may not turn out (laying emphasis on the words) so ill as you think." "So bad as I think! confusion! why what can be worse—a threatened judgment and seizure to-morrow, and not five sous to meet the demand?" "A moment's patience—let us look to Madame de Serval. You and I shall have then some private conversation together—believe me all is not lost."

Stephanie was left in care of a servant, and the two friends adjourned to Fermondières' apartment. When the latter had carefully locked and bolted the door, "Are you a man?" asked he to Serval, who looked vacantly, somewhat astonished at the precaution, "and do you desire to be avenged?" "Am I a man? do I desire to be avenged? what mystery is this? avenged on whom?" "On the heartless old half-dead miser, who would see his own flesh and blood starve, rather than forego one tittle of his bursting full-blown pride of birth and rank—a curse on him!" "Willingly with heart and hand—show me but the means."

"Yes, on *him*—not to the extent you would—you ought—to wish—but still avenged—as much as loss of money, and that to your own profit, can serve to hurt and pain him. I should be glad it were in your power to go further. I feel as you must feel, and espouse your quarrel more than I have ever done, both from the good will I bear you, and because he has ill-treated, almost insulted me. Look—read this first, and then listen to what I have to propose."

Serval perused the document eagerly. "Well," he said, as he returned it, "what of this new proof of insolence, cruelty, and heartlessness; 'tis only a refusal couched in terms as injurious to you, as they are harsh and insulting to us?" "Did you mark it well?" "Yes." "The signature?"



"What of the signature? it seems to me like his ordinary one." "I mean the space between it and the concluding word." "The space is considerable—I don't perceive the connexion." "You don't *perceive*! Your father-in-law, that ought to be, has made several sales of his estates, and converted them into ready money, in order that he might dispose of the amount while living, and thus frustrate your Stephanie's claims at his decease. The proceeds are lodged at his banker's—that paper is signed with his own hand—there is room for an order. Do you *perceive now*?" (dwelling on each of the words.) "You speak to me of forgery," slowly exclaimed Serval, after a pause during which he had grown deadly pale; "forgery!—death or the galleys for life." "Ah, is it so?" responded Valentin carelessly, seeming to reflect for a few seconds. "I thought differently of you; 'tis a mistake—excuse me, my dear fellow. I only meant your welfare. I only spoke for your good. True! death or the galleys for life—I forgot that—better to starve in prison, and be laughed at by rich relatives, who gloat to see their wishes worked out at last!"

"Stop, for mercy stop!" interrupted the ready faltering Serval, whose hesitation only rose from apprehension of the danger he might be exposed to. "My best, my only friend, forgive me!—go on, I am willing to listen, and be guided, and do what you will." "Not what I will, but what is your best advantage and only hope, the making others who so well deserve it, smart for the pain and degradation they seek to bring on you. There is nothing to fear. You fill up an order for so much, the amount at pleasure. Madame de Serval's name were better, as exciting less suspicion; 'twill pass for the effect of a return of tenderness in the old man. You receive the money and—'exit Serval'—what do you say now to the plan?—it is preferable I fancy to poverty and a gaol."

There needed little eloquence to persuade a falling man of this, particularly in the mood of mind Serval was then in. With feverish eagerness he followed Valentin's direction. A draft in due form for a large amount on Reichling and Co., apparently in the Marquis's hand-writing, the joint production, it might be said, of the confederates, who spent several hours of the night in practising the imitation, was accordingly produced, (Stephanie's signature had been obtained by imperative command of her tyrant lord and master,) and presented on

the following morning by Serval himself. He was known at the house, having frequently come there as an intermediary of the Marquis. The sum was paid into his hands, which spite of his exertions to be cool, trembled from his emotion, without the slightest difficulty or delay beyond the usual forms of business. Two hours afterwards a post-chaise, at utmost speed of four horses, transported him towards the Belgian frontier. Previous to starting he had made a present of 10,000 francs to his good friend Valentin, to whom he likewise entrusted the care of Stephanie, and the superintendence of the necessary arrangements for her rejoining him, when he should have arrived in a place of safety.

At a place of safety he was not suffered to arrive. Scarcely had he quitted Reichling's and Co.'s office, when an order had been telegraphed to the police authorities of Lille, to arrest and send him back immediately to Paris, an order duly obeyed the moment he stopped to change horses at the principal hotel there.

It was issued at the instance of the Marquis D'Achunda Valreas, founded on a charge of forgery and embezzlement, prepared by him, and urged in every manner, that could most tend to compromise the offender. I may as well, without any concealment, of which my readers have probably ere this divined the mystery, say, that this accusation and its effects, as well as the whole circumstances of the transaction from first to last, were the result of a preconcerted arrangement agreed upon between Fermondières and the Marquis's confidential man of business, acting in his name and with his authority. Impelled by resentful feelings, blinded by passion, and his now failing intellect worked upon by the crafty, smooth-tongued Valentin, and the intendant, who was equally as crafty, and anxious to gratify his patron's intent or caprice—he had been brought to consent with little reluctance, to the employment of any means that might bring to punishment and shame the hated author of his dishonour. Nor, to say the truth, when transcribing the document which was to serve for the groundwork of Serval's attempt, did he know otherwise than vaguely, the purpose it was to be applied to. So far this double-edged villain had succeeded—10,000 francs from Serval—an ample recompense, and what he thought more of, promise of future protection from the Marquis—the unrestrained opportunity of rendering services, which would

more or less make him agreeable, perhaps endear him to Stephanie, whom he was more than ever determined to press his suit to, now that she was in some measure wholly left in his power. These were subjects of self-gratification, which he did not fail inwardly to rejoice and chuckle over, careless what might become of the "friend" he had placed within the fatal grasp of the law, in order to produce the occasion that gave rise to them. To explain what might appear abrupt in Fermondieres' unqualified dereliction even of the varnish of honour and honesty, I shall observe, although unquestionably there is small need to seek beyond what has been heretofore mentioned of his principles and rules of conduct, for motives or incentives to make him bad, that to his other stock of vices he had lately added that of gambling, which he had given full career to, and which soon became in his hands, a speculation of fraud—speculation pursued as we have seen, up to the moment which has introduced him to, and withdrawn him from, our notice. His triumph was doomed to be of short duration, and terminated as suddenly, by means which, despite his artifice, he had little foreseen.

The draft to Stephanie's order, as we have seen, bore her signature. Reichling and Co., furious at the trick that had been played on them, proceeded forthwith against her, as principal or accomplice of the crime, and she was taken up on the morning which followed Serval's consignment to prison. The sudden shock, the terror of the accusation she lay under, the news of her husband's danger, whom in spite of his wrongs she still continued to love, overpowered a frame not naturally strong, and now enfeebled by mental and bodily suffering. She was seized with violent convulsions, and in a few hours expired, while giving birth to an infant offspring of two, which had the good fate to survive her not many minutes.

This was not all. When informed of his grand-daughter's melancholy end, the old Marquis, whose health had been long declining, feeling in a moment, by a revulsion of the human heart as frequent as it seems strange, all his former intense affection for her revive, was struck with the deepest remorse for the part he had acted in thus delivering up, as he ravingly said, his darling child to infamy and death. The effect on him was so powerful, as to oblige him to take to bed. In his despair he sent for the chiefs of the banking house,

and revealed the whole to them, fully establishing the part which Valentin had played. He forgot almost his hatred to Serval in the desire to hush up and quell the odium which could not fail to light on him and his, in case of the truth becoming known; he supplicated Reichling and Co., to endeavour to stop all further proceedings in the matter; they consented the more easily as they had recovered the whole amount, except the 10,000 francs handed over to Valentin, and a further small sum already consumed in the expenses of the journey. The Marquis's intendant hastened to indemnify them completely.

Through him (in the course of their negotiations together, they had, as may be well imagined, contracted an alliance of roguery offensive and defensive), finding how matters stood, and apprehending Serval might not keep his secret, Fermondieres thought it prudent to make an excursion somewhere into the provinces, until the whole should blow over. He selected "Le-Gif" whither he had been pressingly invited by its master, as his temporary place of residence, and that master, (whose weak points he had an opportunity of studying thoroughly,) as the object of his practices and profitable designs, with what dire success has been shown. Meantime, during his stay there and in the adjoining country, the Marquis D'Achunda had died, having, a short time before his decease, at the instance of a religious dignitary whom he had consulted, made public by a solemn deposition the whole facts of the case, which been corroborated by Serval's examination and that of the intendant, who, the one in vengeance and the other to screen himself, charged Fermondieres with the whole guilt of the conspiracy and its effects.

A warrant was instantly made out against him, and his name, with some *peculiar* remarks, being found in the report of a police agent from Bagnères—the Sous Prefet, then just starting to resume his duties, was entrusted with the execution of it. He undertook the office the more willingly as he was intimately connected with the D'Ersigny family, and desired, if possible, to snatch their son and heir from the clutches into which he had so unhappily fallen. The last scene of the sad tragedy was passing, as he drew near the gates of his place of destination!

"Such," said M. de Ravelle, deeply affected as he concluded his details, of which the preceding pages are in a great measure

composed—the remainder being derived from other sources of information—“such is the man whom you have seen led away to his proper abode. I never can sufficiently deplore not having arrived even an hour sooner. Had our mayor acted even with common firmness—but 'tis of no avail reverting to the subject now. It were better speak of what remains to be done—and first of all, the last duties to the victim. Our hapless young friend being a member of the society, a deputation of its members”—(“every one! every one!” was cried out on all sides)—“every one of its members, I presume, will attend the funeral, which I have been obliged to order for a late hour this evening”—there was an exclamation and look of surprise and displeasure—“prudence commands it, gentlemen. I have seen the Curé, he is obstinate in refusing his ministry on the occasion. To avoid any collision—(party spirit now so rife, would not fail to lay hold of the opportunity)—the body must be interred privately without the usual rites, in presence only of the mayor or his delegates. I regret, from every motive, I cannot myself officially appear—my presence might be ill-construed. I shall be there, however, simply as one of you, and believe me, will participate fully as any in the feelings all must have on the occasion.”

At half-past eleven to twelve o'clock, in a deserted and gloomy angle of the village church-yard, but a few paces distant from the spot where he had stood that morning full of life and vigour, swelling with hope of taking at last a tardy vengeance on the author of his ruin and all his wrongs, were lowered silently into their last earthly bed, the stiffened, blood-clotted remains of the once ardent, accomplished, and, but for a single failing, eminently amiable Jules D'Ersigny, cut off thus young, even before his prime, in a disgraceful broil with a common sharper, whom he had himself received, patronized, and cherished, but for this!

The night was dreary, dark, and cheerless. A low rumbling wind seemed to moan as it swept through the stunted old trees and drooping shrubs, and crumbling grave-stones, with which the place was at intervals covered, blowing here and there the flame of a few torches, which alone dispelled the damp obscurity that every thing was shrouded in. It was one of these dismal scenes that one long remembers, and feels a chilling heaviness to think of. Not a word was spoken—the process of heaving

down the coffin and filling up its deep receptacle, were shortly and unimposingly gone through, with the ordinary unconcern usual to those on whom such duties devolve. On the last shovelful of earth being heaped up, the assistants, pretty considerable in number, (several inhabitants of the town had joined the members of the club,) prepared to retire, silently as they had come. At this moment, much to the surprise of every one, the old Chevalier de Merinhac, who, during the operation of filling up the grave, had manifested starts of emotion, which he had in vain endeavoured to quell, stepped forward, and in a faltering voice attempted to utter a few expressions of praise and sorrow for the deceased. What they were no one could exactly tell, for the strength of his feelings, (for which, deceived by his real or assumed levity of manner, no one had hitherto given him credit, but which, evinced then as well as during the course of the whole proceedings, so truly and so well, raised him high in each and every one's esteem,) completely overpowered him. The words “soul of honour”—“bright prospects”—“gallant youth,” could alone be distinguished. In concluding (he had made an effort to master himself, and succeeded) he furnished an unexpected, and, had it occurred elsewhere than in circumstances so tragical, somewhat ludicrous illustration of character. “It has been whispered,” he said, “that in the unfortunate issue of the affair which has deprived us of the friend we grieve for, the witnesses were to blame, they who ought to have interfered to stop the combat. Those who dare to speak thus forget that *we*, the witnesses, *did* interfere, *did* essay to suspend, or at least postpone further proceedings, when the first hurt was received, and that we only yielded to the firm determination expressed by both combatants, to proceed in the business on the spot *with* or *without* witnesses. This, every one who is acquainted with such matters knows, left the parties open to commit murder, an extremity which no man of honour, who has a regard for that honour, would abandon his principal to. It were enough that I stake my word for it,” he added, raising high his voice and pointing his hand towards his breast, “if, however, there be any incredulous person, I, Xavier de Merinhac, am ready—shall willingly take charge to set him right.”

The attitude and look of the chivalrous old man, the earnest sincerity of sentiment

he spoke with, his real affliction which all had been spectators of, were too imposing and too solemn to provoke any impression save of respect and sympathy, standing as he and the auditory were on the verge of an unsanctified tomb, and occupied in reflections on the deplorable fate of the tenant over whom it had scarcely closed.

It is needless to say, no murmur of dissent was responded to the chevalier's words. He looked up steadily awhile as if in expectation, then sinking his head on his chest, dashed away hastily a big tear from either eye, and turned slowly away; the rest of the company immediately followed. What could have so powerfully stirred him at the moment, if it were not, added to the gloomy desolation of the scene and the occasion, the reflection arising from M. de Ravelle's recital, that the mortal termination of an unworthy quarrel might have been prevented—seemed a mystery. On our heart-rending interview but a few hours before with Madame D'Erigny, (I have already hinted that it had been my melancholy duty to witness a second scene of her despair,) he had appeared to show a coldness almost amounting to insensibility; and no one, from the habitual lightness and seemingly whimsical frivolity of his outward character, would deem him otherwise than indifferent and careless. That this exterior was either affected, or used as a convenient screen against the rubs and wearings of the world, of which he had seen too much not to be weary, was abundantly proved henceforward, in the present instance.

Full six years afterwards, this venerable old relic of times and feelings that *were*, fast verging then into the feebleness of declining life and second childhood, spoke in moving accents of his brave young friend, "worthy," he said, "to have belonged to Royal Normandie, in its best days"—in his mouth the first of all praises.

For her, the patient, sublimely patient sufferer, who, during the whole course of her husband's abandonment and ill-treatment, was never heard to give utterance to a single word of complaint, or speak of him otherwise than with kindness and affection—a recompense was at hand in her prompt restoration to wealth and station. Yet such, once truly grounded, is the enduring fixedness of woman's love, she scarcely felt pleasure in the change, but for her child's sake, since she shared it not with him—since his loss had been, to a certain extent, the price it was obtained

at. His family, his father particularly, ever since the birth of a son had given hopes of continuing the title, had been for some time willing to receive him and his wife into favour; but were firmly resolved never to do so, as long as he persisted in the line of pursuits he had thrown himself into. His death solved every difficulty; and, though a sincere return, which was scarcely hoped for, to them and to the paths he had abandoned, had been greeted doubtless with feelings of satisfaction more perfect, more unmixed with natural unavoidable regret, yet *her* reception was every thing it should have been, that of a daughter whom they were anxious to love. Beyond the silent grief she long continued to cherish, she never had cause to feel a moment's unhappiness, or recollect that she had been once rejected by those who now only studied to be kind.

Fermondières, alias La Roche Fermon, alias Valentin, (he had condescended to democratize,) Serval, and the intendant, soon after severally met with their deserts. On their trial for conspiracy and forgery with intent to defraud, numerous documentary proofs appeared of the last named individual's "*management*" in the direction of his patron's affairs, and he was, at the suit of the heirs, condemned to restitution, fine, and imprisonment, and being unable to pay he received confinement. Fermon, found guilty as accomplice, and Serval as principal, in an act of forgery, were sent to the galleys for a term of years. The sentence, though so richly merited, in all probability would not have been so severe, such is the necessary imperfection of legal enactments, but that it was revealed in evidence how deeply he had been concerned in the series of playing frauds, discovered by the exertions of M. de Ravelle.

As to Serval, though virtually less culpable, the letter of the law happened to reach him, and he paid in person the penalty accordingly. Certes he found none to pity him, at least among those who recollected his heartless matrimonial speculation, and its pitiable consequences.

Not many days ago, reading over the columns of accidents, offences, &c., I found the following announcement:—"An unfortunate occurrence took place lately at the Bagne de Toulon. One of the overseers at the hour of resuming labour, observed a Galerien, a noted refractory character, known by the nick-name of L'As de Pique, (ace of spades,) whose real one is Valentin La Roque, or La Roche, loitering behind

the others. On being ordered to the workshop, he refused to go, and began to utter a torrent of abuse. The overseer advancing to collar him, he immediately made show of resistance, struck and shook off the man, who hearing him call on his fellows, instantly drew his sabre and plunged it into his side. He died a few minutes afterwards. Luckily for the guardian as well as for the public safety, the governor had observed the affray from an angle of the building, and instantly giving the alarm, arrived with a party of soldiers. The prisoners had rushed with loud cries to avenge the death of their comrade, who had obtained long since, and exercised a great influence over them: they were promptly repelled, and the ring-leaders secured. It came out afterwards, that under the guidance and arrangement of this La

Roque, an extremely dangerous character, for the third time under punishment there, a breaking out had been planned and arranged, of which the first signal was to be his dispute with the overseer."

D'Ersigny, the Chevalier de Merinhac, and the events I have been writing, immediately recurred to my mind, and I penned them down under the freshened recollection. No doubt this was the identical Fermondieres, of whom I had to tell the story and the crimes. The denomination of "*L'As de Pique*" leaves no hesitation on the subject. It would appear, like other proselytes of that vice, the ruling passion, the strongest of all that humanity is victim to, had not abandoned its hold of him even there, where one would suppose the means and uses of its gratification no longer existed.

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T O M A R Y.

Oh! it is strange to me, that care  
Should ever sit upon *his* brow;  
Should ever cast one shadow there,  
While thou art left with him, as now,  
To glad him with thy smile, Mary.

With thy dark eyes on his to beam;  
Thy lips to breathe the words of love;  
Thy hands to minister to him;  
Oh! how can aught, save gladness, move  
The pulses of his heart, Mary?

If o'er the brightness of that eye,  
I've seen grow brighter as he came,  
The film of death should coldly lie,  
And quench to darkness all the flame  
That radiates it now, Mary.

If closed those lips, that love to speak  
To him, affection, hope, and peace,  
In silence e'en *his* voice can't break,  
The stillness that will never cease;—  
Then he might well be sad, Mary.

If where that gladsome footstep, free,  
Now meets him on his homeward way,  
He'd look for — never more to see—  
That form obstruct the sunset's ray,  
Which shadow'd once his path, Mary.

If he should find the hearthstone cold;  
The chamber tenantless, where round  
The simple objects it doth hold,  
Thy fingers fling a grace, not found  
In many a lordly hall, Mary.

If when remembrance might recall  
Thy image, it would ever bring  
With it, the memory of the pall,  
The shroud, the hearse, the grave, the sting  
Of loneliness for aye, Mary.

If he could know what 'tis to feel  
Such care as this, he then would find,  
His trifling share should never steal  
A single moment's peace of mind—  
And others have felt all, Mary.

It is most strange to me, that care  
Should ever sit upon his brow,  
Should ever cast one shadow there;  
While he has thee with him, as now,  
To bless him with thy smile, Mary.

F.

## OUR MONTHLY REVIEW.

*Scraps from the Mountains, and other Poems.* By "Christabel." Dublin. CURRY and Co., 1840.

"Mediocribus esse poetis Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ." is an oft quoted maxim; a little oftener quoted, perhaps, than justice or good sense would warrant. Great a poet as Horace was; and we estimate him far higher than it is the fashion of the day to rank him, though on far different grounds from his blind idolators in the bye-gone centuries—consummate a poet as he was, in some respects, and deep and genuine in philosophy; for what philosophy he had, he had lived, and loved, and been, and not picked up as doctrine; he was, we have always thought, a very middling critic. Nor of all the canons of his Aristotelian rubric, is there one to which we would sooner refuse our assent than to that above quoted. We never could make out, and there were times (alas! that we should have to confess it) when we fretted ourselves about such things,—why middling prose was a whit more tolerable than middling poetry, once either was printed with types, gathered within stiff covers, honoured with the name of a book, and sold as such by the bookseller. Nay, if we at all inclined to either side, we would be more indulgent to verse than prose. Bad verse has at least the jingle to recommend it, let it halt never so much, while bad prose is utter vapidity.

For this particular error, however, Horace was himself not so much to blame, as the age in which he lived. The coarse, though not unimaginative Romans, after a long, wild career of universal robbery and butchery abroad, and republican strife at home, were now, as they sobered fast into that imbecile brutality, which is the never failing doom of ill-got empire, beginning universally to "affect a taste," and, of course, an imported taste. Their own rough, native, unlicked cub of a literature had pined away the while, its last yells faintly echoed in some still-remembered Saliar song, or racy play of Plautus, which, spite of its Greek origin, its humour and unweeded idiom yet made welcome to the unsophisticated vul-

gar. But as for the fine gentlemen of Rome, they were, like most fine gentlemen in what are called civilised ages, a very worthless race, and likely, if they meddled with literature at all, to make it, and leave it, as stunted and ricketty as their own puny, cosmetical, cosmopolitan souls: and so it happened. That enormously clever piece of smallness, the Emperor Augustus, that petit-maitre patron of the decencies, whose amiable noddle grew not giddy at a height, where nobler heads had reeled and lost their balance, that spoiled child of good luck and good policy, whom the tamed elephant of the Quirital greatness allowed to rule and guide it, whither he would—Augustus added all the weight of his own timid inanity to the downward impulse of the national decay. The result was a universal cramp in the late-born Latin literature—a cramp and crabbedness which has since too much pervaded the muscle and sinew of every western literature, and whose contortions, like the detestable Roman letter in which they are printed, may still be traced in every modern book, wherever published, in Astrachan or Cadiz, in Abo or Palermo, in Cincinnati or Odessa. There is not a dancer in that gesticulating throng of scribbling dervishes, from Brunetto to Bulwer, whose motions, in their natural grace, or unnatural affectation, tell not of that chilling time, when the turbulent flood of Roman aggression began to ebb and freeze. Sad, that it should be thus; sad, that one bad-hearted people should blight the beauty, and unnerve the strength of half the world; sad, but not unexampled: once was not enough for the earth. There is a more modern instance.

Horace and Virgil were the most genuine writers of their age and nation, and indisputably born poets, whatever their short comings. Sympathising deeply with their generation, and caged the while, like some rare poultry, in the imperial hen-coops, they suffered more than all others, from this evil influence, or, at least, we note their failings oftener, and with more regret. And this little key to much that is strange, and much that is obscure in the history of European literature, we will

make use of at present to unlock the critical cupboard of the Venusine sage.

The fact of the matter is, that all these things considered, which we have stated, and many more beside, Horace could hardly be expected to have known that all prose, as well as all verse, is good, bad, or indifferent, simply by reason of the greater or less amount of poetry embodied therein. The poet, so called *par excellence*, for every living thing is, by virtue of its indwelling life, more or less poetical;—aye! reader, that bee, or butterfly, and the very worm thou baitest thy fishing hook with, or flea thou killest in spite—the poet is he, who feeling more acutely than other men, loving more ardently, suffering more intensely, sees more deeply into the relations of this world and its denizens, to the eternal attributes of which they partake, and to God, who is the creator and father of all; he who knows most of this, and thinks, or speaks, or writes, or acts accordingly, is pre-eminently the poet, let the world call him so or not. With reality he has had to do, and has conquered more of it for his dominion than other men were able: thereby is he their ruler—king, priest, prophet, poet, all in one: for virtue, truth, reality, poetry, beauty, are one in essence, and only in semblance different. Our readers may grumble at this, and gain-say it; let them sift it ere they reject it.

But, says some practical caviller, I read my newspaper every morning with more avidity than most other writing—barring the poetical column, which indeed I always skip. And why dost thou so, oh reader, consider for a moment. In thy “leading article,” be it never so empty and stupid—in thy “parliamentary debate,” in thy “atrocious murder” or “appalling accident,” thou hast a reality, or art content to think so, and therefore art thou glad, and therefore dost thou let thy tea cool, while thou porest over thy broad sheet. It is a rare production that, that morning paper of thine, a wondrous combination of fiction and reality, of reality realized, and reality unrealized, and persuades thee to many a queer thing. For ’tis poetical, and therefore leads thee by the nose, and by the heartstrings also. But as for that poetical column, which thou scornest, it is at best, the thousandth offspring of a worn out echo; it is not even moonshine, but the mere ghost of moonshine—a poor stinking phosphorus humbug. ’Tis mere soap-suds of sentiment, nutritious neither for man nor beast, and

which, with all thy gullibility, thou knowest to be good for nothing. Exceptions there are in many poetical corners, but only such as prove the rule.

So much for the comfort of those who, when they hear an ancient maxim controverted, think the world is going to tumble about their ears: so much for those who are fond of prying into the roots and foundations of things. We have still some fellow-feeling for them, and remember well the time when whys and wherefores were, if not all in all to us, yet more than they ought to have been; far more than now they are.

Not that we have any wish, directly or indirectly, to encourage the far too numerous class of poetasters, male and female. We only desire, while we aid in lessening the authority of what we believe to be a law, ill-expressed and much misunderstood, to render the administration of justice to all classes of writers, surer and more satisfactory than hitherto it has been.

And therefore, in passing our verdict on the little volume before us, it is not because it is composed entirely of what are called fugitive poems, rescued from newspapers, magazines and annuals, and grouped together as the work of a single writer, that we shall either dilate upon its merits, or remark its faults.

We never could see any reason why occasional verses, and short poems of every description, should not, if the writers only chose it, be made as perfect in their way, worthy of as much attention, and capable of giving as much and as enduring pleasure, as longer and more elaborate compositions. Aristotle, it is true, would fain persuade us that a certain magnitude is indispensable to beauty; and in one sense he is correct; a certain visibility is: and this the reader’s sympathy must bestow on what is in itself minute. Nor should we be at all sorry to see good pieces of this class, much more numerous than they are. To determine why they are so rare, would be an enquiry far beyond our present limits. The total absence of all artistic cultivation, wherever the English language and mode of thought prevails, is, no doubt, one important element in the deficiency; but hardly sufficient to account for so great a waste of talent, as every day forces itself upon our observation. The evil, we are inclined to think, lies somewhat deeper and calls for more powerful remedies, than mere improvements in mental training can be expected to provide.

We shall better explain the state of things we should like to see returning, by appealing to the scanty remains of one supremest literature. "It is worthy of observation," remarks Shelley, in speaking of the more flourishing Grecian times, "that whatever the poets of that age produced, is as harmonious and perfect as possible. *If a drama, for instance, were the composition of a person of inferior talent, it was still homogeneous and free from inequalities; it was, as a whole, consistent with itself.*" There is a great deal of truth in this: even in the times of Grecian degradation, this remained an attribute of the still acute and fertile national mind. Many short poems might be found in the anthology, pieces of four, or eight, or a dozen lines, written a thousand years or more, after Homer, and of whose authors little or nothing is known, which for strength, grace, energy, pathos, sometimes sublimity, might put Shakespeare himself to shame and utter despair—and these, be it kept in mind, the work of very inferior writers, in ages so remarkable for corruption and decay, as very closely to resemble our own. For the flame of a primeval nationality, still burned intensely in many a heart; and stars of the lesser magnitudes shone clear with a Sirius brightness.

Many times a year, are such reflections forced on us; nor has this little volume of "Scraps from the Mountains" failed to suggest such thoughts. It is not the manner of their previous publication, nor the triteness of some of their topics, nor the unimportance of others, that displeased us. It was rather the want of care in husbanding, and of patience in elaborating, the produce of so good a natural endowment; and still more, the want of unity in conception, in execution, in completion—and the indistinctness of character which is the result, when the book is viewed collectively, as the offspring of one mind.

Mrs. Downing—for the name of our fair authoress is no secret, and we are rather sorry that she has not thrown aside her fantastic *nom de guerre*—undoubtedly possesses considerable powers, and may most reasonably be called upon to give them a more careful cultivation than she has yet thought of doing. There is a manly vigour of thought, or at least of expression, in some of her poems, and a racy wildness in many of them, which far surpasses the average power of verse-writers: the subjects, too, of her little

poems are well chosen, and such as, with our friend Horace's leave, are likely to be best displayed in a poetical dress. We have extracted two or three little pieces, almost at random, which, we trust, will induce many of our readers to buy the volume, and please themselves with a more varied and perhaps more judicious selection.

## FROM THE VENETIAN.

OH! 'tis the blessed evening hour,  
And soft dews fall on leaf and flower;  
And rushing from the mountain brown,  
The torrent sends its echoes down;  
And o'er the water's placid breast,  
The weary ring-dove seeks its nest.  
Dear one! over wave and wood,  
Comes the twilight solitude,  
And in the air, and through the sky,  
The sun-set rays still lingering lie.  
Loved one! in the vesper hush,  
And in the daylight's parting blush,  
And 'mid the calm of earth and sea,  
I wait for thee, I wait for thee.

## THE SPRING BLOSSOM.

'TWAS a sweet little blossom, the first I had seen  
Since the sunbeam had bade the cold winter-gloom  
flee,  
And I plucked it in haste from its moss-bed of green,  
Where it bloomed, for I felt 'twould be welcome  
to thee;  
Thou'lt take it, said I, not because it excels  
In perfume, as another far richer may bring,  
But because it grew here 'mid our rude rocky dells,  
And I know that thou lov'st those wild blossoms  
of Spring.

As I came to the spot where it hung o'er the stream,  
A young bee softly crept in its bosom to rest;  
While its leaves sparkled yet, in the sun's matin  
beam,  
With dew-drops the night breeze had left on its  
breast.

I disturbed not the bee, whose wild murmur I heard,  
Till it fled when it sipped up its fill of the dew;  
For as fruits are the sweeter when pecked by a bird,  
I thought that the bee may make this sweeter too

But take it, ere yet its frail beauties are blighted;  
Though simple it is, when it catches thine eye,  
Thou'lt think with regret on past scenes that de-  
lighted—

Thou'lt weep for the hours that have fast fled  
by.

Oh! take it, 'twill bring back the dreams that in  
youth,

Around the fond heart their wild witchery fling—  
'Twill whisper of past days, of rapture and truth;  
And, besides, 'tis a fair, young, sweet blossom of  
Spring.

## WRITTEN AFTER READING THE FAIRY TALES.

THEY may talk as they will, but the fairy times  
Were the pleasantest times of all;  
When up from their dwellings, a few dark rhymes  
The Genii of earth could call.  
Oh! from my heart, how I'd pray and vow,  
If rhymes had but half such virtue now.



Where now is the cave like that dark one, damp,  
Where the gold and the silver shone?  
And what is the brightest Grecian lamp  
To Aladdin's wonderful one?  
And the modern slippers—what are they, alas!  
To the god-mother Fairy's slippers of glass?

Oh! for the days when the giants were rife,  
With their towers and painted halls;  
And heroes, each with a charmed life,  
Rode up to their castle walls,  
And knocked with a loud and a dreadful clang.  
Till the roofs, and the gates, and the wild woods  
rang.

When the good and the fair, as the wizard wand  
stirred,  
Were bound in a dreamy spell;  
When maidens spoke, and at each sweet word  
Diamonds and roses fell.  
I wonder if any fair lady now  
Could open her lips and let diamonds flow?

When gentle and bright ones with golden hair,  
Were wooed by princes in green,  
And knights, with invisible caps to wear,  
Could see, and yet never be seen.  
Are any such knights, in green or blue,  
To be met with now? I wish I knew.

Oh! talk as they will, but the Fairy times  
Were the pleasantest times of all;  
When up from their dwellings, a few dark rhymes  
Genii and spirits could call.  
And, oh! how I wish that rhymes again  
Had even one half the power they had then.

#### THE HEART.

##### Down!

Down, thou wild thing, I will be conqueror—  
Now is it so, that with thy impulses,  
Lit by no torch of reason, thou, even thou  
All weak and wavering should'st start up, and dare  
To lead me thus, or thus?—I tell thee, down,  
Creature of feeling and of passion, down,  
I will not be thy thrall—can I not look  
Unmov'd and calm abroad on the wide field of earth  
And its unthinking worms?—can I not feel,  
That though the elemental fabric round  
By which I walk and breathe, were hurled away  
To its original chaotic mass,  
Life would be still for me?—can I not turn  
To or from the world, and the world's minions,  
And seek them or despise them as I please?  
Have I no power to compass these, but thou,  
With some full bursting dream, some airy web,  
Some silken link of frail humanity,  
Bindest the soaring soul?—it shall not be,  
Unchecked, unreasoning, grasping truant, no—  
I will not brook it more—we were not born,  
We, with our boundless hopes and souls of fire,  
We were not formed in grov'ling guise to bend  
Where thou may'st choose to lead—thou shalt not  
rule.  
Weak child of blood, and fever, and desire,  
I yield no palm to thee—aye! I will crush,  
Crush every heave of thine—break every wish—  
Dash every thought that thou may'st send uncalled—  
Down with thy hopes, I will not thus be awayed,  
Even as a feather waves—down with thy dreams,  
Thine empty dreams—I will be conqueror—down!  
Down! thou wild panting thing.

*Hardy's Miniature Atlas, and Comprehensive Geography*, containing thirty Maps, with letter-press descriptions. Dublin: HARDY AND WALKER. 1840.

This is a pretty little book, in size about three inches square. We can hardly imagine a nicer present for a young geographer. The maps are, for their size, remarkably clear and distinct, and not too crowded with names: indeed we think them much better for children than larger maps, with which they are often bewildered. We would, however, recommend Mr. Hardy to have them coloured; this would render them much more attractive to the youthful eye.

*Elements of the Greek Language*. By the Rev. L. W. King, L.L.D. Ex-Sch.T.C.D. Master of Ennis Endowed School. Dublin: S. J. MACHEN AND CO. 1840.

*Eton Latin Grammar*, a new edition, with explanatory notes. *Same publishers*.

*Carpenter's Scholar's Spelling Assistant*, a new edition, considerably enlarged and improved by W. S. Harvey. *Same publishers*.

We are truly glad to see our Dublin publishers rivalling each other in the production of improved editions of the more popular school books, and what is still more welcome to us, constantly bringing out new and original works in many departments of knowledge. The little works, whose titles we have copied, are great improvements upon the older editions. They are also very neatly printed, which we consider to be a matter of great importance in school books, and are very cheap. Dr. King's Greek Grammar is especially worthy of notice; it is clear, concise, and comprehensive, and far superior to Wright's, or Wettenhall's, or Harding's, or any of the Greek Grammars commonly used in our schools. The addition of a syntax in the same volume is a great advantage. The elder purveyors of school books seemed to think that Greek Syntax was either too difficult or too insignificant to be taught to boys; and in our young days we have met many teachers who knew little or nothing about it. But times are changed since then, and our schoolmasters must work hard, and change many of their old habits, if they would keep themselves on a level with the improvements daily made in most departments of instruction in languages. In conclusion, we strongly recommend these works to their attention and patronage.

## DEATH OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

**THERE** is one name in the obituary of the present month, which, pressed as we are for space and time, we cannot allow to pass without a few words of observation.

“**DIED**, of typhus fever, on Friday, 12th of June, at the North Monastery, Cork, **GERALD GRIFFIN**, author of ‘*The Collegians*.’”

The brightest spirit, whose advent among us this present century witnessed, has been summoned from this earthly scene. The volume of his life has been brought to a premature conclusion, and sealed with the signet of death.

There are few tests, perhaps, by which the well-being of a people may be better judged, than by their respect and affection for the genius which has dwelt among them, and hallowed, for after generations, the time and the land they live in. With the demeanour of our countrymen, on the present occasion, we have been consequently both pleased and grieved; pleased, even as sympathy in suffering pleaseth ever, to hear the voice of heart-felt sorrow arising from every corner of the land—and grieved, nevertheless, to think how inadequate were all those regrets, sincere and general though we found them, to the magnitude of our loss, and to observe how thoughtless our people were of what so much concerned them. For this man was sent among us, for purposes infinitely higher than any he was permitted to achieve, memorable though he must long be for us and our descendants. It was not to work as a hired labourer in the alien field of English fiction, Irish though his honest genius made the fruits of his toil; it was not to glean painfully in the stubble of a strange land, a few stunted ears of renown, that God permitted so bright a spirit to visit the lowly regions of this imperfect world. But, alas! how many such are sent, whose greatness we never know, the fire of whose genius burns inwardly, so that no man seeth its light, till the evening of their clouded day comes swift and silent, and the yearning of a mission unfulfilled sinks hungry to its long repose.

Let us rather be thankful that it has not been altogether so with Gerald Griffin. In the present state of Ireland, hardly recognising itself as a nation, much less blessed with a national literature, it was utterly impossible, from the first, that he should become what so bright a dawning promised, had we been only worthy of it. For let those who know the importance of literature in these later times, lay it to heart and ponder it deeply, that only where the national idea burns bright in the breasts of high and low; only among a people, conscious of being a people, and proud and firm in that knowledge, can genius, however it may blossom, bear its proper fruit. Some buds, in bleakest times, resist the nipping storm, but the fairest, the richest, the sweetest, are withered ere they meet one gleam of the early summer. If the spring blossoms of the soul be blasted and shaken to the ground, what sun shall ripen the fruit thereof? Behold, ere the summer can see them, they are vanished, and sun and shade know them no more. And if the mother-land lie sick and bed-ridden, and cherish not her sons with her smile of peace and love unutterable, and sympathy above all sympathies, what shall they be but blasted?

Our departed brother was cast on peculiar times, and his works, in their beauties and defects, bear visibly the impress of them. The dawn of Ireland's liberty was be-

ginning slowly to appear. That hushed silence of the morning's advent, which whispers despair away, had even then given assurance to many a doubting heart, that the "night was far spent, and the day at hand," and the spectres of misrule and dissension, with all their legion train, gathering on the horizon's edge, ere they bade the land farewell, whose curse they so long had been, whose spirit they had striven so vainly to wither and degrade. That time is coming—'tis near: guilty will our generation be, and wretched even beyond its guilt, if we see not that sun arise. But, for this blessing, as for all the blessings of earth, we must even pay a price, aye, and a great price, a boundless ransom for the imprisoned of our hearts affections: and this is the way of it. We have not been allowed to work out civilisation for ourselves, after our own fashion; we must needs accept of it, corrupted with foreign admixtures, and worsened almost to a curse, instead of what we might in the last five centuries, labouring not for ourselves only, but for an expectant world, have nobly made it, a blessing above all price. Soon, too soon, placed as we are, in the gangway of the old world and the new—soon, too soon, will much of our peculiar genius and manners have withered away, with our fast-fading traditions, and the flickering legends of our peasant hearths. Soon, too soon, unless new miracles appear, will our people be half Europeans, instead of whole Irishmen. The mute hills will mourn in vain for the expressive language, the genuine nature, the vivid pulse of undecayed, untamed existence, which made our valleys ring again with mingled mirth and sorrow, and covered the face of the land with a glory of love and religion, which no oppression hath ever succeeded in effacing, which the poisonous breath of tyrants' slander shall never avail to destroy.

But it was allowed us, doomed though we were to lose more of this ancient inheritance, than any after prosperity can ever compensate or replace—that at least those times and manners should not pass away without leaving some record of what they were; and accordingly writers of no common order have appeared among us, from whose pages, the story of our fate, the more essential features of our blotted history, will be gathered by our children's children, and laid up with filial care among their heart's best treasures. Of these men, the first in power, and in one work successful beyond all comparison, was Gerald Griffin. The "Collegians," on its first appearance, was hailed with universal welcome, not only as good in itself, but as the herald of a nobler greatness. As the work of a young man of five and twenty, we know not where, in the literature of the world, to look for its rival. Schiller, Byron, and Shelley, and other fervent spirits have left behind them efforts of great energy, put forth at the same or an earlier age. But the very finest of their creations are marred by those contortions, those spasms of the wrestling soul, which show not strength, but the want of it. In the "Collegians," on the contrary, with all the defects of its unhappy subject, all is calm and serene; bright as a May morning, or pensive as an October eve. The still smile of an unconscious strength, beams forth on us from every page; the chastening glory of a loving heart, gilds with an ineffable charm the hills and valleys of life; the sparkling dew-drops of Irish humour and Irish pathos, quiver on every tree and flower, and glisten from every blade of grass, in that sweet Munster landscape. The entire work is cast in an artistic mould, and in this respect, we know of no fiction in the English language, that can bear comparison with it for a moment.

'Twere idle to conjecture now, how many works of Irish origin will be saved from the time-wreck of our bustling age. Sure we are, that they will be found to be many

more than the present merging of our literary history in that of England, allows most of us to anticipate. When those treasures of the ebbing book-flood shall be collected, we hardly imagine it possible that any unseen jewel of the waters, will be found worthy to remove "The Collegians" from its place in that starry crown of our country's glory, which will yet bind, with such a heavenly radiance, that pale and queenly brow, which has been so long undiademed.

But we have not now time to dilate, as we would wish, on the merits of the friend we have lost. That no work equal or superior to "The Collegians" succeeded that noble production, can hardly be wondered at, however it may be lamented. Griffin was always of a gentle, retiring disposition; and the turmoil of that Babylon-bustle, where his literary lot was cast, early began to sicken him. For literature he knew himself born, but for literature of a more sustained endeavour, and animated by a far higher purpose, than the bread-winning handicraft of the London "trade," or any other trade. Trained from early childhood in the observances of a genuine piety, he soon began to turn his thoughts, where alone, perhaps, in so unbelieving an age as ours, and for a spirit like his, lonely exile as he was, in the cosmopolitan wilderness—shelter and a home were to be found. But the humility of a pious heart gave him long pause, and it was only within the last two years, that he waved the vanities of life a mute, unregretful adieu, and enrolled himself among one of the worthiest of religious communities, the Christian Brothers of Cork. With them, devoted to the service of the poor, he spent the brief remainder of his days. His thoughts were turned heavenward, and his only earthly cares were for those whom man too little cared for—the hungry, the naked, the orphan, the uninstructed poor. He who had drunk so largely of the draught of fashionable applause, had not been beguiled by its allurements, nor the fountains of his quiet poisoned for ever by that insidious mixture, or turned into gall and bitterness. He sat, an humble teacher, with the children of the poor at his knees; the wistful gaze of childhood looked into his meek eyes, for that lore which is above all price; which is of the heart, heavenly—not earthly, of the head. The tiny fingers of the little child were placed confidingly in his approving hand; the mild sage frowned not, as their merry laugh was echoed from the surrounding cloisters; and the grateful young creatures oft checked their tottering footsteps, to glance once more at their kind friend, ere they bent their homeward way, when their lessons and sports were over; for they loved him so well, that fear was seldom in their thoughts. For his part, he knew that "of such is the kingdom of heaven"—and was blessed even on earth, by the choice he at length had made. The twilight of another spring was blended thus with the early autumn of his life; a fresh-blown garland of the young affections shed balmy fragrance upon his bruised spirit. The joy of others smoothed down for him the pillow of his lonely rest; and thus, like the dream of a Sabbath eve, solemn and still, but cheerful, the number of his allotted days passed fleetly to their end; an end more speedy than his hopes, though not, perhaps, than his desires.

In the grave-yard of the North Monastery, Cork, beside those fellow-labourers of his choice, whom God called away before him, the remains of Gerald Griffin are laid. We do not know how far the observances, which formerly, throughout the world, bound the living and the dead together, and made green the "waste of memory," are still preserved in the South of Ireland; but we will hope that often at morn and eve the chil-

dren will be found bringing flowers to his grave, and kissing the turf that hides the friend they too early lost.

Gerald Griffin was born in the City of Limerick, in the year 1803, and had, we believe, not yet completed his seven-and-thirtieth year. Few were the days of his pilgrimage,—few, and sorrowful also, but not without their blessing, not without their fruit, not without a sure remembrance in every household of our land. Alas! among other of our designs, we had hoped to win him also from his retirement, and grace our pages with the flowers of his sweet wisdom—but it was not to be so. We must content ourselves with the expression of our now unavailing sorrow; we must look for consolation to the legacies of thought and feeling, which he has bequeathed to us all in common. Nor is it for us to estimate the value of what he has bequeathed. We are too near the times he lived in, and wrote of. Our ears are stunned by the clatter of the popular delusions of the day; our sight is dimmed by the dust of that plebeian chariot-race.

But 'tis only of the precise amount of his importance in Irish literature, that we are in any way uncertain. When a century or two shall have elapsed, and the present time lie, like a told-of dream, behind a newer age, the gladness and sorrow, and strength and simplicity of Munster life will still be fresh in his pages; the smile of his warm heart will crown with an undying splendour the glimmering hills of the past: sweet and strong, like the song of the blackbird, the voice of a by-gone age will thrill through the hearts of the future, and carry our sons in spirit to repose from their weary present, in the bosom of their ancient fathers. The choral song of the wearied generations, as it now thunders loudly, now steals out with lingering sweetness from the consecrated aisles of the past, will be swelled by this note, also; and the hymn of that genuine Irish heart be echoed through earth for ever.

This, surely, if anything can be so, is a cause for lasting gratitude, and sorrow thereby chastened into a meek regret. And now we bid him farewell!

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# THE CITIZEN;

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

**Of Politics, Literature, and Art.**

No. X.

AUGUST, 1840.

VOL. II.

## CONTENTS:

	Page.
THE EVENTS OF THE SESSION, . . . . .	149
THE TALISMAN, . . . . .	156
MEMOIR OF THE LATE GERALD GRIFFIN, . . . . .	158
SYLLA; A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN BANIM. ACTS III., IV., V., . . . . .	165
CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MILITIA MAN, . . . . .	187
CHAP. I.—MY SCHOOLBOY DAYS. CHAP. II.—THE WARLIKE SQUIRE.	
THE CHILD AND THE LILY BRANCH: A PICTURE, . . . . .	197
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, . . . . .	198
SONNETS; PICTURES FROM ALPINE SCENERY, . . . . .	206
THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND, . . . . .	207
THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, . . . . .	213

DUBLIN:

JAMES PHILIP DOYLE, 10, CROW-STREET.

MDCCLX.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

While we feel much indebted to some of our correspondents, for the patience with which they have awaited our decision, we must still request them to keep in mind, that it is not always we can command time to peruse their communications, immediately on receiving them. We are anxious to do every justice to those who offer us their contributions; but we really cannot do so, if they will not allow us time to form that calm and deliberate judgment, which is so desirable, as well for their satisfaction, as for our own. We wish our friends also to remember, that the limits of our journal, and the variety of subjects to which we feel bound to give attention, often oblige us to reject compositions, which, had we more space at our disposal, we should be most happy to insert.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry. The writers will be so good as to make copies, before they favour us with them.

We regret that our respected friend, J. H., should differ from us upon any subject; still more on one where our ultimate desires are the same. But he cannot expect all men to agree in the mode of advocating the same principles. The views which we put forward as to the true motives of Temperance Reform were not lightly adopted, nor do we think it probable that they will be speedily changed. We have never advocated notions of extravagance or even carelessness in the habits of popular life. But we are satisfied that money-worship is a still worse evil; and we are totally opposed to founding any moral sanction upon arguments whose gist is the acquisition of wealth. Let thrift and economy be advocated on their own ground and for their own sakes, and we shall never differ from our excellent friend concerning them. But their claim to be exalted to a level with religious or national virtues, we must totally repudiate and deny.

L. G. W.'s communication is pleasingly written, and evinces much taste and judgment. We agree with him in many respects; but we also differ in so many, that we cannot make use of his paper. If we discuss the subject at all, which is not unlikely, we should, we fear, be forced to speak more harshly than L. G. W. has done, both of the author whose merits he has so eloquently celebrated, and of the class of literature of which he is regarded as the head.

We are anxious to oblige P. K., but we cannot insert the "Translation from Horace, by a boy, only ten years old." Such compositions do not properly come within the scope of our journal: and we see no reason to make any exception in the present instance. We have only to refer the friends of the writer to our "notice" in the June number, and regret that our well-meant advice has been either misunderstood, or deemed unworthy of attention.

L. C. T.'s story has considerable merit, but is rather diffusely written, and would, we apprehend, when completed, far exceed our limits.

"A Retrospection" is certainly interesting, but would be greatly the better for a little revision.

"Mora-Roo" will not suit us; but if the author will allow the other pieces which he sent, to remain with us, we hope to find room for them from time to time.

Will "Loisir" send us two or three more of his chapters? We could then form a better judgment. The one we have seen we like very well.

P. F. W.'s verses are not without merit, though scarcely deserving of the "admiration" which he tells us they have received. We recommend him to try again, and pay more attention to the metre.

"A Legend of the Lee," is in type.

"The Raven"—T. B.—Ethon—E. L. N.—P. C., Liverpool—Ams—will not suit us.

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## THE EVENTS OF THE SESSION.

**THE** fortieth session of the imperial legislature has now drawn nearly to a close. Many expectations awaited its commencement; many wants demanded its interposing aid. Whatever may have become of the expectations, it is unhappily too certain that the wants remain. The only thing we can perhaps be said to have won in the course of the present session, is the privilege of being called by a new nickname. We were barbarians and aliens heretofore; we are declared to be a nation of perjurers now. The Duke of Wellington in the Lords, and Lord Stanley in the Commons, have conveyed to us the flattering intimation; and they, it must be confessed, are excellent authority. 'Tis a higher step in the heraldry of hate. Let us take what we have got, as a sample of what we may reasonably expect from the same quarter, whenever they possess the power to confer on us more solid proofs of their regard.

The distinction we have thus desired duly to acknowledge, proceeded, however, we are bound to say, exclusively from one party. It is somewhat unfortunate that we are unable to record anything by way of contrast, in the shape of a whig concession. We earnestly implored the government to give us national railways; at least to bring in a bill for the purpose. The right was admitted fully; the absence of any other means of constructing them

had ceased even to be questioned; yet no effort was made to introduce a bill. A variety of other wants called for legislation, but none was attempted. What *was* done or hindered by our rulers, we purpose very briefly on the present occasion to enquire. But before we do so, let us look back at the position we occupied at the beginning of the present year. How stood we then, and what were our reasonable demands?

From one end of the kingdom to the other, perfect tranquillity reigned. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, no winter had passed so free from outrage and crime. The physical comforts of the working classes had not in any respect increased; their causes of dissatisfaction had in no instance been removed; the example of political combination against the oppressions of the aristocracy, were before their eyes in England; their power to distract and paralyse the government, had they been so minded, was obvious; yet "there was not a ripple on the popular wave." Was it indifference or deadness then? Far from it. Had it been, we should not have witnessed the wondrous advance of Temperance reform, in and about the same period. Men resort to sensuality, when the god-lights of hope and courage are gone out in their souls. Profligacy is called, and in one sense it is truly called, relaxation; for its dominion is paramount at the cost of



all self-restraint, and all energy of determined purpose. And assuredly a people, of their own free will agreeing together to lay down the habitual enjoyment of their lives, solely because they believed it to be wrong, are not in a state of moral apathy. Such a people are more inclined to read and to reflect than ever they were. The immense improvement and extension of printing in Dublin of late, is most significant as a sign—and a good sign—of the time. And perhaps we may be permitted to add that the success and popularity of the *CITIZEN*, coupled with the previous fact of the non-existence of any such journal in Ireland, uttering the sense and identified with the feeling of the nation at large, is one of many proofs, were demonstration wanting, that the spirit of the country is rapidly gaining a healthier and more self-reliant tone, than it ever had before.

What then did the country demand of that high and all-powerful body, whose assembling for the fortieth time, it anxiously looked forward to?

In the first place we required that speedy and effectual measures should be taken, for insuring to us the benefits of popular representation. It had become plain to all who could see, and who chose to see, that by the combination entered into among the landlords, the constituent bodies created by the Reform act, were in every part of the kingdom gradually ceasing to exist. With such an engine as the Law of Ejectment, and with such a spirit of blind and reckless hostility as the anti-national proprietary displayed, it was in vain to expect the people to expose themselves, to the consequences of the system of registration and of election, then and still subsisting. It was said by the government, and by the select few, who still endeavour to prolong the fading existence of a whig party in Ireland, that a good Registration bill and a clear definition of the beneficial interest clauses of the Reform act, would suffice to correct this evil: there was likewise here and there a knowing mutter about the *possibility* of obtaining the ballot. We thought and said at the time, that all expedients of the kind suggested, would utterly fall short of what the people had a right to expect, namely, the thorough emancipation of the franchise from unconstitutional controul. We said that nothing but a comprehensive and broad extension of the franchise would do; that no security could be given but the one; that no protection would be felt, save that which virtually gave the power

of self protection, to the mass of the community. We say so now. So long as the electors are few in number, they will be overawed at the registry, and persecuted with impunity, if they dare to give an independent vote at the hustings. The aristocracy can afford to play the long game, for they have the bank at their back. They can be content to weary out the tenantry in detail; to break one man here and another there; to eject this man to day, and the other man to-morrow. They understand human nature, and unfortunately their whig antagonists do not. They know that where numbers are small, the power of political sympathy is weak; that where numbers are large, that sympathy is strong. The forty-shilling freeholders filled them with despair. How?—by their absolute numbers. Individually they were poorer and more open to temptation, than the ten pound freeholders of the Reform bill; but collectively they carried Catholic emancipation, and that, against the whole unbroken might of the gentry, the church, and the administration of the day.

But still in culpable—yes, we admit 'twas culpable—reluctance to split from those, whose opinions we felt to be erroneous, yet believed to be sincere, the representatives of Ireland allowed week after week of the early days of the session to roll by, without making a formal demand of an adequate extension of the franchise. They waited to see what the government would propose; and were resolved to give the whig emollients a fair trial. Meanwhile Lord Stanley introduced his bill, purporting to apply a remedy to the evil. "You feel that the electoral system of Ireland needs reform; permit me to assist you to a remedy. The irritation of a sore on the extremities is obviously very painful; I propose forthwith to amputate the limb." Insolent as the proposition of our old enemy was, the people and their representatives were not even yet alarmed. They had still a lingering belief in the sense of British shame, if not of British justice; and they credulously took for granted that Lord Stanley's interference would *only* serve to hasten on the ministerial measure, and that when it was brought forward, the noble empiric would be compelled to withdraw his prescription for slow poisoning.

But Lord Stanley had better insight into the disposition of England and England's representatives, than we had. He believed that even the miserable and insufficient franchise, wrung from them by Ireland in

1832, amid the tumult of their own reform victory, they would already fain resume; and the event has proved that he was right. On five several occasions during the last three months, the English members of the House of Commons have, by majorities varying from thirty to forty, voted for the total disfranchisement of the Irish people. They have done so with full consciousness of what they were doing. They have done so, thoroughly aware of the violation of national faith they were committing. They have done so deliberately, in violation of the act of Union, in violation of the Catholic Relief Bill, and in violation of that Reform Act, by virtue of which they legislatively exist. They have done so for the self same purpose, and in disregard of the self same principles, that their predecessors seventy years ago rejected Burke's and Barré's proposition for justice to America,—that they may obtain the power of taxing and of ruling a hated rival nation without its representative consent. Is this too strong? It may be stronger than is agreeable, but is it stronger than the truth? Was it not avowed by more than one of Lord Stanley's supporters, in the debate upon the question itself, that they would vote for the bill *because* it would transfer the representation of Ireland from those who at present held it, to the aristocracy? And who pretends to be ignorant, that the Irish aristocracy as a political class, are deservedly hated and distrusted by the nation at large? Or, turning to the organs of the party who seek our constitutional extinction, as an element of imperial representation, let any one read the superhuman rage and animosity of the Times, and say have we not *understated* rather than exaggerated, the avowed motives of the attempt to pass Lord Stanley's bill? What is the meaning of "driving the intruders back to their barbarous and beggar land?" or of "purging the English House of Commons, from a gang of adventurers and perjurers?" These were the epithets and the arguments addressed to the national pride and magnanimity of England, and, as we are all aware, with reiterated and triumphant success.

The Corporation bill was introduced for the sixth time, early in the present session, and passed the Commons without any material alteration: but not without discussion and division. Although its provisions were far short indeed of those originally proposed, and very unequal to those whose benefits England and Scotland enjoy, the

hostility to conceding anything whatever to Ireland, broke forth as formerly. Both on the second and the third reading, the ultra anti-Irish faction insisted on dividing the House. They were deserted, it is true, by the great body of their usual allies, and for a very intelligible reason. Their wary leader in the Commons has for some time perceived, that the unsettled state of the Corporation question interposed a barrier between him and office. On all other subjects he has done his best, awkwardly enough sometimes, to be sure, to dissociate himself from the obloquy attaching in Ireland to the principles of his friends. Thus on the Privilege question, he openly split from them in debate and vote; and recently upon a motion in favour of emigration by Mr. W. S. O'Brien, Sir Robert went out of his way to denounce the ejectment system, as carried on by wholesale on this side of the channel. On the Canada bill, he also supported ministers; and on the motions of Sir R. Inglis, for further taxing the English Dissenters for the benefit of the Church establishment, he contemptuously walked out of the house. "The fox is asleep, good people; hush, ye stupid bigots, do not you see I'm asleep, why will you not play the same game until we get in, and then" —. But there will always be stupid, impatient, honest fellows, in every heterogeneous host, who will not shut their eyes or hold their tongues, but will blurt out incontinently the secret of their chiefs. To these, therefore, our best thanks are due. Of a verity, gentlemen, ye are better friends to us than your crafty leaders. God bless you, geese, for your cackling. Your votes against the Maynooth grant, the Corporation bill, and the Board of Education, are real services to our credulous good nature; and so long as Sir Timid Guile, continues to be your leader, we earnestly hope he never may lack Inglisses, Littons, and Plumptres to spoil his game.

By the time the Municipal Bill had reached the Lords, our excellent friend, Lord Lyndhurst, had got a cold. With a touching delicacy the Duke of Wellington announced, that connected as Lord Lyndhurst was with the history of the measure, he would not allow it to be proceeded with, till he could attend: and such attendance being from time to time declared to be impossible, the bill lay over until May. At length the flatterer appeared. Then some of the ultra or flank counsellors of the crown, called for investigation, and that

the traduced bodies who, for five years, dared not to challenge enquiry, should be heard by professional advocates in defence, at their lordships' bar. "That was a most unfortunate suggestion." The request was granted; the counsel in defence of the old speculators, were heard; they asserted the immaculate reputation of their clients; and when the evidence was called for, it disproved every word they said. It was quite proper, said the Duke of Wellington, that counsel should be heard, and that the facts should be again examined; but though counsel may have done their best, the case is too bad for them; and all their talk "must be put out of the question." Vainly Lord Wynford murmured inaudible confutations; vainly the meek Bishop of Exeter articulated *aqua fortis*; vainly Lord Londonderry asserted gifts of prophecy, and foretold the downfall of the British constitution. The Duke stuck to the facts uncontroverted, because uncontrovertible; and aided by Lords Normanby, Wicklow, and Lansdowne, he compelled their lordships to confess, by a decisive majority, that the old Orange corporations were "too bad" to be maintained, even against Ireland.

The Corporation bill may at length be suffered, in an emasculated form, to become the law of the land; and if it is, we shall endeavour to turn it to the best account, circumstances will admit of. But it were the meanest paltering, to feign that the tardy, and extorted payment now, of a claim legally due, and legally demanded, five precious years ago, is in any point of view to be hailed as a boon, or regarded as in any degree calculated to restore the lost confidence of Ireland, in the justice or sympathy of English legislators. If a man who is in partnership with another, who has the controul over that other's property, and who, upon the plighted faith of mutual support, has induced that other reluctantly to enter into such a partnership—if he dishonours the rightful demand of that partner, if he obstinately persist in that refusal, and if to disregard of faith and justice, he add insult and reproach for many months, nay, many years,—and if at last, finding it no longer safe to continue such a course, he shabbily tenders a meagre and inadequate portion of the debt—would this be satisfaction? Would it in the mind of any man who had been so wronged, suffice to re-establish sentiments of confidence? Ought it? Or would not the man be looked upon as an absolute fool, who suffered himself to be ever after duped in

a similar way? And if self-protection be the duty of individuals, wherefore not as well of nations?

Had the Corporation bill been passed in 1835, it would have been something. It might have obliterated old recollections; but it would have laid the foundation at least for new anticipations for the future. It would have been a confession of English-repentance for irretrievable wrongs, done to us and to our country; and never were a people so intuitively disposed to forgive and to forget as we. But the opportunity was spurned; the right of Ireland was insolently denied; we have wrung it from a reluctant and ungracious hand, after a five years fight; and now we take it as a plundered creditor takes an insufficient dividend, with feelings that, for our own sakes, we shall as speedily as possible forget.

While waiting for something to do from the Commons, their Lordships strove to cut out work for themselves. On the 18th April, Lord Westmeath moved that a select committee should be named, to enquire into the appointment of Poor law guardians in Ireland. This he felt himself bound to do, "by a sense of duty:" of course he did; it is the invariable practice to feel so, in all such cases. He accused the government of conduct highly criminal, in their appointment of improper persons to fill the situation of assistant commissioners; he accused those officers of gross misconduct in the discharge of their duties; and, finally, he intimated that the rate-payers of the kingdom at large were influenced by corruption, perjury, forgery, malice, and an intention to make away with the property of the country. In support of the first accusation, he asserted that Mr. Phelan of Clonmel, had been made an assistant commissioner, although it was perfectly well known that for many years he had been—a physician! and notwithstanding the fact, of his principles and character having rendered him notoriously popular, in the neighbourhood where he lived. What more could he say on that point? We have taken some trouble to ascertain the accuracy of the whole of the noble Marquis's allegations; and we are satisfied that there was nothing else, calculated to create a prejudice in the minds of his auditory against Mr. Phelan, which Lord Westmeath could have truly said: if there were, we have no doubt he would have said it.

In animadverting upon this portion of

the case, Lord Normanby bore ample testimony to the abilities and personal worth of Mr. Phelan; he admitted that the credit of having made such an appointment, belonged solely to the commissioners themselves; and he altogether denied that it was influenced by any political considerations whatever. The true cause of the selection made, in this particular instance, as in Ireland was very generally known, was the just recollection, how mainly instrumental our excellent friend had been, in forcing upon the indifference of parliament, and upon the attention of the public at large, the important question of medical charities: and it was because Dr. Phelan, by the continuous and voluntary labour of years, had, in this vital department of a sound poor law system, rendered invaluable service to his country, and because, from his intimate and practical knowledge of the people, he was peculiarly qualified to fill the arduous situation of assistant commissioner, that he was chosen, for that office. We would to heaven the government, and all who are in authority under them, had always the courage and the honesty to place such men in the public service; we should soon have a different condition of things. But the best men are liable to err; and those whose early character and principles give hope of greatest usefulness, by a strange and wayward fate, turn frequently to least account. We wish it distinctly to be understood that we do not here allude to Lord Westmeath. Even when he professed, not many years ago, the principles, which now he makes ground of vituperation, we do not recollect that much more sanguine hopes of his prowess were cherished by the allies of his youth, than those which it would seem are at present entertained, by the leaders of that party, to which, with somewhat doubtful success, he has recently been labouring to attach himself. For ourselves, we are convinced that the noble marquis is a man quite incapable of deceiving anybody; and as to mislead implies the possibility of some one being disposed to follow, we are satisfied that history will never accuse his lordship of having misguided any one, except perhaps, himself. He stands, like Lord Brougham, alone. He speaks, not indeed like that solitary talker, but in some respects on the same principles of general abuse; and with this like result, that no side, or section or party, consider themselves in any way committed or bound by what he says.

He often pays the most marked respect to the Duke of Wellington; yet immediately after, the unpropitiated chief gets up, and without the least appearance of compunction, snuffs out the blaze which the marquis had been taking such trouble to kindle. Two or three instances of this occurred during the present session, of an almost ludicrous description; we do not repeat them here, because we are sincerely, perhaps selfishly, interested in the recurrence of such discussions, as those which Lord Westmeath has the peculiar faculty of eliciting: and we dread the effect upon his sensitive mind, of reiterated manifestations of disrespect. Let him go on, we pray, in the same course he has of late adopted; and he will undoubtedly do real service to his country. By taking an ultra tone, and assailing in turn, all those whom the people most respect, whether among the laity or among the clergy, he will give them opportunities continually of showing how strongly they are armed in honesty, and us of demonstrating how firmly we hold by those we know, and trust, and love. And by clinging close to the tory party in the Lords, and persevering in that fearless violence of tone, in which the bishop of Exeter alone can rival him, he will most effectually damage his friends and our enemies.

Nevertheless, we will admit, that if any of the imputations thrown on Mr. Phelan's conduct subsequent to his appointment, could be substantiated, he ought not to be allowed to hold it for another hour. In not a single instance, however, was there so much as an attempt made to prove, by circumstances or by testimony, any one of the gross malversations attributed to him. We happen to know something of the sentiments of the boards of guardians, throughout that part of the country where the administration of the Poor Law has been thus impugned; and we know that they regard with feelings in every respect similar to our own, a proceeding so calculated, as that adopted by the noble lord, to raise the worst prejudices of sect and party, against the experimental working of the new law.

The guardians themselves however were assailed. They were elected, it was said, for political and sectarian reasons; and as specimens of the mode of their election, two cases were adduced of peculiar flagrancy. One of these was, that of Mr. Butler, the returning officer of Clonmel. At the time when Lord Westmeath brought for-

ward his motion, proceedings were pending in the Court of Queen's Bench, in the nature of a criminal information against him. The total want of propriety in making a partizan statement against a man, whose conduct was thus under legal enquiry, was felt by every one except Lord Westmeath; and the Duke of Wellington insisted upon this part of the motion being expunged. It then appeared that this was the only fact brought forward, which any enquiry could be grounded on; and so this flaring flambeau was snuffed out. But the smell remained. To give any answer to the accusation at the time, was obviously impossible; but what has since occurred? The court of Queen's Bench, after full argument on both sides, refused to grant the criminal information: and to mark their sense of the groundlessness of the imputations cast upon Mr. Butler's character, they refused the application with costs. But of this not a syllable has as yet been breathed, in the candid ears of the House of Lords.

The second case of improper conduct at elections, referred to by the amiable marquess, was that which occurred in the return of Mr. Campbell as guardian for the Post-Office Ward, in the city of Dublin. A number of returning papers had by certain parties been surreptitiously abstracted from the custody of the police, and so altered as to vitiate the return. The forgery was discovered in time, the return was quashed, and a new election was ordered. That the papers were thus tampered with, is perfectly true; that the candidate, to defeat whose return the forgery was committed, is a most respectable citizen of unobtrusive character and habits, is likewise true; that his opponent was a man more politically popular, is equally true; but the imputation of baseness or faction as applied to the electors, is not only not true, but their conduct in this very case, furnishes the most perfect and comprehensive refutation which could be given to the charge. What did they do? Notwithstanding the political activity of Mr. M'Kenna, and the non-political character of Mr. Campbell, a decisive preponderance of feeling was from the first evinced towards the latter: was this faction? Finding their favorite would be defeated, some low and wholly characterless fellows succeeded in getting the voting papers out of the custody of those who had the charge of them for a short time, during which their validity was destroyed,

but in such a manner as could not possibly escape detection: and is the existence of any two or three reckless and stupid knaves, if even so many were implicated in the fraud, to taint the reputation of an entire section of the respectable and opulent inhabitants of our city? In justice to Mr. M'Kenna it should be stated, that in the entire of the legal investigation that took place concerning the matter, no attempt whatsoever was made to inculcate him. But the feeling of popular indignation had been excited, at the manner in which Mr. Campbell's return had been thwarted; and upon the second election instead of a majority of three to two, which he had previously had, he was elected by a majority of four to one. Was this popular corruption? Yet this is the case, which stripped of every explanatory and honourable circumstance, is made the basis of an attack upon the government and the Commissioners, and what is infinitely worse, upon the character of the people of our country!

And here let us ask,—what during the last few sessions, every man of feeling and of spirit in Ireland, has continually been forced to ask his neighbour,—why is it that we are left almost wholly undefended in the Imperial House of Lords? Where are the liberal Irish peers? Are they all deaf when our enemies speak? We know to our cost that they are all dumb. Or do they think that, because they are useless when at home, which is seldom, they are bound for consistency's sake to be equally useless when absent, which is often? Are they afraid, if they let their lights shine before Englishmen, that we should begin to covet their lustre, and call for an absentee tax, to compel them to shed a portion of their effulgence in their native circles? Of a verity, were any one to ask us the question—to what use does Ireland put her peers?—we should feel most constitutionally puzzled what to answer. The stray facts which escaped Lords Headfort, Wicklow, and Fingal, upon the occasion in question, were doubtless of much intrinsic value, and all very well in their way. But when a wholesale system of national defamation is maintained, and sanctioned by the whole weight and strength of the Anti-Irish party in the House of Lords, it is truly intolerable to find no man of eloquence, or even business talents there, to meet and crush as they are put forward, the idle and unsupported accusations of the foe.

It now remains that we should briefly notice one or two matters not exclusively Irish, wherein however we have been more or less interested in the course of the session. In the first place, there was the China question; we mean not Sir J. Graham's shuffling and factious motion thereupon, whose only object was, if successful, to transfer the sword of rapine and carnage, from the hand of one party to that of the other. But we mean the question of going to war at all; of involving us in the liability to new taxes or debt. And for what? We say it advisedly,—for power, for plunder, and for extended rule. As surely as, under a succession of vague and hypocritical pretences, India has been pillaged, trampled, and appropriated, so surely is the same game about to be begun against China. The war is now for honour and satisfaction forsooth; but unless some contingency on which none can reasonably calculate, intervene, the result will be a cession of territory, as it is called, before peace is signed. Indeed the purpose has not been wholly concealed; and so congenial to the temper of the aristocracy are such projects of conquest known and understood to be, that Mr. Macauley and Sir R. Peel vied with one another, in gilding the unavoidable necessity which might arise, as in the case of Hindustan, of interposing to "save the inhabitants of China from themselves."

Then there was the Canada Union Bill, upon which the conversations split into an amusing variety of factions; his Grace of Wellington differing from the faithful Peel, and Lord Ellenborough differing from the whole rank and file of the Carlton corps. The speech of the latter is too remarkable,—as some wise people imagine, too indicative of an approaching change of political weather in the quarter whence it came; but at all events too unequivocal as a protest against any attempt to revert to "the good old George-the-Third principles" of government,—to be passed over in silence.

Lord Ellenborough is, no doubt, a personage of little intrinsic importance. He is not of aristocratic lineage; he does not possess any considerable fortune; he has no pretensions to any singular gifts of eloquence or debating power. But still he has long been an exceedingly valuable man to his party. He has no bigotry, no enthusiasm, no earnest conviction of any kind, except perhaps the statesmanlike

one, that he is himself the very nicest man in England. But, then, he has what a despotic veteran, or a jealous and suspicious trimmer, or a haughty and insolent whip, equally prize in a subaltern colleague,—pliancy, tact, tape-worming ability, red box air, and a multitude of other qualities in great request among master cabinet makers. Hence Lord Ellenborough has often been, and may possibly again be, a minister of state; and the notion of his taking the trouble to sport a crochets of his own, out of sheer conscientiousness, or from a sense of duty, is altogether incredible. His vanity is large—very large no doubt; but it is impossible to look at his odoriferous head of curls for one moment, or to observe the characterless expression of his large tame eyes, without feeling satisfied that his ambition is to be cabinet minister, not an original thinker, or utterer of startling things. When Lord Ellenborough does speak, he has a very distinct notion,—not perhaps of the subject at issue, but of the reason why he should talk thereupon; and when therefore we find him venturing upon novel or unprecedented opinions, we may fairly suspect that, whether his part be that of an avant guard, or the leader of a dexterous feint, he knows why and wherefore he is incurring the brunt of that storm of mortifying abuse, which usually rewards such services.

During the debate in the Committee of the House of Lords on the Canada Union Bill, on the 9th of July, his lordship is reported to have said, that "he must caution their lordships against the spirit in which the bill was conceived. It was the same spirit that dictated the penal laws of the eighteenth century against the Catholics of Ireland. The object was to deprive as much as possible those who were not of English origin, of any power whatever in their own country. To that principle he objected. It had not been found *advantageous*, where it had been put in force; and it would not be advantageous now, because it was a principle unjust in itself. And unless they gave the mass of the people of Canada, a very strong feeling of nationality in their own legislature, he feared it would be impossible to preserve the connection of that colony with England." These are remarkable words. They tell, in all the bitter truthfulness of ten long years' disappointment and exclusion from office, how sincerely the few thinking men among the tory party in

England rue, that Catholic Emancipation was not carried thirty years ago. The might of Ireland had in that case possibly slumbered still; the hopelessness of governing an awakened and exasperated people upon anti-national principles, might never have been forced upon the foppish reflection of Lord Ellenborough. He is not a minister, yet he was once a minister; he would like to be a minister, yet he cannot get to be a minister; he hears the brain-carriers of his party say, that the ashes he is forced to eat, are the remains of the old ascendancy fire, which they let burn on too long; then in that case, cries his lordship, let us spit out the ashes forthwith, and vow in the face of earth and heaven, that never will we suffer the dying embers to be kindled into flame again. All which, for a dandy ennuyé for want of something diplomatic to do, is natural and reasonable enough.

But glance for an instant at the rage and scorn, called promptly forth from those, by whose consistent and unyielding enthusiasm against Ireland and her people, Catholic Emancipation was so long withheld, and the Elective Franchise has this very session been so very nearly taken away. Adverting to the sentiments above quoted, the Standard of the following day declared, that they "were superb as a specimen of liberal cant: that the penal laws were not a failure; THAT IRELAND WAS RENDERED THE HAPPIEST COUNTRY OF EUROPE, BY THE OPERATION OF THE PENAL LAWS, notwithstanding that some of their provisions were harsh, *clumsy*, and impolitic, serving to irritate without crippling the power of disaffection: but that still, subject to many disadvantages, the Irish penal laws served the purpose for which they were designed, and held the island in submission for nearly a century, and in a higher degree of happiness

than it ever enjoyed before or since—a higher degree of happiness than commonly falls to the lot of mankind; and that if the political disqualification of the disaffected classes in Canada, could effect the peace and submission of the province for a hundred years to come, it would be a better solution of the difficulty than any yet proposed."

Such are the impudent falsehoods—such the diabolical principles, which the most moral and religious journal in England is not ashamed to put forward; and such is that ruffian lust of conquest and of mastery, which men like Lord Ellenborough and Sir Robert Peel could no more curb, were they in power to-morrow, than they were in 1830 able to calm its vengeance for their *treason* of 1829.

May God of his infinite mercy keep our beautiful but too long mourning land, from being made again the scene of that desperate struggle for power, the memory of which is now happily beginning to pass away. Blessed be His name, we are no longer self-defenceless, or forced to look to the interposition of the stranger for help. We are daily becoming more and more conscious of our national strength, and the means we possess within ourselves, for successfully resisting the return of that ancient tyranny which hungrily yawns for its prey. National feeling has begun to take root downward, and in due time will bear its good fruit upward. National pride already walks erect, where nought but self-ridicule cringed and skulked before. We are growing many—we are growing one; and though the path of our destiny may lead through the field of a few more struggles, the night of our uncertainty is wearing to a close; the day-spring of our permanent and complete redemption is at hand.

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## THE TALISMAN.

### I.

'Twas a calm summer's eve, and all nature reposed;  
No sound broke the stillness to sadness so dear;  
The breezes were hushed, and the flowers were closed,  
And the dew softly fell like a maiden's warm tear:  
The red sun had sunk to his home in the west,  
And the evening star smiled o'er the place of his rest.

## II.

I had wandered afar, for my thoughts led me on,  
 And wrapt in them only, I felt not the flight  
 Of time; 'till I found that the daylight was gone,  
 And its throne was resigned to the empress of night—  
 For I looked on man's lot in contemplative mood,  
 And I saw—how much evil! and how little good!

## III.

Thus I thought with myself, "Man is destined each day  
 The power of untameable passion to prove;  
 Hope, Pity, Fear, Hatred, in turn to obey,  
 And bow to thy sceptre, all conquering Love;  
 For ever thy victim, for ever thy slave,  
 From the hour of his birth till he rests in the grave.

## IV.

Oh, Love! like the blast of the desert thou blightest  
 The fairest of flowers with thy venomous breath.  
 Destroyer!—how oft have the eyes that were brightest  
 Met thy basilisk glance, and been closed soon in death!"  
 Thus musing I murmured, "Oh! could I be free  
 From human affections, how blest might I be!"

## V.

The words were scarce said, when from heaven descending,  
 A youth stood before me, in brightness arrayed;  
 His features were pale, but in beauty transcending  
 Earth's loveliest forms; and thus calmly he said,  
 (His words, as he spoke, sounding keenly and clear,  
 As a voice would be heard amidst freezing air).

## VI.

"I came from yon star; in the place where I dwell,  
 The passions that mar earthly peace are unknown:  
 Thy wish has been heard—I have brought thee a spell,  
 Which worn on thy bosom will make thee alone  
 Secure—while their storms may attack thee in vain,  
 Like a surf-beaten rock, 'mid the rage of the main.

## VII.

Keep this frozen Talisman close to thy breast;  
 For the space of three moons guard it carefully  
 From Beauty's bright glances, and thou shalt be blest  
 With the spell of insensibility."  
 And half hesitating, I stretched forth my hand,  
 And accepted the gift at the spirit's command.

## VIII.

Three moons had not passed, ere the light of thy smile  
 Beamed over my soul like the sun's genial ray;  
 'Tis true, I beheld thee removed for a while,  
 But forgot that the power of the spell might give way,  
 And I strove, but in vain, from thy charms to withdraw,  
 For the spirit's cold gift was beginning to thaw!

## IX.

It dissolved, it was gone, and no trace left behind  
 To tell of its being; and truth must be spoken,—  
 I grieved not for it, but rejoiced to find  
 That the chain which had fettered my spirit was broken;  
 And I loved—but the world is too heartless and cold,  
 And the name of that loved one shall never be told.



## MEMOIR OF THE LATE GERALD GRIFFIN.\*

GERALD GRIFFIN was born in Limerick, on the 12th of December, 1808, being the seventh son of P. Griffin, Esq., who was then an extensive brewer in that city. In the year 1810, his father, having suffered very heavy losses, in consequence of the general commercial embarrassment prevailing at the time, retired from business, and removed his family to Fairy Lawn, a residence which he had taken near Glin, on the banks of the Lower Shannon. For the first rudiments of education, and his early love of letters, young Gerald was chiefly indebted to his mother, who was a woman of much literary taste and talent. When about eleven years of age, he was again sent to Limerick, and placed at school with Mr. T. M. O'Brien, one of the most eminent classical teachers in that city. Mr. O'Brien was much struck with his quickness and ability, and always spoke of him very flatteringly to his friends, as of one likely to distinguish himself at some future day. On his return home, after the lapse of a year or more, a young man who had set up a classical school in the adjoining village of Longhill, was engaged to attend him and an elder brother for some hours daily; a circumstance only worthy of note, for the probability that it is to this gentleman's instruction, and to some intimacy with the method and discipline adopted in the little thatched semi-

nary which he conducted, that we are indebted for the very humorous and perfect picture of an Irish hedge-school in "The Rivals." Under such tuition his education went on for some time, during which he probably made much about the same progress with other boys of his age; and many years went by, before that passion for poetry and literature, which afterwards proved so engrossing, excited particular attention.

When he was nearly grown, his two elder brothers, who had been many years absent, returned from abroad. The eldest, an officer in the army, had been for a long time quartered with his regiment in Canada, and was so taken with the country, that he induced his father and family to emigrate, with the view of making a more profitable investment of his limited capital in that country, than he could hope to do at home. Fairy Lawn was therefore abandoned, and Mr. Griffin, with the greater part of his family, settled finally, not in Canada, but in Pennsylvania in the States, where he purchased a tract of land. To this event, the first worldly calamity which touched his gentle and affectionate spirit, our young author, who was left behind, feelingly alludes, in the introductory sonnets, to the earliest of the "Tales of the Munster Festivals."

Friends, far away—and late in life exiled—

Whene'er these scattered pages meet your gaze,

Think of the scenes where early fortune smiled—

The land that was your home in happier days—

The sloping lawn, to which the tired rays

Of evening stole o'er Shannon's sheeted flood—

The hills of Clare, that in its softening haze

Looked vapour-like and dim—the lonely wood—

The cliff-bound Inch—the chapel in the glen,

Where oft with bare and reverent locks we stood

To hear the eternal truths—the small, dark maze

Of the wild stream that clipped the blossomed plain,

And tolling through the varied solitude,

Upraised its hundred silver tongues, and babbled praise.

That home is desolate!—our quiet hearth

Is ruinous and cold—and many a sight

And many a sound are met of vulgar mirth,

Where once your gentle laughter cheered the night—

\* In our obituary notice, last month, it was out of our power to give even that short account of the life and writings of our lamented fellow-countryman, which the world generally looks for, on the departure of every man of high station or of eminent genius. We have, however, been favoured, from the most authentic source, with the brief and touching memoir which we now present to our readers. It will serve to recall and group before them the various labours of him whom we have so untimely lost; and, we are confident, will cause all who read it, to share our anxious desire, that the Life and Remains of Gerald Griffin may hereafter be given to the public, with all the care and completeness, which are due to so pure, so graceful, and so original a genius.—Ed.

It is as with your country. The calm light  
 Of social peace for her is quenched too—  
 Rude discord blots her scenes of old delight,  
 Her gentle virtues scared away—like you.  
 Remember her, when in this tale ye meet  
 The story of a struggling right—of ties  
 Fast bound, and swiftly rent—of joy—of pain—  
 Legends, which by the cottage fire sound sweet;  
 Nor let the hand that wakes those memories,  
 (In faint but fond essay), be unremembered then.

On the departure of his parents for America, Gerald, with two sisters, removed to the house of their brother, Dr. Griffin, then residing at Adare, a little town within eight miles of Limerick, situated on the river Mayne. The seat of the Earl of Dunraven adjoins the town, and is remarkable not only for the extraordinary beauty of the parks and the fine old timber, but for the many interesting remains of old abbeys which it contains. During his stay in Adare, the greater part of his days were passed in rambling with his sisters through the quiet and beautiful places in that romantic demesne, wandering about the old castles or monastic ruins, or resting by the river side, and watching the waters as they went whispering by their time-worn walls. The fragments of a little pastoral ballad called "Mat Hyeland," written at a late period of his life, and found among his papers, shew how dear to him were the recollections of those days, and how little the most exquisite scenery he had witnessed in after life, in his own or in other lands, weakened the natural feelings of delight, to which these early impressions had given rise.

It was here his first poetic effort was made, in the tragedy of "Aguire," a drama founded on the passion of revenge, as illustrated in some old Spanish story; and considering that it was written at the age of nineteen, one of the most remarkable productions of early genius. He laboured silently at it in his room for some time, and when it was perfectly finished, shewed it to his brother, who was struck not more with the many beautiful poetic passages it contained, than with the skilfulness of the plot, and the power displayed in some of the most difficult scenes. He became at once impressed with the conviction, that a writer evincing, at an age little beyond boyhood, such extraordinary talent, must attain unqualified success, as soon as he had acquired a knowledge of stage effect, and more matured experience. He, therefore, felt no hesitation, soon after, in acceding to his desire of letting him go to London, to try his fortune at the great theatres. Dr. Griffin

then knew as little as his young brother, of the difficulties, the delays, the heart-breaking disappointments and annoyances, which, beyond any other description of literature, attend on dramatic writing; and which make even success itself so ungrateful, that few men of genius in modern times will devote themselves enthusiastically to it, as they were used to do in the earlier ages of the English Drama.

Before he left Adare, however, he had nearly completed another tragedy, founded on the story of Tancred and Sigismunda, little daunted, it would appear, by Thomson having already dramatized it. He had also commenced a third, that was to be called "The Prodigal Son." In 1823, he started for London, and on his arrival there procured introductions to Young and Macready, with the latter of whom he was induced to leave his "Aguire." He soon after became acquainted with the author of the "O'Hara Tales," who was then in the height of his literary fame, and met from him a degree of kindness and a generous interest in his literary efforts, which he could never afterwards forget. Mr. Banim suggested some alterations in *Aguire*, with the greater part of which he was much pleased, and encouraged him to persevere in his dramatic undertakings. After a lapse of three feverish months, however, his tragedy was returned to him by Mr. Macready without note or comment! Nothing could exceed young Griffin's disappointment at this rejection, as he necessarily considered it; but in preference to making any further endeavour to improve "*Aguire*," he fell hard to work at a new one, called "*Gysippus, or the Forgotten Friend*." As this deeply interesting and affecting drama, written in his twenty-first year, is yet in existence, it will, when published, be some evidence to the world, that the tragedy which was returned and destroyed, must have been worthy of a better fate.\*

\* His letters written at this period, giving an account of his first dramatic efforts and his final disappointment, are full of interest.

Some very remarkable coincidences, to which literary performances are more liable than may be readily conceived, occurred to him with respect to these first dramatic pieces, and served as some foretaste of his ill-fortune in that description of writing. He found after placing "Aguire" in Macready's hands, that another play of the same name and founded on the same story, had already been presented at the theatre. Again, while engaged in writing the "Prodigal Son," happening to pay a visit to Banim, the latter handed him a scene or two from a new play at which he was engaged, to read, and he found it to be the "Prodigal Son." In another which Banim afterwards showed him, he discovered the counterpart of Canabe, a character in an unfinished play of his own.

Eventually finding dramatic literature so little likely to answer his expectations, and his finances becoming low, he turned his attention to the periodicals. He wrote poems and dramatic scenes for the "Literary Gazette," and got connected with some other weekly publications, which, however, proved anything but remunerative. At this period he became intimate with Llanos, the author of "Don Esteban," and other well known Spanish novels, and was engaged with him for some time in a translation of Calderon, and the most popular Spanish dramatists, with the view of realizing something by their publication. Llanos' success with Don Esteban, prevented their persevering in this undertaking, and it seems to have been given up. The little profit Griffin derived from the only periodical which paid him for his contributions at this period, and his excessive unwillingness to write home for a further remittance, left him in great distress. It is painful to think of all the literary drudgery he went through, sooner than resort to this alternative. After toiling all day at the publisher's, with whom he was engaged reporting, translating, editing, &c.; he frequently passed the night in writing anonymous papers for the periodicals, in the hope of winning some of the more respectable ones to admit him as a regular contributor. It was indeed often after five o'clock in the morning before he lay down to rest, and he had again to be in the city early in the day. This enduring fatigue, this constant anxiety, and the horrid apprehension, as he expressed it, which frequent disappointment brought with it, that he was *wasting his time*, preyed upon his constitution;

and he then first complained of a distressing affection of the heart, from which he continued to suffer ever afterwards at intervals. The same sensitiveness which prevented his writing home for any remittance during all this time, led him to avoid meeting Banim, the only person in London who felt a sincere interest in his welfare; but that warm and unchanging friend would not lose sight of him. He sent him frequent invitations to his house, for the purpose of introducing him to persons of literary celebrity, whose acquaintance might be useful. He pressed him to send him any reviews or essays he chanced to write, and that he would get them a place in some of the respectable periodicals. He introduced him to Mr. Jerdan, of the Literary Gazette, who gave him an immediate engagement; and he also promised if he would write a short English opera, that he would induce Mr. Arnold to bring it out, who, if it was successful, would pay him fifty pounds for it. Unhappily, however, he could not take advantage at the moment, of all these kind offers. None of them promised an immediate return, and for immediate payment his circumstances condemned him to write.

In June, 1825, after having passed a year and a half in London, without having advanced one decided step towards the attainment of a name in literature, for which he had so eagerly toiled, his prospects began to brighten. His anonymous contributions had been gradually winning reputation for him among the periodicals, and he at last obtained a regular and lucrative engagement from the "News of Literature and Fashion," a weekly periodical then in considerable circulation. In a letter written at the time, he says—"I sent the editor a couple of essays, or sketches of London life, or some trash of the kind, anonymously; he begged to know my name. I did not tell, but offered to continue them gratuitously; he wrote to say he would be glad to pay for them. I had no objection whatever, and he gives me a pound per page. He sends the money to my address every week by a livery servant, who never says a word, but slips the note to a servant—touches his lips—and mum!—presto!—off he is! All very romantic, is not it? A good illustration of a remark I made to you concerning patronage in the literary world, is this. I applied openly to the editor, about a year since, through his publisher; he would

not have any thing to do with me. I have just been scribbling off now about two hundred lines of an epistle to Liston, on his return to London,—poetry of course."

Mr. Walker, the editor, however, eventually made young Griffin out, taking him by surprise one morning at his lodging, and formally engaging him as a general contributor to the News. He was to review for him, write sketches of London manners, recent topics, &c. The latter were sometimes in verse, crambo-jingle, as he called them, and were usually dashed off in an evening against time. Although he set little value by them, they acquired much popularity for the News, and brought him several solicitations from the editors of other periodicals for similar contributions. The following, written on the ascent of Miss Dawson with a gentleman in a balloon, which took place about that time, will give some idea of them, as well as of the contrast between his feelings then, and at a later period of life:—

Who says the moon is made of cheese?  
The sky a sheet of paper?

The little stars so many peas?

The sun, a mere gas taper?

That all the clouds are chimney smoke

The sun's attraction draws on?

'Tis clear as noon, 'tis all a joke

To you and me, Miss Dawson.

The secrets of the sky are ours,

The heaven is opening o'er us;

The region of the thunder showers

Is spreading wide before us.

How pleasant from this fleecy cloud

To look on ancient places,

And peer upon the pigmy crowd

Of upturned gaping faces!

Oh! what a place were this for love!

Nay, never start I pray;

Suppose our hearts could jointly move,

And in a lawful way,

Like Ixion I should scorn the crowds

Of earthly beauties to know,

And love a lady in the clouds,

And you should be my Juno.

Speed higher yet, throw out more sand,

We're not the last who'll rise,

By scattering with lavish hand

Dust in our neighbour's eyes;

Away, away, the clouds divide—

Hish! what a freezing here?

And now we thread the mist-hill side,

And now the heavens appear.

How blest! (as Tommy Moore might sing)

Did worldly love not blind us,

Could we to yon bright cloud but wing,

And leave this earth behind us;

There fed on sunshine, safe from woe,

We'd live and love together!"

Ah! you and I Miss Dawson, know

'Tis very foggy weather.

Suppose some future act made void

And lawless, Gretna marriages,

The snuffman joiner's trade destroyed,

And nullified post carriages;

What think you, if a Gretna here

With post balloons were given!

Such marriages (we all could swear)

At least were made in heaven.

How small, Miss Dawson, from the sky

Appears that man below—

The triton of the nabbing fry,

The Sudler, king of Bow!

A fig for Dogberry, say we,

For leathern bench and watches,

A fig for law! I'd like to see

What bishop here could catch us?

Suppose we smash the stars for fun?

Have with the larks a lark?

Or hang a cloak upon the sun,

And leave the world all dark?

Or upward still pursue our flight,

Leave that dark world at rest,

And into Eden peep, and fright

The banquet of the blest!

Whiz, whiz, the fatal word is spoke,

The sprites are round our car—

Our gas is spent—our pinion broke,

And like a shooting star,

Down, down, we glide—the clouds divide,

They close above our head,

Now, safe and sound, we touch the ground,

And now—we go to bed.

A farther piece of good fortune at this time, was the successful performance at the English Opera House, of a little musical drama, called "The Noyades," written specially for Miss Kelly. Griffin had, however, now given up all idea of writing pieces for the larger theatres. The regular drama was quite gone out of fashion, and with it all his hopes and ambition for dramatic fame happily went too. "Theatrical affairs," he says in one of his letters, "are wonderfully altered; no person of any respectability goes to a play now. Even the pit of the Opera has been black-balled, and the boxes of that house are the only place of the kind where people of any fashion are to be found. First, the people became spectacle mad—then horse-mad—then devil mad—and now they are monkey mad!" He had long indeed seen, that as far as literature was concerned, the passion of the day was for tales or novels of real life; and that while the attainment of success in that description of writing was less difficult, and attended with far less annoyance and anxiety than the drama, the accomplishment of a competent income was infinitely more certain. Influenced by this conviction, he had for some time devoted his leisure hours to the composition of those tales, which appeared soon after under the title of "Hollandtide, or Irish Popular Tales," and met with all the favour he could have desired. Their success ensured him the sale of any after-work, and in fact before he left London for Ireland, which was in a few weeks

after their publication, he had already got an engagement from Messrs. Saunders and Otley for a three volume work.

He returned home to his family after an absence of nearly four years, if not with the distinction for which he struggled so energetically, at least with the means and the prospect of attaining it. He now set earnestly to work at his new tales, which he intended as the commencement of a series, illustrative of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the peasantry in the South of Ireland, to be called "Tales of the Munster Festivals." This first of the series, including "Card-Drawing," "The Half Sir," and "Suil Dhuv, the Coiner," met with all the success he could have anticipated, and at once gave him a distinguished place among the most successful writers of fiction.

In the following year came out the delightful tale of "The Collegians," which, whether considered as a picture of the manners of the time, or as a story of extraordinary dramatic power and interest, or for the force and truth of its characters, or the eloquence and humour displayed in every scene, is equally admirable. "The Collegians" ran rapidly through two large editions, and was read with pleasure and avidity by all classes, and in all parts of the kingdom. It became equally popular in America, where it was immediately re-published; and long after he had lost all interest in his own celebrity, applications reached him from total strangers, for the autograph of the author of "The Collegians."

But while the public was loud in its applause of these works, and anticipating new and more brilliant achievements from an author then only twenty-five years of age, a change was gradually coming over his spirit, which after some few years led to his final retirement from the world. The religious feelings with which his mind was deeply imbued from earliest infancy, though obliterated for a time during his painful struggle for literary pre-eminence in the great metropolis, returned with increasing force, when the subsidence of that struggle gave him leisure for reflection, and when his broken health reminded him of the great uncertainty of life, as well as of the vanity of the glory he was pursuing. This change is avowed by himself in a note to the "Christian Physiologist, or Tales of the Five Senses," a single volume, published soon after "The Collegians;" and may in some degree account for the acknowledged fact, that no after publication

of his, reached the excellence of which that admired work gave such promise. When ambition was no more, and the passionate pursuit of an undying name had ended; when his genius and talent were exerted only to secure a competent income, a certain amount of indifference to public opinion grew upon him, and marred the success he would otherwise assuredly have obtained. His later works were written, too, under the influence of a constant apprehension, that the excitement of our sensibilities and imagination by interesting fictions, and the pictures of passion and pride and violence, so vividly portrayed in them, were calculated to produce injurious effects on the public mind.

The novels which succeeded "The Collegians" were nevertheless superior by many degrees, to such as were then produced by even the most popular writers. "The Rivals" was an interesting tale; "Tracy's Ambition," a powerful delineation of that absorbing passion, influencing one of the middle class in the ordinary incidents of life, and tending to the same ruin and remorse, to which it so frequently leads the insatiate and restless politician. "The Invasion," written with the design of giving a picture of the manners and habits of the Irish at a very remote period, cost the author immensely more labour, than any of his other works, and, as frequently happens in such cases, proved the least successful. Its failure arose partly from his having overwhelmed a sufficiently interesting narrative in the very first few chapters with unpronounceable names, so that it became difficult to retain the thread of the story or the relation of the several characters, or the nature of their titles or offices; and partly from his publishers having brought it out in four volumes, at the extravagant price of two guineas, and never having fully advertised it. His next work was the "Tales of my Neighbourhood," containing at least one highly interesting story, "The Barber of Bantry." After this came "The Duke of Moamouth," an English historical novel, which in its absorbing interest, dramatic dialogue, and highly wrought narrative, was little inferior to "The Collegians," and yet met with comparatively little success.

The silent revolution which was taking place within him, while engaged for some years in these numerous publications, was effecting a corresponding change in his exterior and manner. He became, if possible, more gentle and shy than before, lost much of that gaiety which was ever entertaining

among those with whom he was intimate, and acquired a pensiveness and seriousness of look and deportment, which were far from being natural to him. The consciousness of this change probably suggested the following simple lines, written in the disappointment and sorrow of his sensitive mind, after a thorough experience of the world.

"My spirit is of pensive mould,  
I cannot laugh as once of old,  
When sporting o'er each woodland scene,  
A child I trod the dewy green.

I cannot sing my merry lay  
As in that past unconscious day;  
For time has laid existence bare,  
And shown me sorrow lurking there.

I would I were the lonely breeze,  
That mourns among the leafless trees,  
That I might sigh from morn till night,  
O'er vanished peace and lost delight.

I would I were the heavy shower  
That falls in spring on lawn and bower,  
That I might weep the live-long day;  
For erring man, and hope's decay,  
For all the woe beneath the sun,  
For all the wrong to virtue done,

For every soul to falsehood gained,  
For every heart by evil stained.

For man by man in durance held,  
For early dreams of joy dispelled,  
For all the hope the world awakes  
In youthful hearts—and after breaks.

But still, though hate, and fraud, and strife,  
Have stained the shining web of life;  
Sweet hope the growing woof renews  
In all its old enchanting hues.

Flow on, flow on, thou shining stream!  
Beyond life's dark and changeable dream,  
There is a hope—there is a joy,  
This faithless world can ne'er destroy.

Sigh on, sigh on, ye gentle winds!  
For stainless hearts and faithful minds,  
There is a bliss, abiding, true,  
That shall not pass and die like you.

Shine on, shine on, thou glorious sun!  
When day his latest course has run,  
On sinless hearts shall rise a light,  
That ne'er shall set in gloomy night.

How different were his feelings in the buoyancy and hope of his early days, may be readily inferred from some other exquisite verses left among his papers:—

My spirit is gay as the breaking of dawn,  
As the breeze that sports over the sun-lighted lawn,  
As the song of yon lark from his kingdom of light,  
Or the harp-string that rings in the chamber of night.  
For the world and its vapours, though darkly they fold,  
I have light that can turn them to purple and gold,  
Till they brighten the landscape they came to deface,  
And deformity changes to beauty and grace.

Yet, say not to selfish delight I must turn  
From the grief-laden bosoms around me that mourn;  
For 'tis pleasure to share in each sorrow I see,  
And sweet sympathy's tear is enjoyment to me.  
Oh! blest is the heart, when misfortunes assail,  
That is armed in content, as a garment of mail;  
For the grief of another that treasures its zeal,  
And remembers no woe, but the woe it can heal.

When the storm gathers dark on the summer's young bloom,  
And each ray of the noontide is sheathed in gloom,  
I would be the rainbow, high arching in air,  
Like a gleaming of hope on the brow of despair.  
When the burst of its fury is spent on the bower,  
And the birds are yet bowed with the weight of the shower,  
I would be the beam that comes warming and bright,  
And that bids them burst open to fragrance and light.

I would be the smile, that comes breaking serene  
O'er the features where lately affliction had been;  
Or the heart-welcome scroll, after years of alloy,  
That brings home to the desolate, tidings of joy;  
Or the life-giving rose odour, borne by the breeze  
To the sense rising keen from the couch of disease;  
Or the whisper of charity, tender and kind,  
Or the dawning of hope in a penitent mind.

Then breathe, ye sweet roses, your fragrance around,  
And waken, ye wild birds, the groves with your sound.  
When the soul is unstained and the heart is at ease,  
There's a rapture in pleasures so simple as these.

I rejoice in each sunbeam that gladdens the vales,  
 I rejoice in each odour that sweetens the gales,  
 In the bloom of the spring,—in the summer's gay voice,  
 With a spirit as gay, I rejoice, I rejoice !

At length the desire of embracing a conventual life, and escaping from the turmoil and temptations of the world, which many circumstances had induced him to struggle against for years, became irresistible; and he suddenly declared his resolution of joining the religious community of lay monks, called the Christian Brothers, whose lives are devoted to the instruction and education of the poor. All remonstrances on the part of his friends, against this step, were fruitless, and in a few days he was received among the brotherhood in Dublin, from whence he was transferred to a branch of the same community at the North Monastery in Cork. After a residence of nearly two years among those happy people—happier himself than he had ever been before, he died, rather unexpectedly, of typhus fever, on Friday, the 12th of June, 1840, having been seriously ill for only a few days. He was buried in the cemetery of the Monastery, which is situated in a grove adjoining the house.

Gerald Griffin was naturally of a gay lively disposition, interesting in conversation, full of acute observation, and fun, and quiet humour, among those with whom he was intimate; but excessively shy and reserved in the society of strangers. With

the intellect and resolution of the strongest mind, he possessed a most acute and more than feminine sensitiveness, to which much of his suffering in early life, and perhaps his withdrawal from the world at the last, may be attributed. He was enthusiastic and eager in the pursuit of any end he proposed to himself, and spared neither time nor labour in its accomplishment; but he cared little for money, and was generous and uncalculating to a fault. Never was heart more affectionate than his to his friends and relations, or more fondly attached to his father-land. It did not seem that he ever thoroughly recovered from the effects of the intense physical and mental labour, and the wearing anxiety of his early struggles in London; as he was for years subject at intervals to the most distressing palpitations of the heart. These usually came on at night, were attended by the utmost apprehension, and sometimes by a sensation of impending dissolution. It would indeed appear from the following melancholy lines left behind him, with which we shall close this slight and imperfect memoir, that he had long had a presentiment of his early and rather sudden death.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling

That I was to die ere the noon of my day,—

Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,

But torn, like the blasted oak, sudden away.

That even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,

My lamp should quench suddenly hissing in gloom;

That even when mine honours were freshest and greenest,

A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom.

It might be a fancy—it might be the glooming

Of dark visions, taking the semblance of truth,—

And it might be the shade of the storm that is coming,

Cast thus in its morn, through the sunshine of youth.

But be it a dream, or a mystic revealing,

The bodement has haunted me year after year;

And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,

I paused for the foot-fall of fate at mine ear.

With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,

I rushed up the rugged way panting to Fame;

I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,

And won for my guerdon the half of a name.

My triumphs I viewed from the least to the brightest,

As gay flowers plucked from the fingers of Death;

And wherever Joy's garments flowed richest and lightest,

I looked for the skeleton lurking beneath.

SYLLA.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN BANIM.

(Concluded from Page 120.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Outside the Gates of Rome.*

*Julius, Lepidus.*

LEP.—Slowly, as if unwillingly, the morn,  
Thro' damp and vapour, breaks upon the city.

JUL.—And oh, queen city of this world! have you  
For your worn wanderers no other welcome,  
Than the superb indifference of that state,  
As throned upon your hills, you leave us here,  
Shivering beneath the shadow and the frown  
Of your eternal walls? In your great heart  
Is there no patriot or no social pulse,  
Throbbing to own us? nor a single hand,  
For public virtue, or for private love,  
Ready to draw one massive bolt, unfold  
One mighty gate, and bid us enter in?

LEP.—Your Phryne?

JUL.—I thought not of her, my friend,  
While thinking of the base, down-trampled crowd,  
Who sleep beneath the roofs we now do gaze on:  
I would not join a thought of her with them;  
But still, a thought of mine did never wrong her.  
Yes, she, thro' all the fearful obstacles  
Of fate and nature—even the only daughter  
Of mine accursed foe!—as is her wont,  
Will in the silence of the dusky morning,  
Steal, like a fluttering sigh of her own heart,  
To greet her exile. But how passed your time,  
My Lepidus, in banishment? Alas!  
Even our griefs we could not share together.

LEP.—Like yours, in wishes—and in forming plans,  
As you have done.

JUL.—I did assure myself  
Our cares were common. Under all the frowns  
And fears of this bad time, I have succeeded  
In rousing up some patriot energy  
Thro' the Italian states.

LEP.—I, too, have found  
Ripe spirits for an enterprising purpose.

JUL.—In Rome itself I do not think there is  
A man to second us.

LEP.—Yet, when you strike—  
If, strike you can—

JUL.—Our one good stirring blow!  
Aye, then, indeed, the stunned and helpless crowd  
Will quicken with communicated spirit—  
Then, blight of all my race! a hand may reach you!



Oh Lepidus! by the eternal depths—  
 There is no check to the impending madness  
 Of memory, save when I grasp my dagger,  
 And, by anticipation, feel it sheathed  
 In the hot pulp of his insatiate heart!  
 My elder brother! 'neath Præneste's walls  
 He hunted you—and you—my most beloved!  
 Oh ruthless Sylla! brothers, brothers, brothers!

LEP.—Weep on. 'Tis manifold.

JUL.—But see! Lepidus!

Thro' the yet shadowy thickness of the morning  
 What better light comes on? Oh, human life,  
 And human heart—a poor patchwork of chances,  
 Of contradictions and of mystery,  
 Ye are! aye, Lepidus, it will be so.  
 That man hath made my breast a wilderness,  
 Leaving it only able to give nurture  
 To one sweet flower—and she, my joy, my Phryne—  
 She is *his* very child!

LEP.—You will think of that

When—

JUL.—No! He falls altho' her bosom were  
 His sanctuary. 'Tis dreadful, but inevitable.  
 The Roman virtue. Nay—I have written to her,  
 Only, that out of the all-crushing ruin  
 My hand must work, she may be snatched and saved.

LEP.—I leave you. (*Exit Lepidus.*)

JUL.—Phryne! Phryne, come! if hearts  
 Had arms, mine would be stretched to you!

*Enter Phryne.*

Love! love!

PHRY.—My Julius! oh!

JUL.—There, I have kissed them off.

Still! tears and nothing else?

PHRY.—Oh! let them flow!

Again, again, we meet in hopelessness!

JUL.—No—not in hopelessness.

PHRY.—Yes, yes—despair.

Away! Altho' at last it break my heart—  
 Away for ever! Thro' your veins there runs not  
 A drop of blood that is not bought and sold!  
 A hundred eyes which sleep alone now baffles,  
 In one poor hour will open wide, to look  
 For daily bread in your destruction—go!  
 And let me die in the most blessed thought  
 That you are living yet; that yet you breathe!

JUL.—Should we not live and die together, Phryne?

PHRY.—We should, if—no, no, no—impossible!

JUL.—Most things are possible.

PHRY.—There is a meaning

Hidden in your eyes and voice—and it lurked too,  
 Within the fearful letter you did send me.

What you would say, say out!—at once, in mercy!

JUL.—You will away, with me, from Rome—for safety.

PHRY.—For safety? and from Rome? what threatens *me*  
 In Rome?

JUL.—The times are dangerous.

PHRY.—Oh, more than that!

You mean much more than that!

JUL.—Perhaps I do.

PHRY.—Julius, I knew it! In my wretched heart  
A prophet-whisper breathed it! Julius, Julius!  
*Me* first! Raise up your hand, and thro' *this* shield  
Strike, if you can and dare. By all the duties  
Of daughter and of father, I will clothe him  
From your attempt, with my enfolding arms,  
In panoply immortal. My adored!  
You will not! could not!

JUL.—Phryne, speak not wildly.

There is no evidence for your great passion.

PHRY.—Or, on my knees,—for ever and for ever—  
Praying the gods to turn me into stone,  
That I may kneel for ever, or obtain  
His mercy—I will cast myself, and with  
The tears and shrieks of nature, move or rend  
His soul, or he shall pardon you, and so  
Remove the cause of your dread enmity.  
Yes! this I'll do at once. Great tho' he be—  
All-dreaded, and with one poor puff of breath  
Able to wither me, I will break through  
My womanish and habitual fear of him,  
And win your pardon!

JUL.—Phryne, I have said

There doth appear no cause for all your transports.  
Power ill got is overhung with perils  
Whose hour no man can tell. Then, must I not  
Fear the presumptuous suit of Catiline,  
Who, it is known, doth secretly address you?

PHRY.—No! you think not of him. You know me, Julius!  
You know I have a soul to loathe that man,  
Even if I had not one to worship you.  
There is another cause. I say there is.  
I'll shew it in the letter you have sent me—  
I'll shew it here—now—ha? Oh, horror! horror!

JUL.—The letter's lost!

PHRY.—No, not so—say forgotten.

JUL.—Phryne, its loss were dangerous indeed.

PHRY.—Tell me not, Julius! I can understand it.

Farewell—one only instant course I have.  
Home, home, and seek it. If 'tis found, thank heaven!  
If not, in any case, my tears and prayers  
For you with Sylla, my o'er-awing father!  
Speak not, to interpose a breath between  
My purpose and its execution—  
Only, farewell, farewell!

(Exit Phryne.)

JUL.—Were fate removable

Thou *could'st* prevail with Sylla—or with me.  
But—Lepidus!

*Re-enter Lepidus.*

She has wept, and prayed—is gone, and hath not changed me.

LEP.—To-night, then?

JUL.—Yes. To-night. He gives a feast

In secret to some puny flatterers—  
For, underneath his terror-breeding blank  
Of face and mien, at which the millions shudder—  
Know you this deep enigma of a man  
Hides the light humour of a reveller?

LEP.—The tale I've heard.

JUL.—'Tis true, tho' wonderful.

After the revel comes another feature  
Of his hard character. You further know  
That with a very strained credulity,  
He watches in the solitude of night  
Omens and divination? Priests attend him.  
Even while they win his presence, 'tis my plan,  
With them, and in their flowing robes disguised,  
To baffle all his lictors. If I do so,  
Rome once again is free.

LEP.—Come: the young morn  
Grows treacherous to us, here: come.

JUL.—Yes, my friend—  
Should I but meet him—if I am discovered—  
For *that*, our last farewells, now, Lepidus,  
So, only friend, farewell! But, should I meet him—  
Father and brothers! kindred,—root and branch!  
Friends! Rome! Mankind! Posterity!—list, then,  
The echo of a blow all should inspire,  
Nerve, and direct, and share—or—strike me, gods  
Into cold ashes if it echo not!—

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*In Sylla's Palace. Catiline, Ofella, Knights.*

CAT.—I do advise you, stand not for the consulship  
Again.

OF.—And why?

CAT.—You stood for it before, and Sylla  
Rebuked you seriously. Your incapacities,  
According to his law, you are aware of.

OF.—Some common forms; but my fair services  
Upon the field, and elsewhere, he should think of.

CAT.—Beware. Between the lion and his will  
No man should venture twice. Here Crassus comes.

OF.—Whose several suits, altho' he cannot urge  
My arguments, Sylla doth never spurn.

CAT.—He hath a knack that few of us may hit  
Of flattering Sylla.

OF.—And hath purchased up  
At a tenth value, many princely fortunes  
Of the accused.

CAT.—He is here.

*Enter Marcus Crassus.*

CRAS.—Holds the dictator  
His morning levee yet?

CAT.—We here attend him:  
And lo, another group of suitors; kings  
Unmade, or newly made; ambassadors,  
Parthian, and heaven knows whence.

*Enter Gordius and Ariobarzanes, kings of Cappadocia, Archelaus, Parthian Ambassadors; all attended.*

Metellus, too,  
To herald and announce our great dictator.

*Enter Metellus through an open arch-way in the back.*

MET.—Kings, warriors, citizens, ambassadors,  
Now, to afford you audience, Sylla comes.

*Enter Sylla, with Lictors—Phryne follows rapidly—having looked round her, pauses.*

SYL—(After glancing over the assembly, to Gordius.)

Gordius! again why should'st thou stand before me?

Cappadocia's free, and thou its king no longer.

(*He turns to Ariobarzanes.*)

The crown of a false ally, reft from him,

Noble Ariobarzanes, do thou wear.

Rome, that defends, can also punish kings.

Home, and establish there her parent law.

(*To Parthian Ambassadors.*)

A brave, altho' fierce people, I esteem,

Therefore accept alliance with the Parthians.

For thee, the petty tool of Mithridates, (*To Archelaus.*)

Hence to thy master, Archelaus—tell him

That Sylla treats not with perfidious foes!

(*To Marcus Crassus, in smiles.*)

Marcus, at your own price, those lands are yours.

OR—Sylla.

SYL—Ofella, speak.

OR—Again, I stand

Your suitor for the consulship.

SYL—Lucretius,

Thou wert before refused.

OR—A second time

Sylla may think of my poor meritings,

And yield another answer.

SYL—There is a law

That, without certain eligibilities,

No man shall dare attempt the consulship;

By it, my friend, wert thou disqualified

And my refusal governed, when, before,

Thou did'st demand, and I did answer thee.

Still art thou so disqualified, and still

So do I answer thee.

OR—Yet, Sylla, pause.

SYL—Ofella!

OR—It were little, by the gods,

If my good service gained me some exception

From special clauses.

SYL—(*Aside to him*)—Fool! forbear: bethink you

Where now you stand, who hears you, and what fate

You have tempted—peace. (*Passes him.*)

OR—And should I tamely "peace,"

Sylla, when 'tis a right I ask for?

SYL—Ha?

CAT.—There! the spirit's up, which men nor gods

Did never lay till it had spent itself.

I warned Ofella of it. (*To Metellus.*)

OR—I pray you, Sylla,

For mere deserving let me now be consul.

SYL—Lictors!—your office on this self-doomed man!

No word from him, no prayer, no submission!

Let nations see how Sylla punishes

His friends—and then his enemies may tremble.

Away! (*Exeunt Lictors, guarding Ofella.*)

(*Sylla turns calmly to Metellus.*)

Consul, Murena doth hold Asia for us.

Against Sertorius I have sent Pompey;

'Tis time to check this poor, ambitious knave,

Apostate to the laws and gods of Rome.

You, Catiline, upon the charge I gave you. (*Exit Catiline.*)

(*Waves his hand; all go out, except Phryne: as they withdraw, he distinguishes by his salutation, his feeling for each.*)

PHRY.—At last he is alone—yet I shrink from it—  
The pausing storm still hangs its cloud above me—  
And, oh good powers!—in my heart, I fear  
He holds that very letter!

SYL.—She doth shake, there,  
Perhaps not idly. My good Phryne—

PHRY.—Yes—  
My gracious lord and father—

SYL.—You are fluttered—  
Why?

PHRY.—If I am I know it not.

SYL.—Aye? If you are,  
You know it not?

PHRY.—No.  
SYL.—Hither, gentle daughter.

What have you come to say?

PHRY.—My father—nothing.

SYL.—Beware.

PHRY.—My father!

SYL.—You have come, I know,  
Upon a purpose. Tell it.

PHRY.—I—oh Gods! (*Weeping.*)

SYL.—Without another admonition,  
Whate'er may be my secret sway, this moment,  
Over your inmost thought and heart—I shall  
Only stand here to give you breathing time,  
That you may speak up, truly, honestly,  
Or take the issue.

PHRY.—Oh, remove, then, father,  
Those eyes, which pierce the weakness of my soul,  
And, like the inward presence of a god—

SYL.—I will walk by, a moment, if 'tis that  
You mean.

PHRY.—What doth he know? how much? of what?  
Or more, or less, than by the letter, he  
May guess at?—if indeed he have the letter—

SYL.—Speak now.

PHRY.—Father, if you have aught to say,  
I stand to hear it.

SYL.—Quake, then, for yourself,  
And—him. (*Going.*)

PHRY.—Stay, father, stay! poor Julius—

SYL.—And who is Julius?

PHRY.—Oh, you know him well!  
You hold an evidence!

SYL.—I do.

PHRY.—Mercy!

SYL.—A letter he has sent you. It invites  
My daughter to a morning assignation.  
You went.

PHRY.—I did.

SYL.—What Julius?

PHRY.—A young Roman, noble and brave—but—

SYL.—But?

PHRY.—Unfortunate.

SYL.—How? how unfortunate?

PHRY.—In many ways—

But most, that you will trust him not, nor love him.

SYL.—And if I did, you are sure he is prepared

To pay me love for love?

PHRY.—I answer for him.

SYL.—You answer for him. Tell me this, good daughter—

His real name?

PHRY.—Not—now!

*Re-enter Catiline and Lictors.*

SYL.—Then, Catiline,

Stand thou and answer me. I sent thee, Lucius,

By any means to learn what man it was,

Who in the twilight of this morning, met

A lady near the Liburtina gate:

He was accompanied by another man.

*(Referring to the letter, at which he points, while glancing at Phryne.)*

CAT.—He was.

SYL.—Both were observed?

CAT.—Both, Sylla.

SYL.—And known?

CAT.—And known for banished traitors: and the name

Of one, is—

SYL.—Lepidus? and, of the other,

Say—Julius Marius?

CAT.—You have truly named them.

SYL.—They come at last. That eye still watches them?

CAT.—No. For the present they elude us.

PHRY.—Mercy

Worketh her miracles upon his heart!

He turns not to me, and there is no gathering

Of doom, within his eyes for Julius!

SYL.—Lictor,

With some of your especial agents, join

Lucius Catiline, upon a mission

Of urgency.

PHRY.—Ha! father!

SYL.—Daughter Phryne,

For three days look not on my face again;

And when the time is up—and, with it, Phryne,

My resolution fixed in your behalf,

Then we shall speak. Within your proper chambers,

Amid your women, now retire. Dispatch! *(To Catiline and Lictors)*

PHRY.—Father—

Hold yet—oh father, mighty father, reasons

Shall move you with my prayers—I— *(Swoons.)*

CAT.—*(Catching her)*—The lady Phryne!

SYL.—*(Hurrying to her, and taking her from him)*—

Back, presumptuous man!

The lady Phryne's women! Not *his* arms

For thee, come weal or woe to thee, my child,

My only daughter—very pale she looks—

Tho' very beautiful—and cold, cold, cold,

Upon her forehead here—what, ho!

*Enter Female Attendants.*

Support her—

Unto her chamber—No—myself will watch,  
 This time, her slow recovery. Not gone! (*To Catiline & Lictors.*)  
 Away! and stand not in my presence, till  
 'Tis done—until the last of Marian blood  
 Front me. Away I say! (*Exeunt Catiline and Lictors.*)

Women, I'll watch her  
 With ye—that is, for the first certainty  
 Of life, then leave ye, when she freely breathes.  
 Tell her—come Phrync, I will treat you fatherly—  
 Tell her to bear in thought my last command.

(*Exeunt.*)

## END OF THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A hall in Sylla's Palace.*

*Sylla, Metellus, Cethegus, and Knights at a banquet.*

SYL.—Another crowned libation! Crassus, speak.

CRAS.—The deities of war and victory,  
 Wisdom and fame—to them, again!

SYL.—Again?

Nay, they have had their measures o'er and o'er,  
 And now will pardon us a votive cup  
 To some of their less awful brotherhood.  
 The gods of mirth and music, wine and wit,  
 Love, laughter, jest—I say to them!

ALL.—To them!

CRAS.—Yet pledged in those dread names that gave  
 To Sylla's arm a strength to pluck his laurels,  
 And to his brow a strength to wear and keep them,  
 The bowl were sweeter.

SYL.—For old Marcus Crassus?

Old Plutus rather—he who freely gave  
 To my good Marcus, common sense, to grow  
 The wealthiest wight of Rome.

CETH.—Can he forget,

In his libations, the permitting powers  
 Of Sylla's happy fortune?

SYL.—Momus, tho',

One of the Venuses, the jolly Bacchus,  
 Nay, and Apollo, with his thin-robed train,  
 Might at fair leisure fairly claim from Midas  
 A patronising cup. For you, Cethegus,  
 Drink to the nymphs of Hybla, till you grow  
 As sick of quaffing them, as do some ears  
 Of the too honied words they bless you with.

MET.—Sylla is still impatient of his friends,  
 When they would only speak the simple truth.

SYL.—Metellus, humming, too? Who, by the gods!  
 Grave, gay, tremendous, or familiar, should  
 Invoke no name on all the list save Mars—  
 Looking, the while, as grimly sad, as if  
 Trophonius' cavern were his revel-hall.  
 Call up some topic other than my praises,  
 For I do tire of that.

CETH.—Nay, to command

His friends to such a silence, our own Sylla  
 Should have wooed fortune less successfully.

SYL.—I never wooed her. I but followed her.  
 And if I have o'ertaken her—which I *have*—  
 'Twas more because she halted, or sped slow,  
 Than because *I* outran my fellows; I  
 Am fortunate; no more; the happy Sylla;  
 But that I am so, claims no better thanks  
 For me, than for its beauty doth the flower,  
 Or animal, which nature paints, or clothes,  
 Or shapes in beauty. Pass we now to something  
 Less philosophical. Who saw, since morn,  
 Our Catiline?

CRAE.—Not I.

CETH.—Nor I.

SYL.—Nor any—

Pray you ask after him. And so, good night.

MET.—Good night to Sylla, and health.

CRAE.—And gentlest sleep.

CETH.—And dreams—if any—flattering.

SYL.—Good night.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

For him! Tame sycophants, *they* come or go  
 Without your hollow wish, and they are known,  
 And felt, and borne by him—not thought by you.  
 And oh, it is enough that the fixed eye  
 Of his own enduring spirit, and the blank one  
 Of night and solitude doth glare on them!  
 Sleep, sleep! calm sleep! and, to be worth thy name  
 Thou shoud'st be that—deep sleep!—dense, blessed dulness  
 Of brain and heart, thou wilt not come to Sylla!  
 These very nothings in a crammed existence,  
 These mean or stupid carvers in the field  
 Of gain or glory—thou dost wait for *them*,  
 Now as they go to seek thee, on their pillows,  
 Their common, nameless, careless, barren pillows—  
 And leavest me alone with thickest midnight,  
 And all her throng of ambiguities—  
 Shapes sense-created, self-mistrustings, doubts,  
 Misgivings, recollections—fear! yet not  
 The craven fear. Standing upon man's world,  
 And into the abysses, and the vagueness,  
 And silence of another, gazing, then,  
 And only then *I* tremble. Dim, deep world!  
 Existence, thought, reality, or vision!  
 Thou art to me what I am to mankind—  
 A vast ideal without line or limit,  
 Attracting and repulsing, fascinating,  
 Swaying by terror, and a mystery!  
 Who comes? advance!

(*Chief Augur appears at a door.*)

CH. AUG.—The holy fire doth burn  
 Within the secret vault.

SYL.—In, then; I follow.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

*Enter Catiline.*

CAT.—The lynx this day hath lent me eyes to watch him.  
 Not tamely is he mine. Advised of all  
 His plans, I wait the utmost of their daring.  
 Then—with a palpable culprit dragged before him—  
 Vainly her tears and shrieks, and extacies  
 Will plead to Sylla—then, indeed, I root  
 Out of my path, the bedded obstacle



Between myself and her. By heavens, this hour,  
 This mid-night hour, beneath this very roof,  
 Sylla's own roof, thy living mausoleum—  
 I hold thee lodged, young Marius! Hush—what figure  
 Even now disturbs the slumber of the shadow?  
 I am alone, and singly need not meet him.

(Exit.)

*Enter Julius, disguised.*

JUL.—With *her*, one word before the blow be struck!  
 Thither I thought she turned—yes—hold—

*Enter Phryne.*

PHRY.—I will—

I will unto my father's chamber door—  
 That hideous dream hath curdled up my blood!  
 I will assure myself that he—ha!

(Seeing Julius.)

JUL.—Phryne!

PHRY.—Protecting powers! so far 'tis true—

JUL.—Phryne!

PHRY.—Julius! Why here? at this dread hour of night,  
 At any hour—why here?

JUL.—Again to urge you

From an unhallowed and a doomed house.  
 By any private way go forth and win,  
 Near the Hammonian portal, Tiber's banks,  
 And there a boat and friends await you, Phryne,  
 Beyond the reach of coming fate to bear you.

PHRY.—Man, man! why are you here! I am not answered!  
 There is no coming fate I should avoid,  
 But what your hand would make, or may control.  
 Own it! You are here to—slay him!

JUL.—Phryne, fly.

PHRY.—And leave my father to the Marian's mercy?  
 Alone with *you*?

JUL.—Phryne, I have a right  
 O'er you—and now I do command you. Leave us  
 Together—(Going.)

PHRY.—(Clasping him.) No! singly I will not go!  
 But come with me, and to earth's utmost verge,  
 Where it jets out in shivering barrenness,  
 I'll be your pilgrim, Julius! Father—country—  
 I will not ask to turn into his chamber,  
 And mutely look farewell while he lies sleeping—  
 Not even that—but thus, without a thought  
 Of him—untended, bare-headed, I'll fly  
 With you thro' the wide world! You wish it not!  
 You do not love me, and I am not the chosen  
 Of your heart, Julius!

JUL.—You are its dearly chosen;  
 Above all fate—and fate against you, chosen.  
 Fly! and before another night descends,  
 We meet again, for ever! Go.

PHRY.—How meet?

With what a hand would you then cherish me?  
 What mark of love and pure affection on it?  
 This moment, Julius, unto what a bosom  
 Do you enfold me? Horror! chilling horror!  
 Against the hilt of that accursed weapon,  
 That very one—I press my trusting cheek!  
 Nay, shrink not, nor avoid! 'tis here, and I

Will have it—and now, parricide, fly thou! (*Taking the dagger.*)

*Re-enter Catiline, with soldiers.*

Ha! ruin still! the worst and blackest still!

(*Hastily conceals the dagger.*)

CAT.—Seize him.

JUL.—My Phryne, give it back—at least

For this!

CAT.—Seize him, I say!

PHRY.—Why, Lucius Catiline?

CAT.—And if by any action he resist—

JUL.—I am your prisoner. Resistance, now,  
Were vain. Two destinies to-night I have braved,  
And was prepared for either. This is one.

CAT.—Until the great dictator can be seen,  
Remove him.

JUL.—Farewell, Phryne.

PHRY.—But they dare not!

In Sylla's absence, Sylla's daughter speaks—  
Release your prisoner.

CAT.—On your lives—no.

PHRY.—Then, Julius, on, together.

CAT.—That freedom, too, my duty doth forbid.  
Remove him.

JUL.—Come. Even as this morn you said,  
I do not fear for you, tho' at his mercy,  
Phryne.

PHRY.—Tush, tush—

JUL.—Farewell.

PHRY.—Hold, let me think—  
A moment—

JUL.—Reptile! I could die content (*To Catiline.*)

In endless pangs, had any other hand,  
The lowest, vilest, wrought my overthrow.

Come on! (*After embracing Phryne again, exit suddenly, guarded.*)

PHRY.—No, Julius! Turn—it shall not be—

It cannot be! Good Lucius Catiline,  
If you have in you but the poorest spark  
Of human nature. Mercy! hear me out.  
He is my worshipped one, lord of my soul,  
My hope, my life, my heaven, are lost or saved  
With him! Spare, spare!

CAT.—A breath of yours can save him.

Aye—at the risk of honour, place, existence,  
I swear to snatch him from your father's hand,  
If, Phryne—

PHRY.—What?

CAT.—I spoke of it before.

PHRY.—Ah! and for this, lean blood-hound, have you tracked him!

To you? audacious slave! your sovereign's child?

Look you to climb so high? you, monster, you!

Incaruate presence of such loathsome sin,

My young cheek blazes at a consciousness

Of it or you! Begone! Thus would you spare?

It is the error of my constitution,

To shudder and grow cold at sight of you!

Hence! a supreamer hope of mercy yet

Remains—and oh, great powers, dash it not! (*Exit Phryne.*)

CAT.—Yes—to her father's couch. If she dares brave him,

Alone it shall not be—I, too, will stand there! (*Exit Catiline.*)

**SCENE III.**—*A spacious subterranean chamber, lighted only by the flame of an altar in the middle of it, at the back. At either side of the altars are the Chief Augur, and other Augurs. Sylla stands more forward.*

**SYL.**—Now to the dumb ear of profoundest night,  
Speak the deep words which shape your Sylla's fortune.

**C. AUG.**—Speak, thou. We answer.

**SYL.**—When—if e'er to be—  
When shall my only living enemy  
Stand right before me?

**C. AUG.**—Ere the hour hath passed.

**SYL.**—Sudden, and wondrous!—and alone?

**C. AUG.**—Alone.

**SYL.**—For vengeance?

**C. AUG.**—At your mercy.

**SYL.**—Speak again.

His mastery shall Sylla lose or hold?

**C. AUG.**—Nor gods nor men shall ever wrest it from him.

**SYL.**—Enough. Hush! (*Phryne's voice heard at a distance.*)

**PHRY.**—Sylla! Sylla!

**SYL.**—Thro' the depths  
Of whispering night, and mid the dim revealings  
Of fate, and smoke of sacrifice, that voice  
Comes fearfully! No matter. I am called,  
And I will answer it. First, heart, grow calm—  
And brow, and cheek, whose character and tint  
None but unearthly converse ever changed,  
Array yourselves again. The outward Sylla,  
Nations and hosts have watched and trembled at!  
(*Exit Sylla. Scene shifts on Augurs.*)

**SCENE IV.**—*The Banquet Hall, the same as Scene I. of this Act.*

*Enter Phryne.*

**PHRY.**—Sylla! my father! Every where I've sought him.

He is not in the house, unless, already,

He has been murdered in it! Sylla! (*Exit.*)

*Enter Sylla thro' the secret door by which he followed the Chief Augur, in Scene I.*

**SYL.**—Now—who calls?

Was it my fancy? Well. I am to face him  
Within the hour. Well. I did never feel  
So careless of a vengeance. And that's strange.  
But no. My soul hath spent herself in that,  
As well as other things. Am I *not* sick,  
And tired of all I am, was, still must be!  
Not idly—but in stale fruition tired;  
In utter loathing; hearty calm contempt.  
All won; all worn; all used; all flat and common;  
Too trite and easy; nothing left to win;  
Worlds yet to wish!—alone, too, in *this* world.  
No spirit that can press itself to mine—  
Or dares. To all men more than man; unto  
Myself, not man; or less. In knowledge curst;  
The trick, the toil, the scenic subterfuge,  
All means by which worm practiseth on worm,  
By word, by smile, by frown, by lies, by blood,  
To cozen, overreach, confound, crush, trample—  
All known, and all despised. The close infoldings  
And uttermost recess of their poor hearts,  
In naked perfidy, and will, and weakness,  
Revealed—my own, too, to myself—

By heavens ! I do condemn the wretch who fears me,  
And for his shudder, most. And the lone power  
That only shuts me out from fellowship—  
Leaving me gnawed on *here—* (*Laying his hand upon his heart.*)  
Unto the crowd,  
The gulled and gaping crowd—a guess, or curse—  
No more !

*Re-enter Phryne.*

My child ! she loves me still—  
Hold, Sylla.

(*Checking himself.*)

PHRY.—Father.

SYL.—And dar'st thou, Phryne, stand before me,  
Despite my stern command ?

PHRY.—Forgive me *that*.

Oh, that you must forget, if not forgive,  
When I ask grace for all. Julius, *my* Julius ! (*Kneels.*)

SYL.—Well, what of him ?

PHRY.—I have come here to speak

About him. Oh ! it was by chance we met,  
In ignorance we loved. I knew him not.  
He knew not me. Hark !

*Enter Catiline.*

SYL.—What ? Go on. Now, Lucius ?

CAT.—Young Marius—

PHRY.—Heed him not, but turn to me.

He seeks the life of Julius !

SYL.—Catiline !

PHRY.—No, no !—ere he can utter one false word—

SYL.—Peace ! Catiline—young Marius ?

CAT.—He is yours.

All day I watched him ; learned his plans ; discovered  
That, with some other desperate men, he leagued  
Against your life—

PHRY.—Never !

CAT.—Into your palace

I tracked him—

SYL.—Saw him here ?

CAT.—Secured him here.

SYL.—My—life ?

CAT.—Your life.

PHRY.—'Tis false ! he came alone—

Unarmed. Upon this fact I stake my weal,  
The present, and the eternal one—and his.  
Simply, tho' rashly—out of love for me  
He came. Send for the youth, and if he wear  
Means but to harm a hair on Sylla's head,  
Deal on us both.

SYL.—He rests beneath this roof ?

CAT.—This roof.

SYL.—Convey him hither. (*Exit Catiline.*)

PHRY.—Oh, I dread

That chill composure of your terrible brow !  
Frown on me, storm, say or do any thing,  
But stand not there a horrid mockery  
Of me and nature !

SYL.—(*Looking off.*)—Peace.

PHRY.—As if I were

Nothing—here, humbled with the dust you tread on,  
Nothing—as if I were not Sylla's daughter !  
Oh, answer, father !—if, when he come in,

You find him all unarmed—will that save Julius?  
 Speak to me! By the shade of my dead mother,  
 To whom you *were* a husband—grant me mercy!  
 And for him, too—when I have said one word  
 Of power to move the husband and the father  
 You were and are—for him, too!—I did try  
 To say it the last time I knelt to you,  
 But fear and faintings foiled me. I do bear  
 Beneath my bosom—

SYL.—Marian blood!

PHRY.—I am—

In promise—the young mother of his child.

SYL.—Eternal fate! Oh rebel! rebel! wanton!

PHRY.—Recall the word! I am his lawful wife. (*Starting up.*)

SYL.—(*Checking himself, tho' gratified.*) Well.

PHRY.—Oh, a moment, then, you looked, you felt,  
 As if you were a father and a man!

Could love, and pity, and commiserate,

And spare! They come. Mercy! (*Kneels again.*)

SYL.—Rise thou, and leave me.

*Re-enter Catiline, with Julius guarded.*

Lucius, retire, and with you take those guards.

The prisoner and I will speak together.

PHRY.—No! not in such appalling mystery,

I will not—dare not—leave you to the clash  
 Of your portentous hate!

(*Sylla motions to guards, as if to remove Phryne.*)

Nay—if I must—

Beware! remember! for your common blood,

Father and husband—for its sake—remember!

(*Exeunt Phryne, Catiline, and guards.*)

SYL.—(*After they have regarded each other.*) Marius.

JUL.—I stand before you.

SYL.—You came to take

My life.

JUL.—I did.

SYL.—Strike, now.

JUL.—I am unarmed.

SYL.—There. 'Tis my only weapon. (*Casts a dagger at Julius' feet.*)

We are alone.

Strike. Strike! You dare not.

JUL.—Sylla! I dare do it—

But now—I *will* not.

SYL.—Why?

JUL.—Ere you allowed me

The means, you knew I would not.

SYL.—Yes, I did.

I knew that naked and defenceless as

I stand, there was upon my front, within

Mine eye, around me, present to me—of me—

That which could daunt the demon in your heart,

Freeze up the boyish frenzy of your blood,

Unclasp your clasped fingers on the hilt,

And chill you down into the harmless thing

I now can laugh at.

JUL.—Peace. In your deep soul

You will confess it is not thus you've charmed me.

And—patience, Sylla.

SYL.—For another time?

JUL.—Even that, Sylla.

SYL.—How sure are you I shall provoke it?

Having secured our formidable foe,  
Do we throw wide our palace gates to him,  
That he, again at liberty, may watch,  
The live long day, to stab in his best humour?  
Come. Is it natural for men to slip  
A hunted lion on themselves again?

JUL.—Sneer as you will, black tyrant, I expect not  
Aught but what *you* can give—and that is doom—  
And death. But, Sylla, sleep not quieter  
For that, when it is done. If I have cause  
Against you, so has every son and brother,  
Father and wife in Rome. Ten thousand hearts  
By your hand widowed, reft, or rent, await  
Only their own good time.

SYL.—And *you know this*?

JUL.—I do—if secret curses, far and wide,  
Heard by myself can——

SYL.—Guards!

*Re-enter guards.*

Back with him—and——

And till the morning keep him watchfully.

JUL.—I go to contemplate the fate I fear not. (*Exit Julius guarded.*)

SYL.—I have heard it said before. He makes it certain.

Slaves, crawling slaves! what would they do, which they  
Might not have left undone? Eradicate?  
Why plant and nurture?—with their proper hands?  
They wait a time! what time? on Sylla? no——  
By Mars they dare not! and it shall be shown.

(*Sits, and writes in his tablets.*)

Nor is the thought new-born. Thro' days of surfeit,  
And nights of haggard slumber, it hath risen—  
The only promise of the only conquest,  
Change, vengeance, yet to grasp: o'er hate, o'er treason,  
A quashing, hushing vengeance—and enjoyment,  
Because a change. A safety too—if, that,  
I did not utterly scorn.

(*He rises.*)

Gods! ye do know the very wrestling with it,  
Were a young life to me! The thought mounts up,  
And Sylla feels he is their master still!  
And thou, young Marius—revenge on thee,  
Thou didst not meditate! Phryne? she is his wife.

(*Sits again.*)

I am very desolate. I knew, before,  
The common mass of being cursed or hated,  
Yet hoped there was one creature of my blood  
Who trusted—loved. She said it was in ignorance.  
Perhaps. I'll try her awfully—Catiline!

*Re-enter Catiline.*

Hearken. At the first hour of morning, summon  
Unto the Forum, in my sovereign name,  
The people and the senators. While all rest there,  
Metellus shall surround them, with a force  
Of soldiers. Lepidus and Julius Marius,  
Guarded, lead thither, too. And let all wait  
My presence, and my will. Leave me. It shall be! (*Exit Catiline.*)

For every cause it shall. A new, last glory!  
 My last audacious triumph; certainty:  
 Vengeance; a mystery still! a blazing wonder,  
 And echo to all nations and all time!

(Exit.)

END OF FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*In Sylla's Palace. Enter hastily Phryne, followed by a female attendant.*

PHRY.—After my watchings all the live long night,  
 A hateful, leaden sleep, uncalled, unwilling,  
 Unfelt came o'er me—and how long I slept  
 I know not—and I fear to ask or know—  
 Till, in the fierce ray of the summer sun,  
 Which, brightly angry, flashed, methought, to rouse me—  
 I woke and screamed. No voice replied to mine.  
 No creature came to me. I started up.  
 I have traversed all the chambers, one by one—  
 They are all empty, and upon the walls  
 And marble floors, I have looked for gout of blood.  
 Speak, thou! who here at last dost wait on me—  
 My father and his prisoner—speak!

ATT.—At dawn,  
 A prisoner, with Catiline, left the palace.  
 Your father, lady—

PHRY.—At the dawn! How old  
 Is the day, now?

ATT.—Yet morning tide.

PHRY.—Yet morning!

Time lapsed to win, or lose, or wreck a world.  
 Oh, I have been accursed in my sleep.  
 Oh, morbid, traitor sleep! from your death-thrall  
 And heavy blandishment I do divorce  
 Mine eyes for ever! Or the hideous things  
 Which may have happened—may?—which must! which have!  
 Can well effect it! Spake you of my father?

ATT.—'Tis but some minutes since he parted, too.

PHRY.—Whither? You know not?

ATT.—Lady, no.

PHRY.—Said he

No parting word for Phryne? for his daughter?

ATT.—No word.

PHRY.—How looked he? sternly? and

The prisoner? seemed *he* sad?—hush—thro' the streets,

(At a window.)

Deserted by the people, bands of soldiers  
 Troop onward, heavily—returning now  
 Perhaps!—what *is* to happen—or *has* happened?  
 Heard you?—or any of my women? Speak  
 The very truth!

ATT.—Nor they, nor I, can answer.

PHRY.—I will go forth! whither I know not—but

O'er all the spreading city—and fall down  
 Before whatever living things I meet,  
 Praying a guidance to the mystery  
 Or explanation of it. Household gods—  
 House of my sires, farewell! I go—oh, when—  
 And how, if ever—to return? Fate knoweth.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*The Forum. Lænas, Aufidius, Senators, Crassus, Cethegus, people.*

AUF.—Know ye the cause or motive of this summons?

CRAS.—Unless as an example to the people,  
To punish in their presence, the last son  
Of their old butcher, Marius, we know not.

AUF.—Such circumstantial show is not his fashion.

LÆN.—It never was.

AUF.—The people quake in terror,  
And boding ignorance, as hither led  
By their weak Tribunes. See, how silently  
They follow hither the accused.

*Enter Catiline, Julius and Lepidus, guarded, First Tribune and people.*

CAT.—His air,  
His brow defeat me. Could I see him wince  
In look or limb, it were my dearest triumph,  
And for my purpose, opportunity.  
Young Julius Marius.

(*Aside.*)  
(*To him.*)

JUL.—Lucius Catiline?

CAT.—I grieve to see you thus.

JUL.—False as thou'rt foul.

CAT.—No Julius Marius, no. On public grounds  
Your enemy, my heart can pity, still,  
The doomed sufferings of all your race,  
Now in your own to be so sadly ended.

JUL.—Leave me.

CAT.—And if by my poor agency  
It might be otherwise—if your young life  
Might from this too untimely stroke be snatched,  
Here do I plainly stand, your friend, to try it.

(*Julius does not notice him.*)

1ST TRIB.—The noble senators may answer us.

AUF.—We, and those good knights with us, uninformed  
As Tribunes or as people, hither come  
For Sylla's pleasure.

CAT.—Julius, hearken to me.

You are a man—a young one—from whose eyes  
The world is fading fast, with all its changes  
Of wondrous, promising, and beautiful.  
'Tis hard to look upon a man so young,  
Standing so near the verge—encompassed,  
Already, with the shadow and the silence  
Of death—'tis hard to see you, Julius, thus,  
And feel no wish to succour. I cannot  
Regard it passively; and altho' fate  
Frown on the very dawning of the thought,  
I may be bribed to zeal.

(*Julius is still contemptuous.*)

1ST TRIB.—Friends! Citizens!  
Behold!

1ST CITZ.—Metellus leading on his soldiers.

1ST TRIB.—They crowd upon us!

1ST CITZ.—Yes—and hem us in!

(*Enter Metellus, with soldiers, who surround the Forum.*)

LÆN.—Aufidius, note you that?

AUF.—I do—and tremble.

1ST TRIB.—'Tis the last day of Sylla's tyranny.

1ST CITZ.—Rome's lost. We are to perish!

1ST TRIB.—Comes he yet?

(*Looking off.*)

CAT.—Julius, look round you. Of the shades of doom



It is the denser gathering—the deepest—  
For next comes doom itself. Bethink you, and  
Now answer me. There is a lady—

JUL.—Ha!

CAT.—Start not—but hear—

JUL.—Villain! excelling villain!

Why is that—here, prisoner as I stand,  
I do not, from the bosom which could plot  
That insult for me, tear the fetid heart out,  
And—

CAT.—Traitor! unhand me!

JUL.—But—live. You are the fitter for this world,  
Which now—the gods do see it—is no world  
For any honest man. Go—thrive together.  
In its decrepitude and worthlessness  
I need bequeath to it no better curse.  
Live and revenge me!—

Romans! you look pale  
And stare upon each other, asking in whispers,  
Why this and this? or, what will happen, now?  
Or what shall save us?—Romans—no—not Romans!  
That name no more—slaves then—and slaves of slaves!  
But I'll speak calmer—on the day he robbed you  
Of your last liberties, I met you here,  
Here in this very Forum, and—

1ST TRIB.— } Hush! back! (*Looking off*.)  
CITZ.— }

JUL.—Pshaw! They're not worth the breath it costs—a flock  
Of sheep do not cringe closer from the growl  
Of the shepherd's dog. Down with your necks, brave Romans,  
That he may step on them!

*Enter Second Tribune, with people.*

2ND TRIB.—Sylla!—back, back!

*Enter slowly, Sylla, with Lictors.*

SYL.—Senators, citizens, all men of Rome—  
A day hath risen whose progress shall proclaim  
Unto the breathing and the unborn world,  
How worthy or unworthy of his place  
Has Sylla proved, and in your turn, of him,  
Yourselves, how worthy. A peculiar question,  
Which to this great one tends, we first examine.  
In me, the awful dignity of Rome  
Has by assassin league been violated.  
There stand the plotters. Julius Marius, and  
His colleague, Lepidus. More from the Rostrum.

JUL.—(*As Sylla walks towards the Rostrum.*)  
Now, Lepidus, your secret dagger.

*Enter Phryne, behind Julius.*

LEP.—Take it.

PHRY.—(*Having observed Julius.*) Turn, Sylla! turn!

JUL.—(*Breaking thro' guards.*)—Villains, make way!

Die, monster! (*Rushing to Sylla.*)

PHRY.—(*Intercepting, and catching his arm.*)

Hold, parricide!—infanticide!

CAT.—Guards!—Lictors!

Down with him—slay!

SYL.—Lictors!—disarm that boy;  
If I had wanted proof for your assurance,

Himself, the head and spirit of this treason,  
Doth here supply it. Ye have seen his hand  
Raised against the life of the republic—and,  
By every law, civil and natural,  
The days of the last Marius are now numbered.

PHRY.—Against all nature! against all the laws  
Of natural hearts! Romans! he is *my husband!* (*Embracing him.*)

JUL.—Oh Phryne, I was nerved for fate—but, this—

PHRY.—And, Romans, plead for him, with me! ye know—  
Great as his crime hath been unto your eyes,  
And mine, this day—the youngest and the last  
Of all the Marians, must, if he be man—  
Hoard in his heart—even against his will—  
Griefs, recollections, bitterness, and anger,  
Which madden him, at times, to say and do  
He knows not what!—oh think ye, Roman husbands  
Were he not made, by suffering, moment-mad,  
He who doth love his wife, as never wife  
Was loved, would raise his boyish arm upon  
The sacred person of that wife's dear parent,  
A parent, by that wife beloved as well—  
And she will say no more—as she by him,  
Her chosen husband? Romans, plead for me!  
Your hands and voices here with mine! My father!

(*Kneels to Sylla.*)

SYL.—I am dictator. Senators, no word.  
Tribunes, beware!—Lictors, control the people.  
Phryne, retire.

PHRY.—No! bid them strike me here!  
It is the fitter place for me to fall—  
Even at the feet of the unnatural father  
Who spurns me here! Perish I must—I will—  
If—

SYL.—Lead the wife of Marius from the Forum! (*Ascends the Rostrum.*)

PHRY.—Off, abject slaves!—I stand by him again!

(*Rushes to Julius, who is again guarded.*)

My arm around him! to be silent, now,  
Since, if I am so, I have equal right  
With any citizen to tarry here—  
Silent until I catch a word to harm him—  
My Julius, fear not!

JUL.—I but fear for you.

SYL.—Young Julius Marius may tell you, Romans, (*From the Rostrum.*)

He strikes but at an absolute dictator.  
Wherefore, in justice? Let the people answer.  
Freely they chose me—nor unworthily—  
For, ere I was dictator, I was—hero.  
Deep, distant waters ye shall never see,  
I bade flow round your empire, and they flowed  
Rejoicingly. Kings I uncrowned and crowned;  
Avenged your wrongs; enforced your rights; unfurled  
Your glory to earth's limits. This, abroad.  
At home, I brought you peace; by any means;  
Peace, still. Proscriptions, confiscations, blood—  
These *were* the means; on whom? and blood of whom?  
On those who plundered ye, and first shed yours.  
Who perished? Romans—but the foes of Rome;  
What was her loss? Citizens?—rebels! Sons?  
Parricides!

JUL.—Friends, oh friends!

PHRY.—Julius—for *my* sake—  
Patience—f forbearance!

JUL.—Childless fathers, answer!

Fatherless sons! lorn brothers, answer him!  
Rome's loss?—oh, let her women raise their voices!  
And Romans, tell him, too, Rome's loss is freedom!  
The freedom a perpetual dictator  
Hath in his life shut up, and which his life  
Alone may render!

*(At the commencement of Julius' speech, Sylla had beckoned Cethegus to his side—during it he has conferred with him; now he resumes, without having seemed to notice it.)*

SYL.—Thus, the means were desperate.

Who used them? Sylla? No. Your sovereign.—  
In person? No. In Rome's great majesty.—  
In personal anger? No. In her assertion.—  
For his revenge? No—for her great salvation!  
What father whose child's treason leaves him childless,  
What sireless son whose father's treason shamed him,  
What brother whose bad brother shamed their sire,  
Will now stand up for such against his country?  
If I do speak unto a Roman patriot  
So circumstantial and conditional,  
Let him stand forth and front—not punishment—  
But the deep, broad, indelible disgrace  
Of that avowal in this public forum—  
Let him stand forth I say!

1ST TRIB.—How should we answer?

1ST CITZ.—Out of our own admissions he would judge us!

1ST TRIB.—Let no man speak!

SYL.—Your silence I do thus interpret, friends.

'Twere just to punish any, who, with cause  
Of private suffering, the most peculiar,  
Dares, in my sovereign person, touch the state—  
Behold young Marius who hath so dared.

JUL.—Tyrant! *(Addressing Sylla.)*

PHRY.—My Julius!

SYL.—Yet—

PHRY.—Hush! Hear him on!

SYL.—Yet, as the offence, to Sylla, is, at once,  
Public and personal, I do waive the right  
Of judging him, referring it unto  
The senate and the people.

PHRY.—Hear you that?

JUL.—I do—in deepest wonder—if he mean it,  
I am no longer Sylla's enemy.

SYL.—But more than my permission here is urgent.

JUL.—Hark—some deep subtlety which cheats us all!

SYL.—For this you must be, once again, a people,

United to your senate, sovereign—  
Without an absolute dictatorship,  
Or any intervention from the presence  
Of civil or of military force.  
Wherefore, observe me. Lictors—yield your fasces!  
Soldiers, lay down your arms!—and, all, draw off,  
Or, here, as citizens, with your fellows mingle.

*(Lictors and soldiers obey him.)*

PHRY.—Oh, joy, my Julius, joy!

JUL.—Let me observe him—

SYL.—This, the first step to leave your councils free,  
Is the last act of my authority.

My servants powerless, myself I now  
Command from power—Sylla, o'er Sylla, still  
The only master. You have heard it said

That, in dictatorship perpetual,  
I had shut up your freedom. Well. Attend.

My place I now do abdicate for ever;

My palm and purple I renounce for ever;

And, once again a simple citizen,

Unarmed, unsymbolled, thus advance to greet you.

*(Takes off the golden palm and the purple cloak, and descends from the Rostrum.)*

PHRY.—Well, Julius? well!

JUL.—I am astounded—thrilled!

1ST TRIB.—Now, countrymen!

2ND TRIB.—Hush! hush! he would speak still.

SYL.—More. As Rome's magistrate, I have freely dealt  
Upon the people—and the senate, too.

For *that*, yourselves have righteously admitted  
I am not privately responsible.

Yet—lest my single judgment may have pushed  
Authority beyond its sovereign limit—

Hear me. What I have done in Rome's great name,

I will account for in mine own. I ask

A trial from the people. I invite it.

Silent? I dare it!

JUL.—Oh, amazing courage!

Majestic boldness!

PHRY.—Terrible!

JUL.—But how grand!

God-despot! His sublimity hath conquered!

SYL.—I am not answered, friends. Would the coward dagger,  
A course of virtuous justice intercept?

I have heard, I know not well how many thousands,

Of those whose kindred, but contaminate, blood

Flowed at their country's doom, pronounced by me,

Waited but time and opportunity.

The time is come—if ever to come; I yield

The opportunity. That, too, I dare.

My countrymen, about the forum, here,

I now shall walk. You see I am unarmed.

My life upon a blow. To plot and poignard

I oppose my genius only! Chæroneia,

Orchomenus, and the terror of my name!

Behold, I walk among ye.

Let that man

Who deems he has a private vengeance, take it!

*(Walks to Julius.)*

Again, young Marius, strike!

JUL.—Her breast, as soon!

PHRY.—My father!

SYL.—Well? I cannot punish now.

PHRY.—My father! Take *this* hand.

*(Falls on Sylla's neck, holding by one of Julius' hands.)*

SYL.—Tush—tush—

Freely I may depart then? all unquestioned?

*(Re-addressing the people while Phryne still clings to him.)*

PHRY.—Father! *(Endeavouring to join his hand with that of Julius.)*

SYL.—(*Grasping Julius' hand almost without regarding him.*)

Well, well? He is pardoned, is he not?  
Or must I plead for him unto the people  
And the grave senate? and—tush—sir, support her—  
She is now more yours than mine—tho' I say not  
More, in the heart—there—free me of your wife, sir—  
My child—that was—

PHRY.—(*Embracing him.*) And is! Is, glorious father!  
Say—is!

SYL.—Is, then—is, is—will that content you?  
Go to your husband.

PHRY.—Yes! When you call him so! (*Embracing Julius.*)

SYL.—Freely I may depart? and all unquestioned?  
Take my last word, tho'. Over all my battles,  
Proscriptions, decimations, hear ye, Romans;  
How I've served Rome. I found the old republic  
A shadow; scorned, insulted, braved; I leave it  
A substance; feared, respected, trembled at—  
A threat to foes—to rebels, terrible!  
I found ye slaves! I leave ye free! By what  
Inducement, ye do know, and will remember.  
For myself, Romans, I give thanks for nought.  
My own hand won me power. A sovereign crown  
In the street-mire I found—thence caught it up,  
Cleansed, placed it on my brow—and was your master!  
Home, Phryne—he—does he walk homeward with you?

PHRY.—He does!

JUL.—I do.

SYL.—For a great ambition it was little, then—  
Now, to be less or greater, I renounce it.  
Whether in public or private feeling—  
In patriotism, humility, or scorn—  
Yourselves, your generations, ages, times  
May leisurely resolve. Farewell. Come daughter—,  
(*Takes her hand.*)

Julius, attend her at the other side.

Farewell! The reign of Sylla hath not passed.

(*Exeunt Sylla, Julius, and Phryne: Sylla's arm round  
Phryne; curtain falls while all the rest gaze after him.*)

THE END.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

*The author of this tragedy begs leave to remind theatrical managers, that they are not  
legally entitled to get it acted without a previous arrangement with him.*

## CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MILITIA MAN.

*To the Editor of the Citizen.*

DEAR SIR—Lord Byron used to say, "It is better to gibbet a man's body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo."

Albeit the noble ascetic was a very high authority on such a subject; yet there are many willing to dispute his statement, and of these I am one. Posthumous editorship I would by all means eschew, but the kind of revision and literary midwifery, which consists in curtailing the exuberance of a production, the author of which is looking over your shoulder, I would humbly submit, is quite another matter. In the former case, your duty is to bring out the good points of the illustrious or mediocre defunct, and to let his faults and blemishes "sleep in the shade;" but in the latter you have the enjoyment of demolishing a reflection, or scoring out a soliloquy; you feel that exquisite delight which visits a poor author, on getting an editorship, and "wielding the rod himself so oft had borne." It was merely, I confess, for the purpose of enjoying this pleasure, that I undertook the revision of these "chapters," and if I could not prevail on the writer to cut out all its blemishes, you must remember they are the author's.

"Every line.

For God's sake reader take them not for mine."

With this assurance we part, (friends I hope,) and I have only to add, that Lieutenant D'Arcy, who is, though advanced in years, still stout and hearty, and well able to take care of himself, desires me to say, that any person disputing any statement herein contained, may have his address by applying at the United Service Club.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your very obedient servant,

M. F.

## CHAPTER I.

## MY SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

It has been the custom from time immemorial, with half-fledged poets, to compose stately stanzas of very lugubrious verse to the tune of "My Schoolboy days," or "The Village Church," or "On Revisiting the Village School," or some such kindred subject. Now whether the National Board of Education may increase or diminish the number of gentlemen, cultivating these sentimental ideas, I cannot pretend to divine; but of this I am satisfied—that one half of such "*laudatores temporis acti*" while upon the subject, because it is fashionable so to do; and the other half, because it is easier, falling from the vasty deep the recollections of some harsh old pedagogue, than it is to get one solitary idea of their own, on any other subject.

Perhaps the infelicity of my days of learned labour, may have created a certain prejudice within me, against such "random recollections;" but I am painfully aware of the fact; that the remembrance of the scenes of my boyhood very often raiseth my gorge to this day.

My mother had died shortly after my introduction to this moving scene, and my father, of whom my memory is more vivid, commanded a company of the 18th Foot, better known to fame as the Royal Irish. He was a tall and soldier-like man, bland and seemingly affectionate in his manner, though, as I have heard, quick to take offence, and deadly to propitiate. He was proud of his Norman descent, but prouder of having in his veins some of the best of the Milesian blood. He had, as well as his son: "fallen upon gloomy days." Britain: ad come to break with many of the nations of the earth. The groaning world had begun to move, like the fabled Atlas, beneath the superincumbent weight of puppet kings and coronetted despots; and the earthquake, which afterwards caused the spring-tide of oppression to ebb, was giving unequivocal token of its approach.

It is an old tale and often told, that story of the American war of independence. The good people of Boston had quarrelled with

their tea. Hyson, souchong, and pekoe, had been sent to "sink to rest on the billow's breast" in the broad bay of Massachusetts. The usual results followed. War had been declared, and the Royal Irish were one of the regiments under orders for the west, to add to the thousand martyrs who fell in that vain attempt to "repair legitimacy's crutch."

With a joyous gait and a light heart, many a good man and true, paced the streets of Cork to the measure of their national air, as they marched to embark for America. The tear stood in many a stout soldier's eye, as he looked his last glance at that land, which few of her sons ever left without a heavy heart. But a soldier's grief is as fleeting as his love, and their sorrow was soon forgotten. A favourable wind quickly brought them to their destination. They landed at Boston, a few days before it was beleaguered by the husbandmen of the States. The most of its inhabitants consisted of men of war, and their meetings at the different messes were as gay as though they apprehended no danger.

This gaiety, however, was sometimes interrupted by less pleasing occupations, of which I cannot pass over an instance, in which my father was a principal actor. A few days before the leaguer he dined at the mess of a dragoon regiment, then in Boston, which numbered among its officers an Honourable Captain Howard, a gentleman who of course boasted the best blood in England. The honourable Captain had been promoted over the heads of many wiser, braver, and better men; in the first place, because he was the son of Lord Pliable, and in the second place, because he was the son of Lord Pliable, and in the third place for the same reason. Now Captain Howard had never been in Ireland; but he had heard an actor who had been hissed in Dublin, say that the Irish peers went barefoot, and that the country squires wore a blanket, à la Cherokee, and that beyond the Shannon, geographers had not yet penetrated. The captain was a wit. His own valet had told him so repeatedly, and the said valet had almost split his sides laughing at sundry of his master's bon-mots. Considering this very extended reputation, it is not to be wondered at, that as the wine disappeared, the captain became very loquacious, and treated the company to a very embellished account of his only duel,

It appeared that the regiment to which he belonged had been stationed in Portsmouth, and Captain Howard being one eventful morning strolling about the docks, met three gentlemen of that very exemplary class, the midshipmen of the Royal Navy. Captain Howard looked very superciliously at the mids, and the mids returned the compliment by looking very superciliously at him. To this daring act one of them, after he had passed, added the iniquity of referring to Captain Howard's perfume, by stating it to be his conviction, that "there was a lady's maid to windward, for he smelled the musk." "All the blood of all the Howards" immediately rose to a white heat, and he walked smartly after the mids. Thereupon the mids took occasion to state, that "whoever was walking behind them, must have practised perambulation in walking for tobacco at Portsdown fair." This the captain felt to be the unkindest cut of all, and selecting the smallest of the midshipmen, he seized him by the collar from behind, and shook him till his little cocked hat fell off, and the captain kicked it into the sea. The mid whom Captain Howard had attacked, had not spoken all the time, till the chivalrous dragoon had seized him, but he was a pale, mild-like youth, and appeared a fit subject to bully; and moreover, when he began to remonstrate with his assailant, he discovered the Irish brogue, and these circumstances caused the captain to consider him the most eligible opponent. Here, however, the aristocrat was mistaken, for the mid no sooner got loose from his clutches, than he struck the captain in the face, called him a cowardly ruffian, signified his intention of having satisfaction, and referred Howard to one of his companions. They met next morning, and Howard having been practising with the pistols for some years, shot the young sailor through the brain. When the honourable gentleman had finished his story, a shudder was visible all round the table, and my father springing to his feet, exclaimed—"I have prayed day and night for years, to meet the murderer of my widowed sister's child, and I have got my prayer. Coward, murderer, rise and follow me." He was scarce audible from emotion, as he discharged his pipe-clayed glove into Howard's face, and walked from the room. Howard grew livid with paleness, and but for the taunts of the mess, would have refused to follow. At length he was compelled to go by the honourable

soldiers, who felt their country disgraced by his conduct. They descended to the back of the building they had occupied as a barrack, and after a few preliminary arrangements, the old major handing a pistol to each, stepped back a few paces, and pausing for a moment, pronounced the fatal "One! two!! three!!!" Howard's ball flew whistling past my father's ear, so well had it been aimed, and next moment, the Englishman sprang like a stricken deer, and fell lifeless to the ground.

When the next morning dawned upon the broad bay of Boston, the soldiers of the crown had other matters than my father's duel to occupy their attention, for the Americans had appeared, as if by magic, behind a strong entrenchment on the celebrated Bunker's Hill.

The events of the fatal day upon which the British army forced the position of the forces of the Congress, are sufficiently familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. My father had borne himself gallantly throughout the murderous conflict of the morning. He came up to the celebrated charge of the Royal Irish, which carried the entrenchments, as stout of heart and strong of hand as he had ever been. One murderous discharge of rifles from the Americans, swept many a gallant soldier from his company; but still on they went undismayed, re-echoing the wild and careless cheer, which so often, in after years, was the voice of victory to him, who hath said that he repudiates the land that gave him birth. The Americans were taken by surprise. They had not imagined the daring which could prompt men to brave a well organized and incessant fire, and before their rifles were reloaded, the 18th were pouring into their strength. My father had sprung through the embrasure, and was calling on his men to follow, when ere another foot had crossed the ridge, a well aimed rifle bullet pierced his gorget, and he fell, a unit amongst the thousands in that dear bought victory. My father's active service had prevented my being often near him, and when the news of his decease reached my uncle's, at whose house I lived since the death of my mother, it affected me but little. He had left neither money nor property, save a bleak bog in Galway, and I became of course a dependant, during my minority and after it, upon my uncle Charles.

Major Charles O'Flaherty, who trained me up in the way I should go, was an old

gentleman of very forbidding aspect. His beauty had never been of the highest order; so much the reverse that, he had in his youth been named Apollo, on the principle of "*lucus a non lucendo*." His title of major he held from the Emperor of Austria, as my uncle Charles was a true Catholic, (all to keeping lent,) and he was of course refused "service" at home. During his experience in the Austrian army, he had been complimented with a quantity of cuts in the visage, which caused a beholder to imagine that his face had been at some remote period, a target for the infernal machine. The autobiography of Major O'Flaherty, would form an interesting volume, worth forty "last new novels," for he had in his youth been a member of the learned profession, though not of such note as to merit mention in "Law and Lawyers." Whether it was with some remote anticipation of fighting his way to the bench with the "saw-handles," or of confuting opposing council with an invitation to the Phoenix, that my uncle Charles turned his attention to the bar, I may not now determine. Certain it is, that a more pugnacious gentleman never covered the bump of combativeness with a wig, than was the "Connaught councillor," as the population of Dublin denominated my maternal relation.

While he was a student, I have heard he was in the habit of *pleading* very often, that is—of pleading "guilty" or "not guilty," to an indictment for a grievous assault followed up by battery. At length my good uncle presented himself before the Lord Chancellor, and he who had been so often *placed* at the bar, was at last *called* to it. But, alas, it was the Connaught counsellor's fate to experience the truth of the sentiment, that "many are called but few chosen," for, from term to term, and from year to year, he trod the hall of the Courts, a virgin, briefless, "bemoaning his virginity."

At length, however, a gentleman from beyond the bridge of Athlone, became bankrupt, and from some oversight in his mercantile concerns, he was unfortunately indicted for felony. The evil genius which pursued him thus far, did not quit him there, for "*sua dente diabolus*," he retained my uncle Charles as his counsel.

My uncle had well nigh begun to despair of ever being honoured with a brief; but the spell was now broken, and Richard himself again. The days though short,



to the eyes of the prisoner, appeared unusually long to my uncle, as he travailed to be delivered of his oration; but, "the longest lane," saith the adage, "turns somewhere," and Mr. Blake was at last placed at the bar. The counsel for the crown had ceased, and the Connaught counsellor got upon his legs. His oration, I am sorry to record, is lost to literature for ever, (would it were in my possession, that I might give it to D'Israeli.) It was really a curious thing of its kind. There was a dead silence in court, for judges, jury, bar, and visitors, were alike in the dark as to what meaning the speaker intended to convey. The speech continued for a considerable time, still as mystified as ever, when the euphonious voice of Mr. Blake was heard from the dock, exclaiming—

"Counsellor O'Flaherty, is it prosecutin' me ye are?"

"Silence!" quoth the crier.

This was trying indeed to my uncle's nerve; he got through with his speech, however, and the counsel for the crown immediately said—

"We rest here my lord."

Merely because he could *rest* on no tangible point in my uncle's tirade. The jury without leaving the box found Mr. Blake *guilty*, and that individual as he was about to be conducted to prison, turning to my uncle, said very strenuously—

"If it plaizes God to let me out agin, Counsellor, by my sowl I'll settle wid *you*, for you've made me the blissid marthyr."

The laugh of the bar was too much for my uncle, he ran out of the court; and hauling off his wig and gown, he pitched them into the street, to the infinite gratification of the beholders, and next day he was in Connemara. Some months after he obtained a commission in the Austrian army, and sunk the "Connaught Counsellor" for ever.

This is the version of my uncle's legal career, usually given by his friend Captain O'Flanagan, when under the influence of an eighth tumbler; but I am sorry that in my capacity of editor, I must beg leave to dissent from the statement, so far as it refers to the prisoner's parting conversation with his counsel. However, as Captain O'Flanagan was not to be supposed conversant with jurisprudence, we will even take it as it is, and be thankful.

My uncle's second profession proved much more congenial than his first, and he retired full of honours from the service

of the Emperor. The longing which seizes the soul of every exile, did not spare the old hussar, and my uncle came home to lay his bones "beyond the Shannon," with a profusion of whisker and moustache, a considerable quantity of gold, a wooden leg, and the grand cross of Maria Theresa. He was many years older than my mother, but he had loved her dearly; and often did he sit in the old dusky study, as the gorgeous tints of a summer eve were fading into the ethereal night of June, and gaze upon my childish countenance, till the big tears rolled thick and scalding, over the furrows which many a foeman's steel had left in his face. The days of my early childhood were passed in an unbroken monotony. Separated from the converse of other boys, I made acquaintance and friends of my uncle's domestics, and many a stolen trip did I take with a half servant, half whipper-in, who answered to the elegant cognomen of Col. Sometimes we would fish for a whole day three leagues from land in the deep sea, and sometimes we bounded like the chamois from cliff to cliff, or swung each other by ropes from the summit of a yawning precipice, to rob the nests of the sea-fowl. There were certain hours during which I attended the prelections of the village schoolmaster; and as my uncle was a punctual man, and had served in a strict school, these hours were sacred to my instruction alone. From "Misther O'Kane," as my preceptor was called, I received the rudiments of Latin and Greek, with a sufficient smattering of science to warrant my attempting the duties of a freshman.

Contrary, however, to the usual custom in such cases observed, my departure for the University was delayed for some years; until I should be as my uncle expressed it; of sufficient bodily prowess to fight my way with the rising generation of Ireland's ornaments. These intervening years were passed in the usual routine of duties incumbent on a juvenile squireen. I had resigned the fishing-tackle in favour of the hounds; and hunting for sea-gull's nests; had given way to hanting the fox. Albeit I felt as comfortable as need be, while pursuing this mode of life, yet as Major O'Flaherty had no pretensions to immortality, it was necessary that I should think of taking my fortune at the flood. My uncle's interest at the Austrian court was still very considerable, and his intention, I believe, was to have transmitted me to the care of some field marshal in Vienna. To

qualify me; however, to make known my wants in continental parlance, it was necessary for me to proceed for instruction to the metropolis; and as my uncle considered the University the beau-ideal of collegiate institutions, for teaching a young gentleman to *elbow* his way through the world, it was determined that I should enrol my name amongst the denizens of T.C.D., while I attended the instructions of Mons. L'Etoile. Had it not been that my uncle's right leg was wooden, and his left gouty, he would have himself conducted me to Dublin. As it was, he merely cautioned me against associating on any account with a student of divinity, presented me with his own saw handles, and concluded by assuring me that my share of his posthumous goods and chattels would precisely amount to one shilling, provided he ever knew of my either giving or taking an apology. Next day I started for my destination, in company with two neighbouring scions, by name Boyle and Browne. We reached Athlone that evening, and remaining for the night in that boundary of nations, we proceeded next morning on our journey, in the inside of a very ponderous coach, yeleft the "Fly-away." Our entrance into College was accompanied with very little eclat; we managed to get passed, however, and there were none of us very desirous of further distinction.

The redoubted Sam Weller somewhere says, that the maid servants of the inns of court are called "laundresses," because "they has a mortal awershin' to washin' anything," and so it would appear are certain young gentlemen called "students," because they "go about thinking of nothing at all." That I and my friends Boyle and Browne belonged to that interesting class, I will not deny. A review, a race, or a pugilistic encounter had infinitely more charms for us than morning prayers; and the most grievous regulation of the University we held to be that of shutting the gates at twelve of the o'clock. This regulation we had for a long time managed to elude by a certain masonic process of *metallic magnetism*. But an unfortunate piece of diplomacy, *a la Falloyrand*, on the part of Mr. Boyle, caused the rule in our case to be observed with the strictest attention, so that we were reluctantly compelled, like Falstaff, to "eschew sack and loose company," and thenceforth to keep canonical hours. Boyle had boasted from time to time that he had

invented a most admirable plan of obtaining admission after twelve, and that he would on some favourable opportunity put it in practice for the mutual edification of the porters and himself. It happened that we were one evening patronising the drama to a very late hour. The rubicon had not, however, been past, and we were hurrying collegewards with all alacrity, when the voice of the post office clock told us that admission would be rather an expensive matter. Here now was an opportunity for Boyle to immortalise himself, and he prepared to put his plan in practice. Accordingly, as soon as he came sufficiently near the gate, he made a spring forwards, and seizing something apparently from the ground, roared out—

"Why, what the devil can this be?" as he brought a large paper parcel forward to the lamp to examine it. The attention of the porter was arrested, and when Boyle exclaimed, "Tobacco! as I'm a sinner. Charley, have you lost any?"

Charley, who was an inveterate smoker, fell into the trap, and opening the gate he came out to us, strongly protesting that the weed was his particular property. Now was our time, and darting into the open gate, the paper, which of course contained nothing, was thrown to the discomfited Charley. Boyle's triumph was, however, too complete, as our sad experience often took occasion to remind us. We had for some ensuing weeks been wise enough to eschew late hours, at least on such evenings as our friend Charley was the tutelary deity of the college gate. But our classical pursuits led us to ascertain from Horace that "no mortal is for ever on his guard;" and had we never read the aphorism of the Latin poet, we should have ascertained it from our noble selves.

In the days of which I write, Donnybrook was in its undiminished lustre. Indeed had any Cassandra-like prophet ventured to predict that any future lord mayor would have the temerity to proclaim down the gathering of the jackeens together, or that the elastic spirit of Donnybrook fair could be broken by a paper proclamation, he would assuredly have met with the reward of the Trojan prophets, if he had met with nothing worse. The great day for celebrating the ergies of Donnybrook had arrived, and we were enabled for the first day to resist the temptation. But on the second morning as Mr. Browne had ascertained that the fair was unusually gay, and that "all Thrissity was goin'," we deter-

mined to brave all dangers and proceed to the fair. We accordingly went out on a voyage of discovery in search of a coach, jingle, then the favourite vehicle, car, or other conveyance whatsoever, but although somebody has called Dublin, "the most car-drivingest city in the world," yet were all the stands and street corners empty, and not a vehicle to be seen. We applied to more than one jarvey-like individual in our necessity, but all the information we received was a suggestion to "enquire for a car at the castle," or to "go by say."

We had traversed most hotels and posting establishments in the city, in the vain expectation of discovering a locomotive, but all to no purpose; and as hope deferred maketh the heart sick, we were on the point of returning to Alma Mater, when a car issued from college, having one vacant seat. The occupants were fortunately acquaintances of mine, and upon it I got myself established, and Boyle and Browne suddenly remembering that they had made acquaintance with a countryman, who could probably accommodate them, we appointed to meet in Donnybrook, and drove off. We had been about an hour in the fair, and were walking about in admiration of the goodly company, when our attention was suddenly arrested by the approach of an enormous mourning coach, in the centre of a considerable crowd of the "pisantry," who appeared highly delighted at the conduct of its occupants.

"Leave the coach, let go the traces, or by my soul I'll shoot one of you!" exclaimed a voice from the interior, with which I thought I was familiar.

"Is it to a funeral y'er goin'?" arrah who's dead?" roared the mob.

"I warn ye this third time to leave that."

"Arrah! driver, where's y'er hat-scarf?"

The crowd had got larger and larger, until it comprehended the greater portion of the fair, when a gentleman in a white hat suggested the propriety of raising the "Irish cry." Never was the Grand Lama more quickly obeyed; in three seconds the ululation was deafening. Whereupon the doors of the coach flew open, and Messrs. Browne and Boyle issued from the interior, administering the shillelah very unsparingly to all within their reach. In a few minutes a general row ensued, and Mr. Boyle having casually exclaimed, "Huzza for Connemara!" a very formidable party girded themselves for the slaughter on their

behalf. By the time we managed to get our two friends extracted from the crowd, their persons had suffered considerably from "the pressure from without."

We adjourned to a tent, not without anticipation on my part of having the said tent stormed in a very summary manner, which fear was, however, unfounded. Here we learned that the eccentric vehicle had been hired to them by their "acquaintance," with a very correct assurance that "the lord lieutenant would not be there in *the licks of it*;" and that they had accepted it without any other comment on their part, than a desire expressed by Boyle, to know the probable use of certain little tubes standing up out of the top, from which the plumes had been unscrewed. These, their acquaintance informed them, caused the vehicle to go "free of toll;" with this assurance they started, and nothing of importance had occurred till their *marked* reception in Donnybrook. The evening was spent as most evenings were spent, in that now deserted locality, and with the exception of a hostile demonstration on the part of Mr. Browne, when a gentleman of the sock and buskin, attempted to pourtray a Connaughtman on the stage, our evening was passed in comparative quiet.

But, alas! we were unmindful of the fact, that this particular evening was "Charley's night," and that, that injured individual was "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." The clocks were ringing *three* as our car rolled down Grafton-street, and as we drew up in College-green, the University appeared as if it had been never inhabited; we attempted the gate, and were answered by our friend Charley, that there was no admission: prayers, bribes, and entreaties, were unavailing, and we turned away in despair. Browne suggested scaling the walls. We attempted, it and were taken to the watch-house "on suspicion," but of what the watchman could not tell. Nevertheless, we were confined till morning, when, after being fined, we returned to college and had the honour of an interview with the Dean, who afterwards brought us before the board. Being in Donnybrook was not held to be a sufficient excuse for our attempt at a forcible entry, and we were rusticated. With a light heart, and a very unequivocal feeling towards the heads of the University, I set out for Galway. When I arrived at my uncle's, I found that there was a letter then on its way to Dublin to recal me. An

old friend who commanded the militia of a distant county, had offered him a lieutenantancy for me, and he had determined to accept it. My uncle that night burned

with his own hands my cap and gown, and in a week after I joined the regiment at the assize town of L——.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE WARLIKE SQUIRE.

I had joined the regiment for some time, when one tempestuous morning in the autumn of the year of grace, "ninety-seven," I received an order to proceed with a detachment to the mansion of Gabriel Jones, Esq., who was threatened by the disaffected with a nocturnal visit, in token of the manner in which they appreciated his conduct as a magistrate of the county of L——, in capturing sundry small farmers and hedge schoolmasters, and having them lodged in the county gaol, on charges of disaffection and disloyalty. Whether it was, that the state of the weather gave so little promise of a comfortable march, or that I could not at times suppress a tendency to compare the joys of the mess-table with the probable pleasures of the mansion of "Castle Jones," certain it is, that I received the order for immediate departure with no great alacrity.

The Royal M—— Militia had been located in an assize town, where the government had been given to understand, that the rebels were particularly numerous; and where a few weeks before their arrival, divers of the peasantry had been heard to declare, in a state of inebriety, that they would disrobe the rector, and place the curate and parish clerk upon the steeple of the church. Now the said rector considering these declarations rather disrespectful, and the curate, whatever desire he might have had for rising in the church, not having the least *penchant* for the steeple, the matter reached forthwith the ears of the "powers that be," and the gallant M——s were dismissed to the protection of the loyal lieges.

We had been some months in L—— before my departure for the domicile of Gabriel Jones, and our time had sped "*righte pleasauntlie*." Balls, fêtes, suppers, all the machinery of gaiety of which L—— was capable, were put in requisition, and it is not strange that the "notice to quit," on the eve of a grand display,

should come to me like gall and worm-wood; and that the small round face of the red-haired sergeant, should seem to my eyes like the visage of him who

"Drew Priam's curtains at the dead of night."

But in this perverse world, all is disappointment, and the Royal M—— Militia was the world in miniature. So, since there was no help for my troubles, I descended to the barrack-yard, cursing military magistrates in general, and Gabriel Jones in particular, with a hearty malediction. My brother subs were eloquent upon the subject of the rural felicity I was about to enjoy, and, amid many requests, "to remember them to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and family." I joined my party as they stood drawn up in the square.

"How many miles is it, sergeant?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Which way?"

"West'ard over the mountains."

"March!"

The sun had been set more than an hour, and the moon had risen, pale and watery, when the sergeant announced that we were approaching the locality of which we were in quest. The day had been one of continued and unceasing rain, and the approach to Castle Jones, was by a road, which would have given MacAdam the hysterics. Sometimes as I trod on, resigned to my untoward fate, my foot alighted on a large stone, elevated considerably above its fellows, and on my descent from that temporary pinnacle, I plunged into a pond of water, with an impetus not at all welcome either to myself or my nearest neighbour. In this way we proceeded some distance, round what appeared to be the enclosure of a demesne of considerable extent. At length, we reached a turn in the road, where it was joined by two others. Here we were altogether at a loss.

"Where have we got to now, sergeant?"

"Well indeed, sir, I can't tell."

We stood for a few minutes undecided,

during which I could scarcely banish the reflection from my mind of the "*otium cum dignitate*" enjoyed at that moment by the remainder of the gallant M——s. My reverie was interrupted, however, by the announcement from one of the men, that a countryman was approaching, who could probably afford us some information. When that personage came sufficiently near, I demanded if the way before us led to Castle Jones.

"The road to the left's the way to Captain Jones's, yer honour," was the reply.

"Is there not a gate here somewhere?" asked one of the men.

"There was a gate just here, but the captain closed it up for fraid of the rebels."

"Of what is he captain?" I asked.

"Of the Slacht-na-breik Cavalry, yer honour," he returned.

I threw him an equivalent for his information, and amid a profusion of thanks and prayers for my welfare, I entered the demesne of Castle Jones.

Our way lay between two lines of noble elms, which continued for a great distance towards the mansion. When we issued from beneath the trees, however, an obstacle of considerable magnitude presented itself, in the form of a high wall, bearing token of having been recently repaired, in the centre of which was a gate made of new wood, well studded with iron. I desired one of the men to knock. The echoes reverberated far into the woods, but still no answer was given from within. At last we could distinctly hear voices, apparently in angry discussion.

"Can't ye challenge?" whispered one.

"Let the senthry challenge," replied the second.

"I was never allowed to be senthry since I shot the cow in mistake for a united-man."

After a long time spent in such colloquy, during which we kept continually knocking, a voice from within the gate demanded—

"Who is it goes there?"

"The party from L——. What the devil have you been about, friend, that you could not open the gate before?"

"Och, then, but ye'll be the welcome min to the captain this night," returned the owner of the voice, a tall raw-boned native, as he undid the bolts, and opened the door, without ever alluding to my question.

"Is Castle Jones far from here?" I demanded.

"You're just at it, sir; but you'd better follow me, as there's but one way of getting into the castle, and 'tis not like that a stranger would find it. The captain has the grand entrance closed and defended, ye see, for the times is coorse."

With this exposition of the nature and reasons of the economy of the household, our guide proceeded, and we followed him. We entered the mansion, by what we supposed to be a side door, and threaded passages which certainly for a long time appeared to lead to nothing. At length, however, we approached the habitations of man, where I was handed over to the care of a functionary in yellow plush, who ushered me into the presence of Gabriel Jones, Esq.

Just at the precise period of my arrival, Captain Jones was occupied in the study of one of those interesting documents, so unpleasant to the imagination of many a rural justice, and which are known to the vulgar as Rockite notices.

Gabriel Jones, Esq., for whose defence I had suffered such a martyrdom, was a gentleman of a most lilliputian presence. His hair was short and grizzled, and his eyes dark, piercing and distrustful. His mouth was small and well-formed, but it was surmounted by a nose which ever and anon appeared to be assailed by some ungrateful odour, if one might judge from its contortions, and the action of the nostrils. His chin extended forward from above a stiff military stock, and a red coat, richly laced, with two gorgeous epaulettes, adorned his outer man. His nether extremities were encased in a pair of formidable jackboots, into which descended a pair of buckskin "unmentionables," (and I might add, "unimaginables," for certainly their appearance in size and make was unique.) A dragoon helmet and an enormous sabre lay on the table, beside which he was sitting, busied in his very alarming study. The servant, on bringing me in sight of the warrior, had left me to shift for myself, and clearing my throat as a prelude to making a speech, by way of introducing myself, I alarmed the quick senses of my host.

"What's that, in the name of God?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. D'Arcy of the M——s," I replied.

"Oh! Lieutenant D'Arcy. Sir, I'm very glad to see you. Bless my soul, what a fright you gave me. What strength is—your party, Mr. D'Arcy?"

"Why we are pretty strong. I should suppose we will be able to repel any hostile visit the disaffected may think proper to make to Castle Jones."

"You make light of the danger, do you, sir? Then let me tell you, *there* is a threatening notice that was thrown into my carriage on the king's highway at noon to-day. Read it, sir; there they tell me that they will burn my house and then skin me, Mr. D'Arcy, and nail my skin on my hall door! Sir, what sort of treatment would that be for a magistrate of the county?"

"I should consider it very bad treatment for any man," I replied, as I took the war-breathing document from his hands and read:—

"Captin Joans or Square Joans or ywhatever your rite naim is"

"Quit prosecutin poor unfortunate boys for writin' you had better or we'll light our pipes at the flames of castle Jones and we'll skin yourself and Pierce Ryan the informin ruffin, and nail your skins on the hall-door."

"Take warnin'. N.B.—We'll take the yung ashes for Pike-shafts."

"Now, sir!" exclaimed the subject of the threat, when I had deciphered the manuscript, "you see that I did not send for military aid without good reason. The peasantry of this country, sir, are ungrateful—ungrateful, sir, and treacherous. I have rewarded them for becoming protestants, given each of them a pair of shoes, the first Sunday they went to church, and bog free, sir—bog free and without rent, and yet this is the way they would treat me. Skin me! and nail my skin upon the door!"

I could not but sympathise with Captain Jones's sorrow at the ingratitude of the peasantry, and yet I could offer but little comfort, as his outward man so excited my risibility, that I dared not trust myself to speak. He was marching hurriedly across the floor; his person still erect, and his helmet, which he had donned in his excitement, sitting on one side of his head in a most formidable fashion, while still as he walked, the motion appeared to be produced by the jackboots, which seemed to cause his person to progress whether he desired it or not.

Fortunately for me, just as my desire of exclamation was becoming unmanageable, the door opened, and a servant putting in his head called out, "Captain!"

"Well, sir," exclaimed the little man; "some new outrage, eh?"

"Plaise yer honer, they're cuttin the ash poles in the back croft."

"Who's cutting them, eh, sirrah? Whose cutting them?" exclaimed Jones, purple with rage, seizing the fire-shovel.

"Plaise yer honer, the united——," but here his answer was cut short by the fire-shovel, which he managed to elude by closing the door, against which it struck, and rebounding made its exit through the parlour window. For a moment the power of utterance appeared to have deserted the unfortunate magistrate. After a few efforts, however, he managed to exclaim,

"Lieutenant D'Arcy, we will resent this outrage. I will send for a troop of the Slacht-na-brek Yeomanry Cavalry, and I request, sir, that you will have your men in readiness in half an hour—meantime, supper is waiting you in the next room. You must excuse me; I must summon my troop."

And on warlike cares intent, Captain Jones flung out of the room, without waiting for my answer. Now I had upon my mind, a kind of presentiment that the expected engagement in the back croft would end in smoke, and secondly, "my fellows" were much easier collected than the "Slacht-na-brek Yeomanry;" so without at all participating in the red hot flurry of Captain Jones, I adjourned to the next room, to honour the viands alone, as I found that Mrs. Jones had been transmitted by post to Dublin, on the first outbreak of the alarm of war.

I was just bringing my meal to a close, when the tramp of horses announced the arrival of the equestrian warriors of Slacht-na-brek, and as I was anxious for a sight of the corps, I started to my feet, and putting on my chapeau, I walked out into the lawn.

Here a very motley assemblage met my view. In the centre of a goodly congregation of juvenile ragamuffins of the immediate neighbourhood, rode the "cavalry." Some on horses which would have graced an English dray cart, and others on animals of such diminutive proportions, that one could not help wondering how their strength could bear the weight of brass and "leather and prunella," which they were doomed to support. At their head rode Captain Jones, looking certainly better when progressing by means of a gallant grey, than apparently by the jackboots—while he was assisted in his arduous command by one Lieutenant Cooke, who appeared rather an original specimen of

humanity; at least of the military part of it. He was a tall gentleman of a very bilious aspect, habited in the uniform of the Slacht-na-breks, and wearing a pair of whiskers fit to make a chasseur jealous. There was one peculiarity about his physiognomy, however, which detracted considerably from his beauty, and that was a nervous twitching of the left eye, which caused a looker-on to suppose that he was perpetually winking most knowingly at himself. I had not long time for contemplation of this personage, for a proceeding of a most extraordinary nature, on the part of one of the dragoons, drew my attention in quite a different direction. This was no other than riding down the aforesaid mob of ragamuffins in a very furious and blood-thirsty manner. The horse kicked, plunged, and bit most terribly, and the rider in whose countenance was portrayed the most lively apprehension, appeared totally unable to controul the glaring misdeemeanour of his charger. He sat in his seat in a very unsettled and tottering fashion, and more than once I expected to see him share the fate of "Goose Gibbie," by being thrown from his jackboots. In vain Captain Jones fumed and swore. In vain more than one of the royal M——s attempted to arrest the career of the steed, and we were about to come to the conclusion that the trooper would fly like Jupiter for ever in a circle, when a capricious full stop on the part of the animal, discharged the rider like a racket ball to the earth, immediately beside the indignant magistrate.

"D—— your blood, Sir," exclaimed the Captain, "what sort of conduct is that?"

"They called me nicknames, plaize yer honor, and I wanted to frighten them. But I forgot it was Margery, and that the devil could not hould her. Och, Captain jewel, but I've got the sore fall."

"I wish you had broken your neck, sir," returned the humane Captain Jones; "do you hear that, you rascal! I wish you had broken your neck. It would have put you from leaving your ranks again."

"In troth would it, an' I'm as much obleeged to yer honor as if I had."

"Not a word, sirrah, but walk into the stables. I'll teach you to ride, once I get back."

The crest fallen trooper trudged slowly towards the rere of the mansion, and my indefatigable aide-de-camp the sergeant, having all in readiness, I placed myself at the head of my charge, and awaited the order to proceed. For this I had not long

to wait. Captain Jones was burning to avenge the plantation of ash, and we made for the back croft at a joyous pace. I had been wondering to what service he intended putting the cavalry, ever since their first appearance, but now the riddle was solved. They were placed to guard Castle Jones from any sudden attack in our absence: and the only one of their number who attended us in our expedition, was the redoubted commander himself.

We had not proceeded far upon our journey, when we heard at no great distance from us a confused noise of yelling and cheering, such as one might suppose to have proceeded from the base of the tower of Babel. The moon was at the moment hidden by dense sable clouds, and it was impossible to distinguish anything in the darkness before us. I commanded the men to halt, that we might consider the proper measures to pursue.

"Lieutenant D'Arcy," exclaimed the magistrate in a very tremulous voice, "what do you see, sir? do you see anything, sir? I hope you are not going to run away, Lieutenant D'Arcy."

"No, sir," I replied calmly, "I am ~~not~~ going to run away. Though it would ~~not~~ much surprise me to see *you* doing so."

"Mr. D'Arcy you'll repent your inso— Gracious God! is that a ball which cut that branch?"

He had guessed rightly, the smash of a bullet among the branches was followed by the sharp report of a fowling piece. Jones had evidently been the mark, as his form was distinctly traced against the sky as he sat upon his tall horse.

"Move on, Mr. D'Arcy," he exclaimed in terror, as the crackling branches fell about his ears, "move on, sir, I'll keep watch that they do not surround you."

I did as he desired. The moon was just breaking through the clouds, and her beams fell clear upon the level croft, in the centre of which stood a handful of dark figures standing close together. Our music struck up by my desire, and as the sounds of the formidable fife and drum fell upon their ears, they dispersed fifty different ways, without attempting the slightest resistance. We marched round the field reconnoitering every thicket, but could find no trace of the fugitives, and turning towards the castle we set out again to join the Captain.

My thoughts were wandering to matters far more congenial than pursuing the disaffected denizens of Slacht-na-brek, when

a cry of utter despair, such as I hope I shall not often hear again, rose on the night-wind, and the next moment Captain Jones's riderless steed sped past with the speed of Gargantua.

"There is treason here," thought I, as I hurried forward the party, to ascertain the fate of the squire. The moon's lustre was undiminished, and her beams silvered the hedges of laurel and clumps of flowering shrubs which diversified the croft. In a short time we reached the spot where Captain Jones was to have "defended our rere," but he was gone. We stood a moment in suspense, when there appeared upon the summit of a range of rocks, which formed the margin of a deep glen on the northern side of the croft, the figures of two stalwart peasants, bearing between them a burden which we immediately concluded was the body, whether living or dead, of the unfortunate Captain of Dragoons. The figures were within musket shot, but who but a backwoodsman could hit the proper mark. We resigned our ready muskets in despair, and rushed forward to attempt the rescue. Those with whom we had to deal, however, were equally on the alert, and ere we could gain a rood upon them, they had disappeared

within the glen. A few minutes' running brought us to the summit of the rocks, but a dreadful precipice presented itself on the opposite side. A few mountain ashes grew from the chinks of the rock, but on one of the soldiers placing his foot upon one of them, in an attempt to descend, its stem snapped off, and it rolled away into the gloomy glen beneath. It had evidently been cut to prevent pursuit.

I leaned over the brow of the descent to peer into the gloom. The moon's rays were unable to penetrate the darkness, and the dashing of a torrent beneath added to the dangers of an attempt to descend; I detached a stone from the brow, and it fell echoing and rebounding from rock to rock, till the noise of its plunge into the water was overwhelmed by the roar of the cataract. I was considering a moment whether I should attempt the descent or await the aid of daylight, when a loud cheering of many voices resolved my doubts, as it proceeded from a point far up the rugged valley, and announced that the capture of the squire was effected. I determined to await the morning, ere I set out to thread the beetling hills in search of my host, so with a heavy heart I ordered a return to Castle Jones.

## THE CHILD AND THE LILY BRANCH.

### A PICTURE.

She hath wandered through the garden wide,  
And she sits to rest on the hillock's side;  
She hath cast each shoe from her fairy feet,  
The moss is her carpet soft and sweet:  
The gentlest breath of the summer air  
Colours her cheek and moves her hair,  
And her dark eyes flash with a childish glee,  
As she waves a lily branch joyously.

Young wanderer of the garden bowers!  
The sweetest flower 'mong many flowers!  
I gaze on thee—a mingled feeling  
Of hope and fear upon me stealing—  
Of grief, that thou must brave the strife,  
The thousand cares and pains of life;  
Though now, with childhood's thoughtless glee,  
That lily branch is waved by thee!

Yet, though upon thy spirit light  
The cares of earth should cast their blight,—  
Oh! mayest thou still preserve within  
The calm of one unstained by sin!  
Mayest thou by heavenly wisdom led  
Still in the paths of virtue tread.  
So may the lily ever be  
Fit emblem of thy purity!

L. N. F.



## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.\*

"MUST CRIMES BE PUNISHED BUT BY OTHER CRIMES?"

THE solemn emphasis with which we hear people daily talk of "the nineteenth century," induces us to admit the notion, that there really are certain good easy persons who believe that this world of ours grows better and wiser as it grows older; and reckon, with confidence, that, though it may still play some puerile pranks during the remainder of its teens, the twenty-first century, at least, will see it shine forth a paragon of discretion. Why should we labour to dispel an illusion, that may not be without its use after all? Perhaps there is no better pledge for the success of our honest endeavours to make something of human kind, than the conviction that something may be made of them at last. The notion has enabled us, under many a trial of patience, to repress too stern feelings, awakened by the volatilities of an "infant," sufficiently well-grown to be rid of them. There are, however, certain propensities which have survived the days of youthful precipitancy, towards which we cannot be so easily propitiated. Amongst these, upon all of which we shall probably have occasion to animadvert in turn, two stand forth prominently to challenge our unqualified indignation, viz.: aggressive warfare, and capital punishment;—enormities which seem to claim juxtaposition for other reasons beside their parity of folly and of guilt. There appears to us a close affinity between the ambition that spurs men to invade a country and establish "a right of pre-emption," by the massacre of its inhabitants, and that spirit which impels them to draw a defensive circle of blood around the rights that they enjoy at home. To the former we may have but too soon occasion to revert; the latter demands our attention now.

We are told by the historian, that during a battle an earthquake reeled away unfelt by the combatants. They were too busily engaged in contributing their own measure to the sum of human evil, to mark the evidences around them, that, at least in that hour, nature could have done without their aid. We turn from the account

incredulous, and are ready to pronounce the whole a fable. We cannot believe that any excitement of human passion could have rendered them unconscious of the portent passing by. It may, however, lessen our incredulity, to give a moment's thought to the every-day operation of the system upon which the affairs of nations are transacted. To count the slain in ten thousand battles,—to look upon the changing round of woe that attends the survivors, more wretched than the slain,—to listen to the sounding lash of the task-master, and the responsive groan of the mangled negro, as he sinks under his unpurchased toil,—or finally to watch the writhings of our fellow-citizens upon the strangling cord,—these are the daily occurrences of life. Men live for glory—for luxury—for social and domestic comfort; and these are the conditions whereby such things are attained. Selfishly insulated, as it were, from the main of human sympathy, the mass of *soi-disant* and christian society feels not a vibration of the shock, that is hourly scattering misery and death around. The earth may steam with carnage, like a "seething pot;" the lash may redden, and the gibbet groan beneath its load; but we narrow our hearts, draw our comforts like a garment round us, enjoy the fruits of violence and crime, and too seldom ask at what a price we have them.

Two volumes are before us, published in the year 1836, by "The Society for the Diffusion of Information on the Subject of Capital Punishments." They contain a selection of articles from the Morning Herald newspaper, with copious notes, illustrative of a subject so important. Were these volumes to be ordinarily met with as manuals, opening the eyes of all orders in the state to the national responsibility, and the national disgrace that belong to our vindictive criminal code, we should probably feel justified in abstaining from any thing beyond a grateful acknowledgment of the good service rendered to the cause of mercy, and a cheer to those philanthropic spirits, who had laboured to

\* "Punishment of death. Articles extracted from the Morning Herald, with notes. London: Hatchard and Son, Smith and Elder, and Co. 1836."

dispel the shade of the gallows from human rights, and make way for the more available guarantee which they would enjoy in the improving virtue of human kind. Unfortunately, however, the mass of argument and illustration which these books contain, has not sufficiently been brought within the cognizance of the public. So far, therefore, from being precluded from co-operation, we feel our obligation to "be up and doing," only augmented by the evidence they contain, that for ten long years the legislators of Great Britain have been assailed, through the medium of the influential journal in question, by every argument that zeal, backed by intelligence, could supply; by the energies of the living, and the testimony of the dead;—and that all has hitherto failed to induce them to forego the claim for bloody retribution, even for crimes which have no taint of blood.

If a people make the laws by which they are governed, they are responsible for the laws they make; and successive generations take upon themselves the guilt of those who have made bad laws, so long as they permit those bad laws to subsist. The theory of the British constitution is, that the subjects of these realms make the laws. Sir Wm. Blackstone founds the legality of punishing criminals upon the principle, "that the law by which they suffer was made by their own consent." Upon this point the learned commentator is confessedly high authority; let us trust, however, that not even the sanction of his distinguished name will be found sufficient to pass the monstrous and slavish delusion, that "the guilt of blood, if any, must lie at their doors who misinterpret the extent of their warrant, and not at the doors of the subject, who is bound to receive the interpretations that are given by the sovereign power." The brief space which our present limits enable us to give to this important subject, preclude our going in detail into the numerous and powerful reasons that are urged against the punishment of death, in the pages before us. The only thing that has ever been said in favour of it, which deserves much consideration, viz.: that it is founded upon the divine law, seems to be practically contradicted by those who urge it. If there was, in truth, any divine law intended for our days, propounded touching this matter, that was a warrant signed by God's own hand, to which the human instruments of God's power had no authority to add—from which they had no authority to take away.

If the precept delivered to Noah, was meant for mankind throughout all dispensations, then no prerogative of mercy, residing in the earthly sovereign's breast, can remit the murderer's penalty; for "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." But we know that the duellist, who is as clearly within the spirit, as he is obviously within the letter of the divine decree, is never in these countries executed, provided it be shown that he has shed blood with due attention to *honourable* usage. Thus far these human legislators have abrogated the ordinances of God. But in the Levitical code, where it appears in wider application, this law is even more cavalierly treated by these hypocritical sticklers for a divine sanction. In the law delivered by Moses, the dreadful penalty, which was previously confined to the shedder of man's blood, is pronounced against the adulterer and adulteress; they "shall surely be put to death." Yet here again has man's legislation interposed, and a claim for a pecuniary satisfaction given to the husband, is substituted by the laws of England, for the supreme requirement of the blood of both. If, however, they have ventured to shorten the arm of Omnipotence, answerably to the exigencies of genteel life, our law-givers, perhaps in a spirit of compensation, have been just as bold in pushing back the limits that enclosed the law of death, and the strangulation of forgers, and burglars, and cattle stealers, with a host of others, that have expiated with their blood infractions of the merely municipal law, may, at least numerically, make satisfaction for the unauthorised exemption of those, against whom the extreme penalty was denounced. Here then is no sanction; at least, obviously not that upon which man relies, unless we presume that the Jews also, to whom this law was given by Him who was at once the God and King of a chosen people, had a power large as that which our rulers claim, of releasing the murderer and the adulterer, and extending to a hundred offenders of different classes, the sentence never passed upon them, that they should "be cut off from among the people." If that law was given to us, it was without power to add thereto, or diminish therefrom; and the penalty it provides, "it is disobedience to remit, and it is murder to extend."

Before we quit this high ground, for the purpose of putting before our readers some of the various arguments, by which the

appellants for mercy have backed her cause, we cannot forbear to quote two passages, which comprise so much of the essence of the question, that we can hardly conceive how any, the most strenuous advocate of human immolation, could read them, and be unconvinced—and not

"Turn him with shame  
From the idol he darkly has bowed to before."

The first of the passages to which we allude, is taken from Beccaria, and appears in the notes to the volume before us. That enlightened philanthropist, arguing that "it is not possible that in the smallest portions of the liberty of each, sacrificed to the good of the public, can be contained the greatest of all good—life:" stigmatises the punishment of death, which is unauthorised by any right, as "the war of a whole nation against one citizen, whose destruction they consider as necessary, or useful to the general good;" and he proceeds to "gain the cause of humanity," by demonstrating "that it is neither necessary or useful."

"The punishment of death," says the author, "is pernicious to society, from the examples of barbarity it affords; if the passions or the practice of war have taught men to shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, the laws, which are intended to moderate the ferocity of mankind, should not increase it by examples of barbarity, the more horrible, as this punishment is usually attended with formal pageantry. *Is it not absurd that the laws, which detest and punish homicide, should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves?*"

The next passage we quote from page 242 of the second volume; the same to which the note above is appended:—

"We have long been of opinion, and that opinion we do not now advance for the first time, that examples of legalised homicide have an indirect, but a certain tendency to harden the hearts of that class of people, for whose moral instruction they are said to be intended. Any person who is known to be fond of seeing executions is, in common opinion, set down as a person of ferocious disposition, or brutalised habits.

The sacrifice that public justice makes in exterminating the offender, is worse than a barren example. Independently of the higher motive derived from religion, which ought to make the christian legislator doubt his right to take away that life which is the inestimable gift of the Creator, those who make laws ought to consider how far the examples of judicial death diminish that veneration for the sacredness of life, which the legislature ought to cherish, rather than destroy, in the minds of the people.

"Frequency of executions in any country, is generally followed by a proportionate increase of crime, of violence, and blood. When the legislature lightly estimates human life, the people are apt to undervalue it. *Laws of a vindictive character consecrate, as it were, the principle of revenge;*

and we cannot wonder that the more ignorant portion of the people emulate the example of the law, by the wanton or revengeful shedding of human blood. *Laws of a mild character, teach mildness to the people. Under such laws the popular mind has not that practical education to deeds of violence, which cruel examples produce.* Revolutions are always most bloody, in countries whose laws have most familiarised the people with spectacles of vengeance."

The opinion contained in the above extract, an "opinion not now advanced for the first time," but to be found by the most cursory reader, eloquently enforced or illustrated, in every page of these admirable volumes, has, in all probability, fallen under the eyes of British legislators, while solicitously exploring the countless sources from which the principles of civilized legislation may be drawn. And yet, even after the recent changes effected in the close of the late reign, and the commencement of the present, still, by laws recently enacted, whoever maliciously sets fire to any dwelling-house, any person being therein, shall suffer death;—1 Vic. 89: and whosoever shall set fire to, cast away, or in any wise destroy any ship or vessel, with intent to murder any person, or whereby the life of any person shall be endangered, shall suffer death. He who exhibits any false light or signal, to bring any vessel into danger, shall suffer death;—1d. And burglars, who shall slay, cut, wound, beat, or strike any person, shall suffer death—1 Vic., 86; and whosoever shall rob any person, and at the time of, or immediately before, or immediately after such robbery, shall stab, cut, or wound any person, shall suffer death; 1 Vic., 87, &c. &c. And that because, according to the criminal law commissioners, these "acts of personal violence or cruelty, or some other aggravations," did, under the previous state of the law, "completely alter the complexion of the (two last classes of) offence, and constitute the criminal acts, for which the offender suffered." So much for the lights of the "nineteenth century," whose enactments vindicate the pride of those whom a burglar may, with insolent levity, even "beat or strike," at the expense of the offender's life.

Yet, let us confess that our criminal laws have been much improved, not only in the provision of secondary punishments for crimes of inferior malignity, but also in the act of the 6th and 7th Wm. IV., which enables persons indicted of felony to make their defence by counsel or attorney; a humane alteration, of which we might wonder—

"Not that it came, but came not long before." An act, the very recency of which ought to startle those, who arrogate the power of death, when they look at its date, and remember how long a man on trial for a capital felony, where conviction, together with the loss of life, was to work a forfeiture of lands and goods, was excluded from that benefit which he would have enjoyed, had he been defending the meanest right that could belong to the subordinate interests which the judgment of death in-

volved. Yes, our criminal laws are much improved, but the great principle is unconceded still; and the advocate of humanity is driven still to assail the reeking statute-book, with arguments such as we have quoted; and to have recourse to government returns, and tabular illustrations derived from other sources, proving that the waste of human life is working effects, wholly contrary to those which it was expected to produce. One of these we here insert:—

*DECREASE of crime attending the disuse of Capital Punishments in various cases, where two consecutive periods are compared, executions having been frequent in the first, and rare, if not abolished, in the second period. Compiled from Parliamentary Returns for England and Wales.*

## ENGLAND AND WALES.

## HORSE-STEALING.—Mitigation commencing 1830.

2 periods	{ 9 years ending Dec. 1829 Executed.....40	Committals.....1626	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed..... None	Committals..... 1665	

## BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING.—Mitigation commencing 1833.

2 periods	{ 6 years ending Dec. 1832 Executed.....56	Committals.....5199	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed..... 3	Committals..... 4621	

## ROBBERY.—Mitigation commencing 1834.

2 periods	{ 5 years ending Dec. 1833 Executed.....36	Committals.....1949	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed..... 5	Committals..... 1634	

## ATTEMPTS TO MURDER, &amp;c.—Mitigation commenced 1835.

2 periods	{ 4 years ending Dec. 1834 Executed.....14	Committals..... 520	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed..... 4	Committals..... 528	

## CAPITAL ASSAULTS UPON FEMALES.—Mitigation commencing 1835.

2 periods	{ 4 years ending Dec. 1834 Executed.....16	Committals..... 222	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed..... 1	Committals..... 228	

## ARSON.—Mitigation commencing 1837.

2 periods	{ 2 years ending Dec. 1836 Executed..... 9	Committals..... 148	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed..... None	Committals..... 86	

For the six crimes, TOTALS	{ In the FIRST periods	177	EXECUTIONS.....	9664	COMMITTALS.
	{ In the SECOND periods	13	EXECUTIONS.....	8657	COMMITTALS

General result..... 1007 fewer Committals  
in the second periods, with only 13 instead of 177 executions\*

\* The foregoing List includes (High Treason excepted,) the most dangerous offences: and even as to murder itself, the subjoined abstract of Parliamentary Returns will shew that no increase of that crime has resulted from commutations of the sentence of death.

## MURDER.—(England and Wales.)

2 periods	{ 3 years ending Dec. 1835 Executed.....39	Committals.....216	
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executed.....21	Committals.....191	

## LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

3 periods	{ 3 years ending Dec. 1830 Executions.....52	Committals.....960	The committals throughout these three periods being for crimes that were capital at the commencement of the first period.
	{ Ditto..... 1833 Executions.....12	Committals.....896	
	{ Ditto..... 1836 Executions, none	Committals.....823	

## ENGLAND AND WALES.

2 periods	{ 5 years ending Dec. 1833 Executions.....259	Committals.....11,982	The committals in both these periods being for crimes that were capital at the commencement of the first period.
	{ Ditto..... 1838 Executions..... 90	Committals.....11,322	

But it may be asked, were not other offences—was not crime in general—in like manner on the decrease in this second period? The answer is, No:—so far from decreasing, crime in general underwent

How significant are those closing words. What a picture do they place before us of men who "misinterpret the extent of their warrant," persisting in the unholy sacrifice of human life, till the shuddering victims of crime resolved to suffer in silence rather than demand, at the hands of a law too zealous, its fearful expiations; nay, till jurors learned to disregard the obligation of their oaths, and to prefer the guilt of that disregard to becoming ministerial to the ferocity of the laws. But we have still a stronger testimony derived from the excellent compilation before us, which seems to have exhausted every source from which the waters of mercy might be drawn, to purge away the scarlet stains of our criminal code. It is an extract from the speech of the late Lord Suffield, supporting the bill of Mr. Lennard, to remove the punishment of death for house-breaking, on the 2d of August, 1833:—

"Such a state of the law," observed the noble lord, often induced jurors to violate their oaths. He (Lord Suffield) held in his hand a list of 555 perjured verdicts, delivered in fifteen years, beginning with the year 1804, for the single offence of stealing from dwellings; the value stolen being in these cases sworn *above* forty shillings, but the verdicts returned being "to the value of thirty-nine shillings" only. If required, he would produce the name of every one of these 555 convicts, and show the value proved to have been stolen. It deserved remark, that when the legislature raised the capital indictment to £5, in June, 1827, the juries at the same time raised their verdicts to *four pounds nineteen shillings*; thus still keeping it low enough to save the offender's life."

It is impossible to see without a deep feeling of satisfaction the operation of a spirit of mercy, which renders legislative ferocity impotent, and deprives the monster of its fangs. But while we rejoice to see the victim rescued from the deadly grasp of the law, we cannot blind ourselves to the amount of ransom that has been paid for him. We cannot contemplate, without grave apprehension, the insecurity to a grand constitutional muniment, that may come of humanity being driven to preserve that life which was the gift of God, by means which are a dishonour to His name. From the necessity of such disregard of the binding sanction of an oath, what shall exempt those who are called upon, and compelled to administer the laws? Rulers are tenacious of their privilege. Vainly do we call

upon them for relaxations congenial to the religion of mercy we profess; and the fluctuations of rule daily deprive this holy cause of its most powerful advocates. For the energy with which statesmen, in opposition, assail the acts of those who are in authority is, unfortunately, no guarantee for their adoption of a different course, when they shall rule in turn; and worldly distinctions have a magic that chills the bosom, and binds down the tongue. The commoner of yesterday becomes a lord to-day, and he forgets how grandly he had bid sovereigns remember, that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, whereby he became a living soul;" and he no longer admonishes them that the Great Author will not brook to have that which he hath "fearfully and wonderfully" made, stripped of its reverence by the selfish hands of men, and turned again to be a clod of the valley, from a temple of light and life.

To whom shall we look then? or what influence shall interpose? The people. If the stringency of the juror's oath be relaxed, it is their precious safeguard which the "pious perjury" weakens and undermines. If they would have their sworn jurors "true verdict give," and "true deliverance make,"—if they would have judicial investigations effective for the protection of innocence, and for the punishment of guilt,—let them put forth their power; let them see that the jury-box shall no longer be an arena, wherein human virtue shall be driven to clothe itself in the habiliments of guilt, in order to conflict with the desolating spirit of a sanguinary and anti-christian code: and, where no human passion should operate, let them see that none comes in!

We have seen the sinful rigour of the laws rebuked and counterbalanced by the sinful lenity of jurors. Let us turn our attention, with a more unmingled feeling, to the steadfastness with which others, differently circumstanced, have combined to beat down this pestilent system. On Tuesday, the 7th of May, 1833, the Duke of Sussex presented to the House of Lords, the petition of the subscribing inhabitants of London and its vicinity, agreed to at a public meeting held in Exeter Hall, on

a very considerable increase, as may be seen by the Home-Office Returns—that, in the same country—among the same people—and at the same time—under circumstances, therefore, precisely the same, while crime in general was increasing, there was a decrease of those offences for which the punishment of death was partially discontinued, or altogether abolished, and another penalty substituted which has not, by deterring prosecutors or witnesses from coming forward, or preventing juries from convicting, given encouragement to crime.

the 2d of June. We extract a portion of it:—

"That your petitioners are deeply impressed with the opinion, that the efficacy of criminal laws depends less upon the severity of punishment, than the certainty of infliction: and that laws which cannot be carried into execution without shocking the feelings of society, and exciting sympathy for the offender, are contrary to reason, inconsistent with morality, and opposed to the interests of justice.

"That the criminal laws of England are of a character so vindictive and barbarous, as to be utterly incapable of uniform execution; and that, consequently, under the present system, the lives of men depend less upon the precise and express provisions of law, than upon the temper, feeling, or caprice of a judge, or a secretary of state. Whence it arises, that all the assizes and circuits throughout England afford examples of inequality of punishment, and practical proofs of the arbitrary discretion exercised in the selection of victims for the altars of sanguinary justice.

"That the excessive severity of the law operates to the total impunity of a great proportion of offenders, by deterring humane persons from prosecuting, and by holding out a temptation to jurors to violate their oaths, rather than be accessory to judicial murder."

This petition was signed by 5800 persons, many of whom, in signing it, stated, *that they had been robbed, and had refused to prosecute*; thereby exemplifying, in their own cases, the insufficiency of the laws to protect property; and they address their prayer to the legislature for such a "reform of the criminal law," as will render it more auxiliary to public morals than to private vengeance; and for a judicious system of prison discipline, to "afford that protection to property, of which all persons may avail themselves, without purchasing it by the sacrifice of human life."

What a picture does this present! A man is robbed; he has two motives to prosecute; he looks for the protection of his property, and desires the conviction of the thief: but the laws hold out to him nothing but a halter. He shrinks from the vengeance offered him; he desires justice, not vengeance; adequate correction, not blood. The offender is emboldened by impunity, and repeated trespasses wear out the patience of the most humane. He is given in charge to a jury, and they violate their oaths, and set him free! Or should a particular class of crime have attained to a great local height, they too put off their mercy. The judge stands next between the culprit and his fate; and shall then the "temper, or feeling, or caprice" of a judge decide the fate of his fellow man? Lastly, shall a "secretary

of state" be entrusted to pronounce, whether the destruction of the hapless being be "necessary or useful to the general good?"

Let us now reverse the picture. Instead of regarding compassion standing between the criminal and the reeking laws, and contented to bear a certain amount of depredation, rather than consign the perpetrator to a violent and disgraceful death, let us contemplate the condition of a country in which the public peace is threatened by illegal confederations. Let us suppose that a baffled faction wield a corrupt press, to heighten the panic, by disseminating the basest slanders upon the people; and think it no dishonour to put forth in a thousand shapes the allegation, that the government has entered into traitorous combination with the misguided insurgents, and given the laws gagged and bound into their hands. Suppose some furious or fantastic bigot to move for and obtain a parliamentary committee, to proceed on the assumption, that "life and property are insecure;" and bound only to give legislative sanction to factious calumny, by pronouncing what had made them so. Suppose an assize or special commission taking place, in such a temper of the public mind. Now is the time for the speculative homicide, who slays by virtue of the act of parliament. The perjured informer mounts the box. Are the jury prepared for a firm and temperate discharge of their important duty? Are they an impregnable barrier set between the accused, and the wretch who seeks the price of blood? Or are they, on the contrary, likely to receive light probabilities for proof; and to verify the words of a profound observer upon a similar occasion—that "fear is a corrupting principle;"—and "panic, often the source of a blind, rash, indiscriminating zeal, an exasperating energy, more resembling the temper of war, than the stayed step and sober-minded character of justice." Nor is the judge completely unmoved by predilection, when he expresses his approbation of the fatal verdict, and closes the discharge of his sad duty with a solemn admonition to his fellow man, to "look above for the mercy that must be denied him here."

But sure one hope remains to save! The secretary of state is besieged with memorials, imploring the extension of royal clemency. The judge is again referred to; but he has made a *selectio* of those, upon

whom the extreme penalty was to be inflicted, "at a season imperatively calling for example;" and he sees no reason to change his opinion; so the memorial is indorsed—"The law must take its course."

Let us follow our fellow-sinner to his dungeon. During the progress of his trial the law has shown its tenderness of human life, by jealously excluding every thing that could lead the minds of the jury from the strictly logical grounds, upon which their verdict should be founded. From the magistrate who received the informations, to the judge who sentenced him, all were bound by the most solemn attestation of the Common Father, to preserve his every right inviolate. But the tenderness of his fellow worm does not cease here. Their solicitude is evinced by the appearance of a minister of the gospel, zealous in his vocation, and apt to expound to him the saving truths of that religion, derived, like the breath that made man "a living soul," from the very lips of God. Now, need we observe, that there are two conditions of a man, in which there is an obvious impropriety in killing him, viz. *when he is good enough to live, and when he is not good enough to die.* In which of these states capital punishment is the most revolting we dare not say; yet it is plain that in one or other every victim of the law must be.

We have seen how compassion may repudiate the protection of sanguinary laws, and rather submit to wrongs against which a more lenient code would afford them security. We have also seen what may be the fatal effects of some strong passion operating upon the minds of those, who are instrumental to the administration of the laws. But is there not another subject of consideration belonging to every condition of society? Are not juries fallible? Do they not often decide erroneously, upon abundant facts, and well attested before them? How often then must they do so, when they have questionable grounds for decision? Why should any state inflict a punishment, which puts mistake beyond recall? We have seen something of the courts of criminal judicature, and we could dwell upon many recorded facts illustrative of this part of the subject: let a few suffice. Not many years ago, a person of some condition had a near relative convicted of forging his name upon some bills of exchange, and the offender was transported. But a few months before he would have expiated

with his life the act which the testimony of his kinsman brought home to him. A short time after the convict had left his country for ignominious exile, the *holders* of the bills in question got possession of certain letters, showing that a system of mutual accommodation had long existed between the parties; and they obtained a verdict against the prosecutor for the amount of the bills, to which the correspondence contained the proof, that he had authorised the signature of his name! Does this case need a comment? About the year 1832, the trial of two persons took place in the county of——. They were charged with violently wresting a gun, from the hands of a man at mid-day. There were considerable discrepancies between the testimony of the two witnesses for the crown, neither of whom could identify *both* the prisoners, nor was either of the prisoners identified by the two. For one of the accused, there was set up that sort of defence which is called an "alibi;" that is to say, proof that at the time when the outrage was committed, he was not at the place which was the scene of it, but elsewhere. The witnesses produced to prove this, seemed unimpeachable; but, jurors proverbially disbelieve an alibi, and both the men were declared to be guilty. The morning after the trial a person brought a note from the clergyman of his parish, to the counsel who defended the prisoners, stating, that the bearer was anxious to surrender himself to justice, as one of the perpetrators of the act for which an innocent man lay under sentence; for the judge had left them for execution. His lordship being applied to, refused to make any change in their fate; and said, he "would relinquish his judicial office rather:" but a memorial to the government procured the release of the man wrongfully convicted, without the proffered substitution. The second prisoner was hanged. The jury was palpably wrong! Was the judge right, either in the measurement of the punishment, or in the refusal to have it changed?

A third case suggests so many topics of reflection that it would appear a neglect of duty to omit it here. Three gentlemen, the surviving principal and the seconds in a duel that had terminated fatally, were tried for the wilful murder of the deceased. Their able counsel admitted the facts adduced in evidence; he admitted that the homicide proved was murder in the contemplation of the law; but he urged in

their defence, that the performance of the act, for which his clients were arraigned, was prescribed and enforced upon them by the sanction of society,—the only sanction to which we can refer the grave provisions of the law. The jury returned in a few minutes, and pronounced the prisoners “not guilty.” The finding—we shall not call it the verdict—of the jury was to say the least of it, a bold one. They knew that the first men in the land had been, and were still ready to be, guilty of a similar compliance with the authoritative bidding of society. They felt that the scorn of men, and stronger still—of *women*, would have pursued the unhappy principal, had he forborne to aim that deadly weapon; and they resolved that he should not be put to death, although that aim had been accidentally fatal, or murderously exact, merely because religion and chivalry had not agreed on the use of blank cartridge. Here then we see the usage of society prescribing an act, on pain of contemptuous exclusion as a coward from its ranks, and the law of society prohibiting the same act on pain of death; and we see the “generous perjury” of the jury interposing, to mediate between the conflicting provisions. Are there no other offences, the fruit of its defended excesses or established rules, a vindictive punishment of which the growing humanity of jurors may at length prevent, even at the cost by which these lives were saved?

While we write, a morning paper is laid before us, containing a narrative of the preparations for hurrying into eternity another human being, whom the law precludes from filling the allotted measure of his days, and over whose remains legislators are no doubt prepared to say—

“Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,—  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do: yet see you but our hands;  
And this, the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful.”

The columns before us contain also an ample detail of the conduct of those who came in crowds, to witness the last struggles of the wretched Courvoisier. Let us make some extracts:—

“As early as eight o'clock yesterday evening groups of persons began to assemble in front of the prison; and boys were to be seen soliciting customers for seats which remained *unlet*.”

We omit to copy what might be called the “box-sheet,” and forbear to revive public disgust, by repetition of the noble names which it contains:—

“At a later hour in the evening the Old Bailey resembled a fair, and the number of persons increased till midnight, when some returned to their homes to take rest between that time and morning; while others resolved to remain in the street all night rather than lose the chance of a commanding position. Men stood smoking their pipes, and relating anecdotes of criminals whom they had seen suffer on the same spot; while *women stood with infants in their arms listening to their narrations*.”

“At two o'clock the apparatus of death was brought out of the prison yard, and fixed in its proper place. The carpenters were occupied rather more than two hours in completing it. The sound of the hammers ceased as the bells of St. Sepulchres chimed a quarter after four. The completion of the work was signalled on the part of the mob, by a shout of triumph!

“The deportment of the majority of the people was becoming and orderly. But there were many of the very lowest orders of society present, who manifested all the levity and revolting coarseness of conduct which are usually observed at an execution. The general hum of conversation which was heard among the crowd, and the loud and heartless laugh that ever and anon struck the ear, would have induced a person, ignorant of the object which had called them together, to suppose they had come out for a holiday; or for the purpose of witnessing some passing pageant, rather than to behold a fellow-creature sacrificed on the scaffold.

“The moment he became visible to the mob, a dreadful yell of execration was raised, which went to the hearts of all around.”

What induced that “savage yell of execration?” Was it the recollection of the disgrace brought upon their country by the act of the assassin? He was a foreigner! therefore no disgrace could attach. Was it a sense of the dishonour to religion? That demonstration of rage came not from those, who might be supposed to feel the warmest interest in her behalf. Such persons were more likely to be found amongst the “majority, whose deportment was becoming and orderly.” Was it the indignation of virtuous men against him who had outraged virtue's laws? Oh! no; nor national pride—nor religion—nor manly virtue, were echoed in that “savage yell.” It denoted only the native ferocity of men that “knew not what they did:” in whom the violent impulses of nature, uncorrected by education, were rendered more ungovernable by familiarity with such scenes of death.

Those who advocate the continuance of these brutal exhibitions dwell much upon the “moral lesson” they afford. At what time, by their computation, does the effect of a moral lesson show itself? Immediately, or after a lapse of time? Is not the experience of human kind in favour of the former? Does not the recollection



of every man, who thinks at all, present to him a thousand purposes of amendment, formed in the house of God, and forgotten for the want of an hour's secluded meditation after the act of worship was at an end? But is there anybody who can recall an instance of moral improvement, arising ultimately from lessons that filled his heart with mingled levity and ferocity when taught? It may be answered, that the "becoming and orderly deportment" of "the majority," at the fatal scene, proves the efficacy of example, which we deny! But, passing over the practical refutation given to such an argument by the very fact of their appearance there, we would remark, that these were not the professed, or proper, objects of this "educational course;" but, the "many of the very lowest order of society, who manifested all the levity and revolting coarseness of demeanour, which are usually observed at an execution," those whom the writer designates "*a mob*,"—that insolent term by which power and wealth love to designate the crowd, who are the victims of their criminality or neglect. If any portion of a people be "*a mob*," the rulers of that people in their generations have to answer for it. And we think they will hardly arrest the judgment of God or man, if, when arraigned for the depravation of those over whom they were "set in authority," they point to the gallows, as the means which they adopted to redeem them.

We would dwell upon this case, because the victim of monstrous error is hardly yet cold from the hands of the execu-

tioner; and also, because it is a conclusive testimony, in the narrowest compass, against the evil we assail. On the authority it affords we say, that if this remedy were appropriate it would be uniformly attended with similar results; and we should not see those for whose improvement it was intended,

"Now melt into sorrow; now madden to crime."

Do we find it to be so? No; we learn that the sheriff and his attendants wept as they conducted their fettered victim to the threshold of eternity, to hurl him before the judgment seat, and force him, unprepared, upon his terrible account. But the multitude, *the audience!* whose "hum of conversation," whose "hearty laugh," would have induced the supposition, that "they had come out for a holiday, or to see some passing pageant," raised a dreadful execration when he appeared. If the spirit and character of the laws by which men are governed, demonstrably impress themselves upon every rank of society, surely we shall not need any excuse for returning to this subject again and again, iterating the question with which we have headed this brief recapitulation of the arguments of those, who have preceded us as champions of humanity—

"Must crime be punished but by other crimes?"

And backing the appeal that seems to rise from the lips of the last immolated victim, in the words of the Psalmist—

"What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?

"Shall the dust give thanks unto Thee, or shall it declare thy truth?"

## SONNETS—PICTURES FROM ALPINE SCENERY.

### THE POWER OF MIND.

My life is mostly all within—but yet  
I'm not so lost to all external things,  
So deep contemplative, as to find wings  
When beauty twines around me like a net;

As now by thy tall domes, Geneva—set  
In loveliness and light, whose shadowings  
O'er beauteous Leman's sun-seducing springs,  
Have wrought a scene I never can forget.

But glory from another source is thine;  
The glory of the past—of those whose minds  
Have o'er thee shed a ray well-nigh divine,  
So bright, so dazzling, that it almost blinds.  
Here "Wild Rousseau" first drew his native  
breath—  
Thy fame, Geneva, scorns the might of death.

### MAN—THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

I own I cannot join in thought with those  
Who in the scale of being, lower man!  
And in exulting contrast view the plan  
Of voiceless nature's most serene repose.

Ascending high Saint Bernard's Mount of Snows,  
There stands a house of pious men, who span  
The joy of living, by the good they can  
Confer on him who this rude pathway goes.

The place is moving—stirring up the heart  
With sacred thoughts to Him—thoughts pure  
and good—  
Who stamped His image with such varied art,  
On this vast mount and natural solitude;  
But grander far than such sublimity,  
I deem this Holy House of Charity. W. D.

## THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.\*

"*The dear ! dear ! sweet old Irish tunes.*" So cried O'Neill, the last of the Irish harpers, the tears coursing down his aged cheeks, as he contemplated, with deep anguish, the extinction of the old strains, which had been the delight of the Irish nation for so many ages. That affectionate exclamation was not uttered in vain. It sank deep in the mind of his hearer; and in Edward Bunting sprang up the strenuous ardour and untiring energy, which have rescued a great portion of the ancient melody of Ireland from oblivion; and preserved in its purity, and, as it were upon a record, the evidence of the most cultivated school of our national music.

We would speak of "schools;" for the humble Irish pipers must have had theirs, as had the harp; and there was, besides, that "finest of all instruments," the human voice, which no doubt had its own and appropriate school. Of these the harp bore the palm. It had been for ages the national instrument, the instrument of the native princes and their bards; and even in the decline of ancient manners, and so late as the eighteenth century itself, national habits had sanctified a custom which tended to ensure its cultivation. The profession of harper was reserved as a provision chiefly for those who happened to be blind; and the principal families were every where in the habit of entertaining those musicians, whose custom it was to travel about from house to house, remaining from a week to a month in each, and renewing the visit once in a short course of years. It was ever a day of rejoicing among the young and the old, when the venerable harper appeared, for the harmless lives, pleasing manners, and agreeable conversation of these men, as well as the charm of their performances, made the wanderers always welcome.

The race has now passed away; but, happily, memorials of their skill and of their music have been preserved.

At the period when Ireland, long oppressed and prostrate, at length looked to her own regeneration, and sought again to assume her place among the nations, an Irish gentleman, James Dungan, resident in Co-

penhagen, incited by the benevolent and patriotic desire of restoring our native music, and elevating the condition of the harpers, conceived the idea of instituting annual meetings, where skill in the composition and performance of native airs should be encouraged, and in which the gentry of the country might be induced to take an interest; and having remitted funds for the purpose, he succeeded, in the year 1781, in bringing about a well-attended meeting, for the revival of our ancient music, at his native town, Granard, in the county of Longford. Seven harpers assembled at this first meeting. A second took place in the succeeding year, but two new candidates only presented themselves, notwithstanding the celebrity of the first meeting, and although the second was still better and more numerously attended than the first. That which followed was the most splendid of the three; and Mr. Dungan himself came from Copenhagen to be present at it; yet, only two new names appeared on the list of harpers; and private jealousies having arisen, no attempt was afterwards made to renew the meetings.

Ten years afterwards some inhabitants of Belfast, animated by a similar spirit, associated themselves in an attempt to revive and perpetuate the ancient music and poetry of Ireland. Fortunately, they determined not only that the harpers should be assembled, but also "that a person well versed in the language and antiquities of the nation, should attend, *with a skilful musician*, to transcribe and arrange the most beautiful and interesting parts of their knowledge."

Ten harpers only responded to this call, a proof of the necessity which now existed of noting down as many as possible of those musical treasures, which might so soon perish, along with their venerable repositories. And no less fortunate was it that the office was assigned to such a man as Edward Bunting; a gentleman, who was not only gifted with admirable capacity for his task as a musician, but who, in discharging it, imbibed a pure, strong, and lasting passion for Irish melody, and who

\* The Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Piano Forte, to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harp and Harpers, including an account of the Old Melodies of Ireland. By Edward Bunting. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1840.

long survived, (and long may he yet live) to perpetuate the knowledge he acquired. It was well that the security of notation was so resorted to; for in 1809, two only of the ten harpers assembled at Belfast in July, 1792, were surviving, and those two are long since dead.

Before that time there had been but three attempts at collecting and publishing the native music of our country: one by Burke Thumoth, in 1720; another by Neill, of Christ Church-yard, soon after; and a third by Carolan's son, patronised by Dean Delany, about 1747. In all these, the collection was meagre; the tunes were often deprived of their peculiar character; and the arrangement was calculated chiefly for the flute or violin. Mr. Bunting's first publication, then, in 1796, was the only collection of genuine Irish harp music given to the world, up to that time. The means which he took to perfect himself for his task, we should be unwilling to describe in other language, than that which he himself has used, in his delightful and heart-stirring preface to the work before us:—

"The occasion which first confirmed the editor in this partiality for the airs of his native country, was the great meeting of the harpers at Belfast, in the year 1792. Before this time there had been several similar meetings at Granard, in the county of Longford, which had excited a surprising degree of interest in Irish music through that part of the country. The meeting at Belfast was, however, better attended than any that had yet taken place, and its effects more permanent, for it kindled an enthusiasm throughout the North, which is bright in some warm and honest hearts to this day. All the best of the old class of harpers—a race of men then nearly extinct, and now gone for ever—Denis Hempson, Arthur O'Neill, Charles Panning, and seven others, the least able of whom, has not left his like behind, were present. Hempson, who realised the antique picture, drawn by Cambrensis and Galilei, for he played with long crooked nails, and in his performance, 'the tinkling of the small wires under the deep notes of the bass,' was peculiarly thrilling, took the attention of the editor with a degree of interest which he never can forget. He was the only one who played the very old—the aboriginal—music of the country; and this he did in a style of such finished excellence as persuaded the editor that the praises of the old Irish harp in Cambrensis, Fuller, and others, instead of being, as the detractors of the country are fond of asserting, ill-considered, and indiscriminate, were in reality no more than a just tribute to that admirable instrument, and its then professors. But, more than anything else, the conversation of Arthur O'Neill, who, although not so absolute a harper as Hempson, was more a man of the world, and had travelled in his calling over all parts of Ireland, won and delighted him. All that the genius of later poets and romance writers has feigned of the wandering minstrel, was realised in this man. There

was no house of any note in the north of Ireland, as far as Meath on the one hand, and Sligo on the other, in which he was not well known, and eagerly sought after. Carolan had been his immediate predecessor, and those who have taken any interest in the life of the elder minstrel, will readily recognise the names of Charles O'Connor, of Belanagar, Toby Peyton, of Lisduff, James Irwin, of Streamstown, Mrs. Crofton, of Longford, Con O'Donnell, of Larkfield, Squire Jones, of Moneyglass—not to detain the reader with a longer enumeration—all of whom are to be found among the list of O'Neill's friends and entertainers. He had also been, when a youth, to the south, where his principal patron was the famous Thurlagh Oge O'Sullivan, of Bearhaven, a man who led quite the life of an old Irish chieftain, and whose memory is still vividly preserved in the lays and traditions of the county of Cork. O'Neill was of the great Tyrone family, an prided himself on his descent, and on supporting, to some extent, the character of a gentleman harper. Although blind from his youth, he possessed a surprising capacity, for the observation of men and manners. He had been the intimate friend of Acland Kane, who had played before the Pretender, the Pope, and the King of Spain. He himself had played on Brian Boru's harp, strung for the occasion, through the streets of Limerick, in the year 1760; in a word, he was a man whose conversation was enough to enamour any one of Irish music, much more one so enthusiastic in *every thing Irish* as the editor.

"Animated by the countenance and assistance of several townsmen of congenial taste and habits, of whom his excellent friend, Dr. James M'Donnell, is now, alas! the only survivor, and assisted, to a great extent, by O'Neill and the other harpers present on this memorable occasion, the editor, immediately after the termination of the meeting, commenced forming his first collection. For this purpose he travelled into Derry and Tyrone, visiting Hempson, after his return to Magilligan, in the former county, and spending a good part of the summer about Ballinascreen and other mountain districts in the latter, where he obtained a great number of admirable airs from the country people. His principal acquisitions were, however, made in the province of Connaught, whither he was invited by the celebrated Richard Kirwan, of Cregg, the philosopher, and founder of the Royal Irish Academy, who was himself an ardent lover of the native music, and who was of such influence in that part of the country, as procured the editor a ready opportunity of obtaining tunes, both from high and low. Having succeeded beyond his expectations, he returned to Belfast, and in the year 1796 produced his first volume, containing sixty-six native Irish airs, never before published."

In subsequent years he made repeated journeys through all parts of the country, where he had any expectation of finding the old music preserved, but chiefly through Ulster and Connaught, never relaxing in his efforts to procure as many more airs as he could collect; and he published his second volume, containing seventy-five additional tunes, with a dissertation on the Irish harp prefixed, in 1809. Mr. Bunting proceeds—

"In preparing the materials of the second pub-

lication, the editor had occasion frequently to visit Hempson, who was now bed-ridden, being over one hundred years old. From him he not only procured many of the best and most ancient pieces in the whole collection, but learned also his peculiar mode of playing and fingering—the identical manner described by Cambrensis—together with a great number of the terms of musical science used among the old Irish, and of which he had already got a large collection from O'Neill. Being in possession of these technical terms, and having learned their practical illustration from the very wires of Hempson's harp, "that Queen of Music,"\* as it was called in those days, he began to entertain the hope of being able to do something more for Irish music, than merely to collect and publish its remains, as so many disjecta membra citharæ; and, with this object in view, he has endeavoured for the last thirty years, not only to procure all the genuine airs hitherto unpublished, and to arrange them in the true harp style, as they may have been played by the Scotts, O'Cabans, and Connallons of former times, and as they would now be played by Hempson, if he were still alive; but also, so to classify them as to render the whole series subservient to an investigation of the principles and history of our native music, an investigation which he is well aware he can only conduct a comparatively short distance; but one, in which to make any progress, is worth so much, that, if he has succeeded in effecting ever so little, he counts the time and labour he has spent in the pursuit as nothing."

The result has been the present beautiful volume, in which the entire number of airs is upwards of one hundred and fifty, and of these considerably more than one hundred and twenty are now, for the first time, published. These are accompanied with several interesting essays; on the characteristics of Irish melody; on the method of playing, and musical vocabulary of the old Irish harpers; on the antiquity of the harp and bagpipe in Ireland, (by his friends Messrs. Samuel Ferguson and George Petrie); on the various efforts to revive the Irish harp; with anecdotes of the more distinguished harpers of the last two centuries, and notices of the more remarkable melodies and pieces of the collection.

In editing his music, Mr. Bunting has brought one most important principle into constant action, which cannot be too highly prized. His chief aim throughout has been "TO GUARD THE PRIMITIVE AIR WITH A RELIGIOUS VENERATION;" and to this, as he says, he has made every thing else subordinate. His next object has been to give the airs arranged "in true

harp style" for the piano forte; and, as he adds, "finding that the adaptation of words, even of those to which the airs have been sung for generations back, being embarrassed by a defective accompaniment, interferes with the purity of their arrangement, he has, in almost every instance, given the music alone."

In the classification of Irish airs which he makes, he distinguishes them with reference to their dates, assigning each air, in his present publication, to one or other of three distinct epochs, as, the very ancient, the ancient, and those composed from the time of Carolan, (born 1670, died 1738), to that of Jackson and Stirling, (about 1775); for, as he says, "since the death of the latter composer, the production of new melodies in Ireland has wholly ceased."

For the Irish harp, the harpers and their music, Mr. Bunting's enthusiasm rises to the highest pitch; and the result of his labours, his system, and his enthusiasm, is, that wherever the music was, in its origin, harp music, we have the most complete assurance, that we are now possessed, in Mr. Bunting's edition, of the true and genuine composition. His fidelity in giving what he heard, exactly as he heard it, is unquestionable; and with equal confidence may it be taken, that the Irish harpers did not alter the tunes they learned, but played them exactly as they had been taught by their masters, preserving inviolate their traditional integrity.

Hence, in the case of harp airs, Mr. Bunting's publication is absolute perfection. He has given us, and perhaps he alone of all men living was qualified to give us, the music of Carolan, and his predecessors, characteristically as its inventors fixed it in existence. So, we have the highest probability, that in the remaining airs, generally, he has recorded for us faithfully the mode in which those airs, though not composed for the harp, were traditionally performed by the old harpers; or, when he derived his acquaintance with them from other sources, the mode in which they *would* have been played by the harpers. This is an inestimable acquisition.

With respect also to the airs, which he has picked up from sources other than the harpers, he gives us the strong assurance of his experience that the tunes must be genuine. A strain of music, he says, once impressed on the popular ear, never varies. For taste in music is so universal, espe-

\* "In the days of Noah I was green;  
After his flood I've not been seen  
Until seventeen hundred and two I was found  
By Cormac Kelly, under ground;  
He raised me up to that degree,  
Queen of Music they call me."

cially among country people and in a pastoral age, and airs are so easily, indeed in many instances so intuitively acquired, that when a melody has once been divulged in any district, a criterion is immediately established in almost every ear; and this criterion being the more infallible in proportion as it requires less effort in judging, we have thus, in all situations, and at all times, a tribunal of the utmost accuracy and of unequalled impartiality, (for it is unconscious of the exercise of its own authority,) governing the musical traditions of the people, and preserving the native airs and melodies of every country, in their integrity, and from the earliest periods." And he concludes, that so long as the musical collector or antiquary confines his search, to the native districts of the tunes he seeks for, he may always be certain of the absolute and unimpeachable authority of every note he procures.

In addition to these assurances, Mr. Bunting supplies us with admirable materials, whereby to form our own opinions of the genuineness of the airs. He has only left us to regret that he did not pursue his investigations farther, and in a direction distinct from that in which he has traced the several airs to their epochs,—namely, by an inquiry into the probable origin of the airs. He has every where shown that his mind is full of the subject to which we refer, though he has no where precisely developed his ideas with respect to it.

We have already intimated our view, that there were three separate sources of our national melodies—that they were formed either for the harp, the pipes, or the voice. There remains, then, this investigation upon each air; to which of the three classes does it essentially belong? Is it of the harp—of the pipes—or of the voice?

Here again, Mr. Bunting's work supplies materials; he gives us the sources of his own imagination, where, when, and from whom procured; he gives us, in the cases of the more modern airs, the names of the authors, where he could procure them; he uniformly supplies the names he got for the airs; and he has enriched his work, especially in the chronological series, with valuable observations. Some of these enable us to put together a few thoughts, as to the means we possess of tracing our airs to their sources.

The ancient bag-pipe was incapable of producing properly, either the fourth or the seventh tones of the diatonic scale. The harp on the other hand had its thirty

strings, comprising the full diatonic scale, for the joint compass of the voices both of man and woman; but the diatonic scale only tuned at one time in the key of C., with F. natural; at another with the key of C., and F. sharp. The limits imposed by these instruments would, by habitual use, naturally effect the character of the national melody; so that even the voice music of the country would mainly be confined within them; but it would not be necessarily so confined. Mr. Bunting successfully and happily refutes those, who would argue against the antiquity of some of our best music, on the ground that the characteristics of genuine Irish melody, are those of omission merely of the fourth and seventh; and proves that airs, not characterized by the omission of the fourth and seventh, are yet quite Irish in their structure. In the same manner an air may overstep the limits of the harp scale, which except in the use of a flat seventh, would be confined to the diatonic scale, and yet be quite Irish in its structure.

Pursuing his analysis, he shows that the feature which in truth distinguishes all Irish melody, whether proper to the defective bag-pipe, or suited to the harp, (or, he might have added, to the perfect voice) is not the negative omission, but the positive and emphatic presence of a particular tone, which he shows to be the Major Sixth, or in other words, the note A in the scale of C, or the note E in the scale of G. "This it is that stamps the character on every bar of the air in which it occurs, so that the moment this tone is heard, we exclaim, 'that is an Irish melody.'" We glory in him, whilst he revels in the enjoyment of his discovery. "Peculiar and deeply delightful sensations," says he, "attend the intonation of this chord when struck in a sequence of musical sounds; sensations which thrill every ear, and may be said to touch the 'leading sinews' of the Irish heart. There are many hundred genuine Irish airs, some of them defective in the fourth and seventh, some supplying the place of the latter by a flat seventh, and others again perfect in all their diatonic intervals; yet let even an indifferent ear catch the strain of any one of them, whether performed by the best orchestra, or by the meanest street musician, and it will at once feel thrilled by the searching tone of the emphatic Major Sixth; and in that touching and tingling sensation will recognize the proper voice of the Land of Song."

This characteristic is common to our airs of every class.

In distinguishing the pipe tunes, the omission of the fourth and seventh affords a means of indication. An aptitude to a droning bass, of course, gives another. Where these two combine, as in the air, "What is that to him," (p. 15) the inference becomes very powerful; and accordingly, we find Mr. Bunting incidentally classing it as one of our "song and pipe tunes," by which we suppose him to mean a pipe tune made vocal.

Again, we may distinguish the harp tunes by a necessity for a strongly varied diatonic bass, such as when we find the peculiar note, the Major Sixth in the melody, having for its harmony the Major Concord of the Fourth, a form on which Mr. Bunting particularly observes as of frequent recurrence. An instrumental frame in the melody furnishes further evidence of the same tendency; and where both of these indications are found, as in the air "Kitty Tyrrell," (p. 15.) little doubt of the conclusion can remain; and accordingly we find him giving this air as representing "the perfect harp lesson." The second chapter of the work before us is a complete manual for the study of the Irish harp, to which the musical reader will refer with delight.

The pure song is to be separated from both the above classes, and in doing this lies the greatest difficulty of an accurate classification. A varied though simple harmony, and easy and graceful form in the melody, especially when suited to marked expression in prolonged tones, and essential notes departing from the diatonic scale,—these and the like would form some of the elements for the determination.

Occasional expressions in his book intimate that Mr. Bunting fully appreciates "Irish song music," as a separate body of national melody; although he has not followed those ideas into the detail, which he has used on most other subjects.

Independently of that great principal characteristic of Irish melody, "the Emphatic Sixth, which Mr. Bunting has so happily pointed out, he notices a peculiarity of structure and arrangement, observable chiefly in the class of very old airs, which are, for the most part in a major key, in triple ( $\frac{3}{4}$ ) time, and in few parts; the first modulated on the key note and closing upon it; the second an octave higher, modulated from the key note to its fifth; the third modulated on the key note

either to the fourth, with its major concord, or the sixth with its minor concord, the melody proceeding to the emphatic sixth; and the last part returning with a slight difference, to the first part of the tune. Most of the airs coming within this arrangement we must consider vocal; at all events they are plainly not derived from the pipes.

Perhaps it has been from not minutely attending to those distinctions, and partly too perhaps, from his being so thoroughly and ardently enamoured of the music of our harp school, that he has drawn some conclusions in which we do not quite agree with him: as when he supposes that versions of some of our national songs, which he received from the harpers, are more surely originals than the airs, commonly received as such; as that of "Eileen a Ruane" (No. 128), and that called "Little Molly O!" (No. 90), from which he says (p. 17), the popular air of "Molly Astore" is taken. The former he got from Hampson, the latter from Fanning, in 1792, both of them harpers. But what are these but varieties of the airs? Of the utmost purity of Irish style we admit, and therefore, we esteem the publication of them invaluable; besides being beautiful in themselves, they furnish noble materials whereby to test the true versions of those songs. But plainly those versions are not purely vocal; and to say that either of the airs in question is anything essentially but a melody of pure voice, is a proposition to which we must confess ourselves utterly irreconcilable.

Occasionally he applies a somewhat laboured arrangement to an air purely vocal. Thus with the plain and tender air, "Clara Burke" (No. 99), we own we should prefer a light, flowing, dreamy accompaniment.

But we confess ourselves too highly pleased with all that Mr. Bunting has given us, to dwell for another moment upon what he has not; and delighted as we are with the analysis he affords us for ascertaining, from the qualities common to the airs, the true essentials of all Irish music, and with the materials he furnishes for investigating its sorts, we are not the less charmed with the contemplation of the variety of the modes, in which the native genius exhibited its powers, of which the present publication exhibits many new specimens.

What can exceed in beauty "The Lame Yellow Beggar," (No. 20,) written by O'Gahan, 1650, and said to have been composed by him in reference to his own fallen

fortunes, towards the end of his career? In the same style, but with striking difference, we have afterwards another lovely air, "The Wheelright," (No. 35.) The sound put in the former is composed of two equal phrases of four bars each, in the latter of three such phrases. In the first air in the collection, the first part is composed of three such phrases, and the second of five, the last three being a return of the first part. In "The Rejected Lover," (No. 55,) the phrases are divided into single bars each, the extreme shortness of which produces a singular effect, almost seeming to betray the sighs and sobs of the unhappy subject of the song.

The division of "Scott's Lamentation for the Baron of Loughmoe," (No. 8,) is made in a manner we have never before witnessed in music. It is founded on phrases of *three bars* in triple time. The first two parts are each composed of *two* of these phrases, introduced by a bell-like leading strain. The third part is composed of *four* such phrases, and the fourth and fifth of *seven* each. The effect, as might be expected, is altogether unique.

The break—followed by a return to some thought in a previous phrase—a thing which gives so much life to many a merry Irish strain, is well illustrated in "Did you see the Black Rogue," (No. 6,) an air which from its bass, the absence of the fourth from its melody, and a very sparing use of the seventh, we may class as a pipe tune. In "Patrick's Day," (No. 91,) the singular effect of the break is heightened by its coming upon a phrase only half the length of the other phrases of the air; the setting here given has, however, nothing remarkable in it, beyond its simplicity.

A still milder effect is that produced by terminating the melody on the fifth of the key, as in the pipe tunes, Nos. 6, and 108. The same effect is produced in "The Summer's Coming," which appears to be a perfect harp tune. So in No. 8, which seems a song. In No. 9, the ending on the apparent key note has a like effect. In this the abrupt beginning on the flat seventh heightens the singularity; and the rushing stream of wildness which sweeps through the air renders it delicious. From its strain as well as from the presence of the flat seventh, and the absence of the sharp seventh, it is evidently a harp air.

Mr. Bunting deprecates with much warmth the "supposed emendations" of the Irish Melodies by Sir John Stevenson; and although fully impressed with the sur-

passing beauty of the songs of our first lyric writer, yet he deeply deprecates the fact, that in these "new Irish melodies," the work of the poet was accounted of so paramount an interest, that the proper order of song writing was in many instances inverted, and instead of the words being adapted to the tune, the tune was too often adapted to the words. He pathetically laments that the tunes have been carried altogether out of their old sphere among the simple and tradition-loving people of the country, with whom many of the "new melodies," to this day, are hardly suspected to be themselves; and he is unable to conceal his chagrin at seeing the old national music, which it has been his ambition to preserve in its integrity, "thus unworthily handled, and sent abroad throughout the world, in a dress so unlike its native garb."

We trust that the rebukes, which are thus dealt out by an authority so high, and with a hand so unsparing, will not be without their effect. It is too much the fashion, when a native air becomes a favorite, to change the structure, both of its melody and its modulation, into something foreign to the genius of its music; and too little attention has been paid to the sources of variety, appropriate to its genius, which the study of genuine national music would furnish.

It is now a difficult matter to determine how far singing in parts, or in choirs, was used in ancient Irish music. Traces of its existence in the church service, at least in our ancient monasteries, have been preserved. (pp. 50, 51). It is remarkable that several of our airs indicate the form of the duet; and some of those in the present collection, with slight alteration, might be so arranged; such are "In this village there lives a fair maid," (No. 15), and "Sweet Portaferry," (No. 76). "The gentle maiden," (No. 48), seems almost to have been conceived for a full harmony of voices. We would be glad to see this subject attended to, provided that it were only attempted where the additional parts themselves would prove genuinely Irish; for we are by no means disposed to enjoy the *perversions* of our native music.

The choral character was certainly acknowledged; thus in the present collection we find a chorus called the "Cronan" to the air "Ballinderry," (No. 56), which is remarkable.

We cannot conclude this notice without referring to the settings, so admirable and

complete, of the *Gall* and *Caoinan*, or the Irish Cry, given us at p. 88, (No. 3), and the Cry, as sung in Ulster, (No. 81). To this day you may hear, as a funeral procession winds through the mountains, in the most remote district of Munster, the same appalling, wondrous, and beautiful form of choral melody, sung by a thousand voices, which Mr. Bunting heard, and noted, in the last century, among the professed keeners in the North; he has seen it in a MS. above one hundred years old; and he adduces reasons for referring it (from its words,) to no later a date than the tenth century. But to what less antiquity, than a date coeval with the earliest existence of the nation, can we attribute a

music so handed down with the tradition of solemn national custom, through parts wholly disconnected; and with an identity so perfect, that the very sight of the old notings of the northern cry, vividly recalls to the mind every turn of the thrilling keen, as it has been borne to our ears on the breezes of the south?

As a specimen of native art the present publication is most interesting. But we cannot say half what we want to say about this glorious book, within the limits of a single paper. Meanwhile, reader, go and buy it; and by the time you are familiar with its contents, we shall be ready to have another talk with you over it.

## THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE recent Anti-Slavery Convention of the Christian nations of the world—for the representative opinion of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Spain, and America, may be fairly taken upon such a question, as that of Christendom—is a remarkable event in the history of human amelioration. Whether all that was hoped from its assembling, be realised or no, or whether the good fruit of its exertions, appear and ripen in a year or a generation, is not the question now to be considered. A great and good thing in itself has been accomplished. The delegates of nations, unarmed, save with the energy of faith in God, and charity towards suffering man,—unauthorised, save by the authority of public opinion in favour of human liberty,—have met together, and joined hands in mutual pledge, that in every Christian land, a cry of execration shall henceforth be raised against the abomination of coloured bondage—a cry never to be hushed, till that abomination be driven from the face of a too long polluted earth.

The Convention assembled in London, at the Free-mason's Hall, on Friday, 12th June. Our expectations, we confess, were high, and the reality did not disappoint them. We thought from the first moment the idea was broached, of thus calling together "the pledged philanthropy of earth," that the conception was a truly noble one. The jealousies of national independence had long stood in the way of the spread of

righteous sympathy, between good men in different countries on the subject of slavery; but here was a way proposed of clearing at a bound, all the barriers which had hitherto interposed. It grasped the universe in its wide-spread arms; it forgot the distinction of clime, and hue, and dialect, and sought to unite all races in one vast brotherhood, as the children of one common Father.

We rejoice that it has been permitted us to witness the first realization of such a thought. We trust it is but the commencement of our breathing in an increased degree, "peace on earth, and good will to men." It asked not who are, or who had been our enemies, or our rivals. It was in fine, as we believe, the first practical attempt ever made to band men of all countries together, to work and co-operate in the wide field of universal good. The immediate object was that of destroying one of the foulest monsters that walked the earth—personal slavery; that which lowers man to the level of the brute, which consigns alike, to the depths of degradation, the master and the slave.

And truly, there were sad tales told—of deadly cruelty in Spanish Cuba, in Portuguese Brazil, and in many other places; but, foremost in the catalogue of reproach, stood free, republican America! America—the rallying ground of modern liberty; but how debased, degraded, covered with infamy, from holding in the iron fetters of slavery,



nearly three millions of her subjects. Liberty of opinion, and free discussion, scared and affrighted thence, have either fled to other lands, or sought a congenial dwelling in the breasts of the few noble spirits, who are still the faithful depositaries of the down-trodden charter of their country's rights?

And, let none say—we have nought to do with this. Shall we be silent, when the choicest spirits of America, have said, “Come and help us? You can powerfully aid the cause of liberty by your influence, your co-operation, and, above all, by your pens.”

America looks to slavery-hating England, and to slavery-hating Ireland, for they are her parents from whom she is sprung. Her population read with avidity, our literature, both standard and periodical: would that there was in its pages, more of fire in the cause of the poor down-trodden slave. Free expression of European sentiment, on behalf of freedom, will be read, when their home productions would be consigned to the flames.

Again, is not America the refuge of thousands of our sons? Shall we, if our efforts can prevent it, suffer them to leave the land of their fathers, only to swell the ranks of tyranny? Shall we not tell them what they may expect in America, and what they ought to do? Shall we not tell them, that slavery still reigns there;—that in the South, the poor, degraded, coloured man, groans under the lash of the driver;—that in the North, the miserable prejudice against colour, bars him from those rights which—oh, shame on a recreant land—America has declared, are the inalienable inheritance of every human being; and that though the fetter cannot be rivetted there, yet a cruel law prevents the coloured man participating in those civil privileges which, by every principle of justice, are his;—that they are unworthy the name of Irishmen, if they do not, from the moment of their landing, side with those who are against the continuance of these things. Oh, that we could impress on all, the immense value of a sound Irish and English Anti-Slavery feeling, on the destinies of America!

But do we see no other advantages in agitating the wrongs of others, besides our own? Aye, that we do. The moral vision of many amongst us, is obscured by local prejudice. But point them to the far West—to a slave-degraded soil; or take them to the East, and show them more

than one hundred millions of British subjects degraded to the very earth by misrule, the victims of a vast system of oppression, and rack-rents, and absenteeism—and they will become indignant, and eloquent in their cause; they will drink at the well-spring of liberty, in a foreign land, and they will acknowledge those great principles of freedom, as truths which they would never have, perhaps, been induced to admit at home. Do we not then see that, in thus enlarging our circle of sympathy, we are kindling a flame which must be powerfully reflected back for our own good.

We will not digress further—that is, if we can help it. Meantime we shall be asked—was this call for a world's convention, cordially responded to? We answer—it was, considering its novelty and its suddenness.

In the foremost rank stood J. G. Birney, Esq. once an Alabama slave-holder; but, true to principle, so soon as he became convinced that slavery was a sin, he manumitted first his own slaves, and afterwards a number he received by inheritance; and removing to New York, he became one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and now devotes his time, his fortune, and his influence, to the cause of liberty. Then we had Messrs. Bradburn and Sprague, both members of their State legislatures; Messrs. Dawes and Keep, as a deputation from the Oberlin Institute; Wendall Phillips, H. E. Stanton, Fuller, Colonel Miller, Professor Adam, Author of “Slavery of India,” Charles E. Lester, and many others. And at a later period of the Convention, though from some cause he did not take part in its deliberations, that simple and intrepid first great public advocate of the poor trodden coloured man, Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Then again, for we now suppose ourselves in the Convention, on the first morning of its session—who are that group just entering? They are MM. Isambert, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and one of the judges of France; Cremieux, Vice-President of the French Jewish Synagogue; and M. Laure—these compose the deputation from France. Behind them is L’Instant, a native and delegate from the free and thriving republic of Haiti. He who accompanies them is Doctor Bowring, and beside him is Doctor Rolph. Our attention is next directed to a group of remarkable looking men: we see two negroes, and ponder stout and

stout person, his face deeply tinged with a tropical sun, is William Knibb, the Baptist Missionary in Jamaica. These are two of the emancipated negroes, who with the Rev. John Clarke, Dr. Prince, and one or two others, are the delegation from Jamaica; they have brought over one hundred pounds, a donation from the colonial population there, to the Anti-Slavery Society—the second or third they have sent. Again, who is that determined and intelligent looking man? That is Judge Jeremie, of Ceylon, a noble advocate of the negro's rights, and one who has suffered much in their cause; and there is Joseph Sturge, the Howard of the cause of coloured humanity. Again, there is Dr. Greville, of Edinburgh; and Geo. Thompson, the untiring friend of India; Josiah Corder, Dr. Madden; David Turnbull; Samuel I. Prescott, the uncompromising editor of the "Barbadoes Liberal;" Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham; and our countryman, the Rev. J. Burnet. There were in all four hundred and ninety-three delegates returned; and comparatively few failed to attend.

But who is entering now? The venerable Thomas Clarkson, the father of the abolition cause. He is bent beneath the weight of eighty winters; this is he who fifty-seven years ago, stopped his horse, when travelling, knelt down upon the road, and before God devoted his life to the cause of the slave. He is accompanied by William Allen, a veteran philanthropist, and by his son's widow and her child, the young Thomas Clarkson, the sole representative of his venerable grandfather. There is no applause, but every eye is bent on the group as they advance slowly. It is because on a late occasion, when he appeared in public, he was quite overcome by the greetings of the audience, and obliged to retire: and a request was previously made of the delegates, by W. T. Blair, Esq. of Bath, that he should be received with no other demonstration of respect, than that of the assembly rising on his entrance.

Now he has taken the chair. But for whom is this burst of applause with diffidely checked on account of the chairman, by the more considerate part of the meeting. Well, it is excusable. Welcome O'Connell, the long tried, consistent, and untiring advocate of negro freedom; his worst enemies cannot deny him that title. See the warm greeting which passes between him and the venerable chairman:

And again, here are Sir J. E. E. Wilmot, the leader in 1838 of the successful majority of *three* for complete emancipation, and Edward Baines, Esq. the proprietor of the Leeds Mercury, all delegates, together with many other members of parliament.

After a pause of a few moments to allow the venerable chairman to recover himself, Joseph Sturge rose, and taking the young Thomas Clarkson by the hand, made a few observations, which went home to the hearts of all present:—"Those who have known our dear friend who is in the chair, only by the unimpaired vigour and intellect which he exhibited in the cause of the negro in former years, can little estimate his present bodily infirmities. But it was the earnest, the unanimous wish of the Committee, that he should be present on this interesting occasion, and preside over us;" and then, after a few other observations, turning to the intelligent child beside him, he added, "I believe, in venturing to give expression to the prayer of my heart, that the blessing of God may rest upon him, and that with the descent of the mantle of his venerable and venerated ancestor, a double portion of his spirit may rest upon him, it will be responded to by all who surround me. When many of us are removed to that bourne, where the 'wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' and where the distinctions of clime and colour will be swept away for ever, may he see that the Divine blessing has rested upon our exertions, and behold that happy day when the sun shall cease to rise upon a tyrant, or set upon a slave."

The venerable chairman then rose, and with an energy which showed that though his bodily powers were fast weakening, his heart was still true to the polar star of his early enthusiasm, delivered a short address to the meeting. His language was full of encouragement. He had long toiled for the slave, and could encourage others to do the same. Had he his life to live over again, he would do as he had done. He spoke of his early friends and coadjutors, who were now all gone. But he rejoiced in standing in the midst of such an assembly. A great work had been performed, but they had still much to do: it was neither more nor less than the extirpation of slavery from the whole world. And then he spoke of recreant America, and of her millions of slaves; and of the one hundred millions of India; and how it was by their

free labour that the accursed system was to be uprooted. He closed with a most impressive benediction on the meeting and its objects. Many others followed, amongst them O'Connell. He spoke of all that was achieved, but of how much still remained to be done. The slave-trade was rampant in all its horrors, and the worst species of slavery existed in the East Indies. He too spoke of America, and of her noble abolitionists, and of their intrepidity and their perils. The delegation now assembled was the most important that had ever met; but in proportion to its importance, so was its responsibility; if they did not act effectually, better they had never come together. Mr. Bradburn, the fearless advocate of the rights of the coloured man in the legislature of Massachusetts, followed. He spoke of their difficulties and struggles; and added, alluding to the chairman and O'Connell, "These are the two men, whom I have often said, I would go further to see, than any other persons in the universe." One other speaker we shall not soon forget, it was Henry Bedford, two years ago a slave. If the intended painting of the Convention is proceeded with, we trust the time chosen will be when, this emancipated bondsman stepped on the platform, and warmly shook hands with the venerable chairman, saying to him and to the meeting—"I was a slave for twenty-eight years, *but look at me, and work on.*"

We pass to the second day, when an able paper on the essential sinfulness of Slavery was read by the Rev. B. Godwin, of Oxford, on which an animated discussion rose; and a committee was finally appointed to prepare resolutions on the subject of the American Churches.

Professor Adam, who has resided twenty years in British India, brought the subject of East India slavery before the Convention. The facts stated by him were most startling. It appears there are by the lowest calculation, five hundred thousand slaves in the Indian dependencies of England, most probably a much larger number, and that in many places they are in the lowest state of degradation. That although in 1833, measures were directed to be taken for its abolition, but little has since been done. The great evil appears to have been, the recognition of Hindoo and Mahomedan slavery by the British government. We feel it to be of extreme importance, that this disgrace to Britain should be immediately removed; additionally so, from

the prospect presented of developing India's resources; lest like America, the system of slavery might become engrafted upon her new institutions, and require a great amount of labour for its removal. Mr. George William Alexander also gave some account of slavery in the Danish colonies, by which it appeared that in St. Croix alone, the slave population had decreased seven thousand between the years 1810 and 1836.

On Monday, the leading subject of the day was American Slavery. It was ably introduced by G. G. Birney, Esq. who in an admirable, clear, and concise address, explained the position of the federal and state government, with reference to this question.

He was followed by Mr. O'Connell, who in his own forcible and peculiar style, denounced the Americans for their inconsistency. He was followed by Messrs. Phillips, Bradburn, Stanton, and other Americans, who powerfully portrayed the state of society in the union through the influence of slavery. Their united language was, "Come and help us," particularly dwelling on the importance of having our literature imbued with Anti-Slavery sentiments. We trust this call will be as fully responded to as its importance demands.

On the following day the subject of slavery in the French colonies was before the Convention. It was introduced by David Turnbull, Esq., the talented author of a work on Cuba, who is at present resident in Paris, and had lately been honoured with an audience by Louis Philippe. Dr. Bowring then introduced the French delegates, Messrs. Isambert, Cremieux, and Laure, who delivered eloquent addresses, which were admirably translated by Dr. Bowring. An animated discussion followed. The prospect in France is highly encouraging. The King is favourable to the liberating of the negro. France is pledged to abolition. But two most objectionable modes which have been proposed must be abandoned, if she would reap all the glory, which the assertion of a great political principle must bestow. She speaks of gradual emancipation, and that the slaves must pay for what is their inalienable birth-right! But the negro has suffered long enough. His emancipation must be unconditional, immediate. *We made the woful error in our legislation, of giving twenty millions to the planter, which was due to the slave for his multiplied wrongs.*

Let France assert the liberty of the negro without compromise and without limitation.

The next question was that of slavery in the Swedish and Dutch possessions. Mr. George William Alexander, treasurer of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, who, at a great sacrifice of valuable time, visited Sweden and Holland last year, for the purpose of collecting information and forwarding the cause of abolition, detailed the result of his enquiries to the Convention. It appears there are from sixty to seventy thousand slaves in Surinam; and from one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand, in all the West India colonies of Holland.

The investigations of this intelligent gentleman and his colleague, Mr. James Whitehorn, were of necessity confined chiefly to Surinam. There, it was too evident, the essentially murderous system pursued with slave cultivation of sugar extensively prevails. The decrease of population averages about five per cent. per annum—an awful waste of human life! The whip is used; the sacred institution of marriage is hardly known. In 1830 but two marriages took place in the whole colonial population. Women are driven to the field in a state of pregnancy, and vast numbers of children perish from want of care. But little attention appeared to have been hitherto turned to the subject of the enormity of slavery in those countries. The Convention subsequently prepared addresses to the sovereigns of those kingdoms, to be circulated amongst their people.

The condition of Mahomedan slavery was next introduced by Dr. Bowring, in a speech of much power and eloquence. He pointed to Eastern Asia, as a field of promise for the labour of the friends of emancipation. He was bound to say, "that Mahomedan oppression was not so severe on the slave as that of professing Christians; that there they knew no distinction of colour, they had no nobility of skin; white men of the highest rank married black women; and black men frequently occupied the highest social and official situations. At the present moment the Scheriff of Mecca, the ruler of the holy city of the Mussulmen, is as black as a raven."

Again, in speaking of the abolition of the slave trade—"He was quite convinced that if, at the present moment, the influence of the christian powers were properly exercised at Constantinople, something might be obtained. He was confident it would be possible, by direct negotiation,

to obtain the concurrence of the Pacha of Egypt, the most influential of Mahomedan sovereigns, and the only one now rising in influence. The sufferings of the blacks in Eastern Africa were beyond all description. In fact, the slave trade in that country was the curse of the human race there." At a subsequent period of the convention a committee appointed for the purpose brought in an address to the Pacha of Egypt, on the subject of the abolition of slavery; and another to Lord Palmerston, urging him to use his influence with the Egyptian government for this object.

On Wednesday, Mr. Turnbull introduced his plan for the suppression of the slave trade, when, after an animated discussion, it was referred to the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Its leading features are detailed in his valuable work on Cuba and Porto Rico, to which we earnestly refer our readers. His plan is unquestionably well worthy of consideration; but we greatly fear that no increased powers given to the Mixed Commission, can be effectively followed up; we believe that the root of the evil lies in slavery itself, and that until it is abolished, it will be in vain to hope for the suppression of the slave trade.

The subject of Spanish slavery was next before the convention; and for the following graphic sketch of our talented and enterprising countryman, Dr. Madden, we are indebted to the Leeds Mercury. We may add, that he has just been appointed by government to proceed to Damascus, on the responsible mission of investigating the causes of the persecution of the Jews; and that subsequently it is intended he shall visit Africa, as one of the commissioners for the suppression of the slave trade there.

"This gentleman, distinguished as a traveller and a man of letters, but more distinguished as a philanthropist, has filled for several years past, the responsible office of a judge-arbitrator of the Mixed Commission court at Havana, and more recently of protector of the Africans in Cuba, liberated under the decrees of that court. His speech occupies four very closely printed columns of the *Sun*, and is an exposition of the subject, in the highest degree valuable and important. Spanish slavery is now, for the first time, laid open. It has always been considered to wear "a peculiar character of mildness." Dr. Madden has divested it of these pretensions to benevolence, and has exhi-

bited it in its true features of atrocity and horror. In law and in theory, Spanish slavery is the mildest of all—a state surrounded by immunities and protections; in practice it is slavery as revolting as ever disgraced the British colonies in their darkest hour. Spanish law is mild; but in Cuba a secret commentary on that law has been printed by authority, for the use of the judges, in which every merciful provision is explained away, and virtually annulled. Every thing is directed to give way to the interests of the master. This remarkable commentary tells the judges, in express terms, that “*the law is to be obeyed, but not to be executed.*” Dr. Madden was well acquainted as an eye-witness, with slavery in Jamaica; but he says the terrible atrocities of Spanish racial slavery “astounded his senses.” “Instances of cruelty enough had come to his knowledge; of the murder of negroes, perpetrated with impunity; of men literally scourged to death; of women torn from their children, and separated from them; of *estates where an aged negro is not to be seen*, and where the females do not form a third part of the slave population; nay, of *estates where there is not a single female*; of labour in the time of crop on the sugar properties, being twenty continued hours in the twenty-four, frequently for upwards of six months in the year; seldom or never under five; and of the general impression prevailing on this subject, *generally acted on by the proprietors, that four hours’ sleep is enough for a slave.*”

Dr. Madden deliberately pronounces slavery in Cuba to be “more destructive of human life, more pernicious to society, more degrading to the slave, and more debasing to the masters, more fatal to health and happiness, than in any other slave-holding country on the face of the habitable globe.”

—Substitute plantations for mines, and this horrible system is the same as that, under which the aboriginal Indians were so rapidly exterminated, by the early Spanish colonists of these islands. In the present case, the dreadful, daily waste of life is cheaply supplied by the African slave trade, openly carried on in defiance of national honour and common humanity.

Dr. Madden’s paper is to be translated into Spanish, and circulated in Spain. We trust it will also be printed in England, in the form of a pamphlet. When we add that he will speedily return to Cuba to resume his official duties,—his devotion to the cause of the oppressed, to the total sacrifice of personal comfort, and to the risk

even of his personal safety; will be duly appreciated by his countrymen.”

During this sitting, an application was made by Mr. Buxton, to introduce the projects of the African Civilization Society to the meeting. It was finally negatived; however, on the ground that there was a distinct society for that object; and that, as differences of view prevailed on the subject, it would be best not to cause a discussion by its introduction.

On the 18th, the subject of American slavery was again under discussion, by the Rev. John Angel James, of Birmingham, bringing up the resolutions of the committee appointed on the subject of church discipline, as connected with slavery. They are grounded on the “essential sinfulness of slavery,” and were unanimously adopted, after an animated discussion. They are clear and forcible, and while they disclaim dictation, they respectfully submit to christian communities, “that it is their incumbent duty to separate slave-holders from their communion.” To the value of these resolutions the American delegates attach the highest importance. They are intended for their churches, which are almost all steeped in the pro-slavery spirit; and the recorded opinions of their fellow professors in England, backed as we trust they will be, by the consistent conduct of the christian ministry at home, must produce a powerful effect there. “Drive out American slavery from the precincts of the sanctuary,” say the American abolitionists, “and its doom is sealed.” But this will be no light work. Never do we recollect being more soul-sick, than on hearing the accounts of the unblushing recognition of slavery by the American churches, as recorded in their conventions—and at the anti-christian spirit in which they denounce those noble-minded, self-denying champions, the American abolitionists, as “demoniac, fanatical hypocrites.”

In the afternoon sitting a most interesting subject was introduced by Dr. Rolph—the state of the coloured population in Canada. The great majority of them (and they now amount to 15,000, and are daily increasing), are fugitives from American slavery. They are, in Dr. Rolph’s own words, “the most interesting fragment of people to be found on the American continent,” and have eloped from the great southern prison house, after toils, and wanderings, and hair breadth escapes. The details of some of their cases by the Rev. Charles Edward Lester; one of the

American delegates, excited the most thrilling interest. "Their general character, as a people, is highly praiseworthy," and "their present condition is one of increasing prosperity." "The chief justice of Canada, an authority every where venerated, has felt constrained, on more than one occasion, to bear his willing testimony in their favour, as to their general deportment and good character."

Still we find, that though remarkable for their loyalty, they are not recognized as citizens, and have no political rights, but live under an oppressive alien law. The American slave traders have attempted to claim them as *felons*; and on a late occasion blood was spilt, in consequence of Sir F. B. Head listening to this plea. The case was that of a fugitive slave, who was claimed by his self-styled master. He was seized by permission of the English governor, but was rescued by his brethren. We trust this deeply interesting class will speedily be recognized as British subjects by our government. It would be but an act of common justice, as well as policy.

The Convention is indebted to the Rev. Herbert Beaver, late Chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the painful and startling information, that British subjects, residing on British territory, hold the Red Indian in bondage on the north-west coast of America. He bears witness to their unworthy treatment and debased condition,—the inevitable results of slavery every where. "Slavery," he says, "is a recognized principle of the Hudson's Bay Company, who not only possess slaves themselves as a company, but permit slaves to be possessed by persons of all classes in their service."

Surely this disagreeable disclosure will call for immediate action from the government, and the friends of humanity.

The next day, Friday, was a glorious day. The subjects were—the results of emancipation, and a comparison between the relative value of free and slave labour. They were appropriately introduced by Mr. Joseph Sturge. The lion-hearted Knibb—he who has toiled through much danger, who has endured so much persecution from the planter, and who has often periled his life—stood at last before us, the successful champion of West Indian liberty. Would that we could give his whole address; but our limits forbid more than a few sentences. "He spoke his honest convictions when he asserted, that there did not exist under the canopy

of heaven a more peaceable, moral, or industrious peasant, than those *things* which the British nation had made men." And Sir Lionel Smith, the late governor, one of the most determined friends of the negro, had borne the same testimony. Sir Charles Metcalf had denounced the Baptist missionaries as political agitators; and yet he said "the country was tranquil, although there was no police, and the labouring population was cheerful and happy. Why then," continued the speaker, (alluding to the oppressive laws lately passed by the Jamaica House of Assembly, the effects of which, if allowed by the home government, will be most disastrous), "attempt to manacle them—why introduce vagrant acts, and an armed police force to turn them from their domiciles; and again, to excite discontent and disorder in the minds of the labouring population. There had been, since freedom came, a universal observance of marriage. Many had said, that now their wives and children were their own, and the lash could no longer reach them. He had seen more desecration of the Sabbath in one day in London, than he had ever seen since freedom had smiled on the island of Jamaica. The parish of Trelawney numbered from 35,000 to 40,000 inhabitants; and during the first and last quarter of a year, since the abolition of slavery, but one person in each period had been tried for crime. The tread-mill was now covered with rust and filth. The Rev. Mr. Tench had declared, that during a residence of seven years in the district of Trelawney, he had not seen a drunken man. Whenever a fair rate of wages was given them, they were always ready and willing to work. If the production of sugar was less than heretofore, it was because fair wages were not given. Attempts were making to crush the independence of the negroes. But there was an outlet to this system;—they had at present at least one thousand freeholds; he believed they were below the mark in stating that number; and he trusted an extensive land company was on the eve of formation."

He then proceeded to shew, that another reason why sugar cultivation had decreased was, because the women had withdrawn from field labour to attend to their families. By the way, we have conversed, since our return, with several respectable merchants, and it appears to be their conviction, that the present high price of sugar is more owing to the ma-

nœuvres of the London merchants interested in the West India trade, than to any peculiar scarcity of the article itself. Where liberal wages have been given the quantity produced has increased, giving amazing profit.

Mr. Fowell Buxton, Dr. Lushington, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Anderson from Jamaica, and many others spoke on this subject,—all in the same congratulatory strain. Mr. O'Connell avowed his determination to call for an explicit answer from government, as to the obnoxious laws passed by the Jamaica House of Assembly, which he announced next day he had done, though the reply of Lord John Russell was not satisfactory. "Jamaica must be fairly dealt with. In her was to be carried out the great principle of emancipation."

This deeply interesting subject was resumed on Saturday, when the great question of British India was before the assembly. We feel bound, however, to state, that we do not think it received attention commensurate to its importance; probably from the business committee considering, as there was a distinct society for it, it did not so immediately come within the province of the Convention. But the American delegates appear to consider it as of the most vital importance to the cause of abolition; and in that opinion we most heartily concur. Their language is—slavery was nearly valueless in America, until *you* became consumers of our cotton. But for *you* it would speedily have died a natural death. Withdraw your commerce from us—develop the free labour of Hindustan—take your cotton from her, where it grows spontaneously, and you give American slavery its death blow. A most remarkable proof of this was given as respects the article of indigo. Formerly it was universally the produce of slave labour. A few spirited individuals, however, in the midst of much opposition, took up its cultivation in India, and we now receive our entire supply from thence—the produce of free labour.

Would that every subject of Britain was alive to the immense importance of developing the resources of Hindustan. One hundred and twenty-five millions of British subjects pine there in misery, degradation and suffering,—in the land of the cotton plant; while we draw the immense preponderance of our supply from blood-stained America—from the unrequited toil, the sufferings, and the wrongs of the slave.

Out of thirty-four millions of tropical produce annually imported by Britain, we take but about four millions and a half from the East, where almost every tropical production could be raised, and a reciprocal demand created to an almost unlimited extent, to clothe her one hundred and twenty-five millions with our manufactures. We pass from this subject, earnestly commending it to the attention of every lover of human improvement.

In the afternoon sitting Dr. Bowring brought up the address to the Pasha of Egypt, which was agreed to. An animated debate subsequently took place on the subject of discouraging slave labour produce, when the following resolution was passed—"That in order to facilitate the use of free labour produce, the Convention requests the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, to institute a careful enquiry into the produce of slave labour; and to prepare and circulate as complete a list as they can, of those commodities which are thus produced; furnishing, at the same time, a statement of similar articles which are obtained by free labour."

Professor Adam then brought up the report of the Committee on Slavery in India. They, in addition to previous statements, ascertained, that there are still in Ceylon 30,000 slaves, although it is a crown colony, and not administered by the East India Company. The Rev. James Pegge, author of "*India's Cries to British Humanity*," bore testimony to the extent of Slavery in India. Thus the emancipation act has been but partial in its operation. The Committee urgently recommended, that active measures should be taken, both there and in the East Indies, entirely to abolish slavery.

This was followed by the Committee on Texas, bringing up their report. It ably exposed the demoniac slave-holding spirit, which is as the corner-stone of the constitution of that colony. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee have deemed it right to issue a circular, cautioning British subjects how they emigrate there. The evening and the week closed, by an animated discussion on the principle involved in giving compensation for the liberation of the negro; when Joseph Sturge stated, "that the British abolitionists had not sanctioned the principle of compensation, and 339 delegates had gone to Lord Grey in 1833, and protested against it." This announcement gave great

satisfaction to the American delegates; indeed we may add to all present, who were not previously cognisant of the fact.

On Monday evening, resolutions for the suppression of the Slave Trade were brought up by the Committee. They expressed a high opinion of the great practical value of the suggestions in Mr. Turnbull's plan. Some startling statements were made by Mr. Birney and others, of coloured freemen, including British subjects, having been enslaved on entering the Southern States of America; amongst other cases, that a young lady had been kidnapped to the State of Alabama, and then sold as a slave. Some awful details of the extent of the slave trade were then given by Mr. Wm. Foster, amongst which it appeared that in 1838 there had arrived in the port of Rio alone 84 vessels, bringing with them 38,974 slaves.

Captain Wauchamph, R. N., of her Majesty's ship *Thalia*, a cruiser on the African coast, testified to the undiminished horrors of the slave trade. The negroes were crammed together in the smallest possible space; their sufferings were intense. Captain Puget, who went up the river Bonny, assured them, "that if there was not an immediate demand for those captured Africans, they were frequently murdered on the spot, to avoid the expenses of maintaining them." Lieutenant Fitzgerald had stated previously, "that he had seized a vessel lately, burden 38 tons, height between decks, 2 feet 6 inches, which was intended for 350 slaves. No tongue could describe the horrors of this trade."

The following resolution was next introduced—

"This Convention has heard with deep regret and sorrow, that the internal slave trade is carried on from the older to the more newly settled States of the North American Union, to the extent of upwards of 80,000 victims annually, to the unrighteous traffic.

A short discussion took place strongly condemnatory of the American Colonization Society, which was shewn to be a powerful instrument for the perpetuation of slavery; after which Colonel Campbell, late Governor of Sierra Leone, and delegate for the native princes of Western Africa, and the colonial people of Sierra Leone, made some very interesting statements, the purport of which was to shew that great abuses existed in that colony; "that there was no provision made by government, for the female liberated negroes;

and that large numbers of both sexes were again involved in slavery. It appears that there is a strong inclination, on the part of many of the African kings, to give up the slave trade for legitimate commerce, if proper means were adopted to meet their views.

On Tuesday, Joseph Sturge, announced amid much acclamation, that Dr. Lushington had defeated the ministry by a majority of 49, in that part of the bill which allowed the importation of Hill Coolies into the Mauritius; the which, we deliberately pronounce to have been proved to be, under present circumstances, a revival of the slave trade. A delegate then brought up the report of a committee, appointed to inquire how far British capital is employed in the slave trade. The results present a fearful picture. Out of 19,300 barrels of gunpowder shipped from Liverpool last year, 17,500 barrels were for Africa, and about 700 barrels for other slave trading countries. Manacles, &c., are manufactured in Birmingham: bowie knives stamped with the motto "death to abolitionists," in Sheffield. There is not the smallest doubt but that immense quantities of cotton goods, of a particular fabric, fire-arms of an inferior quality, &c., are annually manufactured in England, to be employed in forwarding the slave trade, and in barter for slaves. £200,000 worth of British goods are annually sold in Cuba alone, for the same purpose. There are nine mines in Cuba and the Brazils, many of them belonging chiefly to British subjects, in each of which an average of more than 400 slaves are employed. In the published statements of one of these companies, the principal item of expenditure was, £45,000 for live stock. This was ascertained to be exclusively for men, women, and children!!! A branch of an English Banking Company has already opened at Porto Rico; and endeavours were making to open a similar one at the Havanna; the direct tendency of which would be the affording increased facilities for carrying on the slave trade. The whole report presented a fearful picture of the extent to which English capital is still prostituted to upholding this unrighteous traffic.

On the motion of Mr. George Stacey, of London, a resolution was unanimously adopted, calling on the government strenuously to oppose itself to the introduction of slave grown sugar. This was followed by the report of the Sub-Committee, appointed to draw up addresses to



the crowned heads of Europe. Mr. Noble described some delightful facts relative to the conduct of the emancipated population in British Guiana. In the afternoon sitting, Russian serfage, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish slavery, were successively before the Convention; and thus closed this important series of meetings, probably the most important to the cause of personal freedom that has ever been held. In the course of the debates there were often differences of opinion; but the one congenial feeling of universal philanthropy appeared to be the binding spirit in the conduct of the entire assembly. The delegates separated under the intention of meeting again, either in England or the United States, in 1842.

On the following day, the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was held in the large room of Exeter Hall, which was densely crowded. The Duke of Sussex in the chair.

After the chairman had spoken, the venerable President of the Convention, Mr. Thomas Clarkson, came forward, in all human probability for the last time in public. He was followed by J. G. Birney, Esq., Daniel O'Connell, Esq., Rev. Wm. Knibb, and several others. Amongst them, Mr. W. L. Raymond, a man of colour, who said "he would offer no other apology for his appearance than the simple fact, that for the first time in his life he trod upon the soil which a slave had but to tread to become free—that for the first time he now breathed the atmosphere that an American slave had but to breathe, and his shackles fell." Nobly and fearlessly he spoke, as if he felt new life and vigour from resting on the soil of Britain.

In the evening, a *soirée* was given to the American and other foreign delegates.

The following day saw many of them return to their homes, but may we not hope, only to labour more actively than ever, for the universal extension of the immutable principles of liberty and justice.

Every true son of Erin must labour in this field! Irishmen emigrate in thousands to America; the principles of genuine liberty, if honestly, if consistently, if unflinchingly upheld by them there, would alone achieve its downfall. This would be indeed glorious. But to do it, the prejudice against colour, must be every where denounced as unchristian. Honesty in this respect will, we warn our emigrating countrymen, expose them to obloquy, to abuse; but what of that—they have borne such already, and are used to the perseverance in well-doing. "Slavery essentially sinful," must be the motto of every Irishman—"I will have neither part nor lot in the matter," must be his language. "If America will not uphold her free constitution, I, as her adopted subject, will."

And then the slave trade—that horror of horrors, which robs Africa daily of one thousand of her inhabitants, of which not more than one-third live to toil in a land of slavery, must be uprooted: and, above all, no spot of British territory must hear the wail of a slave. Every nerve must be strained, to save British India from this curse.

Finally, no unjust law must be allowed to mar the onward progress of the emancipated population in our West India colonies. In them, we emphatically say, must be exhibited to the world, the perfect safety of the principle of immediate, unconditional emancipation.

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SEPTEMBER, 1840.

Vol. II.

## CONTENTS:

	Page.
THE REAL GRIEVANCE—ABSENTEEISM, PART I. . . . .	223
LINES FOR MUSIC, . . . . .	233
STORIES OF THE PYRENEES, No. IV., . . . .	234
THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.	
A LEGEND OF THE LEE, . . . . .	244
CONFESSIONS OF AN UNAMIABLE MAN, . . . .	245
"YE OLD FAMILIAR FACES," . . . . .	248
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS, . . . . .	249
SONNETS TO SLEEP, . . . . .	254
LEGENDS OF CONNAUGHT, . . . . .	255
ADOLPHUS; OR, A TIGER'S FORTUNE, . . . .	268
TRAVELLING SKETCHES IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES, . . . .	271
CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MILITIA MAN, . . .	276
CHAP. III., A NIGHT AT CASTLE JONES—CHAP. IV., A MEMOIR—CHAP. V., THE RELEASE OF THE SQUIRE.	
IMPROMPTU ON A BAD MUSICIAN, . . . . .	286
IRISH ARTISTS IN ENGLAND, . . . . .	287
THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD—(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER)	290
OUR MONTHLY REVIEW, . . . . .	291
TALES OF THE MORIARTY FAMILY—LETTERS FROM ITALY TO A YOUNGER SISTER—HARDY'S STRANGER'S	
GUIDE THROUGH DUBLIN—THE REGRETS OF MEMORY—AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE	
GOVERNMENT METROPOLITAN POLICE IN CANTON.	

DUBLIN:  
JAMES PHILIP DOYLE, 10, CROW-STREET.

MDCCCXL.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

While we feel much indebted to some of our correspondents, for the patience with which they have awaited our decision, we must still request them to keep in mind, that it is not always we can command time to peruse their communications, immediately on receiving them. We are anxious to do every justice to those who offer us their contributions; but we really cannot do so, if they will not allow us time to form that calm and deliberate judgment, which is so desirable, as well for their satisfaction, as for our own. We wish our friends also to remember, that the limits of our journal, and the variety of subjects to which we feel bound to give attention, often oblige us to reject compositions, which, had we more space at our disposal, we should be most happy to insert.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry. The writers will be so good as to make copies, before they favour us with them.

The author of "A Retrospection" has mistaken our meaning. We only wished that a small defect in the plot of his story should be amended. If he will permit us to revise it and make some trifling alterations, we shall be happy to avail ourselves of it.

"Loisir" quite meets our approval; but he must either send us the conclusion of his present narrative, or let us know his address.

"A Friend in Need" is worthy of his name. We only await the remaining chapters to send it to the printer's. We have received a political article, we believe, by the same hand, which has the author's name affixed, but no address.

Our poetical correspondents must have patience till next month.

Al Senor Manuel Carrera aconsejamos se desconfie del su conocimiento della Inglesa mas, y menos della Castellana; aunque Cervantes no escribiesse "~~una~~ poema en aquella lengua." La traduccion (como lo llama) Castellana si no lo entiende, ni aun nosotros la vera traduccion entendemos. Por cierto ni el original ni la traduccion jactarse puede de una demasiada grammatica. Lin irreverencia anadase:—el que puede ser capar, séalo.

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## ERRATUM.

Page 253, column 2, line 36, *for* with secret sailing orders, no doubt, to the sun, yet done it is—*read*, with secret sailing orders, no doubt, *and tho' she has done it like a lubber right against the sun, yet done it is.*

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## THE REAL GRIEVANCE—ABSENTEEISM.

### PART I.

"THE OPERATION OF THE BILL FOR TAXING ABSENTEES IS DOUBTLESS SEVERE; BUT THE PRINCIPLE OF THAT SEVERITY SEEMS FOUNDED IN STRONG IRISH POLICY. ENGLAND, IT IS EVIDENT, PROFITS BY THE DRAINING IRELAND OF THE VAST INCOMES SPENT HERE FROM THAT COUNTRY. BUT I COULD NOT ADVISE THE KING ON PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH POLICY TO REJECT A TAX SENT OVER HERE AS THE GENUINE DESIRE OF THE COMMONS OF IRELAND."—LORD CHATHAM.

THERE never was a nation whose fate was marred by misrule, that did not feel, among its many other miseries, the sore and afflicting influence of internal disunion. When evils are manifold, and by length of time have grown up into tangled density, it is no easy matter to see through them all, or to realise—in the enthusiastic eye of patriot faith—how all of them are to be removed. Good men—the very best and truest-hearted—feeling themselves often bewildered in the maze of misery, consider it a duty to try and cut down that mischief in particular, which seems most within their reach. They fall to work zealously and each according to his might, at different ends of the jungle; and every man energetically calls upon his neighbour, who happens to be occupied elsewhere in the common field of good, to abandon it, and come to aid him.

All which is most natural, and to a certain extent inevitable. For ourselves we are neither going to bemoan this distraction of patriot labour, nor yet to denounce the self-will that resists all attempts to con-

centrate, by any species of popular coercion, the varied energies that are thus waging a guerilla warfare with the common foe. The life of a popular cause is freedom—freedom of will and of feeling in the hearts engaged therein, as well as in the sentiments and declarations put forward in high places. If one man is persuaded that improved moral habits in the people is the first thing to be secured, who shall presume to sneer at his persuasion, or to tell him—nay, but you must rather toil for this or the other good, about which *I* am engaged? If another man believes that popular education is the *sine qua non*, wherefore should he be dishonoured, because he devotes his chief exertions thereunto? If another says—the basis of a sound popular representation must before all other things be laid—God speed you brother, say we; only we pray you, keep all your intolerance for the enemies of liberty—never let your friends have cause to feel its blight.

We are satisfied that this mutual concession of diversified objects and indivi-

\* Letter to Lord Shelbourne. 24th October. 1773, when that nobleman and other Irish Peers solicited Lord Chatham's aid in defeating Mr. Flood's bill for taxing absentees.

dual leave to choose, is the only sure foundation of a great popular party. A gang of diplomatic rogues, or a knot of scheming adventurers, may exact unanimity of speech and action from one another; but why?—because their hearts are hollow, and will fill as readily with one thing as with another. An earnest multitude are not thus free and empty. They are a bundle of half truths and noble prejudices; it is folly, it is madness to seek to make them uniform in all things: it cannot be done by any power on earth, and if it could, it would by no means be desirable.

But though the branches be of varied size and shape and kind, most desirable it is that they should form a bundle upon fit occasion. To say the truth, we have always thought it marvellous, how close the most apparently incongruous and unmanageable elements may thus be bound together: how strong they are, when they do thus adhere, is matter of daily observation. The liberty of opinion is a glorious thing, but the combination and the union of opinion is, if possible, a still more glorious thing. In a divided country, toleration is the vital air of health; but in an oppressed country, combination is the magic word before which the gyves fall off, and the bars are rent asunder; it is the voice of deliverance and victory.

With feelings, therefore, of no ordinary depth and fervour, we approach the consideration of a subject, which at all times has been one of the charmed notes of national unanimity in Ireland. Men who agree in nothing else, can cordially sympathise in this. The minor evils that afflict our country split society into a thousand shades of opinion; but the real grievance—Absenteeism, is felt universally to be a matter of national interest and honour. And being such, we own our conviction that it ought to be earnestly and unremittingly brought forward, and kept in public view. Had it no other claim to our regard, its signal power of welding men, and sects, and parties, into one firm and potent mass of nationality, would exalt it above almost all other topics, in our estimation.

Our present purpose is to trace, so far as the materials of such an enquiry exist, the growth and progress of absenteeism in this country, from a very remote period, down to the present time;—to show that all the men whose memory we revere, deemed it an imperative duty, not merely to denounce absenteeism as a public offence meriting reprehension, but as a national

loss and degradation to be legislated against, though they were baulked from time to time in their worthy efforts to that end;—to point out the absolute duty of our submitting no longer to the infamy and ruin, which the growing magnitude of absenteeism has wrought, and must continue to draw down upon our injured land;—finally to demonstrate what the remedies are, one or other of which can alone reach this intolerable evil.

The nature of the connection between England and Ireland has unhappily had a constant tendency in past times to generate absenteeism. With very rare exceptions, all the estates in the kingdom are held mediately or immediately by grants from the crown. This tenure is what the lawyers call feudal. Before the invasion of Henry II, the law of fiefs and feuds was unknown in Ireland. Land was held on a totally different principle. The right of primogeniture, which is the keystone of feudalism, was in this respect unknown. There were chiefs and princes endowed with peculiar rights; but the power of individuals to entail on their heirs and descendants as they pleased, the exclusive possession of and authority over extensive tracts of land, was a thing whereof our ancestors had no conception. Their notion was, that the land of a nation having been made for the nation, should be kept and secured by the nation for its own good. They allowed their chiefs and nobles to hold certain estates, during their lives or good behaviour; but they were regarded and treated as trustees for the public weal; and by the operation of a variety of laws, (into a more detailed account of which we mean to enter more fully on another occasion,) a constant process of re-distribution and equitable partition among the mass of the community, was perpetually ensured.

Of course this was all very barbarous and abominable; being Irish, what else could it be? It is rather curious, however, that after the lapse of six centuries of experience and enlightenment such barbarians as the Americans, the French, the Prussians, the Norwegians, the Swiss, and many more beside, have all come to the belief, that the anti-feudal way of holding land, is an infinitely wiser and better way than that prescribed by the English constitution. But be the policy or the right of primogeniture and the law of entails what they may, the fact that these were introduced into Ireland by the government of England is unquestionable; and the other fact, that thereout sprung absenteeism, we

shall make equally plain in a very few sentences.

As one part after another of the country acknowledged the supremacy of the Norman princes, the lands thereof became, as the lands of England had in the previous century become, the nominal property of the crown; and, as had also happened in England, they were granted in *feof*, or fee, to the officers and nobles who had helped to reduce their ancient owners to subjection. The extent of the estates so conferred was capriciously various. Sometimes the native chieftain was permitted to remain in possession, on accepting the new conditions prescribed to him; sometimes a favourite of the king was invested with a domain, as large as a German principality—not an acre of which he had ever seen or trod. Such men, as was natural, were still anxious to figure at the royal court; and that always happened to reside in England. They loved to feed and flatter there; for it is the instinct of aristocracy to nestle in the sunniest spots, which the pleasure-grounds of power contain. As was also natural, the monarchs who were surrounded by these greedy and frequently necessitous men, were continually induced to extend their possessions in a country, where it was deemed important to establish thus a sort of hereditary garrison. The injustice that took place in the process of these enfeoffments, and the oppressions it was the means of causing, were unknown and unheard at the Norman court, till patience would every now and then become exhausted, and the fury of a maddened people would break forth in wild and unsuccessful revolt, furnishing only new pretexts for further confiscation. The stock of favourites was never exhausted, nor their appetite for new grants appeased. Kings must have their pets, and pets must have their titles; and titles cannot be supported without lands. The wheel of extirpation and alienation went round; and in the progress of its revolutions a considerable proportion of the estates of the kingdom became the property of men resident in England.

This, however naturally and necessarily the consequence of their own impolicy, was nevertheless not originally foreseen by our English rulers; nor was it in truth compatible with the design they had vaguely in view, or with the stipulation made with the grantees. That stipulation was—residence on their estates. The very name of *feof*, or *feud*, in the ancient lan-

guage of their law, meant a conditional stipend or reward for services. "Rewards or stipends," says Blackstone, "they evidently were, and the condition annexed to them was, that the possessor should do service faithfully at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; and in case of the breach of this condition the lands were again to revert to him who granted them. Every receiver (or tenant) of lands was bound when called upon by his lord, to do all in his power to defend him. Such lord was likewise subordinate to his superior or benefactor; and the several lords were bound to protect the possessions they had given."\* The king was the feudal lord of the noble, and the noble was the feudal lord of the tenant who tilled the land. The obligations which the noble owed to his benefactor were different in their kind, but identical in their spirit, with those which the occupier owed the noble; and as the noble when wronged, had a right to claim the interposition of the prince, so the tenant when aggrieved had a right to resort to his lord,—nay he was peremptorily commanded to do so. Nobles could only sue and be sued in the courts of the king; and tenants were bound to sue, and were sued in the local courts of their respective landlords: for in those days the lord was the local judge and legislator.

Such was the spirit, and however imperfect, the theory and rationale of feudalism. The whole idea of the system was graduated allegiance, conditioned upon graduated protection. The obligations of every member of the feudal society were reciprocal. Where power was unequally distributed, the enforcement of rights might often depend less upon obligation than ability to compel; but the justice of mutual support and protection was indelibly engraven on every page of feudal law; and the most licentious violator of its sanctions seldom dared to fling altogether aside the pretence of performing its duties, amid his most tyrannous exactions. It was upon the faith of these obligations, that England and Ireland were successively parcelled out by the Normans among their followers. In England the condition was to a certain degree observed; but in Ireland it was from almost the very outset broken. Whatever equity or fairness there was felt as a redeeming virtue in feudalism there, was here lost utterly. Men who

\* Blackstone, ii. Vol., 2 Book, 4 Chap.

did not live upon their estates, could not discharge the trusts which had been reposed in them. A miscreant race of rent-sponges, called agents, were placed over half the property of the kingdom; and as they were generally left little discretion by their employers, they were forced to harden their hearts against the plundered and unprotected people.

The poor man cried, and there was none to help him. Ever and anon insurrection thus provoked and kindled, would awaken the government to the necessity of doing something. The usual specific in such cases was wholesale extermination—just to vindicate the law and strike terror into the disloyal. But in the occasional intervals of reason—God knows they were few and far between, that the ancient rulers of Ireland experienced—when tired of slaughter, they began to fear, lest for the sake of themselves and their own profits they had gone too far, they turned round on those who were indeed the foremost cause of all this misery and crime, and cried—wherefore are ye absentees?

In some of these short-lived moods of justice, acts were passed in the Irish parliament, commanding persons having estates within the kingdom to reside thereon, "upon pain of absolute forfeiture." These early statutes dispose at once of all question, as to the fact of the said estates having been granted on condition of residence. But the violence of such rude enactments tended rather to defeat than to accomplish their object; and accordingly we find, in the year 1447, a statute of exemptions passed, whereby all persons absent from Ireland by command of the king, his lieutenant, or the council, were not to be considered as coming within the penalties. How indefinite a meaning might be put upon the phrase "command" is sufficiently obvious; and practically the restrictions previously imposed, were by this law annulled. To what influence we are to attribute such proceedings, the analogous events of a later period will best explain.

Troubles again arose, and were more hard to quell even than before. Again the government in their disappointment and perplexity arraigned the absentees, and charged on their abandonment of their duty, and desertion of the country, the incessant dissatisfaction and tumult to which it was exposed. In 1537 a very remarkable act was passed; its language is worthy of quotation:—

"Forasmuch as it is notorious and ma-

nifest, that this the king's land of Ireland hath principally grown into ruin, desolation, rebellion, and decay, by occasion that great dominions, lands, and possessions within the same, as well by the king's grants as by inheritance, have descended to noblemen of the realm demouring" (or dwelling) "in England, and not providing for the good order and surety of their possessions there, which hath been the principal cause of the miserable state wherein it is at the present time;—the king's majesty intending the reformation of the said land, to foresee and prevent that the like shall not ensue hereafter, &c. Be it enacted, that the king, his heirs and assigns, shall henceforth have hold and enjoy all the manors, lands, tenements and possessions,"—of a great number of nobles therein named.

The tone and style of this extraordinary act is eminently characteristic of the time in which it was made. The Tudors had reduced to unresisting submission the once haughty barons of England; and the parliaments of Henry VIII. bowed obediently to every breath of his tyrannic humour. But while we loathe the memory of the savage king, and despise the weakness of his degraded parliament, we cannot overlook the value of the damning truth, which his rapacity and their subserviency has handed down to us. We must hasten on, however, to the records of another day and dynasty. The subtle Elizabeth and the incompetent James had equally failed to pacify or settle Ireland; and the despatches of their successive deputies are full of lamentations, at the dereliction of duty by the noblesse, whom no threatenings or persuasions could induce to reside in the dependant kingdom. By the time Charles I., however, ascended the throne, the effects of that simple invention, which was destined in after days to upturn the foundations of all feudal rights and institutions, and to found society anew on the principles most opposite thereto, had already become perceptible. There now were printed books, and printing presses in Ireland. That was the greatest thing that had happened there since Strongbow's landing, though not as yet, nor for many generations after, did our sapient governors comprehend the meaning there was contained therein. Very happy for suffering mankind it is, that such gentry are endowed with eyes that cannot see too far, with brains that cannot comprehend too much beyond the special and actual

mischievous, which is within their grasp. "God hath blinded them that they should not see;" had he not done so, who shall say whether by prompt measures, a league of despots throughout Europe might not have put down the art of printing in its infancy, while yet it was feeble and dumb,—ere its voice had become familiar to the multitude, rallying and banding them in firm might together, for its defence and for their own? That would have been a master-stroke at the hope of human emancipation, an effectual throttling and choking of rebellion, liberty of conscience, toleration, free speech, education, and all the other rights of man. Other arts have, we know, been lost—some for ages—some for ever. And if we can imagine the absolute horror and confusion to all systems of extortion, irresponsible power, and mastery by man over man, and by nation over nation,—this device of a poor working man of Güttenberg portended, we may well praise and bless the providence of God, that he permitted the invention of printing to remain so long unappreciated and uncomprehended, by the oppressors of mankind.

Slow and noteless as its early progress was in Ireland, it is impossible, however, to read even the legislative records of the time, and not mark the gradual alteration of their tone; the still faint but growing indication of a parliamentary consciousness, that there were not only estates, and forts, and garrisons, and nobles, in the realm of Ireland, but actually a living, thinking, feeling, and much suffering *people* also there. This was quite a new fact, one of which no trace had been preserved in the English annals of the kingdom. But it was too great a discovery to be proclaimed all at once; and accordingly we can only make it out by inferences, from expressions scattered here and there, that a grave suspicion of the dangerous truth, had entered into the minds of gentle and noble men. All things considered, it was no pleasant doubt this, to enter into governing minds. What if all this time there had been a real live nation in the land, wholly omitted from legislative recollection! And what if they should, by any unforeseen accident, be made aware of the fact, while centuries of neglect and oppression unalleviated, unforgiven, lay upon them! It were at least most politic to do something to mitigate the popular condition—just by way of precaution, lest it should turn out eventually that a people must in future have a social and

political existence, in the country and the state.

It was determined that measures should be taken against the absentees. But the doctrine of confiscation had gone marvelously out of vogue, since the tools of the Tudors wrought in the legislative workshop of absolutism, and received as their pay, portions of that about which they were employed. The struggle for ascendancy between the gentry and the puritans on one side, and the power of the crown on the other, had begun in England; and by that fatal affectation of English controversies and parties, whereby the politics of Ireland have too much been characterized, the same influences were brought into imitative collision here. The Irish parliament strove to extort conditions for the supplies they granted, as their brethren of Oxford and Westminster had done; the violence and temerity of Laud misled the crown into ill-sustained opposition; but a greater than that arrogant priest was here. Strafford—the lion-hearted, the inflexible, the far-seeing Strafford—was then Lord Deputy of Ireland, the deepest and the darkest spirit to whose malefic will, the destiny of our devoted land was ever subjected. The minute and unreserved correspondence between the two friends, during the memorable period of their administration of the affairs of the two kingdoms, attests the identity of their aims and purposes. But in personal character no two men could be more unlike; and the dissimilar results of their similar exertions, though doubtless attributable mainly to the superior power and combination of the parliamentarians in England, seem fitly to mark the disparity between the sublime despotism of the Irish Lord Deputy, and the dream-reading bigotry, cruelty, and meanness, of the English Primate.

But the incentives to resistance in the two countries were, in truth, substantially different. The fight in England was for church discipline, quite as much as concerning taxes. In Ireland liberty of conscience had been hitherto less frequently infringed: and the sympathies of power happening rather to lean towards those who adhered to the illegal mode of worshipping God, the Catholic many on this side of the channel had, at the particular period in question, less to complain of on religious grounds, than the persecuted Puritans on the other. And when the parliament here sought to wring amelioration, from the embarrassed government of



Charles I., they did not forget that real grievance—absenteeism. If the minister wanted additional taxes, let him draw them from those who could best afford to pay them; but let the burden fall upon absentees. Strafford cordially entered into this proposal: he saw that it would certainly be taken as a national boon; and that whether the absentees came home to evade the impost, or staid away and submitted to pay it, a great good would be attained.

In 1634 an act was therefore passed, by which it was declared that, "Whereas it hath pleased the king's most excellent Majesty to confer upon several worthy and well deserving persons, inhabiting or dwelling in England and elsewhere out of this kingdom, titles of honour among the nobility of Ireland, whereby they do enjoy place and precedence, so it cannot be denied but that IN A JUST WAY OF RETRIBUTION THEY OUGHT TO CONTRIBUTE TO ALL PUBLIC CHARGES AND PAYMENTS IN THIS KINGDOM, from whence their titles and honours are derived, and whereunto others of their rank here resident are liable; be it therefore enacted, that every person who shall be an Earl, Viscount, or Baron of this kingdom, though resident or dwelling in England or elsewhere, shall be liable to all public payments and charges which shall be taxed or assessed in this present or in any other parliament hereafter to be assembled in this kingdom, and shall from time to time contribute thereunto, and pay their rateable parts thereof in such manner and form as others of their rank, resident in this kingdom, are liable to pay." This just and wise statute stands unto the present hour unrepealed; but how far it was ever carried into practical execution does not very distinctly appear. In the struggle that eventuated in the civil war, and the dictatorship of Cromwell, all the landmarks of a national policy for Ireland were swept away; religious despotism under new forms was triumphant; the Irish parliament was declared to be extinguished for ever; and the few deputies who were sent to Westminster during the following thirty years from Ireland, dared not to propose any revival of the principles or measures which could alone redeem their country. It was to give an utterance to the agony and despair of the people thus crushed down to the earth, that the good and glorious Molyneux ventured, in his Appeal to the king, to beard the whole might of constituted authority. The Irish-

man who knows and treasures not in the inmost chambers of his memory, the immortal words of that noble protest against denationalization, has yet to learn whence the now swelling and resistless tide of his country's freedom took its fountain-source. The work was burned by the hands of the common hangman; but its spirit spread from heart to heart, and awakened hope from the swoon it had lain in so long. In 1694, Richard Laurence published, among many other valuable matters, in his "State of Ireland," a list of absentees,—the most significant of all arguments on such a question. But the impulse given by Molyneux soon afterwards became more perceivable. The Irish parliament, though fettered and restricted by the insolent usurpations of Poyning's law, was once more called into being; and in 1715 we find it occupied in framing a new statute against official absentees. The law then passed, enacted "that every person having any office, salary, employment, fee, or pension upon his Majesty's establishment, who shall live or reside out of this kingdom for the space of six months in the year, shall pay a sum of four shillings a year out of every twenty shillings a year which he shall receive by reason of such office, salary, profit, employment, fee, or pension, for and during such time as he shall so live or reside out of this kingdom." This act was in the nature of a supply, and was therefore voted but for one year; but its justice and popularity caused it to be re-enacted during several sessions.

But the paramount influence of the aristocracy in England had been settled on too firm a basis by the revolution of 1688, to be resisted by any power in the state. The struggles of the prerogative were ended; the king had become the sometimes unmanageable but always subservient implement, in the hands of one or other of those lordly factions, whose professed principles often differed imperceptibly, and whose real objects were in every essential point identical. From the accession of William the Third, to the death of George the Fourth, the maintenance of the British constitution rested primarily upon what was politely termed influence, but what the historian can truly designate by no other name than corruption. He will found his statement on testimony above all cavil and suspicion, namely, that of the men who had personal knowledge of the fact, and by whom the machinery of administration was worked; and he will be spared all

trouble in measuring the amount of his contempt, by the complete unanimity of all parties and all periods upon the subject. The only doubt he may reasonably entertain regarding it, is as to which party or which ministry bribed most, and while they were in office most impudently denied it. But the loyal sceptic who affects to disbelieve what Burnet and Bolingbroke, Pulteney and Walpole, Addison and Swift, Carteret and Chesterfield, Mansfield and Chatham, Fox and Pitt, unite in attesting, would not be persuaded though he had all the purchase money in his hands, which, by their own confession, they expended in gaining and rewarding their parliamentary adherents. One of the most extensive and disgraceful expedients they made use of, was the Irish Civil List. In its ranks were found a motley crew of incompetent officials, ignoble peers, ancient courtisans, and highly begotten bastards. It was a house of refuge for the politically destitute; its inmates to a great extent were English, but we had the exclusive honour of its support. In a moment of virtuous presumption the vassal parliament of Ireland, as we have seen, sought to tax the un-Irish pensioners they were forced to pay; but a power of exemption was reserved as of old to the government, and as of old this reservation virtually defeated the whole policy of the measure.

We now approach the period, however, when the popular wants were to find a voice, such as had never hitherto been heard in their behalf. Jonathan Swift began to think aloud,—to say what for generations had been left unsaid,—to arraign, not in parliament or at court, but through the press in the midst of the people themselves, the atrocious tyranny of the English government and its hereditary myrmidons. Molyneux had stood for the rights of the parliament, and taken for his text the charters of Henry and John. But Swift stood for the rights of the people; he assailed the aristocracy and the minister in the same breath; he articulated the sorrow and destitution of the long-neglected, plundered, and unrepresented millions; and he appealed not to the governing classes, but to the oppressed themselves. He was the first man amongst us who taught the people to combine for self-protection. He was the first man amongst us who asserted that there was a national mind in Ireland, and the first who ever dared openly to counsel it against the selfishness of English parties

and the affectation of English feelings. He saw the fatal want that had hitherto paralysed the energy of the country—the want of an indigenous spirit of self-reliance and self-respect. He saw that until the people were educated into a perception of their own rights as a people, and their own powers as a people, their parliament must remain subservient and corrupt—fruitless because rootless. Deeply sympathising with the misery he saw around him, and clearly discerning its deep-seated cause, he laboured with all the force of his great nature to point the way, and shape the mass, and cast the mould in which that wondrous thing, the mind of an awakening nation, should be formed. And that which he did—though the titles and habiliments of his works seem transitory and evanescent—will most assuredly never pass away.

Among the numerous grievances of the people that enlisted his eloquent sympathy, was that of absenteeism. Over and over again he denounced it as a hardship not to be endured. With all the vengeance of that sarcasm and wit, whereof he was so great a master, he lashed the unnatural and ungrateful owners of estates for their misconduct, and the profligate mal-appropriation of the national resources in the pension list. In one place he says, “I conceive this poor unhappy island to have a title to some indulgence from England, not only upon the score of Christianity, natural equity, and the general rights of mankind, but chiefly on account of that immense profit they receive from us. The rents of land in Ireland have been enormously raised and screwed up, and one-third part thereof at least is directly transmitted to England.”\* And he further calculates the drain of money every year from the country, by reason of those receiving salaries and pensions from the Irish establishment, who never set foot in the country,—from the compelling Irish students of law to spend a certain portion of time in London,—from the trial of Irish appeals in England,—and a variety of other subsidiary pretexts for exaction. All this was, in Swift's opinion, something very little better than sheer robbery; and what he thought he seldom hesitated to declare, for Swift was no political economist. He had not been disembowelled of all natural affections; his head was filled with good common sense and strong attachments and

\* *Drapier's Letters*, No. VII.

aversions; he had not bartered vivid instinct and manly prejudice for charlatan statistics, or cosmopolitan chaff; he loved Ireland better than all the rest of the world, and he was not ashamed to say so. All honour to his memory.

A list of absentees, published in Dublin in the year 1780, "and of the yearly value of their estates and income spent abroad," estimated the annual loss to the country to be at that time upwards of £620,499. By another list, published in 1769, the amount was calculated at not less than £1,208,982, thus having doubled, it would appear, within a space of forty years. The same impolicy that had suffered this terrible evil to eat like a cancer into the state, was beginning to be more palpable and odious than ever to the middle classes, and to a small but distinguished section of the gentry. Trade and manufactures were sinking to decay; agriculture was not advancing, but the rents were; the expenses of the government were becoming greater, and the taxes daily yielded less than formerly; and the English minister, ignorant of the condition of the people, and only desirous by any means to gratify his supporters and friends, continually insulted the exhausted and famishing people by creating additional sinecures. It was plain that the first step in national reform must be one that would staunch that social wound, through which the strength of the nation was ebbing fast away. Accordingly, in the session of 1773, Mr. Flood, acting in concert with Lord Charlemont, brought in a bill for the purpose of taxing all absentee rents at the moderate rate of two shillings in the pound. All the men of talent and experience, in whose bosom the feeling of country was not altogether lost, supported the measure. Pery, Hutcheson, Malone, the elder Fitzgibbon, and many others, who usually were found in the ranks of government, forgot their allegiance to party, and voted for their country. The minister already embarrassed with the ill success of his attempts on the life of America, was disposed to grant for once the just demands of Ireland, and had even gone so far as to avow his intention of acquiescing in the Absentee Bill, should it pass the Irish parliament. But the avarice of aristocracy was too strong to be induced to relax its gripe even for an hour. A formal remonstrance was signed by the great absentee proprietors, and communicated to Lord North, with an intimation, that if necessary they would go to the King, and call upon

him to veto the bill. Most of those who signed this precious document were whigs, and, trusting to their connection with Lord Chatham, they called upon him to aid their disinterested purpose. His reply, from which the striking words that are placed at the head of this article are taken, no little surprised and mortified them; but money was at stake, and their pretended deference to the opinion of Lord Chatham melted into air. The minister dared not beard their fury, roused as he saw it would be beyond all bounds, by permitting them to be taxed equitably and fairly for the support of that country whence their princely revenues were derived; and secret orders having been sent over to Ireland, Mr. Flood's bill was defeated by a majority of 122 to 102.

It was a heavy blow, but it served to rouse the people. It opened the eyes of many to the vanity of confiding either in the power of the ministry, or the professions of the opposition in England. There was a gradual cessation of party strife; a gathering of purpose and a union of aim among the well-disposed men of all parties. An Irish party was proposed and formed. In seven years it felt strong enough to call for Free Trade, and then for Legislative Independence.

In the newness and exultation of national freedom, too much, it was believed, would follow; and of course, too much of past experience was forgotten. The well-known expression of a great general, that he had met many officers that could win a battle, but very few that understood how to make use of a victory, is true of civil as well as military struggles. Ireland was intoxicated and disarmed of suspicion, in the hour of her first triumphs. It was a bright morning; but a brief, because an idled day. The fiend of party, who had released his hold but for a moment, stole again upon his victims unawares. The veteran oppressors had found out the secret of their temporary defeat; and with guile prepared, by the same agency that so long had kept the energies of the country divided and distracted, to divide and conquer it again. The popular leaders, instead of guarding against this danger, of whose imminence the history of ages had sufficiently warned them, suffered themselves to be shorn of all their might, by the treachery of party. Had they promptly used their united strength to make good and fortify the brilliant position they had gained, we should not have to sigh over

the wreck of those high hopes, whose realization they imagined, was already sure. Instead of keeping together, and pressing on effective measures against absenteeism, the rotten boroughs, and the penal laws, they allowed personal jealousies, and the old senseless distinctions of English party spirit, to resume their baneful dominion, and the opportunity once lost could never be regained. The motion of Mr. Molyneux, in 1783, for a tax on absentees, was defeated by the folly of a majority of the popular party in parliament, who, because much had been wrong from the minister of the day, deemed it ungracious to enforce a principle to which they were irrevocably pledged. They called the conceding ministers their friends,—that was but courteous. But they imagined their English patrons could be trusted,—that was im-pardonable folly. Any one who dared to say so during the heyday of the Volunteers, was called an impracticable and factious: their English allies were “all honourable men.” Molyneux was deserted, and Flood was disbelieved; but time has placed in our hands proofs, that they were right, and that the majority in parliament were fatally, miserably wrong. The private letters of the Duke of Portland and Lord Rockingham, are now before the world, and these contain the proof that at the very moment when Independence was solemnly granted as a final and fundamental guarantee for the liberties of the kingdom, the Lord Lieutenant, and the Premier, were plotting how they might resume, what they withheld while they were able, and grudging when they gave.\*

There was doubtless an expectation prevalent at the period in question, that the existence of an independent legislature would gradually tend to counteract a portion of the evils of absenteeism. Nor was such an expectation wholly groundless. A greater number of noble residences were built in different parts of the kingdom between 1782 and 1800, than in double the period preceding or subsequent. Wherever political power is, there naturally will those resort, whose only business in life is to traffic in its acquisition and retail. And if a country must be governed by a hereditary and irresponsible class, who monopolise the great bulk of the landed property therein, it is the least compensation which the governed may claim, that the revenues

they toil to yield their rulers, should be spent in the land whose fruit they are. The men of '82, however, deceived themselves much when they imagined, that the mere physical existence of fifty or sixty peers and three hundred commoners, for six months in the year in the metropolis, would prove a cure for absenteeism. It was something, we admit; it was so much out of the fire; but it was not, and it could not be an efficient or substantial remedy for absenteeism. The root of the evil lay in the vicious, false, and unnatural tenures by which property has been held in Ireland since the days of the Normans. The laws of entail were necessary under the feudal system, but that system never, as we have shown, had a chance of working well in Ireland; and even that miserable excuse for the unjust and absurd monopoly of property in the hands of a few, had utterly passed away. Feudalism and its sanctions had died the death of all institutions that are founded in violence and wrong; but the principle,—or if there be such a phrase, the unprinciple,—of primogeniture remained. By its operation a few individuals in each county in Ireland possessed enormous estates, and it was these persons emphatically, who were the absentees,—who were not to be weaned by the minor prizes in the game of Irish politics, from that where all the golden and glittering rewards of empire were to be won. It was these, the men of five, ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand a year, who led the way, who were bred up in the habit, who sanctioned the practice of absenteeism,—not the small proprietary of two or three hundred acres. They lived at home; their connections and friendships were here; they might not be, and unfortunately we know they were not, so enlightened or so patriotic as for their country's welfare they should have been, but few of them before the Union were absentees. They saw the attainment of Independence, with pride; in spite of the diabolical machinations of Pitt and Castlereagh, to sow between them and the mass of their fellow-countrymen the distrusts and antipathies of sect and class, they retained strong feelings of country; they were Irish, they were men, they were national.

Had the men of 1782 seen their way, their efforts would have been directed to extend and strengthen this healthy and sound element of society, and to break up, by the gradual operation of wise and well digested reformation in the laws of land,

\* See the secret correspondence given in the *Life and Times of Henry Grattan*, recently published by his son.

the overgrown and anti-national monopoly of property in the hands of absentees. Had this been done, we should be in a very different condition now. Instead of the export of one million a year, which they idly bemoaned, we should not have to mourn over the annual loss of four millions. For to this frightful pitch has it now arrived. The intermediate steps are too easily recounted.

In 1797, Mr. Vandeleur revived the proposal which had been rejected in 1783. But the times were sadly changed since then, and though many good men spoke and voted in its favour, the possibility of carrying the measure no longer existed. Religious rancour and party hatreds had been successfully fomented by government; the petitions of the people had been rejected with insult and reproach; despair was enlisting thousands in the ranks of secret conspiracy; and in the gloom and misgiving of universal alarm, the minister was all powerful for evil in the disheartened and bewildered parliament. The motion of Mr. Vandeleur was not defeated however without discussion; and thus was it of important service, not to our unhappy fathers indeed, but to us, if we know how to think and act like men. We have already seen how in every previous period all the wise and good advocated the principle of legislation against absenteeism; had Mr. Vandeleur's motion not been made, or had it been silently rejected, we might not with the same confidence have known, what the excellent men of the ill-starred period that immediately preceded and followed the rebellion, thought thereon. But though the English government, in their ruthless and petulant desire to obliterate all recollections of our native parliament, were not ashamed, when the Union was carried by ruffian terrorism and shameless fraud, to buy up and burn all the copies they could lay hands on, of the last three years' Debates, a sufficient number of impressions have eluded their Vandal clutches, to bear imperishable witness to the reasons why they were peculiarly anxious to destroy them. We are thus satisfied that on the last discussion, which the question, whose history we have been giving, received from our own parliament, Grattan, and—one whose memory is still more closely entwined with the national affection and sympathy—Curran, fearlessly and eloquently bore their part in defence of the rights of the plundered people. In reply to the ridiculous pretence, that in detail it would

be found impracticable to enforce the payment of an absentee tax, Grattan said it would be as easily collected as any other tax: and he reminded the House that when, in 1773, the same impost was suggested, all the best men of business in parliament at the time,—Pery, Fitzgibbon, Flood, and Malone,—warmly supported the principle, and in detail had settled the machinery by which it was to be carried into execution. And some lacquey of the Castle having ventured to talk of the proposition as unjust—"Injustice," said Grattan, "is a most extraordinary objection to the measure. It might be unjust to prevent the proprietor from ever leaving the country; but if he leaves his estate to be protected by the laws of the country, he ought to pay his share of taxes for that protection. There is on the other hand the highest injustice in taxing the resident exclusively. And this is doubly so, when you resort to the poor for a salt tax, because you will not resort to the wealthy for an absentee tax;—when you suffer court favour to be a protection against the exigency of the state, and not poverty. This is that kind of justice which chooses to burden poverty rather than riches, and which prefers the interest of another country to your own." But he spoke in vain. The motion was lost by a large majority, because the minister was the only authority, to whom the greater number of those who thus acted were responsible; they had no constituents who could call them to account; many of them were Englishmen, and all were the mere nominees of government. It was here, as on too many similar occasions at the same disastrous period, that the prophetic warning of Flood in 1783, was unavailingly remembered; and the hopelessness of maintaining an independent legislature without a broad and firm popular foundation, was proved by the degradation and extinction of the Irish parliament.

Grattan and Flood and Curran are gone, but their spirit lives, and the cause they served remains. The Union, as was foreseen and foretold, has enormously multiplied the miseries of absenteeism. By a report of a select committee of the English House of Commons in 1804, the absentee drain then amounted to Two millions sterling. In 1801 it was calculated at only One million and a half; thus it had increased £500,000 per annum in the first three years of union.\* But the down draught

\* Report of the Committee;—Wakefield's View of Ireland; and Newenham's Inquiry.

of ruin was only then setting in. The swindling system of assimilation, as it is officially called, commenced; every public situation of dignity or profit was either abolished under the pretence of economy, or conferred upon an Englishman under the plea of identification. As soon as the harpies were gorged on our spoil, they fitted back to their native place. All who sought promotion were taught to look to London; all who sought ambitious connections for their families resorted thither; nothing was left here but hunger, and ruin, and idleness. The middle class of the gentry then began to affect the habit of educating their children in Genteel-land; that of course gave new lust to the demon, who has preyed so long on the life's blood of the nation. The notion rapidly gained credence, that the accents of the nursery would be spoiled without Saxon servants. From step to step the work of denationalization went rapidly on, till at length the hope of patriotism threatens to arm the still true-hearted mass of the people, in implacable war against the alienated, false, and anti-Irish proprietary, without distinction.

It is no wonder such a thought should present itself to the trampled, pillaged, and abandoned people. The weight of absenteeism has become utterly intolerable. It hangs round the country's neck, weighing it down in beggary and bondage. It can not and it ought not to be any longer borne. In 1830, the witnesses examined before the Select Committees on the state of Ireland, stated their reasons for believing that the amount of national tribute, thus wrung from us by England for her own benefit, could not be less than Four millions, having doubled in six and twenty years. We presume there is no one reckless enough to say, that the evil has not rather increased than diminished since. But taking the amount, to avoid cavil, at £4,000,000, we ask our sapient governors, do they imagine eight or nine millions of men will go on paying this iniquitous imposition much longer? We assert that there are clear and effectual means, whereby this curse of our country may be gradually and permanently turned away; and we shall set them forth when we next resume the subject.

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### LINES FOR MUSIC.

My gentle love, this world ne'er wove  
 A fate so fair as thine,  
 Of blooms and flowers and joyous hours,  
 If thou'lt be only mine;  
 New worlds shall teem, new suns shall beam,  
 New birds of beauty be,  
 And stars and skies more glorious rise,  
 My gentle love, for *Thee*!

Fair birds shall spring on golden wing,  
 Thy lightest wish to bear,  
 New blooms shall shed, where'er you tread,  
 A softer fragrance there;  
 The forest fawn at early dawn  
 To meet thy steps shall flee,  
 And suns shall glow and flowrets blow,  
 My gentle love, for *Thee*!

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## STORIES OF THE PYRENEES.—No. IV.

## THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.

TOWARDS the commencement of the watering season, next following that in which the circumstances related in the preceding chapters took place, I was again a visitor at Bagnères, like others brought there by the attractions of the place and its frequenters, more numerous this year than before. I found that many new arrangements had been carried into effect, both as regarded the general comfort and convenience of temporary residents, and the more watchful surveillance which, warned by many somewhat similar occurrences, besides the already detailed instance of the results of gambling practices, the authorities unremittently exercised.

Things in the latter regard wore a new aspect: the enticing dens referred to had disappeared. The profiters, affidés, &c., had followed or rather preceded their downfall; and now wherever, in moments of relaxation, one went to look in, there or elsewhere of an evening, one was sure to meet, if with not honest folk, at least with those whom the vigilant eye and quick clutching hand of the police forced to be such. The original "*cercle*" had become still more select: it was a matter of some real difficulty now to belong to it: a brilliant sharper like Fermondrières might, by dint of dexterity, possibly slip himself speciously in, but unquestionably his existence as member, would have been but of a few hours, insufficient to allow him to do harm. The town and environs had progressed in every respect; immense bathing establishments, on the most splendid scale, had been constructed; altogether, what with the improvements above alluded to, and many which I do not mention—what with the unusual influx of merry, or fair, or sickly, or interesting, or original new faces, the spot and the scene were changed.

They were so to the many; they were not so in reality to me, and a few others, in whose mind the recollection of the fore-going autumn's catastrophe was still fresh; not forgetting, above all, the venerable Chevalier de Merinhac, who should be first named, and whom it was my good fortune

to find domiciliated in his former apartments, as gay in many regards, as much of a bon-vivant, as much of a fantastic original, with as sterling a heart as ever. My first visit was, as of course, to him; he was at late breakfast when I was announced.

His countenance fell as I entered. A moment's glance told me that he was breaking—as 'tis said; on the steep downward verge of the hill.

Motioning me with a grave yet agitated gesture to a seat, he sat down himself. A short silence ensued.

"I am glad—very glad to see you my dear \* \* \*," (his attempt at a smile said almost the reverse; "the last time we met here," (he passed a thin stiffened hand over his brow,) "yes, the last time we met here—poor D'Ersigny—why should I mention the name?—poor brave boy!—I cannot get him out of my head, when I see any—by the bye, have you breakfasted? Here is still something worth picking at—an admirable *paté degibier* and—hang it—we had nearly as good a one that day at dinner. Well, why don't you begin?"

More to afford the worthy veteran an opportunity of indulging a while, and diverting, if it might be, the current of thoughts which painfully pressed on him, despite his efforts to chase them away, than because appetite prompted me, even in presence of the delicate fare which, constant to his thrice refined tastes, lay on the table somewhat profusely, considering the meal was that of a solitary individual, I suffered a plate to be set before me, and began to mince with knife and fork.

After a short pause, during which the old man walked several times (his arms crossed behind, his head sunk forward and lips compressed) to and fro irregularly through the room, he stopped suddenly. "Well," he cried, looking with set features, which now and then slightly quivered; "well, you are doing nothing; you merely pretend to eat. Come! come! I see how it is. My grey haired folly is contagious!" (here he turned abruptly round) "and you—well, let it be—a plague on these old

eyes—excuse me, I cannot help it”—he had covered his face, and stepped hastily into the adjoining apartment.

In a few minutes he returned tolerably composed, and holding out his hand, “My dear fellow,” he said, “’tis over now; I can talk, and even shall feel a melancholy pleasure in talking, of our unfortunate friend. I forget, though, *you* were not quite so intimate—no matter—you must wish well and kindly to his memory. I have a great deal to say on the subject—meantime you have not made acquaintance with that *paté*—’tis excellent—I assure you—our *prefet’s* own *chef* (you know De Ravelle?) a real cap-and-apron of the old school, filled it in with his own hands, and watched the ovening.” This was said hurriedly, and evidently with an effort, having for aim to give a new direction to the conversation.

“Many thanks, commandant, but ’tis late, and we dine at five.”

“I understand—this is the way with you young chaps—lucky dogs!—you can rise early, swallow down any thing and much of it, before you are well out of bed, then begin afresh at four or five like so many starving sharks, fearing to taste even the slightest stay-stomach that might stand in the way of hunger, or blunt the keen edge of teeth and palate. I could do so once—not very long ago either—and envy those who can; though frankly speaking, I call this in some sort a fashion of feeding—not of eating—but those days are gone, and ’tis fair they should. This is not the first warning come to me, that life and I are soon at the parting turn of —.” “But, Chevalier!” “Don’t object—you need not urge a single word, my dear sir, ’tis vain. Do you think I can deceive myself, or be deceived. When a man has lived, as I—so long in the world—through good and evil time—through prosperity and its sad corrector—has out-lived almost every tie—has felt, by degrees, all his first and warmest affections chilling—chilled—if not wholly frozen up—has seen the great and the good pass away unhonoured, or disregarded. When he finds himself alone—a stranger—nay, nearly a kind of moral outcast here below, in a new, and to him more or less repulsive social order of things—believe me, the prospect of quickly following those with whom long ago, heart, mind, and feeling, were in community, and leaving behind scarcely aught but the cold, the selfish, and the indifferent, has in it much more of pleasure than of pain. I

truly esteem it so. I feel, I know I am day after day settling down. May it be in peace! God is good, my young friend—yes he is good. I have many errors to atone for, but *he* has mercy for all!”

There was a tone of unpretending resignation, and calm yet sorrowing earnestness, in all this, which was inexpressibly touching; the more so, when coming from one, whose ordinary manner and turn of conversation (the reader has already sufficiently seen) were so strangely at variance with the depth and fulness of the sentiments expressed. When his emotion, slight to the outward eye, but unequivocally aught else within, had been subdued—and mine too—for it may be judged, I could not be wholly unmoved in the sight of a thus fading relic of worth, contemplating its own decline; he resumed—

“This will never do—I must not be a croaker—you will pardon me, I am sure, however.”

“Don’t mention the word, my dear sir. My only regret is to see you in somewhat drooping spirits.”

“Not drooping, my young friend—merely at par with what should be the subject of my every hour’s and moment’s occupation; but for the present we shall waive it, and if you wish to see me less dull, you will do me the favour first of tasting something now, and next of spending the day with me. We shall dine at eight o’clock, and in the interval have a ride some where. I like the hour eight, it reminds me, to a certain extent, of our by-gone happy ones, when, the cares of the day over, we met to close it in the pleasure and general relaxation of an agreeable repast. What would I not give now for one of our suppers of old!”

Most willingly, as may be thought, accepting the invitation, I did some justice, (a thing which he looked on at with considerable satisfaction,) to the veteran’s much and deservedly lauded pastry, and swallowed a glass of especial white Hermitage, uncorked from flask

“With venerable spawn and moss o’ergrown.”

On pushing aside my cover,

“Well,” said the ancient, “what say you to a ride now?—in a few minutes I mean—it is bad to stir too soon on having eaten.”

“Quite at your orders, Chevalier.”

He went out to give the necessary instructions. On coming back, “M. de Ravelle is vastly kind,” he said, “kinder



than I thought any of our new sprung stock could be to us of the old. His father, between ourselves, was a drummer, I believe, in the beginning of Napoleon's reign; (he checked himself in the first letter of the word reign,) I mean Buonaparte's time\*—well and bravely risen from the ranks however. He has put his carriage and horses at my disposal, and I sometimes take advantage of his obliging politeness. I suspect at bottom he imagines I may give a hint in his favour to the Duc de V\*\*\*, who, you know, has preserved, despite his removal from office, a good deal of favour at court. De Ravelle wants to have the family title, conferred by the——Buonaparte, confirmed, and, if possible, extended—but here come the horses." I had not expected the excursion was to be on horseback, still less, in the apparent state of languor the veteran testified by looks and words, that he intended to trust himself to the wilfulness of a young and vigorous animal of seemingly fiery blood, rather than to the sober paces and safe steps of some one of the mountain ponies constantly to be had for hire in the town. So it was, however; he precisely chose the one which seemed least probably manageable, and while he was getting into the saddle (an undertaking accomplished with no small difficulty) I had need to call to mind what took place on a former occasion, when giving a friendly lesson "in arms" to the luckless D'Ersigny, not to feel considerably apprehensive of some mischance. As then, I was soon and agreeably disappointed—once fairly seated, he promptly, after a few ineffectual efforts of the animal, made it feel 'twas its master held the reins, and pressed its sides. He was still, and starch, and all squarely erect in his seat; like the cavaliers of the old *manège*, but like them, firm, immovable, and, as it were, part and parcel of the steed.

"Which way?" I asked, when in turn I had mounted and gotten ready.

"To Mauvesin," he replied.

"To Mauvesin! but my dear sir, allow me to say I don't exactly think that is the direction in which we may expect to meet

with more cheering thoughts; I find it so, at least, and if——"

"Don't mind a whit," he interrupted, somewhat coldly, "I may have felt for a few moments, a while ago, considerable pain—but at my age, unfortunately—and 'tis its very saddest privilege—every emotion whether of sorrow or of joy, like those of childhood which it begins to represent, are of short duration. I have been long anxious to revisit the spot—to see how looks our young friend's grave, and mark what time has done to screen from the world and the eyes of men, the last vestiges of him who lies hid there. We may whisper a prayer or two—besides, I am otherwise not a little interested in the place—one of my ancestors, a young son of the male branch, married a Demoiselle Genevieve de Mauvesin, or Malvesin, as the family was indifferently called. Some chroniclers have punned the name into a derivation from "mal-voisin" or "mauvais-voisin;" and, in effect, there may have been a good deal of foundation and sense in the idea, for Philippe de Mauvesin, one of the first heads of the race, was famed as much as he was feared for his reckless character, his ungovernable passions, and his never-ceasing enmity to all the surrounding barons and feudal chiefs, who lived in fear and trembling of him and his successors, to whom he partially transmitted his qualities with his blood, till the moment of the total extinction of the name, and destruction both of the last of those who bore it and the castle and fortification themselves, which took place in the year——; I don't exactly recollect, but I have a sort of manuscript chronicle at home which gives, in the language of the time, a full account of the whole, with the addition of various traditionary legends, prophecies, &c., connected with the house of Malvesin and its fate. You must have heard many stories on the subject, the one I speak of is the most complete collection I have seen; we may while away part of the evening looking over it."

I was delighted at the opportunity, as may be well imagined, having (I have said so elsewhere) intended to put in form several unconnected portions of tales that had been communicated to me, relating to the old stern stronghold, and, if these tales be true, its still sterner lords.

While slowly winding our way round the eminence described on a former occasion, the conversation had reverted to the events of that day, and those which had followed

\* The fact on existed, it may be recollected. (perhaps it still exists.) among the "supremes" of the legitimist party, of styling Napoleon, "*Le Marquis de Buonaparte, Lieutenant General des Armées de sa Majesté Louis XVIII*." The Chevalier's military propensities it would appear, allowed him with difficulty to go the extent of positively joining, as in duty bound, in the "right divine" cry against the man who was the first to restore to that party their titles, rank, and possessions.

them. The Chevalier mentioned, in addition to the details already given, others respecting the conduct and present position of the individuals connected with the narrative, more particularly Madame D'Ersigny and her child. She had remained inconsolable, and, though in the midst of all that the world calls means of enjoyment, could not be for a moment led to forget, or cease to deplore, the loss of him who had been at once to her the cause of so much misery and so much happiness. Above all, the idea of a second union—although numerous, amiable and brilliant were the suitors who offered themselves—was rejected by her almost with horror.—“I do not really think,” summed up the Commandant, “she ever will marry again—and the more's the pity,” he added, “for the man worthy of her, whom she may refuse. If there ever was an angel on earth—a thing I doubt much, at least in our centuries—she is wholly and purely one. An angel, sir, an angel!”

The old man's cheek and eye lighted up as he uttered these words, to which his gesture and tone of voice lent a meaning, that had nothing whatever to do with the trite sense in which we often hear them pronounced.

By this time we had arrived under the crumbling walls of the castle. Part of the heaps of rubbish which formerly half choked up the principal entrance, had been removed, and the ground levelled, so that we were able to get through without alighting, and make our stand within the court-yard very near the spot where about twelve months previously the death struggle had taken place. Several fathoms of the wall fronting the plain towards the north, had recently, it was evident, fallen outwards, forming a mound and kind of natural buttress that still supported the remainder, so that from the ground we were on, an unobstructed view extended itself in nearly every direction. Here was, as before, when we looked on them last, the rich green valley watered with sparkling rivulets; there the masses of woody shade, and intermingled hedges of broom and box, and flowering shrubs; there, on the opposite side, hung steeply up to the mountain tops, the ranges of pine and fir, that seemed to touch at last the snowy summits they grew towards; the whole lighted up by a brilliant evening sun, whose intensity occasional swiftly driving clouds tempered and rendered more mellow. The scene and the spot were

the same—yet how altered, how different to imagination, from that of the early bright morning, when other actors, other passions, and other feelings then called into play, made them strike so much more vividly, so much more overpoweringly the mind, aye the sense of all beholders!

The Chevalier was the first who broke silence, after a long pause, in the interval of which he and I alternately looked forward on the imposing prospect, and reverted our glance towards the luxuriant grass that sprang thick and short every where around, and yet more verdantly in the central part of the building.

“Yes,” he said, in a low constrained voice, almost a muffled whisper, “there it was! what a fatality! or what an award of just providence. I did what I could. Did I not? Ah, young man, young man! beware of young passions!”

The kind old soldier surely did not mean to preach; yet there was that in his accents, in the recollections stirred up by his few broken words, in the whole fresh awakened train of thought, which spoke more eloquently to the heart than a thousand homilies.

We were about to quit the enclosure, after having remained some time longer in mute admiration of the changeful hues, which successive dark clouds crowding eastwards threw over the landscape, which they had now in great measure obscured, when a heavy rumbling sound, resembling the distant murmuring rush of a waterfall, or rather the passage afar off at full speed of an immense troop of horse, at first dully heard, then increasing by degrees, became at length fully distinct, at each moment swelling more loudly in our ears. “There was a sharp flash of lightning perceptible for a second, and then several immediate loudly reverberating crashes. “Make haste,” cried De Merinhac, “here comes a hail storm—take to the first shelter—it looks a fierce one, and if it catches us in this broken ground with these horses, that are not accustomed to be fretted, we may have to heed ourselves, and with bad chance. On a-head, as fast as you can, to the hamlet! The presbytery is the nearest house.”

He was perfectly right: we had scarcely time to reach the Curé's gate, where we were immediately admitted, (having already received on the way, ourselves and horses, the smart painful pelting of numerous large hail stones, which the latter responded to by sundry unpleasant snorts,

starts, and curvetings,) when a torrent-shower, such as I had not been exposed to before, nor hope soon to witness again, dashed down; rushing, pattering, clashing, and bearing everything, save walls and solid roofs, before it.

Scarcely more than ten minutes elapsed while it fell—yet there needed no second glance to perceive, from the stricken, anxious, or despairing looks of the old Curé, his servants and all the inhabitants of the village we would catch a glimpse of, that a dire calamity they hopelessly knew had occurred.

In effect, when, after these few moments past, the sun shone out again, through the greater part of the range of country our eyes had been resting and feasting upon with so much pleasure, the aspect of winter, desolate and leafless winter, every where presented itself. Corn fields prostrate, pasturages, maize enclosures swept down; whole tracks of vegetable and fruit gardens waste and barren; forest trees stripped of foliage, their branches broken—the very bark that covered their trunks cut away, or deeply bruised; the ground covered far and wide with pebbles of ice (I can call them by no other name, many of them which I picked up equalled in size more than that of the largest ordinary egg,) crowded heaps of domestic fowls, and numbers of the smaller tribe of the birds, lying dead, as struck by so many bullets. Such was the dreary lifeless change, worked as it were by magic: a few instants before, blooming summer, and now worse than Siberian winter, in the midst of this same summer that still smiled overhead.\*

Many persons, as may be supposed, at work in the fields about, who had not time to get to a place of refuge, were more or less seriously injured, of whom we encountered several, as we slowly quitted the

scene of desolation. After having offered what consolation we could to the poor sufferers, who thus saw their hopes of the year struck off at a blow, we proceeded in silence towards the village burial-ground. The old Chevalier was much affected. "This, indeed," he said, "is a sight of true wretchedness. It should teach us a lesson. We are come to indulge in vain recollections of an irremediable, and, in a certain degree, a merited misfortune—merely an individual one at best. Here we have some hundred souls plunged in misery or utter ruin—their families exposed to the pinchings of want. I am half inclined to go no further. Still a lingering desire—besides I promised it—well, let it be—yes, we will go on." Our visit was a short and though naturally a gloomy, yet scarcely a sad, much less a stirring one. Whether it was, that the matter of fact picture of affliction and desolateness we had just been spectators of, left no room for the indulgence of feelings derived more or less from the workings of imagination; or that, as is often found through life, the anticipations of pleasure or of pain are always above or below what is felt, when circumstances or events partaking of one or the other, are fully before us in action and reality. From whatever cause, neither the genuine hearted commandant nor myself felt, or, of course, looked moved beyond the usual influence of the "pale cast of thought" which was akin to the place and the occasion.

A small rough slab of dark marble, without cross or religious emblem whatever, stood at the head of the little mound of earth that covered the victim of his own and others' passions. It had been thickly grown over by weeds and wild flowers and rank grass, now scattered and dashed down by the recent shower. We were thus enabled to read the inscription:

"A Jules D'E—tué le — 1819  
Sa Veuve."

De Merinhac told me, as we retired, that the family, particularly Madame D'Ersigny, had made many inefficient efforts to be allowed to erect a more fitting memorial. The ecclesiastic authorities were inflexible in their severity (I shall not hazard the word intolerance) for the time being. She had only at last obtained permission to enclose the ground with a railing, and plant some shrubs around; an office which he had undertaken to see performed, and thence, in part, the motive of this day's excursion.

\* The inhabitants of less or more favoured climes, as the case may be, can with difficulty form an idea of the instantaneous and extensive ravages consequent on those occasional autumnal visitations of hail showers, to which the most fertile districts of the southern departments of France, are almost periodically exposed. Frequently the entire vine and other crops of a whole province, or provinces, are destroyed, as here, in the space of a few minutes, and in the former case irrecoverably for two or three years. The vine plants, when not struck with death, are bared and bruised to such an extent, as to require that length of time to recover. In the years referred to, 1820 and 1821, several larger animals, sheep, calves, and in a few instances cows, caught out in unsheltered positions, and in the first violence of the storm, were either killed on the spot or died afterwards.

By the time we had advanced about half way on our road homeward, evening had begun to close in; heavy clouds and loads of mist were descending from the mountains; the sun had fled; the atmosphere was chillingly cold and damp. In the low grounds we were then traversing, the abundant streams intersecting them in every direction, swelled by the rain and now melted hail which had fallen, had widely overflowed their banks, and formed here and there masses of marshy flakes, increasing every moment in extent, and rendering in many places the course of the road with difficulty discernible. Large thick drops of rain, swept on by the wind which was now rising, brushed continually the surface of the pools; the night promised to be as dark and dreary, as one could desire to avoid.

"Ho, ho," cried the Chevalier, buttoning himself carefully up, "this wont do for my old bones. We must make haste—I should not like to be out under the coming blast."

We moved as briskly on as the state of the road permitted, and soon neared the suburbs.

"Strange," he continued, when we had somewhat checked our speed; "strange what tricks fancy does play us! There are moments and circumstances in life—I have often experienced it, and so has, I imagine, every one more or less in the degree—there are moments when one seems to live over again in the same time, and identical position, which long years ago one has passed through! I could swear, for instance, this present instant, but for the evidence of my senses, which tell me that the comrades and friends who *were there* are not alas! *here*, that I am now with my old brothers in arms advancing to take the ground—the precise post we occupied the night before the affair of Bersheim, the sanguinary day of Bersheim. The place is the same to my eyes—the scene the same—the lowering night the same; here the marshes—behind them, on the line of yon dusky wood, the republican outposts. I feel chilled just now, and drenched, as we were all to the marrow, when the word was given to halt, and take up quarters. 'Tis but an illusion, yet so strong an illusion, that I feel myself mechanically prompted to stretch out my hand, as I did that night before dismounting, to my nearest rank and file man—and ask him for a pull at his *gourde*. *Sapredienne!* how I was frozen! nay his

VOL II. NO. XI.

answer—laugh if you will, as he handed it me, and saw me smack the drought, actually tingles in my ears, 'willingly, Captain, but odds zooks, (he was a brave rough trooper and a true, I never minded a little freedom of speech,) and skin of Old Nick! wont you play fair and leave me some?' Poor fellow, as I gave him back the flask, and he was preparing to raise it to his lips—I can never forget—a random shot from the 'blue' scouts (it was too dark to aim except at masses) laid him low. 'Captain,' he cried, as he fell, 'Captain, I'm off! remember my old mother.' *Morbleu!* 'twas too bad. I wept, sir, I wept—(I could see even by the faint lingering light his features were strongly agitated)—and I did not forget the old woman; she died at Montgardat seven years ago—a faithful creature to the last, like her son."

He had come to a full stand, making his unwilling steed advance, snuffing the air, to the edge of the causeway, and looked forward keenly towards the copse above mentioned, as though he expected a skirmishing party to issue from it.

Thinking it would be ill becoming to interrupt suddenly his "vein," yet desirous to find a bias to direct it elsewhere, if possible—

"I have often heard of that struggle of Bersheim, Commandant. It was a desperate one."

"Desperate, sir! say infernal, demoniacal—the worse, because no quarter was to be expected from the rascally *sans culottes*—and very little, I am sorry to say, from us. Two-thirds of our regiment, every one of the superior officers except our Colonel perished; four of us were made prisoners; they shot two, the blood lappers!—Varolles and de Rochebonne on the spot—they——"

"My dear Chevalier, excuse the liberty, but you seem to forget we are still some distance from home—that the night is growing apace more severe, and that——"

"You young rascal! but you are right, you wish to take care of an old man's bones (and your own of course,) though unwilling to listen to an old man's story."

"On the contrary, Commandant, I was going to prefer a petition; I am already your debtor for the privilege of a glimpse through the legends of *la vesin*,—will you add to the favour, after dinner, that of a sketch of the day at Bersheim, which I long to hear from an eye-witness."

"After dinner! well there is sense in

these young noddles too—more than in mine that ought to have some, God knows! You shall have it; that is, as much as I *was* witness of, or took part in—quite enough I ween—for my arms still ache at the remembrance of the tight cords those savages bound me to my saddle with. Forward."

We quickly reached the veteran's quarters, and had the satisfaction of finding there a bright fire, which his old Governante had lighted, and a still more cheering table, laid in a few minutes, with smoking savoury means to quell the appetite, that our long and comfortless ride had given us both. De Merinhac looked quite his own fantastic self at the sight. "Very odd!" he observed, as setting down a well drained glass of sunny "*Grave*," having previously motioned me to do as much, "very odd a church-yard pilgrimage should have got me up so. I positively am hungry—no matter—'tis but human life—and this is no time for reflection—set on."

And he set on—or set to, as the reader likes.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Chevalier, all this time—I see I must be selfish—all this time you are forgetting Bersheim and the chronicles. I hold you fast to promise —"

"What?" the manuscript and Berschlem to-night? Pray, my bright youngster, do you forget the hour, or think that I mean to sit up all night a telling of old tales."

"Certainly not, my dear sir: and if you wish, I shall retire; only I fancied, as you were good enough to say 'yes' to my request, there might be sufficient time at least to speak somewhat of Berschlem and your adventure there."

"Mine and my poor old regiment's, say. — I know little of the rest, of what took place at other points of the line—for, as I hinted awhile ago, I fell with several other officers and soldiers, into the hands of those incarnate devils the blues. Our lady help us! such shoeless, shirtless, hell-born ruffians! We were sent off with the hope we might be urged or frightened into revealing what we knew of our general's place of operation. But come, let's finish our coffee. I recommend you a glass of curaçoa; do as you like, however:—just put down, pray, another log of wood—thank you—and I'll begin from the beginning."

"*Sans prejudice* of the manuscript?"

"And so, forsooth, you unconscionable dog! one tale at a time will not satisfy you.

Well, I like these fellows, nevertheless, to have some curiosity and some respect for the old days of their fathers. I tell you what, if you promise to return the manuscript to me by after to-morrow —"

"My good sir, a thousand thousand thanks." I joyfully interrupted. "I pledge my word!"

"Enough, enough; if you find the antique patois embarrassing, come to me, and I will set you right."

"We drew near the fire, and with unrelaxing attention I listened to, what I shall beg leave to entitle—

"THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.

—"You are already, in all probability, aware of the main details of our finally vain and disastrous campaigns under the prince; amounting, in two words, to a fruitless waste of courage and of blood. I shall say nothing therefore on the subject. You may perhaps be acquainted too with some of the particular circumstances of the struggle, and have an idea—I believe I gave a few hints a while ago, relating to this point—of the general tone and temper of the parties who were carrying it on. Their mutual animosity and vindictiveness, stimulated by mutual outrages, and, I grieve to say, equally reciprocal acts of ferocity, had arrived, at the moment I speak of, to its most extreme height. It was no longer ordinary warfare, but very nearly a system of butchery that was practised; wounded and prisoners were massacred on either side without mercy, and to the latter seldom was granted, except in extraordinary occurrences, even the mock formality of a court martial. Plunder, and violence, and fire were the order of the day, and did their duty in turn. Such a thing as quarter—*sapredienne*!—I am again sorry to confess it, was scarcely, if ever, dreamt of, and still more rarely either granted or expected. Judge for yourself, if war be in all cases terrible, what its horrors must have been then. For my own part, when memory brings me back to the moment, I sometimes start as from an appalling vision, and have need to reason myself into the conviction, that this seeming illusion has been a reality. So much to premise the remainder of what I have to tell of Bersheim and our fate there.

"The weather for several days, nay weeks, had been awful; rain, sleet, hail, wind, deluged and froze us by turns. The roads had become nearly impassable; the whole extent of country was flooded over, with the

exception of different winding ridges of higher ground, which either we or the republican troops occupied, on the front or flank of our respective positions. These it was necessary frequently to change, according as the waters rose, or the adverse corps found means of harassing each other. All general operations had been for the time suspended, on the enemy's side as well as our's, from the impossibility of making an effective step in any direction: they were, in this regard, much worse off than we, for they held the low grounds principally—at least to a greater extent of line. We stood pretty widely over them. And here, averse as I am to the very shadow of a republican name, I must do them the justice to say, that through all the disadvantages of a galling situation, privations, cold, weariness, and imminently trying danger, it is absolutely impossible that any human army could have shown more patience, firmness, and bravery; but, I have said it before, they were not human—they were from below—of Satan's kingdom. I have seen whole battalions of them, whom we knew by our spies or scouts, to have been leagues off the day before, after having marched through wood and flood in the teeth of the torrents that were falling—suddenly appear, as day rose, on one of our flanks, right in the centre of a marsh where, unperceived by us, they had passed one half the night over knees in water, waiting to surprise us. Frequently on these occasions we suffered severe losses, and were obliged to retreat; they being sometimes unable to follow us, what from exhaustion, what for want of ammunition, expended or rendered unfit for use by the damp. At other times, as the one I am going to mention, we succeeded in dislodging them, not without much labour and carnage, and many sad mishaps of the kind which chanced on this occasion to poor Varolles and De Rochebonne—and in a different way to myself and my companion, second lieutenant of my company, the brave and brilliant young Anatole de Juvigny.

“Represent to yourself the ground I stopped, in my foolish mania of reminiscences, to take a view of this evening: the exact ground, only on a larger scale—a wide, irregular, low plain in front, presenting alternate sheets of water, patches of slimy morass, and isolated tufts of trees; beyond, as there, a line of wood which we had intelligence was occupied by strong detachments of the enemy reinforced by artillery, which luckily for us the nature of

the soil prevented them availing themselves of. Imagine three columns of our's posted one above the other—the first consisting of the regiment I belonged to (cavalry) with three field pieces, and a small troop of artillery stretching along the raised road, or rather cause-way, which commanding one side the plain, was the only freely practicable position for our guns and horses—the second (*Cavaliers Nobles*) stationed higher up a little to our left, on the slanting face of the eminence—the third nearly on a line with it to the right. The interval between had been pitched upon by the commander of the division, old \* \* \*, for his quarters, and that of his slender staff. Fancy the night damp, cold, drizzling, after a still more cheerless day, and so intensely dark that we could scarcely see our horses at three paces off when we alighted. Suppose this obscurity, only at intervals relieved by sharp flashings from the enemy's outposts, which by degrees they were establishing nearer and nearer to us, according as they managed to gain the spots of drier woody cover I have alluded to; flashings responded to by that of our guns, which were very uselessly, I think, brought to bear on the points whence the firing proceeded. You will thus have a tolerably fair idea both of our position and their's, as well as of the probable circumstances and events then in action. We suffered little from the enemy's distant shots, (I told you how my poor Comtois fell,)—I never heard whether *we* did them much mischief. I should be inclined to think not; and but that I presumed they had an object in keeping us occupied in front, while organizing some other plan of attack elsewhere, I could not account for the useless expenditure of powder and ball they seemed to be intent on making.

“The morning, which at length broke slowly and drearily, justified my anticipations, which it would appear our general, old \* \* \*, a wary commander though, (this between ourselves, a great stately fool, his obstinacy we may thank for having gotten into this mess,) had shared. The “*boute-selle*” had scarcely sounded, and we had gotten under arms, when the Colonel rode up towards the extreme left wing of the regiment, nearly seven hundred strong, where I was, and stopping short—

“‘M. le Chevalier de Merinhac,’ he said, ‘you will form your company into marching order, and advance smartly along the causeway until you meet with the

enemy. You will charge if necessary, and at all events keep them in check. Gentlemen commanding the next following companies, M. le Marquis de Varolles, M. le Comte de Rochebonne, you will accompany and support M. de Merinhac.

"This was indeed a relief! Officers and men were equally glad to be at last in motion, no matter on what service or danger, rather than remain fixed as we had been in still, freezing inertia. We formed in a trice, and moved forward at a brisk trot.

"At the same moment the word '*pied à terre*' was given, and we saw our comrades dismounting, then marshalling into line three deep in front of their horses, immediately behind the artillery, now advanced to the verge of the causeway. Further on the right also, we perceived a detachment of the '*Cavaliers*' almost equal to our own, pushing on exactly in an opposite direction. The infantry was descending to cover and sustain the remainder of our corps.

"It was evident the enemy, our chief had found out, was endeavouring to manoeuvre on both our flanks. We could see, much to our regret if not apprehension, that they had succeeded in crossing the greater portion of the marshy plain which we looked upon as impracticable, and in formidable numbers, were preparing for a central attack upon our comparatively small force; which we could not but feel was placed in an extremely ticklish situation, detached as it was and debarred from direct communication with the main body of the army. We had only the strength of our position to trust to, added to the hope of being able to check the lateral movements of our adversaries; a slight motive of reliance when fighting against such devils and such odds.

"I gave orders to press on, orders obeyed with a murmur of eagerness. A winding of the road hid at once our friends and foes from sight, exactly at the instant when hurried discharges of musketry, and the reverberating report of our own guns, told that the contest was begun. Immediately, as the sounds struck our ears, simultaneous shouts of '*Vive le Roi*,'—'*God will prosper the right*,' burst spontaneously forth. I had some difficulty in recalling silence and order.

"We had continued the same pace as before for about an hour, when our small advanced guard, under the conduct of young De Juvigny, suddenly paused at the summit of a rising ground we were

then ascending. I immediately rode forward to reconnoitre. A dense column of the enemy was rapidly moving up the reverse side of the hill, which it had now gotten to the middle portion of. We had evidently been perceived, for they halted, and again, in a few moments, pushed onward with redoubled promptness. I could easily discover the object of this movement; the part of the way they then occupied, stretched along round the base of a high ridge, that overhung it on our left; while on the right, to within a few hundred yards of the inconsiderable height we held, it was wholly exposed, the ground shelving down suddenly and deeply from its edge, which had neither wall nor parapet, nor palisade of any kind. They wished to pass, if possible, this spot of danger before we should join arms. I resolved they should not have this advantage, which, considering their numerical superiority, it would have been an unpardonable fault to have allowed them to take. Accordingly, halting in turn a few moments, to give the horses breathing time, and put my scanty troop into array for an immediate charge, I proceeded to seize on the extreme ground in front, precisely as they had arrived '*au pas de course*,' within near shot of us. They then relaxed their speed, continuing however to advance, and sending us volley after volley, which, from precipitation and probably fatigue, occasioned but little injury. I did not allow a shot to be fired until we had gotten rightly within charging distance. My men were impatient.

"Now, gentlemen, to your carbines!—steadily and together—one round,' I cried, 'then forward! and over them!'

"These orders were obeyed to the letter; my first rank leaning down to the saddle bow, the second and third bending likewise, and swerving their bodies, one to the right the other to the left, the fourth aiming through the intervals, and the fifth standing erect in their stirrups,—fired together in the same instant of time; and the next, resuming their position, they dashed forward, sword in hand, with shouts of '*Vive le roi*,' '*Down with the Republic*!'

"Our success was complete, and very nearly instantaneous. The republicans, who had stopped and waited for us at the bayonet's point, were thrown into confusion by our well-directed discharge, which mowed down fearfully their foremost ranks, and laid the succeeding ones open to us, before they had sufficient time to form

into suitable order to receive our shock. They were broken and carried away by it; they rallied, however, bravely, and attempted to hold on; but the nature of the ground, as I had anticipated, gave us an immense superiority, and we promptly overwhelmed them—overwhelmed is the word—for a very considerable number, pushed to the brink of the road, were forced over into the steep declivity beneath, and lay there—the majority killed or disabled by the fall. Several of our men too, I am sorry to say, unable to check their onward impulse in time, went over too. Our loss, on the whole, was not very considerable. But a small remnant of the enemy's body managed to effect a retreat, by throwing themselves into the low grounds where we could not follow them; though (and 'tis a fault we often in our headlong reckless impetuosity were guilty of in the course of the campaign) both officers and men were but too well inclined to attempt to do so. I succeeded promptly, however, in checking an ardour that might have been fatal. Congratulating hastily each and every one on the favourable upshot—owing, I must say, above all to the admirable steadiness with which our first and only volley was given, (almost every man of our corps, composed, like that of the "*cavaliers nobles*," principally of young men of independent property, ruined by the revolution, was a sportsman, and consequently more or less of a sharp shooter)—I ordered an immediate backward movement to rejoin our principal corps, only taking time to look to the wounded, and inspect, from the most commanding point I could find, the aspect of the country within view.

"No enemy was in sight, except the shattered body we had been obliged to suffer to escape.

"Our return occupied a longer time than we had taken in our onward march. As we neared the winding pass, which had before interposed between us and the post our companions were defending, we marked, with a feeling of surprise and some foreboding, that the sounds of our field pieces, which, mixed with the continued report of musketry, had not for some time ceased to strike our ears, were now suddenly silenced, though the firing, much more slackly however, still went on.

"A few moment's advance told us how things stood. The enemy had approached in large masses under the very wall which on that side supported the causeway, to

the brink of which, I have said, our guns had been brought forward. That wall, and part of the road, loosened and undermined by the incessant rain of the last few days, and of course shaken by the weight and movement above, had just given way, carrying with it guns, caissons, artillery, and a considerable number of our men, who, just at the moment, crushed, and stunned, and in confusion, were endeavoring to rise; while the republicans, with joyful cries, were pressing up to charge with the bayonet the remainder of our regiment, fast retreating now, and, as they reached their horses, mounting as they could, and dispersing right and left behind the infantry, where they were endeavouring to re-form into line. The detachment of "*cavaliers nobles*," drafted off on a similar service to ours, had not re-appeared. The fire of our infantry was dull, and there seemed to be a sort of indescribable wavering through our front of battle. As we bore in sight so immediately near, however, presenting ourselves in an order which showed we had been successful, the hesitation ceased, and a welcoming cry saluted us. 'Soldiers, gentlemen, M. de Varolles, M. de Rochebonne,' I cried, 'there is not a moment to be lost—to your ranks! Another charge like the one awhile ago, and all may not yet be lost. We shall at least give time to the rest to do as we do.'

"My gallant fellows pushed bounding down the hill, a corresponding movement was made at the same moment by the infantry. We arrived first, and met the enemy as they had halted in the upper part of the fallen ground. It was neck or nought with us, and we dashed helter-skelter in among them, bearing away, cutting down with might and main, (the infantry following us,) till we broke and penetrated far—too far, alas! into the centre of the attacking column. It closed round us, and no dint of slashing and cutting could get us free. Fresh ranks poured into the front, and there we were, fairly taken and encompassed on every side. My men fell about me by degrees. Varolles and de Rochebonne were wounded, Juvigny unhorsed—a blow from the butt end of a musket had stunned and nearly felled me; some score of weapons were at our breasts, when a huge giant of a fellow, apparently high in command—as well as could be judged from his tawdry epaulets and dangling profusion of tri-coloured plumes, beat them



down with a sabre half as huge as himself, and in a voice that clattered over all the din, 'not now—not now,' he roared, 'they are all four officers. Recollect the orders of the *Représentant du peuple*.'

"This magic word stayed all hands. We gazed at him in astonishment. 'No need of looking foolish, citizen royalists,' he said, with a sneer, 'what is deferred is not lost. Your business will soon be done! meantime, bind and off to head quarters with them.'

"We were in a second, before we could make the slightest motion of resistance, pinioned hand and foot to our saddles, and as instantaneously forced away to the rear. Those who conducted our horses by the bridle, profited, with marvellous agility and precision, of the inequalities of the way, and patches of surer ground, (which they appeared to have well explored and known beforehand,) to bring us on to the cover of the wood, where we found their head quarters were situated.

"Such was the termination of our unfor-

tunate charge—to us only and our comrades unfortunate, however. We had the satisfaction of perceiving, and it was the sole consolation we might enjoy under the circumstances, that the advance of the body of foot seconding us, and the remnant of our poor cut-up and mangled regiment, had for result the compelling our enemies to retire at last, with immense loss. Unluckily, our friends were too feeble and reduced in numbers, to be able to pursue them far in the midst of the darkness, which began not long after to come down; even though the detached companies of cavaliers, who had been, I learned subsequently, nearly as lucky as ourselves, returned some time afterwards.

"Altogether little advantage, except the honour of repulsing the enemy, accrued to our party from the retreat of the republicans, in the movement of which my ill-starred companions, Varolles, de Rochebonne, and Juvigny, with myself, were rapidly borne away."

(To be continued.)

## A LEGEND OF THE LEE.

By Lee's fair bank, where that is  
Stretched in prospect wide,  
Within her own neat lattice,  
Alice sat and sighed.

The river looked like ether,  
The sky was bright above;  
But Alice cared for neither—  
For Alice was in love.

Nine moons had come and wasted,  
And summer's bloom was o'er,  
Since from her side he hasted—  
Her gay young Troubadour.

The Dons, so ran the story,  
Were up for Freedom's fame,  
And he sought the field of glory  
In the land of southern Spain.

Why first he left the shore,  
Where the vine and olive dwell,  
For colder climes, is more  
Than ballad truth may tell.

A harping wanderer, carried  
By romaunt through Chrisendee,  
Too long, too long he tarried  
Near the sweet stream of the Lee.

Hours upon hours were flying,  
Starred night and sunny day;  
And Alice still was sighing  
Her heart and life away.

Still paler grew the maiden,  
When one fair afternoon,  
A galliot lightly laden,  
Dashed in and anchored soon.

Her graceful head was rounded,  
To touch the green bank near,  
And from her prow there bounded  
A Spanish Cavalier.

He bore a crimson banner,  
That once a scarf had been,  
Folded in the manner  
That lover's knots are seen.

He bore a locket circle,  
With rim of purest gold,  
In which, mid leaves of myrtle,  
A dark brown tress was rolled.

He bore the name Don Calas  
On a fluted iv'ry wreath—  
All presents for sweet Alice,  
But Alice was near death.

'Tis said, of all the losses  
That mortal hearts can move—  
Heaven keep us from its crosses—  
The worst of woes is love.

Be't wise or not, this thinking,  
One blessed eventide,  
Just as the sun was sinking,  
The fair young Alice died.

And round stood many a weeper,  
Whose heart was nigh to break,  
And many mourned the sleeper,  
Even for her beauty's sake.

And still the spot is shaded,  
And the mound is green, they say,  
Where, with her fair cheek faded,  
The lovely Alice lay.

Her tale was like to others;  
Nought strange to her befell;  
And mothers, sisters, brothers,  
Have thousand such to tell.

But yet, have I preferred it,  
And, trifling though it be,  
I give, as I have heard it,  
This legend of the Lee.

M. F. D.

CONFESSIONS OF AN UNAMIABLE MAN.

"Unloved,  
But not unloving!"

READER, I am of that much abused and unfortunate class called the Unamiable! Start not on that account from my society; let not the leprous taint that prejudice throws round its victims, repel thy heart from one sad communing with the Outcast from sympathy. Rather lend thine ear a short half hour to the solitary plaint of him that has no friends—who has little chance of forming one, if he finds not one in thee.

How dreadful is the fate to be the Victim of a Word! The wretch that is sacrificed by circumstances—upon whom Ruin comes, not unexpected; whether it comes in a burst of passion, or in the gradual sinking and crumbling of decaying Time—his fate is disastrous indeed, but his spirit has something to grapple with; his enemy is palpable; he has whither to aim the shaft of self-defence. But how different is he that is crushed by a Shape of Nothingness; whose soul and feelings, whose all that is not clay is irrecoverably destroyed by a Breath: who has no defence—no weapon—nothing upon which to wreak his vengeance, yet is consumed and wasted by the Empty Enemy, whose arm is Prejudice!

Such a one am I!

Born of strong feelings and an active temper, innumerable circumstances and habits tended to develop them more and more during my boyhood. Precocious from my earliest days, my desires were beyond my age, and every thing my soul yearned for was at once within my grasp. But the restlessness of innate activity leads to satiety in its immediate object, only to plunge into something else; and before I had emerged from childhood I had tasted to their source all the pleasures of a child. My mind, ever eager for some new occupancy, grasped at the tomes of Science, and the doctrines of Philosophy—then its higher branch, its etherealised essence, Poetry—not the poetry relished by inch-deep intellects, but that soaring above earth, for the things of earth—that speaking of humanity from a place above the world, which is *the* Poetry.

But here comes the cloud! Intensely buried in that mysterious simplicity, I thought only in the thoughts of Nature and Imagination. The world was to my excited mind still in the distance, when it was too near. I thought not of its affairs—I imagined it thought not of me, nor of my existence. I forgot that my years were mature for men; that I was expected to be as others. I was living in a trance.

Meantime it began to be evident that my thoughts were not of those amongst whom I was thrown; and my immediate relations looked upon me as a gloomy book-worm. When any chance threw me into "society," every word, every move, showed that mine was, indeed,

"Alone in crowds to wander on—!"

Though my voice insensibly mimicked the manner of those my eyes rested on, yet my words betrayed how little I attended to what they did—how imperfectly I heard what they said. My mind had not yet mastered, was not yet satiated, with what it was then absorbed in. My thoughts were of other things.

But this did not agree with the common, "received" opinions. They did not understand, they could not relish mine. They made no allowance then: I was a monster among mankind.

How tyrannous is the opinion of the world! I cannot refrain from thinking, in the bitterness of my soul, that this is *not* what heaven ordained—that it is a perversion of the Evil spirit. Heaven sends not man on earth to be the slave of his fellow man.

Man was ne'er made the slave of man to toll,  
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil.

The voice of Nature and Religion alike cry out against the enormity of bodily servitude. Is Mental Slavery then the intention of Providence? Shall it be said that a man's body is his own—not to be controlled by a master; and shall his *mind*, the spirit which he shares with his Creator, be subservient to another's. Was mind given to man to think? If so, was it not

to think for itself? for what avails its *power* of thinking, if it were not to exercise it—if it were to think *with* the thoughts of others? How tyrannous, then, is the opinion of the World!

The bitter feeling that overpowers me will appear natural, when you consider that I am the victim of that tyranny. My mind grasped at immensity. It could not be satisfied in a moment. It required time—time. To attend to any thing else, much less the comparatively trivial operations of every day life, for one wrapped up in a single intensely fixed thought—was impossible. My mind admitted but One. If any other thing shared its attention, both would have been lost. But a little longer, and it would have met the end it was in search of. That little time was denied it. It was commanded to renounce its darling object, unregretted, uncomplained of—in a moment. That was impossible. The consequence was fatal.

When I grew up to full manhood, no indulgence was permitted my turn of mind. What was before disliked, was now suspected. What used to attract a smile, perhaps partly of pity, now drew the sneer of doubt or scorn. Because I did not—(not because I *could* not)—pay that attention to the persons that surrounded me, which nature requires from man when man: which I would be the last to refuse when my time was come; I was at once condemned, defenceless, as incapable of the feelings of humanity. I was disliked as careless. I was stigmatised as selfish. No one could look upon me with an unbiassed eye.

Yet imagine not that my feelings were *never* called into play. Converse with the crowd they had not certainly; but there *was* one, apart from the crowd. I had formed an early friendship. My warm heart could not live without a friend; its choice fell upon a female one. Male friends I have—or rather I once would have said I had. Why—why can I not say so now? They are described as the most enduring friends, but alas! I have by too bitter experience found that they are not so. They require too much. Perfect community of feeling is rarely the lot of any two creatures. Between men never. But woman! *her* nature makes her mind the very empery of feeling—where she hath affection, there, there *must* be community of feeling, for hers adapts itself to ours. But I am wandering. I *had* a friend. The ardent disposition, which I have before said was

mine from my birth, necessarily extended to my affections also. I speak not now of Love. I know it not. It is a Name. I speak of that kindly feeling of nature, which is the common right of humanity—that feeling whereby the nature of man revolts from Solitude, and feels the necessity of having a being to think more of than the stones he treads on. That feeling was mine too, as it is every one's. If I had been permitted to take my own course, it would have been my predominant one. Crushed, avoided as I am, it will, I fear, end in annihilation. A ray of kindness burst through the gloom that was elsewhere around me—and I had a friend. I mention it now, only as a further proof of the mistake of the world in my case. Its opinion was that I cared not for my kind, had no feeling. It stamped me—Unamiable!

Wherever I went, the sentence followed me. Whosoever joined with me in conversation, forgot not the "Unamiable!" That word—that relentless word, was an invisible barrier round my heart, that kept out every kindly feeling of mankind. It was a poison that infected every one that was thrown in my way. It was a "snake in the grass," that blasted every rising hope.

Yet my own soul was untainted. I still felt the ardour of affection as high as if it could be returned. But it was *within*. It could not speak itself. The ice-barrier of the sentence of Prejudice froze its expression on my tongue; and no one knew its existence!

Reader, for thine own sake, I hope thou hast not felt the blight of unreturned affection or esteem. The galling bitterness of soul, when the warm look is met by one reflected as it were through an ice-lens; when the grasp of brotherhood and feeling is returned by the nerveless hand of indifference. O! it is terribly, cuttingly severe! How often have I addressed one that I admired for his superior powers, and esteemed for the excellent qualities of his heart, in the warm language of sincerity. How often have I then seen the look of surprise on his countenance, almost changing to a sneer of wonder and doubt, did but politeness permit it. The dreary wasteness of feeling that would then come over my sick, sick heart—the cold, deadly disappointment that would close like night over all my faculties, was scarcely to be borne. Oft, oft did I stop in the midst of such a sentence, and turn away benumbed—struck speechless. The very depth of

my feeling was always its greatest enemy, for never could my tongue reveal what was within, and my life was a succession of miseries. You know, perhaps, the unhappiness of being treated with momentary indifference by one you love, even when a word will explain—one minute change it to interest and affection. Guess, then, what it must be to one, who, day after day, hour after hour, is exposed to its influence, a thousand and a thousand-fold increased by the consciousness every time, that it cannot be explained—that it will be repeated always alike—that it is for ever! Such is my lot!

Oh, it almost crazes my brain to think what I might have been! I was formed for all the offices of affection and kindness. I was formed for all that could make men happy. Ambition told me I might be great. Hope whispered I would be fortunate. But the canker anticipated both. It struck deep root. I am obscure and miserable.

Deeply, deeply do I regret now, that the eagerness of my temper led me to pursuits and pleasures foreign to the crowd of men. What happiness exists there separate from the prejudices and opinions of the many? Readily, oh, readily would I now give up to their ideas, and assume what I could not agree with, could I but have purchased toleration alone. Wretched lot, where toleration is a boon! Debasing thought, that slavery is inseparable from happiness!

I am not yet old. My age in any other man, would be considered the flower of youth. Yet my feelings are those of sixty. Blasted, withered in the bud, they never had opportunity for development, and never can they now. I speak of their annihilation, only as to other men. They exist still strong in my bosom—but are there locked up, and to be locked up for ever. Feeling requires sympathy and return, as the tender flower in the garden, stands in need of the cool stream to nourish it. Deprive it of that, and it may exist though dormant, but can never open into bloom, much less bear its due fruit. The sap is dried up, the leaves grow stiff, and it retains just life sufficient to entitle it to the name of living.

Whither now shall I turn for happiness? Is it to those books, those studies, the delight of my boyish years?—but the

warm glow of youth, the ardour of curiosity is no more. To my own thoughts? Alas! leave thinking to him that has food for it—for thinking—that thinking which is a support and a relief, is not of the *intellect*: it is a research, a remembrance of the *feelings* of former days gone by—an acting over again of all the pleasures and pains, the pride and glory, the loves and friendships of earlier years. And what are they to me? I have no feeling of joy to look back upon. No occasions of pride. No halo of glory. No loves—scarce a friendship. My recollections are all pain. Yet not that recollection of a pang passed away, that, piercing at the time, serves afterwards by its associations, to create a soothing sensation, like the coming on of a still evening, when all is calm. Oh! no. My reflections would be on a Pain, past, present, and to come: the blight of feeling—the curse of the heart.

I have, then, no resting place. It is a constant career of unceasing torture. Nothing to look back upon. Nothing to look forward to. Nothing to enjoy in the present. The very monotony of such a situation not its least torment. And why should I not be excused, if I blame mankind for this? Was it my fault? Did my fate depend on my exertions? Am I not the Victim of a Name?—And yet I blame them not. It would be useless. It is equally useless to find fault with the system, which exacts that obedience of the soul of the one, to the soul of the many. Unnatural, inexcusable is the tyranny—but, I fear, likewise irremediable. At least, let it cure itself by degrees, if ever it is to be cured.

My fate is sealed. My life—I am young, and it may be a long one—will be ever the same unvarying wretchedness: but it is a relief, sometimes, to muse over the destiny that has cast me from my natural position. I have thrown it into words, as an example of the life of, I am afraid, too many, that are, like me, sacrificed at the altar of mistaken opinion,—that like me are irrecoverably lost. Reader, take it as it is meant, and pity, as it is too late to cure, the outcast that *your* prejudices, perhaps, with others, have made.

G.

# "YE OLD FAMILIAR FACES."

Why do you crowd upon me thus, ye old familiar faces ?  
 In every thing I look upon, imagination traces  
 Bright images of by-gone days, when some were not falsehearted,  
 Ere in the world, or to the grave, all friendship had departed.  
 Where'er I turn they smile on me, as long ago they'd smile ;  
 And where are they, and what am I, since that all joyous while ?  
 The wind sighs through the tall rank grass which waves above *their* bed ;  
 And long and many years and cares have whitened o'er *my* head.

I see them fit around me, on the mountain's heathy side,  
 And through the dark recesses of the sunless cavern glide ;  
 They look down from the leafy boughs of every beauteous tree,  
 And hid amidst the gay wild flowers, they seem to gaze on me.  
 The merry gurgling of the stream, that leaps in joy along,  
 Comes as a voice that was, to me, sweet as the night bird's song :  
 The dancing bubbles too, which start to being on its tide,  
 Bring those that on life's stream, with us, danced and as quickly died.

When I surveyed, in fearful wrath, the ocean's broad expanse,  
 Above each wave that shook the shore, I saw those faces glance :  
 Pale, shadowy forms were riding on the billow's foamy crest :  
 And forms and faces both resembled friends, long, long at rest.  
 Or 'mongst the driving clouds that flew before the tempest's breath,  
 They hurried to and fro, like winged messengers of death.  
 Yet, though in desolation wild, they seem'd to revel free,  
 Methought the smiles of long ago, were those they bent on me.

Far in the sunny lake's clear depths, when not a breath's abroad,  
 As though the spirit of deep stillness o'er the waters trod ;  
 Up from its pebbly pavement gaze those faces once again,  
 And seem to beckon me to leave, for them, the haunts of men :  
 And in the quietude down there, the peace that seems so calm,  
 I've sometimes thought the world-seared heart might find a healing balm ;  
 Until the tempter's voice I've heard, that's prompted many a one,  
 In search of *rest* to break life's glass ere yet its sands were run.

I may not look upon a rose, but with its velvet leaves,  
 The bloom of a now wither'd cheek, remembrance interweaves :  
 The little violet's bright eye becomes, beneath my gaze,  
 An eye, now dim, whose beams had joy for me in other days :  
 The pale and modest primrose, sweet breathed harbinger of spring  
 The prophet of all summer's flowers, can now no gladness bring :  
 The lily, tulip—all that once o'er me enchantment threw,  
 Now only call up from their tombs, the friends who lov'd them too.

Why do you crowd upon me thus, ye old familiar faces ?  
 Why are ye present day and night, at every hour, all places ?  
 The bird upon its cleaving wing ; the shell upon the shore ;  
 The incense nature offers when the summer shower is o'er ;  
 The noontide glory of the sky ; the moon upon the sea ;  
 The clouds when bathed in sunset's gold ; or happy children's glee ;  
 All these, that once awoke delight, and clothed life with graces,  
 Now only call, from memory's depths, those old familiar faces. F.

## MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[Of the small sea-bird, called by sailors as above, but by naturalists designated as the *Stormy Petrel*, from the circumstance of its being rarely seen, except in blowing weather, the following is the veritable history.]

It was an early hour, upon a day at the beginning of one of the early months, in a year not very far advanced in the last century, that the *Tiger*, East Indiaman, hauled out of dock, to commence her long and wearisome voyage to the *El Dorado* of England. It has been thought prudent to leave thus undefined the exact period of the voyage, as, in the course of the tale, there may be occasion to speak disrespectfully of certain personages in it; and no one knows how many "*Dodsons and Foggys*" may be in the world, to suggest to the descendants of the inculpated parties, the idea of an action for libel; offering themselves to carry on the proceedings, and to charge, as Sam Weller says, "Nothing at all for costs, unless they get them out of the defendant!" With no farther premise than this explanation, we proceed with our narrative.

The scene where it opens is London river; and while we have been talking, the good ship *Tiger* may be supposed to have elbowed her way some distance down, borne along through the crowds of shipping on either hand, by the strong current of a spring-ebb; and going through the—to landsmen—incomprehensible manœuvres, that vessel's "*tiding it*," up or down, present to the admiring gaze of those who in modern times hurry from all parts of London, to the "*Crown and Sceptre*," or "*Ship*" at Greenwich, with the sole view and purpose of eating white-bait—not to mention the trifling accompaniments of turtle, venison, &c.

Up to the undefined epoch of our tale, "*John Company*," (as the *Nawaubs*, *Rajahs* and *Soultauns* of *Leadenhall-street* have been sometimes irreverently styled,) never had sent to sea a stouter, or a trimmer vessel than the *Tiger*. Though built chiefly for burthen, and rating at a good deal more than a thousand tons, the principles of speed had not been altogether sacrificed in her construction; and, notwithstanding the clumsy stern, (quaintly resembling the high-heeled shoe then in fashion,) and the low squat bow, that so long disgraced naval architecture, she was,

for the times, a sightly craft to look upon, and one to give as little opportunity as possible, to the fault-finding disposition then, as now and always, evinced by nautical eritics. Masts and yards were in due proportion and order, standing rigging well "set-up;" and, though the latter looked altogether more cumbrous, and the running rigging presented rather a more complicated maze than would please a modern sailor's eye, the practical seamanship of the day warranted every block, rope, stay, shroud—nay, every *rope-yarn*, from the bends to the trucks, and from the bowsprit end to the peak of the long latteen yard that did duty as a mizen.

The *Tiger* was not without the usual scene of confusion along her decks, that vessels leaving port commonly present. There were wives—legal and illegal—hanging about and impeding in their duty, their husbands among the ship's company—trying to wheedle them out of their "*will-and-power*," to receive their wages while away. There were Jews looking after bad debts; and not all content with the end of the top-sail sheet, which Jack is ever conscientiously ready to tender as a payment in full, when going to sea. There were packages, chests, casks, yet unstowed; spare stores, passenger's luggage, &c. &c. yet lying about—and passengers too, aiding in lumbering the decks with themselves, and the herds of weeping friends, who looked on a voyage to India as a polite synonym for a voyage to the other world, and were accordingly deeply affected at the leave-taking—more especially as the "*dear-departing*" were so unreasonable as to carry their valuables along with them. There were a hundred other things and persons, and above all, and abusing *all*, there were three mates, as busy as the d—l in a gale of wind, labouring to get matters into order; and the "*master*," "*captain*," or "*skipper*," (as merchant commanders are technically, complimentarily, or familiarly styled,) now exchanging a word with the gruff and grim-visaged pilot—now rattling out a good sound oath to clear the way for some fresh

exhortation to his subordinates—now again snubbing a male passenger, or answering a lady with most blunt and crabbed ease and suavity of manner.

"Damn my wig!" cried the first mate, with great emphasis, particularly upon the possessive pronoun; doubtless lest he should for a moment be thought to damn any body else's wig: "here's this bloody thundering old woman right in my way again! I tell you what it is, old Mother Slue-the-wind! d—m—e if I dont berth you on the main-top-tressle-trees, to look out for squalls, if so be as you come athwart hawse of me again!"

The party addressed received this speech with extreme philosophy, merely looking up at the speaker on recovering her balance, which his stumbling over her had deranged. Perhaps she was too deaf to catch his meaning—though there was a look in the corner of her bleared eyes that belied the supposition. Whether she was or no, she continued to smoke her *dudeen*, as if nothing had happened.

"There's Dunnage at the old woman again," said the third mate, jeeringly; "he's so fond of her that he's always fetching her up on one tack or the other, ever since she came aboard. I'm blest but he'll make a splice of it with her at last!"

"Aye, aye, laugh and joke away, Dick Roebin—see that you dont laugh to another tune before long;" was the admonition of the second officer of the ship, a rugged and black-faced old sea-dog, who just then came up the main-hatchway. "It's my opinion both you and Mr. Dunnage would do well to steer clear of that old woman, as may be you'll find to your cost, if you don't look out."

"Troth, thin, it would be well for thim both, Misther Doubleblock," said a young man, one of the detachment of soldiers aboard, "to take the advice of a studdy, rispensible man like you, and not be goin' on wid their thricks to the poor and the ould, lettin' alone my own mother—and for all they're great people here, there's one in the ship wont stand such threathment to her, and that's myself, Patrick Carey!"

What answers this valorous declaration would have received, cannot now be known, for ere there was time for even one oath from Dunnage or Roebin, the skipper burst in with a volley:

"D—— and bl——st all your eyes and limbs, and bl——t your souls to ——! what the infernal —— are ye at,

down there in the waist, jawing away, and work to be done! By the &c., &c., &c. I'll make some of ye jump out of your skins, if ye bring me down among ye!"

A shot among crockery never made greater scatter, than this delicate worded adjuration among those to whom it was addressed; the mates, and the soldier, and the men who had gathered to see the row, went all off at once, at various tangents; all, save and except the old woman, still puffing away at her blackened and smoke-stained stump of a pipe.

There she sat, and puffed away through every reach of the river, like one of the thousand steam boats of our times, with the exception of not running *into* vessels and *over* wherries, as is the facetious custom of modern steamers. And thus matters went on, until Gravesend was passed, and the ship was not far from sea-reach, when, lamentable to relate, the commander of the soldiers on board got sea-sick.

"Oh—h—h!" groaned he—looking piteously towards the skipper, "put me ashore, I pray; I wont stay if I were to be made a general to-morrow!"

The answer this application received from the sea-captain was not as favorable as it might be—particularly as it was accompanied by a suppressed, yet sufficiently audible, and rather fervent wish, for the speedy perdition to all eternity of each and every person and thing connected with the land forces of the British empire. This was not in itself very consolatory; but the matter was made worse by the military hero's perceiving, that the old woman was sneering and grinning with her toothless gums, at his distressed plight. On her at least he thought he could vent his irritation, but was very near reckoning without his host. Paddy Carey came up to defend his interesting parent once more—even against his officer if need were; and it might have gone hard with all parties, had not the commander, just in the nick of time, felt a return of the necessity he had already been under, of "casting up his accounts," which he accordingly did, most punctually and fully, though grievously against his will.

"Yerra thin, mother, wouldn't it be fitter for an ould woman like you to be sayin' your prayers, an' we goin' out upon the salt ocean; a'most like goin' to the other world?" said Paddy, when he and the old lady were alone: "than for you to be puttin' the people here agin you, an' drivin' them wild with your quare ways?"

"Howld yer tongue, Paddy, I bid ye!"

was the gracious answer. "Don't meddle or make with what doesn't consarn you!"

"Doesn't consarn me; ah, thin, do you hear this; why wouldn't it consarn me to see them thratin' you ill—shure wouldn't I be worse than a naygur to stand by an' let them——"

"Once more, Paddy, howld your tongue, I bid ye! what care I for thim an' their threatnin's, *I'm on my mission*—an' if I worn't, haven't I paid my passage, an' the d—l a finger daur they lay on me, an' if they did, maybe there's the maues to make them rue it."

"Oh mother, mother! it's there I think you're crazed fairly—ever a talkin' of yer *mission*, an' such strange things, as the like of me never heard; shure an ould head ought to carry more sinse in it than that."

"Silence, boy, and lave me! lave me if ye're wise—or I'll put that upon ye, an' upon your Nora there that you're so fond of, that will teach you not to meddle where you're not wantin'."

A scowl black as night, and not at all tending to improve the expression of the hag's ghastly eyes, aided the effect of her words in driving back her son to the side of his poor little wife. She was a timid, young creature, now for the first time on her travels from her native Clogheen, where Paddy,

"As brisk as a bee and as light as a fairy!" had first met Sergeant Snap, as the old song informs us, and enlisted with him, to the utter despair of the maids, wives, and widows of that good town. Thither Paddy had returned to look for a wife for himself, and it was probable he had made a good choice, for Nora Carey was pretty, and merry-hearted, and good, and very fond of him, and very anxious to be fond of her mother-in-law. But that respectable old gentlewoman seemed rather inclined to cut the acquaintance.

Three long weeks out, and the good ship Tiger was but half way down channel; after having been knocked about and buffeted sorely by the unruly elements, and the people and passengers were grumbling and growling at their ill luck. Three long weeks more, and she was yet only in the Bay of Biscay, and now the growling and grumbling were furious, and every one was beginning to think there was a fate upon them, and to guess at what had brought it down.

"I have it, I have it!" shouted Dunnage, the first mate, "it's the old woman—"

it's the old witch aft there at the gangway!"

"Nonsense!" cried Dick Roebin, "there a'n't no such things as witches now-a-days, and there's nothing about that 'ere old 'oman but that she's as ugly a faggot as ever I laid my precious eyes on. What say you, Doubleblock, you were at sea before either of us was born. Did you ever see a witch, or is that old 'oman one?"

"I says nothing—it maybe that I have, and that she is one too—but I don't want to bring her anger on myself, so I'll e'en keep a stopper over my slack jaw, for least said is soonest mended. Only this I says, as how I don't know what them birds are doing. Man and boy I have been at sea these two and forty years, and never saw them till this trip!"

The hearers looked up as the man spoke, and saw plainly enough vast flights of small birds, hovering along the lee quarter, and in the ship's wake, and skimming here and there with great rapidity. All now recollected having seen those birds continually, during the past weeks of bad weather, and all wondered no one had spoken of them before that moment.

"By ——! she's talking to them—she's talking to them!" shouted several voices at once.

And the old woman *was* talking to the birds. Her lips were moving, and her withered features working, and strange guttural sounds heard from her, which no one could make anything of, save Dick Roebin, who was always trying to joke, and who swore they were "the devil's own language." Meantime the birds kept whirring and ducking, and diving about her head, and near her ears, as though anxious to say their part of the conversation in private, and ever and anon they all would rise and flit away far around, when the old hag threw her lean arms into the air.

"Oh, Paddy, darlin'," whispered poor Nora, clinging to her husband, and dropping her little head on his arm, and turning her sweet eyes up to his face; "oh, thin, isn't a wondher what you're mother is at, talkin' like, to thim strange lookin' birds, and they too coming round her all one as if 'twas pets she had?"

"Pets!" returned Paddy Carey, after snatching a kiss when nobody was looking; "thru for you, Nora machree, it's pets they *are*, and the quare pets too, and more betoken she calls them her *chickens*—"



when dear knows, it's only you I think that ought to be her chicken, if she didn't call me one too, though faith 'twould be the tough chicken I'd make, anyhow."

"Oh Paddy, Paddy—run—run—see if the Captain hasn't got a gun in his hand, and he's goin' to shoot your mother—oh voe! Paddy run, run!"

"By the powers of Moll Kelly, it 'll be the sore gun for him, if he pulls a trigger," roared Paddy, darting aft to frustrate the seeming murderous intent. But the Captain did not quite so much thirst for blood; he had been just gratifying a different thirst with a glass of stiff grog, ("N.N.W. northerly," as the steward who mixed and tasted it could testify,) when the first mate had shewn him the old woman talking to her feathered friends. Whereupon he instantly dismissed the cabin boy with a kick down below for a gun, and rewarding the lad with another kick on his return, took the weapon and fired right into the thickest of the birds!

If ever screaming was heard by mortal ears, it was then. There was a scream from the first mate, who tumbled flat on the deck, with both his hands clasped on his nose, the tip of which had been shot off, it having unfortunately been in the way. There was a scream from the old woman, but in anger, not fear or pain. There were screams from the crew, who thought Dunnage had been shot dead. And there were a hundred and fifty, and upwards, of horrid screams coming from where nobody knew, and mixed with fell shouts of fiendish laughter. Meantime the birds were quite uninjured, and kept swooping, and circling, and skimming about just as before; and two of them even brushed across the skipper's face, as if to flout him with his blind gunnery. One other scream we forgot to mention, and that was from Nora, who fainted dead away in her husband's arms; but Paddy Carey soon brought her to with a kiss, and a bucket of saltwater.

Several weeks more rolled over, and the stout Indiaman was still beset by storms and foul weather, as never had ship been before, according to her crew's opinion. Another opinion of theirs was, that never had ship been so beset by an old woman, and they were not far wrong. "Mother Carey," (as she was called aboard,) had, from being at first only treated with contempt as a bore and an incumbrance—then avoided as a witch—now come to be looked upon with horror, awe, and fear. But she seemed to treat the different opinions of

her shipmates with equal indifference; keeping herself constantly apart and alone, save for the company of her attentive "chickens." Meantime it was remarked that those who had given her offence, had not escaped without punishment, notwithstanding her seeming indifference; and old Doubleblock, the second mate, waxed important as he found his prediction verified.

"Aye, aye!" he would say, "I told you all how it would be. I told you even before we left the river, that you'd best let that old woman alone, but nobody minded me, and see what's come of it! There's Mr. Dunnage was always at her, and then thought to be at them birds of hers, and he has paid for it, with the loss of his nose, and the fag-end of a charge of shot stuck in both cheeks, like a man in the small-pox. Then there's Dick Roebin—he wouldn't take the word of a man old enough to be his father—he wouldn't fear anything, not he, but would be skylarking with her, and how is he now?—broken his leg with a fall from the poop. Then the soger-officer there, Captain Heelball, he couldn't keep from luffing athwart hawse of her too, and hasn't he tumbled down the after hatchway, and nigh hand started his stern-post."

"Sartinly, Mr. Doubleblock 's right so far," said a seaman, "but how is it, sir, that the skipper hasn't had anything happen him yet, and he was as bad to the old woman and her chickens as any one?"

"We haven't seen the end of it yet, bo!" replied the second mate surlily; "wait a while, and you'll see it 'ill turn out as I said."

They had not long to wait. The skipper just then came on deck, after bowsing up his jib pretty taught, or in common English, drinking pretty considerably, and was in as bad a humour as need be, being always cross in his cups, and his temper not improved lately, by the various mischances he had met since leaving England. In this amiable mood it was lucky for his men he found an object to attack in the old woman, who was as usual "*colloquing*" away, as her son Paddy phrased it, with the strange birds.

"I tell you what it is, you infernal old hag," said he, with many curses, "I'll make a clear ship of you soon enough, if this goes on; so look sharp, will you, and mumble your prayers backwards once more, and send those imps of chickens of yours back to h—, and get us good weather, or by the &c. &c. &c. you'll feed the fishes ere you're an hour older!"

"Hurry not me, rude man, nor these my spirits and ministers!" croaked the hag, "we will leave you indeed, when the due time arrives, but woe to this ship and all in it, if we leave it earlier!"

"By —! but you go at once!" roared the skipper, running at her with a hand-spike, but the blow he aimed fell not on her, but on the head and brawny shoulders of Paddy Carey, who had leaped before her, and slipped and fell ere he could throw up his arm as a guard. He lay motionless, and Nora ran, screaming wildly, to throw herself on him, imprecating Divine vengeance on the murderer.

"Aye, scream and howl, foolish girl," croaked her hateful mother-in-law, "and have not I a right to scream and howl too, for he is my son; but I do not, for he denied my power and deserved punishment! Yet shall he not die, nor shall the wretch who struck him escape vengeance for the deed."

At the words the skipper rushed again at her, but just then a topping sea bounded in over the bulwarks right upon him, knocking him down and washing him aft with the fury of a torrent. The same sea washed Paddy Carey aft too, till the companion-hatch brought him up, just as the seething of the water had brought him to.

"Murderer alive!" was his first ejaculation, "what a taste for swimmin' I have, and with my head swimmin' as well as myself, from that little twig of the captain's. Nora, avourneen, dry those pretty eyes of yours—sure there's nothin' the matter with me, that a kiss from you wout cure."

The remedy was tried—three or four times over, to ensure its success; and then, Paddy, like a good Christian, lent a hand to pick up the skipper, who had got a knock on the head himself, and was senseless in his turn, and bleeding profusely.

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Still raging seas, and thunder, and blasting lightning, and howling winds, and chase-like storm, till ship and crew alike were nearly worn out; the vessel weakened and shaken in her timbers and whole frame—planks yawning at the seams, decks opening, sails split and spars sprung,—the men fainting from loss of nightly rest, and unusual and almost unintermitting labour of body and anxiety of mind. One thing alone yet upheld their sinking spirits—the Cape of Good Hope was known to be not far distant—not indeed until more than twice the usual time of the passage had elapsed; but still they were

neering it, and there might look for some repose. That repose was soon likely to be enhanced still more in value; for, from the time that an observation, which a chance gleam of the sun had allowed to get, had announced the neighbourhood of the land, the elements seemed to redouble their violence, till the stoutest seaman's heart almost withered within him. Yet still the old woman held mysterious converse with her strange visitants, and muttered and shrieked with the wildest shriekings of the storm—tossed and waved her long lean arms and skinny hands to the circling birds. Those had much diminished in number since their first ill-omened presence had been remarked. Since then, at various times, and in various directions, portions of them had winged their flight away, and returned not—sent by the old woman, as Doubleblock sagely inferred and declared, to tenant distant seas, there to hover round the distressed mariner in seasons of tempest, even as they and their consorts had already done to the inmates of the Tiger. The same grave authority, for such was old Doubleblock now considered, ever since his last prediction had been realized, further declared to his attentive auditory on the fore-castle, that he looked to their being speedily rid of the old woman altogether.

"For now," said he, "she has fairly boxed the compass, all but one point—sending her birds away, with secret sailing orders, no doubt, to the sun, yet done it is, for of the two flocks that remained yesterday morning, one went away in the evening, right N. and by E., and she'll back into due N. presently, and then good bye to her, and to the last of them outlandish birds."

"What sayest thou—what sayest thou!" screamed the old woman, turning sharp upon the astounded Doubleblock, and peering into his blank broad face: "thou would'st be rid of these birds—these birds of mine, commissioned from henceforth to give note and warning of the coming tempest to thy brethren of the sea! well is it for thee, the rash wish is not heard. I go, indeed, not again to be seen by mortal eye, but these shall henceforth, even to the end of time, be seen upon the waters, and be known as mine!"

As she ended, and ere even her son Paddy could say one word, or ask whether she purposed going, a squall, fiercer than any yet felt, burst upon the ship, amid tremendous peals of thunder, and blinding

flashes of lightning. Away like reeds went the three topmasts at once, and to leeward they hung, with their sails, rigging, and gear in inextricable confusion; endangering the lower masts by their weight, and keeping the ship down on her side. Many of the men had been temporarily stunned by the lightning, or hampered by falling rigging and light spars, that had broke adrift, and thus had perchance the fate of the good ship *Tiger* been speedily sealed, had not the wind at that moment fallen flat all at once, and the sea, after one or two clean sweeps over her, begun to abate with magical rapidity. At the same time the clouds parted overhead, and the sun, brilliant and gorgeous as none aboard had seen him since they sailed, broke out from a clear, blue sky, and shone warmly and cheerily down upon the dripping mass of confusion aboard the *Indian*, below and aloft.

Where was the old woman—where was the old woman? Gone with her birds! They indeed only for a time, for just as she said, they have ever since re-appeared in blowing weather. But she, as she also said, *for ever*, at least up to our day there has been no further account of her. Some of the *Tiger's* people judged that she had been washed overboard, and so drowned; but to the day of his death, the second mate, old Doubleblock, averred, that just as the topmasts were carried away, he saw her skir off over the waters, with her "*CHICKENS*" around her, shaping a course due north, until a foul squall struck and

threw her over on her beam-ends. An amiable feeling of modesty induced him to veil his eyes for a moment, and when he looked again, there was nothing visible but the squall clearing off, and the foam-streaked billows sparkling in the sun, as they settled down to most unwonted repose.

The tale is told. The rest of the voyage was pleasant and favourable, as were the after fortunes of Paddy Carey and his much-loved Nora. The skipper of the *Indian* recovered from his severe hurt, and some people said he afterwards drank a little less than was his former habit, but we do not pledge ourselves to the report. Dick Roebin's arm was soon well, and he as gay as ever, though not so fond of teasing old women. Dunnage got a small pension for his wounds, having persuaded the company they were received in their service; and Captain Heelball got invalided and so sent home. As for Doubleblock he was ever afterwards looked upon as a conjurer. And, in parting with the reader, we beg, if he have any doubt of the truth of our tale, to refer him to the family records of those who figure in it—to the archives of the East India Company—and to any one who has ever been even a week at sea: for it would be singular, indeed, if in our changeable clime one could be at sea so long without meeting foul weather—that weather duly heralded and presaged by the appearance of "*Mother Carey's chickens*."

J. O.

## SONNETS TO SLEEP.

"Look on *this* picture, and on *that*."

### I.

I do not love thee, cruel Sleep! To me  
Thou art a stepdame, and bestowest more  
Than half my rightful due to swell the store  
Of thine own favoured children. Oft I see,  
Without one single hour vouchsafed by thee,  
The live long night wear tediously away,  
And morn replace it with her sober grey;  
And then thou com'st, as if in mockery,  
(While others rise refreshed, and haste to  
breathe  
The balmy air,) and layest thy poppy wreath  
Upon my brow; then sudden slumbers steep  
My wearied frame, but ghastly dreams arise,  
Calling the loved and lost before mine eyes,  
Till drowned in tears I wake, nor pray for further  
sleep!

### II.

Wisely thou said'st, O Sancho, "Blest be Sleep,  
And he, its first inventor! Like a cloak,  
It wraps one round." Words which, tho' lightly  
spoke,  
Do yet contain a meaning true and deep.  
Now, as I feel its soothing influence creep  
Over my frame, from illness weak and worn,  
I hail it, as the mariner forlorn  
Might hail the beacon blazing from the steep,  
Cheering his soul with promise of return  
To that dear home where all he loves the best,  
His babes, his mother, and his trembling wife,  
Are wearying heaven with prayers to guard his life,  
And lead him safely to that place of rest!  
Come thou to me, sweet Sleep, and lull me on  
thy breast! L.N.F.

## LEGENDS OF CONNAUGHT.\*

It were difficult to name any region of Europe, or at least of her Majesty's dominions, where an author's chances of patronage would appear to be more precarious than in the ancient kingdom of Connaught. Not, indeed, that in the animate or inanimate endowments of nature, in genius—or the materials for genius to work on—it is in any respect deficient. Quite the contrary. Bolder, more varied, or more romantic scenery exists not in any part of Ireland; more wonderful vicissitudes of history hath none of our provinces known, nor do brighter traits of glory beam from the pages of any remaining portion of our mutilated annals: greater store of legend, more thrilling and pathetic harmony of ballad and song, cannot be found in our green island, than meet us in every district of that wild and beautiful, though misgoverned, ill-cultivated, and comparatively desolate country, which lies beyond the Shannon. Go where he will the wayfarer is often led by charms of this kind, to linger, not unwillingly, even in many a dreary scene; or pleasanter to tell of, after a long day's wandering by lake or ocean, or toilful climbing of cliff and mountain, to while away many a happy hour by the peasant's rude, but cheery and hospitable fire-side; beguiled of all fatigue, and wrapt in dreams of strange enchantment by stories, whether of the older or the later times, alike romantic and exciting. Improbable, too, might any one term them, who knew not our people and their freaks; though, to a listener of discernment, the very strangeness of the incidents might be a pledge for their truth; exceeding, as they often do, in all their minute miraculousness of caprice and passion, anything that even the untiring, unhesitating, irrepressible Irish fancy could have conceived, untaught by the more startling seriousness of deeds that were done in the land, and seen of high and low, as now they live in a faithful record, on the lips of young and old.

But for all that, with all this living literature of passion and memory and song, the demand for printed books in Connaught

is exceedingly limited, and the prospect of success to any native author so cheerless, that, until Mr. Archdeacon tried the experiment, we believe, the possibility of such a thing had hardly entered the mind of even the most sanguine speculator on the spirit and good nature of his countrymen. Times, however, are changing fast, and it would be unfair to quarrel with Connaught for being only a little behind hand in the career of improvement. That province is still more visibly in a state of transition than any other part of Ireland; we cannot, we ought not to expect from it, at present, that activity in the cultivation of a language scarcely yet naturalized among the people, or that endeavour, in spite of the sameness of speech, to build up, even in that alien tongue, a literature distinct from that of England, which is beginning so honourably to distinguish the more modernized parts of Ireland.

For creditable to us, with all their drawbacks, those tardy efforts must be deemed. That the spread of English books among us, will anglicize our people to a lamentable degree, is one of those bitter truths which there is no concealing nor denying. 'Tis one large, though not altogether overwhelming item in the catalogue of deteriorations, to which for their sins (of omission; or virtues, perhaps, of commission), the Irish people have been doomed. Deterioration, degradation, decay, 'tis like enough to prove, even though, on admitting us to the world work-house, the cosmopolitan overseers should cast our rags into the kennel, and give us whole clothes to be base in, and bid our homeless hearts be cheered, while they fill our stomachs by contract. Piteous enough is the prospect, nor likely to be made worse by foreboding it: let it rather stimulate us to exertion, while yet there is time for it, or use in it; let us rather strain every nerve to avert the horrid fate, and perhaps as we do so, the rays of hopes till then concealed, will shine with unexpected light upon our desperate toil.

One thing in our favour (though not without its sinister influences, by contagion of that very deficiency) is, that the

\* *Legends of Connaught, Irish Stories, &c. By the Author of "Connaught in 1798."* Dublin, Cumming. 1839.

literature of England, as at present accumulated, extensive and diversified though it be, is, except in its stupidest follies, very far from being truly national. The inspiration of almost all that is good and genuine in it, has been Hebrew, Norman, Classical, French, Spanish, Irish, Scotch, German, European; anything and everything but Anglo-Saxon or Londino-cockney. It is the literature of the (at all times far too numerous and powerful) upper classes of a country, where, for all the evidence that remains of it, the lower classes have never had a literature: such a literature, we mean, in legend and superstition; in story and song; in popular pastime and popular unity; in all-pervading pride and joy of national reminiscence; in firm tradition of antique observance; in unsundered strength of self-respecting simpleness, (the literature not of books only, but of thoughts and feelings, of habits and virtues, of memories and hopes,) as every other people of Europe, without exception, even to the Feroe Islanders, the serfs of Russia and Hungary, or the outcasts of the Grecian Archipelago, have possessed from an early period; and still, despite of all their losses, largely retain by inheritance.

In all such countries, too, as can boast of that more polished and formalized literature, which is ranged on shelves, and buried in the catacombs called libraries, this mass of traditional thought and feeling, this coral relic, ages a-gathering, of a hundred million hearts, has been, to a great extent, the basis of the later structure. But with the literature of England it is as much the contrary, as was, perhaps, possible in this world, or in such ages of the world. Even the rickety Roman literature, so far as we can judge of it; from the annals of Ennius, through the prize poems of Virgil and the stoic fopperies of Seneca, down to the declamations of Claudian and the pedantries of Ausonius; was deeply rooted in the national character. Though late-planted, stunted and sterile, it was yet embedded in the heart of the people, and watered by rills from their belief: far removed though it were from their sight, it yet appealed to their sympathies; it decked itself with the colours they liked, even though half contemning their credulous fancies, and blossomed with the flowers they loved, even though they could seldom approach to pluck or taste of its fruit.

But even this equivocal merit, of an *ad captandum* reference to the popular fancy, will, by any one who looks to what the

people of that country are or have been, be hardly found in the literature of England. Either it never could boast of such an adaptation to the national wants; or the people themselves have greatly changed, and that not for the better. At all times too much of the former, we would say; and, if we may trust the sorrowing testimony of many a thoughtful observer among themselves, not a little of the latter also, through the length and breadth of the land. We cannot but think, that the most enthusiastic worshipper of English literature must acknowledge that there is too much foundation for both of these charges: let him see if it be not paralleled, and partly, perhaps, accounted for, by the whole tenour of English history.

It has certainly often struck us as strange, in the perusal of those proud records; first imperceptibly checking our enthusiasm, and chilling our sympathy, then entangling and perplexing us, till we were forced to unravel it: it has often bothered us that we could not find this people of England, specifically as a people, doing any thing note-worthy, or winning any thing love-worthy for themselves or the world at large. They were born, they eat, drank, slept, and died; but further history sayeth not; beyond the slow advancement of that huge digestive mass, history had nothing to tell of them. They drove out the Danes? Their kings did it. They curbed their Norman sovereigns, and won the early guarantees of freedom? Their nobles and clergy did it. They ran about on the Crusades? The knights forced them. They made broad England fair and fertile? The clergy taught them. They reformed their religion? A lecherous monarch began it; a politic old maid finished it: the clergy were vacillating, the people passive. They tried to be a republic? The wealthy commoners began it; the sword-and-gospel burgher gentry consummated it: the people stood by passive when Cromwell beheaded the first Charles, and stared in stupid acquiescence when Monk brought back the second. Next, they had a Revolution, as it is called? The gentry trundled out their lawful king, and set a Dutch usurper in his place: but the people stirred not hand nor foot, for one or other; they yawned indifference, or grinned approval, as one puppet took the other's place,—and that was a Revolution! And for the Reform Bill, that boasted brilliancy, which has, alas! tarnished so quickly? Tory

obstinacy did it; whig hunger for place did it; the fourth estate, the reading and writing gentry did it (France and Belgium had made it fashionable): above all, the Irish people, banded together as a people, had won Emancipation, frowning the charter of equality from the iron grasp of their renegade countryman, and thereby rendered it inevitable; but the English people, as a people, did it not, won it not, unless dancing round a bonfire be as good as kindling it, or eating a plum-pudding the same as making it.

Again, turning to other objects of national pride, sometimes well-founded, sometimes the contrary;—who colonized New England? The comfortable puritans; many of them men of rank, all of them men of substance. Who conquered India? English merchants. Who reared up the manufacturing system? The timely discoveries of Arkwright and Watt (men of the people certainly, but solitary, persecuted, unsustained by the people) made much easy, that was before impossible; and then Lancashire capitalists, speculating successfully in the souls and bodies of London parish-apprentices, whom they bought at a cheap rate, and imported by cart-loads on cart-loads, set about building with such materials, the topmost, and now tottering story of "English commercial prosperity."

These may all be things to be proud of, or they may not: but whatever their true character, they were all the gentry's doings; they were not, from their very nature, they could not be, in any high or noble sense, the offspring of the popular enthusiasm, or the emanation of the national will. In vain do we search through the history of England for one of those great occasions, those landmarks in the world's history, beacons to the unborn time, when a nation rises as one man to defend some right assailed, or to repel some offered wrong; when, in the ardour of unwonted daring, all hearts are fused with one enthusiasm, all hands devoted to one common cause; till high and low alike are brothers in victory, or, should ruin be their lot, undivided in defeat and death. How is the face of such a people transfigured in the sun-light of approving heaven! How are its lineaments changed from that day forward, and marked with a grace and dignity, which the blight of untoward fortune may dim, but can never efface! Successful and unsuccessful alike are inscribed on that sacred page: the heroes of Switzer-

land, the burghers of Holland, the covenanters of Scotland, the martyrs of Poland, the mountaineers of the Tyrol, the republicans of France, the rebels of America, the rebels of Greece, the rebels of Belgium: thus, and so forth, runs the catalogue. What is England's claim to take her place among them? When were her people up and doing? What deed of generous self-devotion marks her people as a people, or ever made them feel so? We search her history: what find we there of popular doings? Jack Cade rebellions, Titus Oates enthusiasms, Lord George Gordon riots, Bristol conflagrations, Chartist blusterings; backwards and forwards we turn the leaves of her history: other deeds of the people, self-directed, passion-roused, guided by spontaneous impulse, if there have been, we cannot find them. They shot long shafts at Agincourt; serried and firm on many a field they have stood and feared no foe; true and undaunted on many a deck they have died the death of heroes; but as an acting, thinking, feeling, living people—our eyes are dim, or our luck bad, or else the world mistaken, which calls such a people great, which calls such a people free. A great aristocracy, a free aristocracy,—that were the fitter word. As are the people, such is their literature; or rather as that aristocracy was, such their literature remains.

Now a literature of this kind, destitute of a proper locality, not broadly based upon national tradition, nor thoroughly identified with national habits, is much less likely to strike deep root in a strange soil, than one of a healthier constitution. Separated by the thin, but scarce passable fences, of polite breeding, conventional thinking, and refined, unidiomatic, enervate language, at once from the understandings and affections of the lower orders, it has been little better than an exotic in its own country, and what should it be in another? It has grown up in isolation from the sympathies of the great body of the people; it is not familiar with their thoughts; it sheds no perfume in their memories. It has been a fine thing to look at in the gentleman's green-house, and a pleasant thing, no doubt, for the gentleman to cultivate; but it never grew wild in the fields, nor threw itself in the poor man's path; he hath not plucked it when a child, nor watched it spring unbidden from the soil of a parent's grave: its praises live not on his lips, it pillows not his weary head, it blooms not in the Elysian glory

of his woe-forgetting dreams. Why it has been thus with English literature, were long to investigate; a brief examination of it might need a volume. This much is worth remarking, that its rise was exactly coeval with the severance of the people from their ancient faith; though certainly some deep-seated chronic malady of much remoter origin, is indicated by their failing to retain that firm hold of their old associations, which the people of Germany, of Norway, of Scotland, and other reformed countries, preserved amid not less perilous changes of language, of government, or of religion.

On the other hand, where a literature is intensely national, and cast in the mould of popular thought, it sometimes obliterates nearly all traces of indigenous culture in the countries to which conquest or commerce have carried its seeds or scions. What remains we possess of Grecian writers, are but the collected fragments of various national literatures, removed from each other, some by two thousand years of time, and others by as many miles of space; wherever the Greeks forced their way, as conquerors and colonists, or as slaves and adventurers, they carried their literature with them, and raised there a new edifice, characteristic more or less of their adopted country. They made themselves indispensable to the rich, and so they set the fashion; while with the poor they knew how to sympathise, and so beguiled them (foolishly enough, we must think, but not without a show of compensation) to reject their own uncouth traditions, and adopt the more graceful fancies of those who promised to civilise them. The effect on Roman literature (where alone we have any means of estimating it) was perfectly terrific; and that from a very early period. The time-honoured traditions of their ancient history, the wild outpourings of the native genius, in ballad chronicle, or fantastic *Atellane*, withered away before it, or assumed its garb and complexion, and were themselves no more. The only department of that literature, as we know it, in intimate intercourse with the people, was the drama; and its most popular authors, (the models and depositories to the latest period, of the unspoiled Latin idiom) were mere translators from the Greek. And this deterioration (for such, with all our admiration of the Greeks, we must take leave to deem it) was undeniably paralleled and accompanied by many corruptions, of which

and of the things corrupted all trace has since been lost. Some will tell us that this was, in a great measure, owing to the association of the ancient literatures with the mythology and observances of the popular faith: but this is only strengthening our argument; for in that very union lies much of that intense nationality which we have asserted to be characteristic of them.

In like manner, at a later period, the Arab literature spread itself with the Mohammedan faith and Saracen domination, east as far as Hindustan, and west as far as Spain; and may still be found either participant or paramount in every country where it has once got footing: nay, the entire literature of Europe still retains a visible and not unbecoming tinge (being so moderate) of that southern infusion. Nor is this tamer century altogether unfruitful in such influences. The literature of Germany, by reason of its copiousness, its depth, its beauty, and, above all, the comparative nearness of its ruling geniuses to our time, and the consequent adaptation of their writings to the wants and wishes of the age, threatens no little injury to the individuality of the several nations of the north of Europe, so similar in language, so closely connected in history, and deriving most of their traditions from one common fountain-head, with more laborious and successful Germany. The history of Eastern Asia, a tapestry as yet unfolded to the gaze of European curiosity, would, we have reason to believe, supply examples not less remarkable.

But then, had not the French literature its day of universal dominion, surely without such attributes as these? Good friends, we wish we could disabuse you of the notion that literature is only printed books, or that we (as, alas! too many do, who ought to know better) are thinking only of the gentry, while we prate about the people,—reasoning forsooth from the annoyances of the former to the sufferings of the latter; or feeding the hungry nations with chicken-broth, and forging tweezers instead of plough-shares. If we err that way, 'tis entirely against our will; for we strive most earnestly to avoid it—but to reply. The French literature of the last century was really much more national than people are disposed to allow; it was at least most characteristic of the people it sprung from: but what of that? what did the boors of Russia, or all below the genteel classes of Germany, or Spain,

or Italy, or England, know of it? And so it vanished as speedily as it came, and save that its poison still taints the air of certain philosophic coteries, it left few relics behind it. A literature of that description, being a mere genteel affectation, in the long run excites a reaction against it, and bolts to escape a kicking, or crouches into a corner, and from minister of state, and high-salaried, palace-fêted university professor, turns cook and valet de chambre.

It is worth noticing also, that the two most popular and influential of British authors, Shakspeare himself not excepted, have been, in contra-distinction to the great body of their brethren, remarkable for their nationality, provincial and imperfect though it were, and thereon is their reputation based: and this, not only in the British dominions, but also in Europe and America. Byron may have made a greater noise, and driven more dandies daft; but Burns and Scott have penetrated (the Scotch, the national part of them) where no other British authors have ever been heard of; where, in fact, writers less simple, less unaffected, less strong in rugged force of character, such as Scotland once was proud of, had vainly asked for admittance. Nay, more, it may perhaps turn out, from the want of the natural germs among themselves, and also partly from the *excavation* (as Dr. Chalmers loves to phrase it) of the English population by the Irish and the Scotch, that the basis of the new-born English literature, when it sees the light, will be chiefly Scotch and Irish. At this moment Burns is more popular with the working classes of England, than any author except Cobbett has ever been; and the Irish melodies are sung in their Sunday-schools: to most diabolical doggrel, to be sure, but the tunes will live among the people, and the doggrel will as surely die. "And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges!"

We admit, however, that a genteel literature, be it visitor or native, brings with it dangers of its own; and strange to say, especially so when it takes up its abode among a democratic people. For, by one of those apparent inconsistencies, which are the world's light and shadow, such a literature is always more or less attractive to a nation of a democratic turn: that is, where the humbler classes, whatever their social condition, aim incessantly at higher objects than food or clothing, or other creature comforts, and however debarred

of them, can appreciate the worth of nobler things, and shape their theory of life accordingly. A people of this disposition are but too prone to mistake the proper means of elevating themselves and their country. They are but too prone to follow the track of the gentry, and barter away for the inanities of the latter the strength of their own realities; grasping at the icy shadow of conventional existence, and losing in the struggle to climb below themselves, the last, most precious gift of old impartial nature, the dowry of heroic life, which hath dwelt in their instinctive efforts even from remotest ages. But thus the wild flowers of the world are doomed to be rooted out alike from mountain and from valley, till the earth be one tame garden, and its greatness also tame, and its virtues pale and bloated—cabbages in place of oaks. It is a very mournful chapter in the history of man; the master-key to so many of his miseries! A chapter not finished either; perhaps but now decidedly begun; though we do not know—the world has lost so much, is now so beggared of its ancient wealth, it might puzzle us to assign the proportion of what it has still to lose. This much, as a crying evil of our time, we may be allowed to lament, that while the humbler classes are every where taking to books, and forsaking the ancient ways of spontaneous mirth and social passion, in which they lived and loved before—there should be so few books suited for them, good enough for them; that the vapid literature of an effete gentry should be, in many places, their sole resource: and worse than all, that so few attempts should be made to repair or rebuild those edifices of sublimer art, which were once the pride of so many countries, and which, when a nation takes to literature, are so imperatively needed for its shelter and its strength. On this subject we have much to say, and cannot dwell upon it now: we have already far exceeded the limits which we had allowed ourselves for a brief glance at such topics, in connection with our speculations on the tendency of those humble efforts to avert such a fate, which manifest themselves among us.

"But what has all this to do with Mr. Archdeacon?" enquires more than one of our patient readers. Much, good friends, much. In the first place, Mr. Archdeacon is, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the first man in that part of the world, who, publishing a series of volumes,



illustrative of the legends and scenery around him, has ventured to rely, almost exclusively, on the support of his native province. And most creditably has Connaught answered the appeal: in the course of a very few years, nearly *six hundred pounds* have been subscribed there for the works of an unknown writer, recommended to them by no prestige of extraneous reputation, and moreover evidently little versed in the stratagems not unusually considered lawful in those pursuits of author and bookseller, with which he ekes out the scanty income, derivable from his honourable but ill-requited toil, as an humble country schoolmaster. Is all this nothing? Or is it not rather an event of some importance in the history of the kingdom of Connaught, now that literature is assuming so much importance in history.

We have not time at present to dwell upon the merits of Connaught, in the most trying period of our national struggles; we can but barely allude to the delightful and undying remembrance, that there the rays of the Milesian sunset shed their last departing glory; there the last wild revelations of Irish melody were poured from the harp of Carolan, till the tones of that unequalled music, most ethereal inspiration that this earth hath ever known, complainingly died away, and the silence of death and despair fell heavily over the land. That pall no hand may lift; no power recall to life the dust that lies beneath it. That form of breathing beauty the world will look on no more: 'tis gone, and for ever. A new day is dawning on us, new paths of enterprise opening, new modes of life and liberty arising; glories of another order we must address ourselves to win. In which career of honour, will not Connaught, with all her various powers, be among the foremost? And for instance, in this one field of activity, in which Mr. Archdeacon appears as the herald, let the forecasting reader just imagine what books will yet be written in Connaught; what deeds done in Connaught which history, the most enduring branch of literature, will yet be called on worthily to record. Has she not the Shannon behind her, has she not the Atlantic before her? what may she not yet achieve, if she be but true to herself, and true to her sister provinces? No one can reflect on the future prospects of Ireland, without at once perceiving, that as Connaught is now the most deeply sunk in misery and decay, so

it is destined to be hereafter the richest and most powerful. The throne of our future greatness must be set facing the west. It may take a thousand years to mature so mighty a change; but thither eventually will Irish enterprise most thickly congregate, and thence as from a mighty heart will flow, with unremitting force, the life's blood of national power.

But to return to the humble efforts in that untried field of literature, which on the present occasion we have undertaken to examine,—Mr. Archdeacon's first publication\* was a striking example, both of much that we have been saying about foreign literature and its influences, and also of the local discouragements which concurred therewith to repress the outbreak of his powers. "Love will find out a way," says the old ballad, and surely so will genius; but the paths it is forced to follow, too frequently lead from its object, instead of towards it: just as the garb in which it chooses to make its appearance, too often apes the fashion of the day, to be suitable or becoming to the wearer. It is a queer thing, and yet most natural, in the first literary attempts of a man writing in the heart of Connaught, to be reminded, at every page, of authors whom the writer not unwisely loved, perhaps, but most unwisely emulated. "Connaught in 1798," and perhaps in a still greater degree, "Everard,"† though giving many indications of the talent, more fully displayed in a later publication, were spoiled throughout by this tang of various admixtures, which concealed their natural flavour. Here it was Mrs. Radcliffe that was imitated, there it was Sir Walter Scott; here it was Byron, there it was Campbell; and so on, through all the *Dii Majores* of the circulating library, and not a few of the *Dii Minores*. But, alas! what else was to be expected? How or where was the author to learn that it was to Irish literature he was to contribute; that for Irishmen he ought to write, and, familiar as he was with Irish life, confine thereto both his purpose of labour and his hope of reward? Almost all the books he had to read were of British manufacture, or written with an eye to the favour of the British public. To rise above this slough of despondency, and assert the rights of the Irish mind, was at that time an effort of daring, from which a man of far higher

\* Connaught, a Tale of 1798. Dublin. 1830.

† Everard, an Irish Tale, of the nineteenth century. 2 vols. Dublin. 1835.

endowments might have recoiled with dismay, familiar though the thought be now to thousands throughout the country.

"Connaught in 1798," suffered also from the author's timidity, and his anxiety, in the thorny paths of patronage, to stand well with all parties. He ought either not to have chosen such a subject; or else, once it was chosen, he ought to have entered heart and soul into the spirit of the time, and not impaired the dignity of his heroes, or lessened the interest in their fate, at one time by unmeaning caricatures of the popular enthusiasm, at another, by sleekly submissive notes, tempering with their icy impartiality some unwonted fervour of the text. But these were, after all, the errors of a young writer, and of one treated with so much kindness, that we cannot seriously blame him for allowing his gratitude to get the better of his discretion.

"Everard," published in 1835, is much the longest work of the author, and, we are inclined to believe also, his own prime favourite. We, however, cannot regard it so favourably. It is defective in plot, diffuse in style, and overcharged with sentiment of rather a common-place description. There are passages, however, of considerable power. We should be glad to quote the story of Darky Sullivan, as capitally told by Jack Murphy, and Winny, his interrupting spouse; but the work is too long published to admit of our taking such a liberty with our readers. There is a clever portrait of one Captain Howly, an upstart, overbearing magistrate: this, and several amusing sketches of doings in court-house and gaol, are sufficient evidence that the author's courage waxed with his years and experience.

"Legends of Connaught," is, in many respects, a great improvement on the author's earlier writings. It is a collection of short stories; and this, in itself, is much to the author's advantage, as he has no great skill in the formation of a plot, or management of a longer narrative. There is also much less affectation of fine sentiment, and it is written throughout more carefully, and we fancy far more naturally. The first story in the volume, and considerably the longest, is an able sketch of the last riotous scenes in the life of the celebrated George Robert Fitzgerald, the prince of braves and fire-eaters. This is certainly a stirring subject, and capable of being woven into a romance of no ordinary power. Mr. Archdeacon's error, we

apprehend, has been, that he has neither made a history of Fitzgerald's life, nor yet a complete romance. He has aimed too much at uniting the *vrai-semblable*, and the *vrai*, frequently giving minute details which are evidently the offspring of his imagination, and, nevertheless, producing his vouchers as he goes along, and entrenching himself behind authentic documents, against the incredulity of his readers. The earlier scenes of Fitzgerald's life, would also have afforded much greater scope for an amusing novel, than the unhappy frenzies which preceded his ignominious end.\* "The Election" is a good-humoured account of a Connaught county contest, but we would say, rather tame, and not half so full of fun and frolic as irrefragable fact would have warranted. Indeed it is not on such topics that the author appears to advantage. He has less elasticity of spirit than the generality of his countrymen; and often walks soberly along, when he ought to be springing from the sod. We shall, therefore, turn to scenes where he is more at home; and here we feel we would not be doing him justice, if we did not quote pretty largely. The volume, besides, contains so much variety, that the author can well afford to spare us the greater portion of his story of

#### ALICE THOMPSON.

"The cloth was removed, after the temperate but hearty and substantial meal; the hearth-stone and nicely sanded floor were neatly swept; and the large old family Bible and spectacles wiped and placed before Isaac Thompson by his daughter, who was then proceeding to her usual household duties, when her father called 'Alice.'

"What was there startling in that dear name? or why did she tremble like a guilty thing, at that strong, but to her ever tender and affectionate voice? She moved forward a few paces, while he displaced the spectacles he had habitually put on, and stood trembling and confused, with her arms meekly by her side.

"'Alice, where ha' ye been these few evenings past?' He fixed his eyes earnestly on her glowing face; but she could not endure his scrutinizing glance, and drooped her head like the rose before the tempest's breath.

"'I'm glad, however, ye ha' still the grace not to defend yourself by lies. Ye ha' been in the company of Edward Sullivan, walkin', feastin', and junkittin'. Answer me not; I ha' been told of it all by a freen', who wad not see ye gangin' till destruction without a warnin'. Ye're turnin' out an early gadder and junketter,' he added, after a little pause, and in a tone of increased bitterness; 'God of Abraham, that I should live to see a child

\* The recent numbers of the University Magazine contain a very clever, but, we fear, for a true history, rather embellished account of this rollicking hero.

o' mine pursuin' such like filthy inclinations, even in the very openin' o' her life! Was it for this ye were so carefully reared in the knowledge o' that holy book? O, blessed was yer poor mother's lot that she remained not to see and curse this day!'—he passed his coarse hand across his eyes, to conceal or wipe away the tear that had started there.—'Edward Sullivan, the wildest and most reprobate youth in the parish,' he continued, in a tone of wrath, heard far above the tears and sobs of Alice, 'but that matters not. What business had you to mingle wi' the abominations of papistry? Ha! ye no fear o' God about ye, nor shame of a maiden, to be huntin' o'fther men? But I now swear by that righteous God, who inflicted a terrible and untimely death on Absalom for rebellin' again his father, that if ever I find ye speak to, or keep company wi' Sullivan again, ye shall be, fra' that hour, no longer daughter o' mine, nor in this house, and a father's curse shall pursue ye through the world.'

"O, curse me not, dear father," sobbed the terrified girl, flinging herself on her knees, 'curse me not.'

"Knell not till me, foolish girl; never knell till any mortal. But go on and intreat pardon o' yer God for being seduced until company-keepin' wi' those that are shut out fra' the light o' his ways, and beg his grace to strengthen ye in yer good intentions."

"She flitted from the room, noiseless as a shadow, and he resumed his spectacles."

"Isaac Thompson's ancestors had been one of a swarm of settlers who had emigrated from the north to the land of discovery, Connaught, and lighted by great, but not singular good fortune, on the rich, fertile spot where now stands the village of Derrybeg, with its pretty bridge and spire, and orchards. The ancient but indigent possessors were displaced for the more wealthy and intelligent northerns; and, for the soil at least, the change was much for the better."

"The small, neat, white houses constituting the village, are clustered on the hill side, each with its little orchard-garden, well enclosed with its green hedge-rows, and reaching down to a narrow river that glides along silently at the foot of the hill. From those, in the early summer time, when the crimson and snowy blossoms are clustered on the apple and hawthorn trees, the sight and smell are regaled with a cloud of fragrance and beauty, and the wayfarer often lingers in his path to enjoy the coolness of their shade, and admire that picturesque village, with the rich cultivated grounds that extend round it on all sides."

"The sombre appearance, distant manners, and cautious habits of the settlers, rendered them, on their first arrival here, quite a distinct class from the thoughtless, hasty, and improvident race surrounding them; and their descendants continue so in a great measure up to this period; their prejudices and peculiarities having descended as an inheritance with their farms to the present day. Isaac Thompson, at least, had not degenerated one jot from the staunchest of his forefathers in his loathing of papists and rebels. Indeed, his general habits and manners were so peculiarly stern and repulsive, that he had acquired the name of *black Isaac*, even among his own friends; yet had he the meekest, and by far the prettiest daughter in the village; and he fully felt, and in his own way, acknowledged her value. It were hard to tell, when on a fine evening he walked with her round his farm, which of the two he prized most

in; and in truth they were both beautiful objects, and well deserving of admiration. Yet, perhaps, the deep, rich rose hues of Alice's complexion, that, with her silky auburn hair profusely clustering over it, and the lustre of her dark eye, made summer in the heart of her parent and lover, might as well indicate the seeds of decay in her constitution as beauty in its glow of young health and spirits; for the maiden's disposition was not that playful, gladsome one that assorts so well with youthful innocence and happiness—the sparkling overflow of health's crystal spring. Hers was rather remarkable for its meek and gentle sedateness, resembling rather the deep, shaded river, that in the silence of its depths, glides along noiseless and unseen, than the lively streamlet that murmurs loudly but pleasantly its music on the ear. But the deep, still river long retains the impression made on it, while the more rapid streamlet receives nor retains none; and even a stern father's stern interdict had little power to efface from Alice's effeminate heart the impression made there."

"Did she then love Edward Sullivan, who, as her father truly said, was one of the wildest youths in the parish? How could her gentle spirit intertwine itself so closely with one so boisterous as his? Does not the ivy entwine itself round the oak? and do we not often the most admire those qualities we possess the least? To her, he was always gentle as the summer winds; and perhaps there was a secret pride and pleasure in thus having a mastery over a fierce, proud spirit, 'That brooked control from none beside.'

"And such a one was Sullivan's, though he deserved not half the rebrobation bestowed on him by her father; for, though one of the foremost at all the village feats, and first chosen when any frolic was toward, which required forward and daring courage, he had never been implicated in any crime, nor stigmatized with any actual vice."

"He had in early life been educated as for the church by his uncle, a priest; but, though possessed of strong talents and capability of learning, his fiery and impetuous temper utterly unfitted him for the priesthood. On the death of his uncle, he had neither perseverance nor inclination to pursue his studies further, or turn to any profit the acquisitions already gained. Indeed, an ardent thirst for every amusement in his reach, and being distinguished at all manly sports, was his besetting fault; and to gratify this, he wasted both his time and the little inheritance that was daily and rapidly diminishing. He loved Alice with the vehemence of his nature, and he was well repaid, for she loved him with a deep, true, and tender love."

"Though she had promised that Edward should be as nothing to her, and knew not, nor had ever ventured, even in thought, to disobey her father, who was wayward and obstinate as fate itself, yet to utterly uproot him from that heart where he had, with all his faults, planted himself so firmly, was far an overtask for her gentle spirit, and her constitution promised much sooner to sink beneath the conflicting emotions that overwhelmed it. Oh, 'tis a fearful strife between patience and passion for the first few days after the wreck of the young affections! Then the soul either rises elastic and victorious from that struggle, or bends beneath it for ever."

"Poor Alice moved about her usual avocations in hopeless heart-sickness, still, before the silent but watchful gaze of her father, apparently as un-

changed and sedate as ever; and it was a long week before she ventured out even as far as the garden, where every thing would remind her of one she must try to forget for ever. A summer's sun was burning gloriously in the cloudless heaven as she sat there, for the first time since her promise, on a turf seat, in the luxurious shadow of a large tree that gracefully canopied the stream below. The green earth, with its myriads of happy creatures, was rejoicing in the delicious spirit of the season; but from that sweet spot all objects were shut out by the blossoms and flowers, save a few that assorted well with them—the deep blue arching sky above, the little sparkling stream seen in flashes between the green foliage that waved over and dipped into its surface, and a linnet that had built his nest in a near rose bush, and was mingling his exquisite music with the dreamy song of the trees and waters. To all these sights and sounds of gladness and beauty, however, the heart of Alice, that, like a sweetly touched instrument, used to vibrate within her to their influence, was now insensible. She sat on the green mound, with the Bible opened on her knee. A few tear-drops stained the page, but her thoughts were far from it. Deep, and yet wandering were her meditations, when she was roused by a rustling in the hedge, and in an instant Edward Sullivan was at her side."

The dialogue between the lovers is much after the usual fashion; we, therefore, pass to the conclusion of it, where Edward breaks the news to Alice of his approaching departure to another land, and exacts from her an oath of fidelity:—

"I am going to America, and ere I go, I wish—you must swear, that you will not be the wife of another before three years. If I survive till then, I shall, with God's help, have realized what may shield us from the chilling blasts of poverty for life. If I return not by that time, you may reckon that Edward Sullivan is not among the living."

"Edward, I need not promise you, for I will not live to be a wife."

"Have better hopes. We shall spend many happy years together yet, dear Alice, after those clouds shall have blown away."

"No, Edward, I feel it here," laying her hand on her bosom, 'what tells me, that when next those trees and flowers will be smiling in their beauty to the blue summer sky, and that green linnet warbling among them his sweet song, that used to make my heart spring within me with joy, Alice will be sleeping, insensible to all, in the cold grave. But if it will give you pleasure, I will promise.'

"No; you must kneel, and swear on that holy book." She knelt. "Now pray, that the promises made in that book may be of no avail to you on the judgment day, if you be the wife of another for the space of three years."

"She pronounced that fearful imprecation; and clasping his arms around her, as if they were never more to be withdrawn, they sank into a silent embrace, in which there was more of bitterness and despair than even of affection."

"There was no word more spoken; but you might hear the answering throbbing of their hearts, as his proud and wayward spirit mingled its bitter tears with hers. They parted; and Alice strug-

gled, in the more than usual bustle of domestic employments, to drown all the busy and agonizing recollections of the past. But the worm which was never to slumber, was gnawing her heart; and she began to droop and pine, like a delicate flower over which the blight has come before its time. The flush was still on her cheek, and the lustre in her eye; but the core was diseased. Strength and appetite were failing fast; and it was soon evident that the latent germs of decay in her constitution were putting forth their power and doing their work surely, though secretly—the more surely, because secretly. She bore it all, however, patiently and meekly, and breathed no word of complaint or repining. Her spirit was always so gentle and pliant, that she bore up longer, perhaps, than a more buoyant one might. But the chain that bound her to the world was every day losing a link.

"Months wore heavily away, and with them, the first intensity of Alice's sufferings and her capability of feeling them. Life, with its flowers and its weeds, songs and wailing, sunshine and storm, its bright dreams and its sad realities, was fading fast from her thoughts and vision. Its busy sounds and preparations were going on around her; but she sat for hours unconscious and unheeding of them; her eye, while she had the power, poring over some religious book, and her long, attenuated, and nearly transparent fingers, tapping the chair on which she sat.

"The gay milk maid, in her thoughtless happiness, carolled her morning and evening song beside her, in the wonted milking place; the field-labourers trolled their frequent, and despite hardship and fatigue, light-hearted choruses in her hearing, without awakening a thought of murmuring or repining in her innocent heart; and, though the tears of others flowed fast, when she talked calmly of the nearness of death and its peace, not one dewed her own eyes. Even the image of her lover waxed faint and fainter every day on her imagination, till she merely longed to see him, to comfort him with the knowledge of how resigned she was, and with what hopes she died, and to exhort him to care for his eternal welfare. The thoughts, indeed, of happy days came frequently on her, but they came like the pleasant remembrance of a sweet far-gone dream, full of a delightful sadness, but bringing no feelings of pain or regret with them. It seems so unnatural that that power, which nature has set over age and deformity, should also have dominion over youth and loveliness, that the heart sickens at, and revolts from the exhibition; and there is, perhaps, no human spectacle capable of exciting more painful and enduring sensations of sorrow, than a young and beautiful creature wasting away beneath the slow consuming grasp of decay. We mourn to see the early spring flower, that had sprung up so pleasantly in our path, withering so untimely before us, without our power of assistance. There is, too, a deep, an awful interest about a being, who, though among the living, owns not the form nor the hues of life; the period of whose sojourn there, unlike that of others, is visibly marked out, and rapidly nearing that limit which, though it may be accelerated, earthly power cannot prolong.

"Isaac Thompson affected at first not to perceive any alteration in his daughter's appearance; and when it was too apparent to be passed over, he still made no remark, between half anger, and half hope, that time and absence would wean her thoughts from Sullivan, and restore her again to health and bloom.

"Indeed, he was the last to perceive the imminence of her danger, as his avocations left him but little within doors, and in his presence she always exerted herself to appear well and cheerful, to spare him the pain of vain regret and self-reproach.

"The season of song and flowers was again fast approaching, and Alice's disorder had reached its last stage. Yet even then, when death might come with every day, and his friends were hourly urging him to write for Edward Sullivan, as his return could alone give a probability of his daughter's recovery, yet even then, though his heart was bowed within him almost to brokenness, it was with the greatest difficulty, and after much and frequent argument, he could be induced to consent that the letter should be written."

Yielding as much to the mute appeal of Alice's visible decline, as to the remonstrances of a sturdy, clear-sighted friend, whose arguments we omit, the old man at length relents, and the letter of recall is despatched; alas! too late—if, indeed, it could ever have been in time, which the circumstances previously narrated incline us to doubt:—

"Joyed and alarmed at the summons, Edward tarried scarce an hour in Baltimore, for the arrangement of his affairs, but, availing himself of a vessel, whose sails were unfurling for Ireland, returned to his native soil, as fast as winds and waves would waft him.

"A few lines hastily scribbled on his landing, announced the day he should arrive at Derrybeg. It was a genial April day of sunshine, and Alice, through one of those fancies incident to her disease, had herself carried out to the garden seat, that they might meet where they had parted; and there they did meet.

"Edward Sullivan, though somewhat browned by toil and travel, health and hope beamed upon his brow. But Alice, what was she? The blood in Edward's veins froze back to its source, as he gazed on the wasted form before him. Oh, what was the bitterness of his feelings at that moment, so delightfully anticipated and so ardently thirsted for! Could this be the sweet creature, whose image had become a part of thought itself—she, from whom he had parted in the glow of beauty, but a brief year before, in that very spot?—she of the snowy forehead and crimson cheek? Where were they now? The ghastly hue of the dead had usurped the place of all, save one small point-like spot of red that yet lingered, as in mockery, on the hollow cheek. Her eye that used to beam so brightly and lovingly on him was now dim and sunken; but, as it caught his figure, one flash of more than former brightness lighted it up.

"Edward, God be thanked that I have lived to see you—I have kept my promise, and you will remember poor Alice."

"He clasped his arms around her; but her spirit abode not within his grasp. It fled quietly and noiselessly as a shadow, and, ere an instant, he strained to his breast nought but breathless clay.

"There was so little pang or struggle to indicate the parting of soul and body, and she looked so beautiful for a moment, that he could not believe at once that she was gone.

"He called her by name, at first softly, and

then loudly, but no answer nor motion came to tell him, that she heard or could hear him. He glued his lips to breathe in the heat of life, or catch one breath from hers. He chafed her death-cold hands between his, to warm them, but his only waxed cold without imparting warmth to hers.

"She was gone, then, beyond mortal hope, the only one among her sect whom he loved, and the only one who loved or liked him; and what business had he there?

"He cried bitterly for a few minutes over the senseless body, and the utter wreck of his hopes; and then, without leave-taking, departed. He tarried not for wake or funeral, and entered no door till he regained the vessel, which conveyed him again, and for ever, from his native land.

"The season has advanced; the trees and flowers are again smiling in their beauty to the blue summer sky, and the solitary green linnet is warbling among them his sweet music, but Alice is 'sleeping insensible to all in the cold grave.'"

The man who can write thus has surely both a heart and an ear. There is a rich music in the full and rather heightened style in which it is written, which cannot have failed to please the reader. Perhaps in a longer story it might be cloying, but in the present instance it suits the subject well, and mellows the otherwise sombre colouring of the little picture. We were still more pleased with another story, which, with some abridgment, to bring it within our limits, we think our readers will thank us for introducing to their notice:—

#### THE REBELS' GRAVE.

"It was the beginning of a fine May that I received an account of the death of an aged woman, a distant relative; and as the village where she died was but a short distance off, and the weather so beautiful, I threw up all business for the day, and set forward to attend the burial.

"To one of so sedentary a life, the walk was a delightful recreation, as my path lay partly along a sparkling streamlet bordered by a green and flowery sward, then across a fine heathy bog and meadow-fields, over which nature had now spread her beautiful green spring-carpet, glowing with a profusion of wild flowers, and the heat was redeemed from being oppressive, by an odd light cloud that occasionally flung its white veil across the sun, and a soft summer breeze that was awaking the perfume of the primroses thickly clustered over the fields and hedges. But the pleasure of the walk, like every other pleasure under the sun, had its alloy; for I recollected how often I had traversed that path before, to meet the warm-hearted hospitality of her whom I was now going to see in the cold earth; and the figure of the old woman, with her bended body, beads in hand, and small, blue, restless eyes, seemed hovering before me, and her manifold inquiries about friends and neighbours ringing in my ears.

"The cavalcade was setting forward when I reached the house. The coffin was upraised on the shoulders of four relatives, who bore her from the door never again to enter there. While it was being lifted, there was a loud and mingled shout of wailing; but after that there was no ex-

pression of deep grief, for the old woman had out-run, by many years, the ordinary race of mortality, and there were but few of her near relations in that part of the kingdom.

"As usual on such occasions, the news was told, the laugh raised, and the jest and frolic passed, till we reached the church-yard, which lay without any inclosure on the summit of a meadow hill. Here again the coffin was borne by her kindred, and, with bared heads, we followed the clergyman, while he recited the solemn and beautiful service by which Christianity consecrates the body to its native earth.

"The grave was closed—the wild and general lamentation which had been at once raised on our entry into the church-yard, by all who had friends buried there, had now entirely ceased, and the funeral attendants had all departed, except a few pious lingerers who still knelt in prayer over those they mourned. I still remained in the place of graves, according to my usual custom, to examine the little painted crosses and grey headstones, that were thickly scattered there, with many a rude inscription and simple eulogy.

"There had been a chapel in the centre of the grave-yard, of which there was still standing one broken wall, with its narrow pointed window shafts deeply wreathed with ivy. A little to the east of this, was a very ancient headstone of fantastic form, with an uncouth rhyme inscription, which had frequently foiled me to decipher; and when I found the place empty of all other living occupants, I seated myself and began to clear away the moss and weather stains, to try if I might not succeed better now. I had made but little progress, when the near sound of voices disturbed me, and turning round, I beheld two female figures entering the grave-yard. One of them was an aged woman in black, closely muffled in a large cloak. She was apparently blind or dim-sighted, and was supported on one side by a stick, and on the other by a younger female, who was also clothed in black, and whose ashy cheek and emaciated form proclaimed her not much longer for this world, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, than her elder companion.

"I had, on their first appearance, by an involuntary start, placed myself behind the headstone at which I was labouring, and through some innate but indefinable wish to avoid observation, continued to crouch there while they advanced.

"Mother," said the younger, in a low, hollow voice, "take care of the nettles;" for though they were not yet much grown, they were springing up thick and fast, and gave promise of an abundant midsummer crop.

"The old woman paused for a moment, while she struck her stick twice on the soft green earth to her left, then turning a little, she struck it a third time on an uninscribed grave-stone, on hearing the sound of which, she bent her head, as if she could have seen and were intently scrutinizing the spot.

"Sure I should know this spot; this ought to be the priest's grave, and our way should be by its right."

"They passed onwards a few yards, when a huge black cloud, that had been lingering some time on the western horizon, as if lying in wait there like misfortune for the close of life, flung its dark cloud over the sun.

"We are at it now, Eliza; we are in the shade, and at this time o' day, the sun never shines on my boy's grave."

"No, mother, 'tis only a cloud that's come over the sun; but we are near it." She led her a few paces on one side to a broad green grave, the head of which rested against a grey fragment of the ruined chapel, and whose foot was shadowed by a full-grown hawthorn, which was beginning to put forth its snowy flowers.

"The younger female seated herself on a low part of the fragment, while her mother, leaning on the grave side, groped with her hands over it in every direction.

"The grass is growin' finely over my boys, and I believe, Eliza, there's not a single weed or nittle." Then raising her hand to the hawthorn, she plucked one of its flowers and smelled it. "The hawthorn is blossomin' early this year, Eliza; I don't remember it so early since it was planted, and that is now sixteen years come next Michaelmas;—a few tears fell from her sightless eyes—'oh, oh, 'tis too bad their poor old blind mother should be watchin' over the graves of her darlings, who ought to be now bearin' her to her own; and God knows, if 'twas his holy will, 'twould be time;' and she threw herself on the grave in loud and bitter lamentation.

"When her daughter first seated herself, she sat with her face resting on her hands, as if gazing at the grass and weeds that waved at her feet, apparently unheeding and unconscious of her mother's words or actions. But when the old woman began to speak, I could observe a flush mounting gradually on her daughter's cheek, and by the time she ceased, the whole countenance was kindled with a hectic glow; and as she bent over to raise her mother, with her cheek and eye beaming that unearthly lustre, she might well have been likened to a consoling angel, drawn down from heaven by the prayers of the childless widow.

"It's useless, at this time, to be repinin' at their fate; rather let us do what, by God's grace and the virgin's intercession, may be serviceable to them." She raised her mother a little from the earth, but her strength was unequal to the exertion, and they both staggered against the ruin.

"I was about to spring forward to their assistance, but there was a character of sacred impressiveness in their grief that deterred me for a moment from intruding on it; and ere that, they had recovered themselves, and were both kneeling.

"It was a touching sight, to see that old woman and her spirit-like daughter kneeling in ardent prayer over those beloved and lamented beings they must hope so soon to join for ever, while the sun, which was then setting, burst out from between the black clouds, and, streaming through the ivied window, shed a hallowing light on their pale, worn countenances."

This scene is interrupted by the appearance of Mr. O'Loughlin, an old gentleman, apparently of a kind disposition, and landlord to the mother and daughter. He induces them to go home; and afterwards tells their history to the author, as he and his friend sit lingering in the old church-yard:—

"We seated ourselves beneath a window on the west side of the ruin, just fronting the sun which was now resting blood-red on an opposite mountain top, with the deep black clouds overarching him round.

"Agatha Sweeny," he commenced, "that old

woman you have now seen in her helplessness, I remember when she came a fair and sprightly bride to our parish, escorted by the "dragging home," a crowded train of both sexes on horseback, to convey her to her husband's house.

"Her husband, Philip Sweeney, was the most comfortable farmer on my little estate; but, after having lived with her several years in competence and harmony, he left her a widow with ample means, and the care of two sons and daughters, all grown and comely as a mother's heart could wish. It was a pleasant sight, and often have I enjoyed it myself, to see her on Sundays and holidays coming to chapel surrounded by her fine family, all rejoicing in their youth and vigour.

"The sons were young men of uncommon strength and comeliness of person, and particularly distinguished at every fete of hardihood and activity. But they possessed a wild and ungovernable spirit, and an overweening confidence in their own courage and powers; perhaps, much of it was owing to the injudicious rearing of an overfond and foolish mother. I believe the eldest was scarcely in his twenty-first year, at that alarming period when meetings of united Irishmen began to be held through every part of this unfortunate country. To men of their age and mould, such meetings and their object were particularly adapted. They were speedily sworn and enrolled. Young, ardent, and unthinking, they could see but a speedy and glorious issue to their enterprise—visions of glory and uprising to themselves and family, and the gratification of every object they could have at heart. O, my friend, it was a trying time; the year '98 was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed its fearful scenes. Even our females caught the mad enthusiasm for "liberty and equality." The sisters of those unfortunate youths zealously urged them on, without once reflecting on the possibility of the terrible consequences that might ensue.

"The invaders came, and a general outburst followed.

"They were among the first to embark in it, and, borne on the tide of momentary triumph, thought they had at once within their grasp, all those objects they had armed for: but the desolating result of that fatal insurrection is but too well known and remembered.

"The Sweenys were wounded and taken prisoners at the battle of Ballinamuck; but, being distinguished among the insurgent captains for their daring courage and activity in the cause, and being of some consequence in their native village, it was resolved to give a terrible warning to their fate; and they were spared from instant execution to undergo the ignominious death of being hanged at their own door.

"In vain were all their efforts to obtain by entreaties the soldier's death, and as vainly did they try to provoke it by taunts and insults.

"I had not seen Agatha from the commencement of the disturbances, till the day on which her gallant but misled sons were to suffer; when having learned the fact, I walked to her house to try if I could lure herself and her daughter from it on any pretext. Years have rolled by since that fearful day, yet are the events of it green in my memory, as if they were but of yesterday.

"When I entered the little parlour, the two girls were seated at a table, with their faces leant on it, while their mother was standing with her back towards me at the window. My footsteps roused them, and, as they lifted up their faces, I

observed they were of a death paleness, and that their eyes were much swollen, and red with weeping.

"Dear sir, dear sir," they both exclaimed together, "is there any chance, any hope of mercy?" "Your brothers are in the hands of a God, whose mercy is as infinite as his power, and I have the best hopes for them. But you must all come to my house—we are about to have mass celebrated there."

"No, Mr. O'Loughlin," cried the old woman, turning her frenzied gaze full round on me, "I know my boys are to die this day—to be hanged at their own mother's door. But I can bear it; and never will I leave this house till I see and bless them again. O God, was it for this I reared ye, my darlings, the comfort of my age—the pride of my heart? But maybe I deserve it—maybe I was too proud of ye. But wasn't every one that knew ye fond and proud of ye? Oh, if they had come by their end in any other manner; but to die on the gallows like common thieves or murderers! My brave, my beautiful boys on the gallows!—they won't—they can't—they shan't hang them at their own door, in their poor old mother's sight."

"Despair and madness were in her aged face; and she shrieked wildly in the anguish of that terrible thought. Her daughters had interrupted her burst of passion only by tears and clapping of hands, but they now sprang from where they sat, and falling on their knees, each grasping a part of her garment, cried with bitter vehemence, "Mother, mother, curse us;—twas we that murdered them. We, we encouraged them on to destruction. Oh, if 'twas we that were to suffer, where would be the harm? But they, they"—anguish choked their utterance, and the mother mingled her bitter tears with theirs.

"They seemed not to observe, and probably knew not at the moment, that I was in the room, and I withdrew for a little, to let nature have her way, deeming that the extreme violence of thier grief, like the fury of the tempest, would soon waste itself.

"I deemed aright. Nature was unable to sustain that whirlwind of grief. When I re-entered, they were sunk in voiceless torpor. Again I implored them to leave the house; but finding it in vain, I prevailed on them to join me in prayer to that almighty and all-merciful Being, without whose knowledge and consent not even a sparrow can fall. Scarcely, however, had the out-pouring of their souls to God begun to infuse some degree of calmness, and even of hope into their souls, when the maid-servant burst wildly in.

"Misthress, they're comin' bleedin' on a car, with sogers."

"The window fronted the road, and they were at it in an instant; but they stood only to see the first glimpse of the cavalcade mounting a far-off hill on the road, and then, with an appalling shriek, fell senseless on the floor.

"At this moment, Father Dominic (you recollect he was my nephew) entered, and between us, we procured their removal to his house, where we left them watched and guarded.

"The cavalcade was now approaching the house.

"I must go and try to speak to the youthful sufferers," said the priest.

"If you attempt it, you will expose yourself to insult—to injury, perhaps."

"I must not heed that, if I can be of any service to them at this fearful hour."

““You are right, and I will not attempt further to dissuade you.”

“The ill-fated youths sat with their back towards the house, and their heads stooped to conceal the deadly and disgraceful rope, which was about their necks and arms. Their clothes were rent in many places and stained with blood, and their faces pale and unshaven. O, how changed from those bold, joyous ones I had seen in the hey-day of youth and health and courage! They seemed carefully to avoid looking around, as if fearful of some object they might behold.

“The car was halted; and as they were removed from it, I saw them cast one hurried look—the only one they gave—at the house and the fields around it; and I thought, O God, what must have been their feelings at that moment! But whatever they were, their looks, bold and undaunted, even in that terrible moment, betrayed them not. A something even like gladness seemed to flit, as a sunbeam, over their countenances, as they whispered together for an instant.

“Father Dominic now moved forward from where he had been unseen gazers. Their eyes caught him, and they bowed mournfully. He entreated the soldiers to permit him to speak with them for a few minutes; but they pushed him roughly away with their musquet butts.

““We want no rebellious priests here, to be giving rebels a pass to heaven. They must find their way there or somewhere else without your assistance.”

“Their officer, however, overheard them, and ordered Father Dominic admission to officiate with the sufferers, while a temporary machine was being erected for their execution.

“They both extended their hands as far as they might reach to grasp the priest's, with a smile of bitterness and despair, as they looked at the ropes that bound them. “Father Dominic, we have met in better times, but all will soon be over, except the shame and disgrace we are leaving to our family. O, Father, how is our poor mother and sisters, and how do they bear it?”

““They are all at this moment slumbering in health and unconsciousness, I hope, and they will learn to bear it. But in mercy seek not to see them it would be injurious to all.”

““Do you think we would wish to break their tender hearts? O, we had hoped to meet them in a different manner; but all is lost, and maybe 'tis better to die now than linger a few years longer in exile and misery.”

““But are you content to meet death in this manner? Are you at peace with the world? Do you forgive those men who drag you to execution?”

““Our cause and our hopes are lost. Oh, those cursed, treacherous French! May they soon feel themselves what it is to be deserted and betrayed, and death would be welcome, if we could obtain an honorable one. But, by this time to-morrow, it will be all the same. As for those soldiers, they are only obeying their bloody orders, and we have no animosity towards them.”

““Then I will confess you.”

“Priest and penitents knelt down on the road side, and the soldiers removed to a small distance, with their loaded pieces presented at them, while Father Dominic administered to them the last rites of their faith. They were sincere penitents, and prayed with great fervour, till warned that the fatal tree was prepared, to which Father Dominic was allowed to accompany them. It was a young,

flourishing elm, that had been planted by their father at the end of the house as an ornament. How little he could foresee that it was for the destruction of his children!

“The day was a cloudy one in September, and the leaves were falling thickly on their heads, as they knelt for a moment at the tree-foot, while the wind moaning through them seemed to wail for the fatal deed about to be done. While they were kneeling, something rushed between the soldiers and the prisoners. I feared it was the women; but it was the old house dog that had espied his masters, and, bounding forward, frisked and frolicked round them in honest but ill-timed glee. A tear—the first and last I saw from them—trembled in their eyes, as they viewed the faithful creature in his transports.

““Damn their bloody eyes,” said one of the soldiers, “what fuss there is about tucking up a brace of rebels. I suppose we're to be kept under arms all day through that croppy priest. Little harm if he was strung up with them.”

“The dog passed him in his gambols, and the ruthless soldier stabbed him through with his bayonet. The poor animal howled in agony, and, crawling a few paces, expired at his master's feet.

“Despite their situation, the eyes of the prisoners flashed fiercely, and I saw the storm of wrath and passion gathering on their brow. But ere the priest could speak, (as he told me after, for this portion of the proceedings, through the confusion attending on it, I could not accurately distinguish from where I stood,) with a desperate effort they burst the cords that bound them, and had felled the soldier to the earth by one tremendous blow.

“Instantly the fire-flash crossed my eyes—the loud report of musquetry rang in my ears, and I saw them stretched in their gore on the earth. They fell with their faces towards and almost touching each other, as if they were clinging together even in death, and their life-blood gushed in a mingled flood. Their dissolution was so rapid they scarce had time to feel a pang, and the impatience of the soldiers had given them what their hearts thirsted for—a soldier's death—the aged man paused, overcome by the melancholy recollections he had awakened, and wiped away a tear from his eye—they lie buried in that green grave, they and their younger sister, Agatha. Eliza was always of a weakly constitution, and, as you may have observed, is now nearing fast her eternal haven. She frequently, when the weather is fine, accompanies her unhappy mother hither, to weep and pray over the grave of the ill-fated boys.

“It was indeed, as he had promised, a tale of sadness. During its recital a redbreast, perched on the hawthorn bush, began to warble a vespere song of such rich and plaintive melody as suited well the story and the scene: it was, probably, partly illusion, but never, I thought, did I hear so mournful a strain as the sweet bird poured forth, that beautiful summer evening, over the rebels' grave.”

In conclusion, we hope soon to meet Mr. Archdeacon again in the pleasant bye-paths of fiction. We are confident he might produce something far superior to any thing he has yet done. If he would give more of his attention to those classes of life with which he ought to be most



familiar, and occupy himself in delineating more fully their joys and sorrows, he would gain in vigour and lively interest, much more than he would lose in genteel effect. Let him only rely upon himself, and work fearlessly at what he attempts, after his own fashion, without any over-

weening regard for the fashions of others, and he may yet reach that permanent place among the Irish novelists of our time, which, willing as we are to acknowledge his various merits, we cannot flatter him that he has yet attained.

## ADOLPHUS; OR, A TIGER'S FORTUNE.

It has often been remarked, that the Parisian ladies are much more manly than the fops that dance attendance about them, and that they pretend, in the same manner as the lords of the creation here do, to know something about philosophy, jurisprudence, and other sciences, more or less abstruse, as they may be. The following is an instance, of "doing what we like with our own," creditable to one of those energetic *emancipationists*.

An English nobleman, Lord G——, had a TIGER, whom his lordship's family had saved from the Foundling Hospital, and to whom had been given the name of Adolphus Sawpit—a name sufficiently elucidatory of his origin.

His lordship proposed for a young lady, named Harriet —, who received his addresses favourably, but could not be prevailed upon, for some reason best known to herself, to "name a day" for the completion of his happiness, telling her lover that not until the end of three months would she be able to do so, and enjoining on him, in the mean time, a journey to Paris, there to await the expiration of that period.

In the city of fools, G—— spent his time as well as he was able, and at least lived very pleasantly; nor was Adolphus deprived of opportunities of mingling, as those in a similar situation are said not very seldom to do, in the gaieties of Paris. Masked balls and the privileges of a chaperon, which the fellow managed to avail himself of by suitable disguises, that is, by passing for a *gentilhomme Anglais*, and not unfrequently for his master himself, procured him an *entrée* into many an aristocratic saloon, and he played his cards so effectively, and had also so much the air of a gentleman, that he was well received, wherever, with a prospect of avoiding detection, he dared to go.

Meantime his master began to be talked of in Paris, as an unapproachable oddity. The two *roles* that his lordship filled in his proper character, and that of *Adolphe*, combined in one, gave the Parisians an

idea of a very incomparable *monstre*, with the additional beauty of being as unintelligible as the automaton chess-player—his *worse half* always planning so skilfully and well, that he carried on for a long time with success the supposition of identity.

Now, as I speak of Lord G——'s *worse half*, it may be necessary to inform the unskilful of my readers, that every man of fashion, as well as every thing else, is necessarily constituted of two component parts, viz:—halves; and such parts are supposed, generally, to be somewhat similar to each other in quality and amount: but in the man of fashion, whose two *halves* are himself and his valet, they have this peculiarity, that they may differ exceedingly in kind and in quality—as the man may be the better half of the master, or the master may be his own better half;—whether "better," signify "more powerful and influential," or more "gentleman-like and honourable," fulfilling both requisites. But the greatest peculiarity about the species in question, is, that the individual may to those *two halves* add a *third*! which, though in common parlance always termed his "better half," is, in reality, and as the proper expression of the truth, his *best half*;—and in pursuance of this elucidation of the fact, I would suggest the necessity of an "Authorized Parliamentary Inquiry" into the present state and prospects of the English Grammar, with reference more particularly to the Degrees of Comparison. But to my story.

A young Englishman, after having talked over different matters for a few preliminary seconds, as he was one morning seated opposite Lord G——, in the *salon* of the latter, at length addressed his lordship with the air of a man about to enter on an important topic:—"Lucky dog, damme!" ejaculated he;—"the woman whom every one attempted, and no one conquered, outflanked at last—capitulating, damme! Confess at once what a fortunate fellow you are!"

"For heaven's sake, Mortos, if you speak of Emilie de —, do not add one

more to the number of those that persecute me upon that subject! I pledge you my honor, my dear fellow, I have never so much as seen the lady; nor do I know more of her than I have learned from persons labouring under the same fatuity with yourself, who have victimized me about her; I have not even been to pay my court to the Baroness D—, who, I am told, is her guardian, and to whom I had a letter from my cousin, Lady H—: it is really too bad that, disclaim it, or disclaim it not, I am to be thus the victim of this stupid blunder!"

"O, my dear G—, I beg a thousand pardons; I really *did* consider the thing too preposterous!" and wishing him good morning, he started off for his cab, to attend a rehearsal at one of the theatres.

Returning towards his hôtel, he encountered L—, a gentleman just arrived from England, from whom he learned that G—'s *liaison* was much talked of in the London circles, and that Miss —, (Harriet), to be witness of the truth in person, had suddenly come to Paris, and was staying at the Hôtel D—, with the Baroness, who had not been made aware of her betrothment to G—, and who, being a relation of hers, was delighted at the visit, little suspecting its object.

"Bravo!" returned the dramatic Morton;—" *Voilà une belle comédie!*—so far all is remarkably good; but what the devil can it mean?"

He explained whatever he knew himself to L—, who was perfectly incredulous, and appeared to attribute G—'s denial to the fact of his former mistress's unexpected arrival in town; which Lord G— was in reality ignorant of.

"He has, at all events, a card to the Baroness's ball to-morrow night; *she* does not hesitate to speak of his attentions to her ward."

"The devil, don't she?" interrupted Morton; "it is not two hours since he solemnly denied to me his acquaintance with the D—, declaring he had not even presented her with a letter of introduction which he carried her from her cousin Lady H—!"

"Good heavens, my dear Morton! he has been constantly at the house of the Baroness, and is in fact inseparable from Emilie de —; whenever she appears in public, paying her the most marked attentions! I have had the whole account of his success with her, (and, *on dit*, that she was rather difficult too!) from her immediate friends, who speak of the thing as a mat-

ter of business nearly completed, and about which there is no need for longer silence amongst the parties. She, too, has confessed herself entirely *éprise*, and boasts him a *chef-d'oeuvre*; and though avowing herself a coquette, she has gone too far in this affair to admit of receding. I am told, however, that at the same moment that she declares herself the betrothed of G—, she does not entirely forget her former friends, and is still seen in public with a very handsome young man, who continues to act the *dévoué* with much grace, and seemingly not to the displeasure of the beautiful Emilie; who, of course, as a Frenchwoman, cannot be expected by poor G— to deprive herself of the society of such agreeable acquaintance."

"Capital!" returned Morton;—"certainly not!" and so they separated, to quote a clever authority, with only a slight deviation,—

Wise in folly, and the fools of sense,—  
Blessed in unmitigated ignorance.

Emilie was, on the morning after this conversation, seated at her harp, when "Lord G—" was announced, and, as the reader will of course have anticipated, our friend Adolphus entered; he appeared, for once, hurried and embarrassed:—

"Dearest," said he, seizing her hand with an appearance of uneasiness, "you look pale, you are evidently not so well as you would fain persuade yourself; let me request that you will not appear at the ball to-night, and endanger your health, which is more dear to me than life! I have many apprehensions of the consequences, my love, if you do not absent yourself; let me prevail on you, Emilie," said he, in his most winning tone,—"I will be absent also, my love!"

Emilie was not, however, in her most yielding mood, and declaring that her paleness was in consequence of sitting up late on the preceding evening, to learn the song he had given her, and that she *would* go—a new thought struck him—he thought of persuading her she was hoarse:

"The exertions of the ball-room," said he, "added to such a sore throat"—and he flung himself on his knees—"will render it impossible for you to sing with impunity, my Emilie; and I know you cannot refuse, being asked, you are so good and so kind." And so he went on, calling to his assistance his most persuasive arts. "I have another little *chanson*, which I intended you should practice to-night," he added, "instead of going to be annoyed by the officiousness of the Baroness's

guests, and *I will come, my love—will you disappoint your poëte ?*"

It was all in vain !

Some visiter was announced. He rushed out of the room by a different door from that which was the usual entrance, and into the street without pausing. He directed his steps to the *morgue*, and seeing there a goodly row of the bodies of the lately living, in perfect freshness and preservation, he was driven beyond despair, if the expression may be used. "Dead or alive," said he, as he struck his forehead with the force of a sledge-hammer, so as to make the spectators believe he saw the dead body of his father; "I shall surely be discovered, *if not hanged*. Damnable foolery ! What could have infatuated me that I have thus flung myself into the jaws of a ravenous beast !"

On his returning home, Lord G—— perceived the uneasy state of his tiger's mind; but not being of an inquisitive disposition, so long as such things did not interfere with his own convenience, he said nothing.

Adolphus, in spite of his conviction that a number of English, and many of Lord G——'s acquaintance would be at the Baroness's, still, since he had not succeeded in persuading Emilie not to appear in the evening, decided upon availing himself of his invitation, not well knowing why, in truth, but expecting at least something better from being in her presence, and, if possible, absorbing her attention, than awaiting the disclosure of his villany, through the inquiries which would certainly be made for the supposed Lord G——, if absent: he was not aware of the arrival of Harriet, and her friends, who all knew him well; otherwise he might have selected an opposite course.

He was ushered into the ball-room at an early hour by his bowing and obsequious equals. His comparative situation had never troubled him before: *now* it seemed as if the absurdity of the proceeding affected him forcibly; but every thing was forgotten in terror and amazement, when, on walking up to the few ladies who were the only persons as yet arrived, he beheld, in conversation with Emilie, Harriet, and her cousin, Miss Y——, who both knew him immediately ! The Baroness had not yet appeared; but during the explanation, Morton arrived, and being informed of the position of affairs, he immediately saw through his *belle comédie*, and retiring into a recess, commenced spectator,—as any passage particularly pleased

him, clapping his hands gently but rapidly, his under lip compressed between his teeth—his eyes open wide and sparkling—ejaculating from time to time, "bravo ! bravo !" The entire scene no one could describe on simple paper ! Suffice it, then, that I request my readers to imagine it.

Some one accused Lord G—— of being privy to Adolphus's villany; but Harriet asserted his honour, and suggested sending for him.

Several persons having now come in, she wished Emilie to return with her to another apartment; but the latter, stamping her foot violently on the floor where Adolphus still rolled, fearing the consequence of a compulsory exit should he rise, declared she would not move.

In the midst of such a stormy state of things, the Baroness, who was a gentle little woman, did not dare to appear; and Harriet, having written on a card a few words with a pencil, despatched a messenger to Lord G——, with an injunction to lose no time. G——, with surprise and delight, read her commands, and immediately came;—he had not previously heard of her being in Paris. She met him in an ante-room, and explained the state of things as rapidly as possible.

In the mean time a few more persons had arrived, whom Morton, who had been in the room at the entrance of Adolphus, occupied with detailing over and over again, the "horrid" scene they had had the delight of witnessing. If any one, impelled by delicacy, approached the door to depart, Emilie immediately, in a furious tone, desired him to remain. She sent for the Baroness, who shrinkingly entered, and commenced saying many things which she thought due to the assembled guests. Harriet introduced G——; and then it was, that after contemplating the real Lord G—— for some time, that Emilie made a set speech, of which it is beyond the reach of possibility to give an adequate notion; Morton applauding vociferously, and regardless of all propriety, treating the whole as a capital joke, glad of Emilie's situation, whom he detested, and by whom he was despised.

She concluded, as all who are acquainted with the circumstance are aware, by making a *gentleman* of Adolphus:—Two hundred thousand francs annually, dear reader, could make several ! It would cost me a penny (in postage) to make any further remark, than that *Adolphe's parti* was not less blessed than envied. *Adieu !*

\* \* D.

## TRAVELLING SKETCHES IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.\*

WHEN a portion of the first volume of this work was previously published, the critics complained "that the travels were not of recent date." Nettled at this, and not unreasonably thinking that good travels are like good wine, the older the better, Dr. Fulton has, in the present enlarged edition, put it out of their power to reprimand him on the score of tardy publication. We could not discover a single date in the whole of his two volumes: judging, however, from internal evidence, we should say, that his European adventures must have occurred some ten or fifteen years ago, but that his experience of India and China is comparatively much more recent.

When Sterne made his famous classification of the genus "Traveller," he did so with a reference to the characteristics of the race when migratory, and not when incubatory. He thought of them chiefly as playing the fool abroad, and not as acting the wise man at home, in two volumes, octavo, with illustrations, (for as yet Colburn and Bentley were not;) and therefore it is that we cannot in his arrangement find any place for our author. He is decidedly of the species "gossiping traveller," (not found in Sterne,) and not a bad specimen either in his way. His book has sometimes quite the air of an after-dinner conversation, so sudden and grotesque are the transitions from one subject to another; for example:—apropos of Hindu courtship, we have an anecdote of a Scotch subaltern in a fencible regiment, who, though old and ill-favoured, won the affections of the young and lovely daughter of an Irish fox-hunter; in another place, a dozen pages, headed "Poland," on one side, and "Duchy of Varsovie" on the other, will be found, on inspection, to contain a dissertation on nationality in general, and on Irish absenteeism and the Vice-regal Court in particular, but of Poland hardly a word. All this, however, has a pleasant effect enough. Of all gossips, commend us to the gossips on paper: there is none you can treat so uncereemoniously while you choose to listen to them; none, of whom when you are weary, you can so quickly get rid; 'tis

only pitching the book or letter out of the window or into the fire, which with a grand-aunt, or a nurse-tender, or the wife of your attorney, were rather a hazardous proceeding.

In Dr. Fulton's account of St. Petersburg, we do not find much of novelty or interest; we will, therefore, pass over the earlier chapters of the first volume, and introduce him to our readers, when setting out for Moscow:—

"There were two routes to the ancient capital, one of which would have occupied about five days on the road,—the other as many weeks; since that time there has been a diligence established between the two cities, which performs the journey, by the shorter route, in about five days and four nights. As the longer route was the less frequented, and passed through a country seldom travelled by foreigners, and also afforded an opportunity of seeing the great fair of Nisney Novgorod, I preferred it, and determined going by water up the Neva, through the Shussulburgh canal and the river Zas, as far as Tickvin, and thence to the south-east, as far as Nisney Novgorod.

"At nine o'clock on one of those delightful evenings of the short Russian summer, we met near the monastery of Alexander Nevskiy, about two miles from the city, where we intended to embark on the Neva: but our friend C——, who was young in travelling, and by no means equal to cope with the wily Russians, had, when engaging the boat, given the skipper some money in advance, and of course the fellow made off, and left us in the lurch.

"After a couple of hours' delay, we succeeded in hiring another boat, and getting all our traps on board.

"Our little boat was flat-bottomed; a lively imagination might describe it as a Venetian gondola, fourteen or fifteen feet long. We could sit on the round roof of our poop-fashioned cabin; and within we could sit *a la turque*, or recline at full length, our carpet bags forming capital bolsters, and a platform, consisting of our portmanteaues, serving as a table.

"We were drawn by horses, tracked, rowed along, or shoved over the shallows by our crew, two men and a boy: the latter was our skipper, and swore at his men oaths which I will not translate. We could at pleasure moor our frail bark to the stump of a tree, cook our meals on shore, and give the crew time to rest from their laborious task.

"Our batterie de cuisine was very simple, and easily described—it consisted of one saucepan and a brass tea-urn: with these were cooked dinners, eaten with as good a relish as if they had been prepared by Ude himself. Every morning we gave our Diggory two empty bottles, in barter for one of which he procured, on our route, the full of the other of milk for our breakfast. Did we

\* "Travelling Sketches in Various Countries." By Henry Fulton, M.D. 2 Vols. Foolscap 8vo. Machan and Co., D'Olier-street, Dublin. 1840.

choose coffee, it was heated in the saucepan; or if tea, we filled our tea-urn with water; Diggorry collected abundance of dried sticks on the banks of the river where we landed; these were put into that part of the tea-urn which is usually occupied by the metal heater; a light was applied to the wood, and one of the crew, Æolus like, with distended cheeks, blew it into a flame—the smoke passing off from the top of the funnel, to which a separate cover was fitted, that it might be closed up when it was required merely to keep the water warm. I am thus particular in describing the apparatus, for the benefit of future travellers in this and other countries, where little can be obtained by travellers. I would recommend, in addition, a small pair of bellows, of three or four Æolus power, with the nozzle fitted to the aperture at the bottom of the fire-place, in the centre of the urn, which will be found to expedite matters, and save an expenditure of the breath of life. We had abundance of sea biscuits, together with cold hams and rein-deer tongues, and managed tolerably well to make out a dejeuner.

"After breakfast we despatched Diggorry again into the nearest village, who brought us back a fowl, which cost about a paper ruble (nine pence half-penny of our money); this he was ordered to pluck and prepare for the head cook, who cut it up and put it into the saucepan with a little water, some rice, part of a rein-deer tongue, a square of portable soup, some spice and salt, and formed of these a capital Turkish pilau, which we washed down with a few glasses of sherry, and finished with a bottle of claret. In due time we had a cup of coffee, and, as is the custom in all craft afloat, at Eight Bells, a glass of grog and biscuit. Then we thought of turning in, after endeavouring to fill our little cabin with smoke, by means of our long vine-root tobacco pipes, in order to keep out the mosquitoes; and having dropped the mat, which served as a curtain in front of the opening, which was both door and window, we changed our clothes, selected the softest board, and wrapped up in our cloaks, lay down on it, and soon fell asleep. Such was our mode of life on the Neva, the Canal, the Zsa, Molaga, and Volga Rivers, as far as Nisney Novgorod, a distance of nearly eight hundred miles."

Lamenting the paucity of all accommodation for travellers on this out of the way route, our author takes occasion to compare the food of the serfs of Russia, and of the peasantry of Ireland:—

"The peasants of Russia and Ireland are worse fed than any others I have met with; but as to the comparative merits of the food of the two countries, I confess myself unable to assist the reader in coming to any conclusion, and must leave him to judge for himself from the statement which I shall give, and if not satisfied with that, to test it by experiment.

"The Russian black bread, than which the Spartan could not have been more unpalatable, is very bitter: the loaf, or rather flat cake, is made of rye and buck-wheat meal, baked very hard—so much so as to admit of its being kept three or four months; when required for use, it is cut into pieces of a size adapted to the mouth, and put into a wooden dish, to which is added a little salt. (if it can be procured,) and some cold water; this forms the daily mess of the peasants in Russia, and is supped up with a spoon. In summer, cucumbers

are very plenty, and I have often seen one of these salted, and sometimes boiled, cut small, and added to the dish—such is the food which is to run the parallel with potatoes and buttermilk, or salt, of the lower orders in Ireland. In both countries the lower classes are addicted to the immoderate use of ardent spirits."

Halting on the banks of the Molaga, we are introduced to the interior of a Russian log-house, and a strange mode of keeping children out of harm's way:—

"About the middle of the day, we arrived at an obscure village on the banks of the Molaga, and there found a large boat preparing to depart the next morning for the fair. We engaged the cabin of it, if the Hottentot-like structure of poles and mats, which we caused to be constructed on the top of casks and bales, deserved the name of cabin.

"The cargo on board consisted of refined sugar in casks, indigo, and ingots of tin, with the Cornwall mark thereon, all intended for sale at the great fair. This indigo had been brought from the East Indies, round the Cape of Good Hope, to London, and there re-shipped to St. Petersburg, from whence it was now on its way to the fair, to be sold to the Tartars, and by them conveyed to within about fifteen hundred miles, in a direct line, from some of the plantations whence we get part of our supply in England; and thus carried very nearly round the world.

"Since the period of which I write, Mr. Baird, of St. Petersburg, has established a steam-boat on the Volga, in addition to those on the Neva, which will add much to the facility of this route to Nizney Novgorod, and thence on to Astracan and the Caspian sea; but, except during the season of the fair, I should not think the traffic sufficient to support the steam-boat.

"Having arranged matters for our embarkation the ensuing morning, it was determined that we should pass the night in a log-house in the village. As this was the first house of the kind we had taken up our abode in, I will give some account of the manner in which the Russians construct them. The walls are made of trees, and in the country are generally roofed with boards or shingles; but in St. Petersburg and Moscow, with sheet iron; the gable presents to the street or road: they almost always have a ground and upper floor, the first is occupied by the quadrupeds, and the other by the bipeds of the establishment. Sometimes the upper floor only extends over half the building, leaving the remainder for a stable, granary, &c., and containing the stair-case or ladder to the upper room. On the whole, their houses are very warm and convenient—more so, indeed, than those of the peasantry in any other country with which I am acquainted.

"In constructing these houses, the bark is taken off the tree, and each log is so cut, that when placed horizontally, one on the top of the other, each may closely join its neighbour, the internal and external faces being left in their original form: the angles of the walls are dove-tailed, and the ends of the logs generally left projecting a little. A wall so constructed is easily repaired, by inserting a new log in place of a decayed one. When stones are to be had, a course of them is laid, rising a few inches from the ground, and on this the wooden walls are erected. The outside of the houses in the villages is never painted, and

looks sombre in the landscape ; in the large cities it is plastered with Roman cement, and this being painted, has all the effect of a stone building.

"Log houses complete, with the exception of the chimney, may be purchased ready made in the market of some of the large towns, and removed piece-meal and set up elsewhere in the course of a few hours, or even floated down the river to districts where timber may be scarce.

"The inside of the peasant's house is caulked with oakum and moss, but no otherwise ornamented. A large stove, or rather oven, made of bricks, is erected in the centre ; it keeps the house warm in winter, and also serves to bake the black bread. Above the oven, in the nook, bounded on the one side by the chimney, and on the other by the side wall of the house, there is a sort of cage or crib, which I thought at first sight might be for keeping pet monkeys. It is, however, for the children : here they are kept out of harm's way, in *naturalibus*, undraped, yet perfectly warm, comfortable, and wonderfully tranquil. There is an occasional squall, which, however, soon subsides, and in this respect they resemble passengers in a stage coach, who are at first rather uneasy, but eventually settle down in their places.

"When any thing unusual takes place in the room, such as a stranger coming in, the children in the cage, in their gesticulations, and shaking the wooden bars, imitate the monkey tribes as truly as those four-handed caricatures of humanity do ourselves in some of our customs ; and when a piece of bread is thrown up to the children, their scrambling for it renders the illusion complete.

"Round the apartment there is a bench, fixed to the wall ; on this the adult inmates sit or sleep, as inclined, without undressing."

We shall omit a piteous threnody on bugs, and join company with the Doctor again at the fair of Nizney Novgorod, where, unfortunately, a dangerous attack of fever prevented his availing himself, to the full extent, of the opportunities afforded by that immense concourse from all parts of the world. The mode of drinking tea, though mentioned by many travellers, may be a novelty to some of our readers :—

"At the end of three weeks from our last embarkation, we were rejoiced to find ourselves at Nizney Novgorod, and took up our quarters in a sort of caravanserai, dignified by the name of the Greek Coffee-house. Here we had a furnished room, the only one we could procure, as the place was very much crowded, and it was the second week of the fair.

"This was the second time that the fair had been held at Nizney Novgorod ; formerly it was at Makarieff, about one hundred versts east of this place, and it still keeps the name of the 'fair of Makarieff.' This annual fair, which lasts a month, was attended by about one hundred thousand persons, representing about three-fourths of the nations of the world, and, for the most part, dressed in the costumes of their respective countries. D—, R—, and our party, were the only visitors from England.

"General Betancourt—a native of Spain, and a civil engineer in the Russian service—had the command of the fair, and the arrangement of the wooden tents. Since this period more permanent edifices have been erected, and the government,

(for individuals never undertake any speculation of this kind under despotic governments), let out the shops at a fixed rent during the fair, to cover the expense.

"The tents were arranged in military order : in the centre there was a post for the guard of Kosacks, two or three hundred of whom, acting as police, were quite sufficient to maintain order. In front of their position three or four of the smallest guns I had ever seen were placed in battery, to awe the strangers ; but they did not appear to be necessary.

"It would be next to impossible to give a list of the articles exposed for sale or barter, or to say what things were not to be had there. Many of the shops were filled with fur—even the skins of cats ; others with large and small bells, cottons from Manchester, clocks and jewellery, &c., from France and Germany, nails, carriages, horses, stuffs, silks, tea, drugs, &c. &c. &c. almost without end. The trade was principally carried on by means of barter.

"The tea sold at the fair was brought over-land from the north of China, through the great wall, the only part of that country in which the Russians are allowed to trade. This tea was of a finer flavour than any I have tasted elsewhere, even in the celestial empire itself—where I hope, in the next volume, to have the pleasure of taking a cup with the reader. A very high price is given for tea in Russia—even twenty-five or thirty shillings a pound for the best, which is probably a different kind from that sent to England. The Russian mode of preparing it is the same as ours ; but instead of milk, they put into the cup a slice of lemon with the rind, which is sufficient for several cups, the slice being pressed with the spoon, according to the taste ; by this mode the fine flavour of the tea is obtained. The lemon thus used will be found a good substitute for milk at sea, and in other situations, where the latter cannot be procured. Sometimes the sugar is put into the cup, as with us, but more frequently, and which is more economical, a lump is taken into the mouth, and allowed to remain there whilst the tea is drank. Sugar was nearly two shillings a pound at Nizney Novgorod and Moscow, and none but the best description was imported.

"Here we gave up the saucepan and tea-urn—we did not any longer keep a table, or burthen ourselves with house-keeping, having found a tolerably good restaurant in one of the huts, kept by a German. One dish we got was made of rice, raisins, a little butter, all-spice, and cloves, served up with broiled legs of fowl ; and although the mixture may appear rather incongruous, it was far from being unpalatable. The house was mostly filled with Georgians and Circassians.

"On the evening of the day after our arrival at the fair, we strayed beyond the huts, and found ourselves in the Tartar encampment, inhabited by those who had brought horses for sale, and finding there was a mosque, we waited for the hour of prayer, in order to see the followers of Mahomet at worship. The mosque was a temporary one, erected for the occasion, and, like the huts, made of wood, and therefore could not present many ornaments, or afford room for display, in comparison with the gorgeous worship of the Greek church. I have seen the entire priesthood in Moscow turn out in their rich robes, with banners and sacred images, and walk in procession. I have seen the archbishop, or patriarch, as he was formerly called, of that city, officiate on the feast

of Ascension, one of the most sacred in that church. I have seen the coronation of one Pope, and the interment of another; I have seen a temple formed by throwing a canvass awning over a large court-yard, containing hundreds and thousands of Hindoos, performing their rites, and this temple, the largest I have ever seen, magnificently illuminated; yet not one of these splendid ceremonies appeared to me so devout, or so worthy of man's Creator, (in form at least, for in that respect alone could I judge of them), as the simple worship of the Mussulmans.

"On the minaret of the mosque the Muezzin was stationed, and the instant the sun dropped behind the woods, his voice was heard calling the faithful to prayer; immediately the followers of the prophet were seen flocking from every side, and the Muezzin descended from the minaret.

"We stood at the door, the Tartars not being willing that we should enter with our boots on. The priest read passages from the Koran, and at certain periods, the people, who were sitting on mats in rows, touched the ground with their foreheads, with great apparent humility and devotion."

There is a long account of Moscow, much of which is interesting, including some novel speculations on the burning of that city in 1812, with the real causes of Napoleon's retreat, and the errors which rendered it inevitable. For this, however, we must refer our readers to the book itself, and as the remainder of the first volume, containing brief and rapid glances at Poland, Germany, and Italy, is too meagre to offer much attraction, we will dip into the second volume, and see what we can find there.

So much has been of late years written about Hindustan, and the present state of that country offers so much that is melancholy to contemplate, that we shall pass hastily on. The following account of Anglo-Indian courtship arrested our attention by its pith and brevity:—

"Many persons in England know little of our empire in India, except as a place from which distant relatives sometimes send home large fortunes, or migrate to Portland Place and Cheltenham, and as sometimes convenient for the disposal of the hands of young ladies. Large fortunes are not now made every day in India; but the marriage mart, although occasionally overstocked, is still open for speculators. For the most part, young ladies go out to their relatives in India, or return to it as a home, after being educated in England, where, on many accounts, it is more desirable they should pass their early youth than in the enervating climate of the East.

"A young lady, when she arrives in India, with her usual stock of Regent-street dresses and bonnets, as unsuited to the climate of the country as to that of Greenland, is quite the fashion, which she leads for a time. I may here remark that showy dress and ornaments never were in vogue in India, except with the dark eyed Anglo-Indian belles, who have an innate love of finery. At first, amongst her numerous admirers, none has

any chance except he be a civilian, with a lac or two of rupees and half a liver: failing to make an impression in that quarter, a field officer, or a chaplain may be accepted, and eventually a subaltern may be the fortunate swain; and a European lady may always calculate, as a dernier resource, on a drive in a subaltern's buggy on the esplanade. A tilbury is always called a buggy in Bengal, and a drive with an unmarried gentleman in one, is considered equivalent to a publication of banns, and invariably intervenes between the declaration and the ceremony itself.

"When European ladies are scarce, the poor subaltern must look for a partner amongst the Anglo-Indians, and can be at no loss at any of the orphan schools, some of which are supported by the officers of the army, for the asylum and education of the daughters of deceased officers of the Company's service. In these schools, the young ladies are carefully and well brought up, and they are most praiseworthy institutions: here the suit matrimonial may be concluded quite as expeditiously as the suit fashionable by a London tailor—namely, at a few hours' notice. The only question said to be asked by the lady is, "Have you got a buggy and a silver tea-pot?" the possession of which is supposed to indicate a certain degree of freedom from debt, and some attention to the comforts and conveniences, if not the elegancies of life. On the young lady being satisfied as to the tea and driving equipages, she fixes her lovely dark eyes on the ground, and allows the happy swain to retain her hand for life. Nor does she fear any change of mind on the part of her admirer before she can enjoy the drive on the esplanade, as she well knows his commission is plighted with his "troth," and that he would be dismissed the service for attempting to trifle with her affections."

We must say that we do not approve of the manner in which Dr. Fulton has (by the contagion of general bad example, for he is naturally a tolerant, liberal-minded man) allowed himself to speak of some things in India. For instance, he tells us with the greatest *sang froid*, that,

"The higher ranks of Baboos (native gentlemen) are now beginning to be admitted into society, and also to fill some of the situations under government. This latter regulation seems reasonable, and I trust it may be found to answer expectation."

A mighty concession, truly, and worthy the epithet of "reasonable!" that the gentry of one hundred millions of people should be admitted to the society of their garrison-rulers, and allowed, in subordinate departments, some little share in the executive of their country. We should like to know what Dr. Fulton thinks of their previous exclusion from such privileges. Was that barely *unreasonable*?

Shortly after he remarks that "as our tenure of India is purely a military one, so ought our government to be, and there should be no civil servants whatever;" which may be an excellent reason for

leaving the Hindus to themselves, and sending a score of transports to remove the European intruders, but certainly not for establishing martial law *in perpetuum*, even in a country where the name of all law was so long a mockery, and civilians and military alike, insolent, ignorant, and ruthless, in the career of that gigantic rapacity, which dignifies itself with the name of empire, and bids the world speak well of it.

Dr. Fulton's acquaintance with China was, of course, limited to Canton; but still he has gleaned a good deal of useful information. Of the iniquities of the opium trade he had ocular demonstration. Entering the bay of Canton, he witnessed a smuggling skirmish:—

"The most valuable part of our cargo consisted of opium. We had also a quantity of saltpetre, rattans, ebony, and pepper. As the importation of opium is not permitted by the laws of China, we dropt our anchor off the island of Lintin, amidst a fleet of opium ships, under the English, American, Spanish, and Portuguese flags. This island is about twenty miles from the Continent, and either it or the neighbouring one of Capismoon, or both, would answer well for a British settlement, if such be the plan of our Government in sending an expedition to the Chinese seas. Here we found eighteen sail of ships and brigs. Some of them were receiving vessels, and remained constantly moored, being a kind of stores, into which the opium consigned to merchants in Canton was removed, out of those vessels intended to be taken up to Wampoa; and for the storage of this opium there was a regular charge of so much per month, per box.

"The laws are very severe against the use of this drug, yet many cargoes of it are smuggled into the country, equivalent in value to all the other imports from British India; and the culture of it produces an immense revenue to the East India Company, who monopolise the production of it in India. A very small portion only finds its way from Turkey, in American vessels only, as the East India Company were too conscientious to admit of British ships taking it from any source but their own territories. As far as we can, said the Company, we shall prevent the Chinese being injured, unless it be for our own advantage.

"The Chinese make a strong tincture of the opium, which they put into a pipe made for the purpose, and having set fire to it, inhale the fumes; this throws the smoker into extacies, something like the effect produced by the inhalation of nitrous-oxid gas; this state is succeeded by a kind of half dreaming of a Turkish Paradise; after which the smoker falls asleep—but to awake to a horrible state of suffering: exhausted and enervated, life is insupportable, and he is driven either to commit suicide, or fly to the fatal drug again. Thus is he lost to society, himself, and his family. The smoking of opium, I believe, is confined to the Chinese and Malays, with the exception of a small portion which in India is sometimes mixed up with tobacco for the hookah, and which generally gives Europeans who smoke it a severe headache. The Chinese of both sexes also smoke a

great quantity of tobacco; the bowls of their pipes are not half so large as ours, and they smoke very little at a time. The quality of the tobacco is good, resembling Turkish, but in its preparation it is mixed with oil, from the fruit of the tea plant, which prevents it being agreeable to strangers.

"During our stay at Lintin, the Chinese fleet, consisting of twenty large war-junks, each mounting eight or ten guns, three at each side midships, and the remainder chasers in the bows and stern, commanded by an admiral, came from Chum-pee, outside the Bocca Tygris, at night, and anchored in the midst of us—the Admiral's ship running his bow foul of the rigging of the vessel I was in. Notwithstanding this display of force, next morning three large smuggling boats, each with forty oars, came alongside ours, and one of the other opium ships, and commenced taking opium on board. These boats were not armed, but seemed rather formed for flight than resistance, each containing forty-one men, and could carry about three hundred weight [?] of opium. No sooner did the Admiral see the smugglers, than he made signal for the small boats of his fleet to give chase, and they came towards us for the purpose of intercepting the smuggling boats; these latter did not wait to take in all their cargo, but shot away before their pursuers. Then commenced one of the most beautiful sights I ever witnessed; in the bows of each of the war-boats there was a soldier, who, standing up, gave his red plume of "horse-hair to the wind"—firing out of his matchlock at the flying smugglers; and at the same time the guns of the fleet kept up a sharp cannonade against them—the shot booming along the beautiful still water—taking good care however not to fire on us—well aware that we would have returned it. The smugglers never fire on the Mandarin boats, for if they struck any of them, their lives would be forfeited if taken. The smugglers escaped; for just as they reached the northern point of the island, they caught the wind; and the others, being unprovided with sails, could not continue the pursuit. They had the audacity to sail round the island, and come alongside of us to finish taking in their cargo. When the war-boats were returning from the chase, the crews of the opium ships gave three ironical cheers, which apparently so mortified the Admiral, that he weighed anchor, and returned to the river, although he saw the smugglers alongside of us again. And in a day or two after it was announced in the *Gazette* that he had sunk the smugglers and opium ships in the sea. None of the shot took effect, nor perhaps was it intended that it should, as a good understanding is said to subsist between the smugglers and the Mandarins.

"This trade in opium is carried on entirely at Canton: the merchant there never sees the opium; he is paid for it, and gives the order to the purchaser, who has never seen it, and who removes it out of the receiving ship at his own risk. It is brought from India packed in boxes; these are opened on the deck of the receiving ships, and eight balls of it, weighing five pounds each, put into baskets, to admit of its being carried through the country when landed."

The mode of begging is too amusing to be passed over. It looks like a caricature of certain fair importunates (amateurs of the fraternity) nearer home:

"Beggars, considering the immense population,



are not numerous in the streets : they never seemed to expect any relief from the Fanquis, nor did they ask their own countrymen for alms. Their mode of solicitation was curious, and, I observed, always successful. The mendicant was armed with a pair of rude castanets, made of bone or wood, and when he entered a shop rattled them in great style ; at first the shop-keeper would not seem to care about his noise—the tormentor rattled on ; then the tormented would give a few convulsive starts and shakes of his head ; this encouraged the beggar to rattle on, at last the shop-keeper could stand it no longer, throwing down in despair his writing brush, or his swan-pen, he would rush to his drawer and taking out a coin of which about 150 would equal the value of our shilling, throw it to the beggar, who would immediately de-list and walk off. Not a word would be spoken on these occasions. It was a trial between physical strength on the one side, and patient endurance of suffering on the other ; and I always observed that muscle got the better of mind. The practice was permitted by the laws, and the beggar was at liberty to rattle until either he tired himself, or tired the other into compliance."

One more extract, as a fact interesting ourselves, and we terminate our selections from these agreeable and instructive volumes. Often in our childhood did we ponder over the preposterous incongruities of Chinese drawing, as exemplified in the Staffordshire imitations then universal, and long was it before we could be made to understand that it was a whim of the Chinese genius. We are therefore delighted to find that an Irishman has taken upon

himself the office of effecting so harmless a reform, and imparting the purer principles of pictorial science to so intelligent and industrious a people :—

"In painting, the artists know scarcely any thing of perspective, and abhor all shadow, which they consider a blemish in European productions. Mr. Chinnery, the portrait painter, an Irishman, formerly of Calcutta, who now resides in China, has been at some trouble in teaching one of the native artists ; but he will find it difficult to overcome prejudice in this respect. Mr. Chinnery is highly esteemed by all the foreign residents and visitors to the country, as well for his convivial talents as for his professional acquirements. Insulated as he is with respect to all works except his own, it is remarkable that he continues to paint so well ; a visit to his studio is quite a treat ; there he stands before his easel, but at a great distance from it, brush in hand, his body swayed back into the line of beauty—the exact counterpart of the painter in one of Hogarth's pictures."

The appendix contains, among other matters, a very sensible paper on architecture, for which we are sorry we have not room. It gives us a higher opinion of the author's good sense and discrimination, than almost anything in the body of his work.

We cannot conclude without remarking that these volumes are very cheap, very neatly printed, and in every way most creditable to our metropolis.

## CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MILITIA MAN.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A NIGHT AT CASTLE JONES.

THE depression of spirits, which I felt on recommencing my "measured tread" towards the lordless mansion of the captain, proceeded not (God forgive me) from any particularly poignant sorrow, at being bereaved of the counsel and companionship of him, to whom I owed my rustication. On the other hand, I blush to relate that (as the metaphysicians say) the principal "ingredient which entered into the formation" of my state of mind, was vexation and annoyance at the nature of the service which I had been selected to perform. I never was much of a moral philosopher, and so long as I enjoyed the "creature comforts," in an ordinary degree, I troubled myself but little with spec-

ulations as to the *summum bonum* ; but of one thing I am certain, and if it add a boon to ethical science, why the learned doctors may have it gratis—and it is this, that on my return from my adventure in the "Back-Croft," I was in exquisite enjoyment of the "*summum malum*."

We had allowed a considerable space of time to elapse in our conjectures as to the practicability of descending the glen ; and a sudden and copious shower, such as is frequently seen in autumn, was falling incessantly upon us, as we retraced our steps. Now, more than one consideration conspired to render me a little dissatisfied with my situation at that moment ; and not the least important was an anxiety with re-

spect to an adventitious ornament of dress. Though my wings, (I was of the light company,) would not, like those of Dædalus, have dissolved in the rays of the sun, yet the reflection that they were new, glittering in all the glory of lace and tinsel, a short hour ago, with the second "count," that the falling rain was fast depriving me with a vengeance of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," these two reflections, I say, flanked by the fact, that the paymaster was already in advance, served to divert my thoughts into a channel far different from sorrow at the loss of the rural Ganymede.

With these pleasant subjects, for "chewing the cud of fancy" withal, I was not under the necessity, like Dryden's fool, of whistling to beguile the road. After a few minutes walk I reached the *practicable* entrance of Castle Jones, with my milk of human kindness considerably soured. I had never for a moment supposed, during my return, that it would please Lieutenant Cooke, in the exuberance of his watchfulness, to take any other than the usual precautions for the safety of his charge. But it appeared that the every day practice of mounting guard, was a mode of procedure unworthy of his mighty mind, and he accordingly dismounted his troopers, and withdrawing them within the fortress, he secured the solitary entrance, and betook himself to Bacchanalian joys. Now whether it was that Castle Jones was a remnant of feudal architecture, and contained conveniences for discharging molten metal from its roof upon the enemy, as they used to do of old, I know not; but certain it is, that immediately above the postern door at which we sought admission, was a lion's head carved in stone, and as it appeared in daylight, (if one might judge from the expression of its interesting features,) apparently in very great grief. From the mouth of this specimen of the fine arts, ever and anon descended the water which was accumulating on the roof, and I and my unfortunate party, as Byron says of the sea in the Siege of Corinth,

"Received the sprinkles."

One attempt to obtain admission proved a failure, but the next application being made by the butts of half a dozen muskets, was successful, by driving the door from its hinges.

This intrusion on the privacy of the Slachtna-breks, as might be naturally expected, attracted the attention of several members

of that interesting corps. And one warrior in particular, who appeared to advantage by a light which he held in his hand, and which caused his features to resemble pretty much both in size and shape, those of the statue of the chivalrous Stadtholder which adorns College-green, planted himself in the passage, and poising his carbine dexterously, roared like a Stentor,

"Stand, and I'll shoot ye."

"Is Lieutenant Cooke here, sir? What sort of watch have you been keeping?" I asked in a very surly tone.

To this he did not think proper to reply, but placing the candle to one side, and peering earnestly at us, he exclaimed,

"The red coats, by Jingo!" and bolting down a flight of stone stairs which led to the lower regions, he vanished in a moment.

The world was now "all before us where to choose," and leaving every man to the right of his private judgment, as to where to fix his habitation, I wended my devious way to the parlour, in search of Lieutenant Cooke. When I approached the position which this doughty commandant had taken up, I found that he was not cultivating solitude, as was sufficiently attested by the dying cadence of a song, and the knocking on the table in token of the approval on the part of the audience, of the singer's vocal powers. The encore continued for a few moments, and just as it had ended, I opened the door without ceremony, and entered. Here rather a novel tableau presented itself. At one side of the fire-place, on a very low footstool, sat Lieutenant Cooke, his enormous legs stretched along the hearth-rug, and his jackboots and spurs, (being the production of country artists,) seeming very like the idea one might form of the nether extremities of Prince Rupert or Oliver Cromwell. Fronting him, on the opposite side, sat a tall, precise looking figure, his throat swathed in a snow-white cravat, and his single-breasted black coat buttoned carefully up to the collar. His face appeared particularly pale and cadaverous, and his eyes seemed fixed either by wine or devotion, most probably the former. So far this personage, who, I learned was the curate of the parish, seemed very clerical indeed. But I am sorry to relate, that the edifying effect of his outer man, was not a little injured by the circumstance of his wearing, for a covering to his bumps, a head-dress, which was no other than the cavalry helmet of Mr. Cooke, that he

had donned two hours before, in his ardour to depart from the wicked companionship into which he had by some accident fallen. His pious resolve of secession had been immediately opposed by the commander of the Slacht-na-breks, "*vi et armis*," the said "*armis*" having been the fire-shovel, which very pungent argument succeeded in causing the reverend gentleman to remain, and being a little obfuscated, it had never occurred to him to remove his covering, though the weight of the brass was ever and anon swaying his head gracefully from side to side, something after the fashion of a Chinese mandarin.

But though last not least, there sat a third gentleman, leaning his hand upon the table, and in evident enjoyment of the interesting position and intellectual conversation of his companions, whom I had a vivid recollection of having met somewhere before. Mr. Cooke and the curate took no notice of my entrance: but the young gentleman at the table, starting to his feet, exclaimed,

"Hillo! Mr. D'Arcy!"

"Why, Counsellor Butler! you here?" I returned, as I recognized in him one of the "junior bar," who was a particular favourite with the M——s during the Assizes of L——. "I heard," said Butler, our salutation over, "that one of the M——s had arrived to protect Captain Jones, and I came over from my uncle's to see who was the martyr, when Cooke told me you had gone on 'sarrvice.' By the bye, where have you left Jones?"

"That question, I am sorry to say, I cannot answer you. He *would* send us forward into the croft, and remain behind himself, when to the best of my belief, he was borne off by an ambuscade of the steelboys or oakboys, or some other such respectable association."

"Nonsense! D'Arcy, you are certainly jesting."

"Would to God I were, my dear fellow. We must wait for daylight, and then attempt his rescue."

"Hillo! Cooke," exclaimed Butler, "Captain Jones is carried off by the United Irishmen."

"Is he, by G——?" replied the dutiful lieutenant. "Then if they give young Smith the troop, I won't stand it, that's flat. Pretty doings," he muttered, "that young puppies must be placed above men who have seen hard service."

"Do you mean the late presentation to Callamore?" drawled out the curate.

"Damn Callamore! No! I don't," returned the bland lieutenant.

"You have certainly seen some hard service," here chimed in the barrister.

"Yes, I flatter myself I have," was the reply.

"Conducting Dr. Green to a midwifery call, with a troop of dragons, for instance," suggested Butler.

"Counsellor Butler, you'll oblige yourself and me both, by not referring to that matter again," retorted Cooke sullenly.

"Pooh! Cooke, you would not surely have me put your candle under a bushel, especially at the present moment?"

"No," said I, "when a troop is to be struggled for, certainly not. Let us have the adventure, Butler, by all means."

"With all my heart, if Captain Cooke will promise that there shall be no slugs in a saw pit, consequent upon my relation."

If the great duke felt as much annoyed at the mention of his doughty deeds, as apparently did Lieutenant Cooke at the mention of this one "moving accident," people would cease to harp so often upon the string of the Peninsula. But tastes differ, even in men more nearly of a calibre than the "great captain of the age," and a lieutenant of yeomanry; and many were the grimaces and attitudes of pain, in which Cooke indulged during the foregoing reference to a passage in his military career.

"Well, Butler," said I, after a while, "we are waiting for your story."

"And you shall have it, when I have fabricated this tumbler; a proceeding which I advise you to imitate." I took the hint, and having performed the interesting service of compounding a medicine, which, at least till the time of the "Very Reverend Theobald," was more patronised by my countrymen than Morrison's pills, I tested its quality, and composed myself to hear my friend Butler's narrative.

"The village of Slacht-na-brek," commenced the counsellor, "was long noted for its exemplary character and monotonous existence. Almost the only event which occurred to break the stillness of its sluggish stream, being an occasional death or marriage, or an interesting case of shop-breaking or petty larceny. This halcyon state of things was not, however, doomed to be for ever, and accordingly the under secretary all at once discovered that meetings of a seditious nature were held in its neighbourhood; and that the

people were often so impudent as to drink the health of the great Earl of Charlemont, and the memory of the "old volunteers." Now all this, though it appeared pretty well in the immediate vicinity of the attainted district, yet it looked very ill in the leading article of the government organ; and the loyal and peaceable subjects, though they felt comfortable enough at home, seemed the most wretched victims on paper in Dublin Castle. Unfortunately, there is strongly implanted in the breast of an Irishman, a desire of having the fun of a matter along with the odium, or in his own classic phrase, of 'givin' thim somethin' to talk about.' Divers meetings were accordingly held, at which rectors were voted a bore, and landlords an incumbrance, with other liberal and enlightened resolutions of a similar kind; and, in pursuance of these opinions, they met in large concourses nightly, kindled large fires upon the hills, played St. Patrick's day in a most uproarious style, and filled the cup of their iniquity by taking the guager from his own door in a sack, and detaining him in the neighbouring mountains for a fortnight. While matters were in this state, the cavalry yeomanry were not idle, as you may suppose; and, amongst other duties, they were required to transport the rector of the parish to a place of safety, on a particular night on which the hills were radiant with the rebel fires. The glebe-house is situated about two miles from the village, exactly opposite to the residence of an eminent practitioner, Doctor Green. Towards that particular locality, on the night in question, Lieutenant Cooke, with twenty-five of the cavalry, directed their steps with many a hearty malediction on their intended charge. Fires were kindling nearer, every furlong which they passed over; and the courage of the Slacht-na-breks was waning faster and faster, as they approached the gate of the rectory, with the hackney chaise, for their canonical charge, rolling along in the centre.

"The night was overcast and gloomy, and the only light was the faint red glare of the distant fires, as the cavalry halted at the rector's gate. Mr. Cooke was enquiring on which side of the way was the residence of the clergyman, and the driver had turned the horses' heads townwards, when an old and clerical-looking gentleman walked out of one of the gates, attended by a servant, and saying very shrilly, 'Well, upon my honour, you were

in no hurry,' the servant opened the chaise door, and he stepped coolly in.

"'Is that the doctor?' demanded Cooke, (meaning a Doctor of Divinity).

"'I wonder who 'twould be, now,' returned the servant.

"'Hillo!' interrupted the old gentleman, thrusting his head from the chaise window, 'what the devil is the humour of the dragoons being here?'

"'We have been sent, Sir,' answered Cooke, 'by Mr. Lefanu the magistrate, to conduct you to town; as the country is in a very unsettled state, and we naturally supposed that the rebels should be likely to make *you* their first victim.'

"'Holy Patrick! what have I done that they should mark *me*.'

"'Upon my word, doctor, I am shocked at your rising such a profane, and, what is worse, *popish* ejaculation.'

"'Pish! drive on!'

"The chaise drove off, and the Slacht-na-breks were not slow to follow, Cooke soliloquizing all the time—

"'Well! of all the clergymen I ever met, that appears to be the most profane.'

"The fires grew brighter and brighter, the cheering more and more appalling, the chaise horses quickened their pace from amble to trot, and from trot to gallop, till some of the cavalry were keeping their seats, only as did Mazeppa, by the strength of 'many a thong.' They had reached very near the town, when, the passenger, letting down the window, bawled lustily—

"'Where the devil are ye driving to?'

"'To the town, to be sure,' returned the postillion.

"'And why did you not let me out at Mr. Smith's gate?'

"'I think you'll be in yet where they'll not let you out in a hurry,' muttered the boy, aside.

"'Stop, I command you, you incorrigible ass,' roared the 'inside'; 'I say, the lady may lose her life by your damned stupidity.'

"'Oh! by Jaminy, captain, he's gone mad with fear,' shouted the postillion to Cooke.

"'I say, Sir,' said Cooke, riding up to the carriage window, 'can't you sit quietly till we are into town.'

"'And I say, Sir, or sergeant, or who ever *you* are, that if any thing happens to Mrs. Smith from this infernal trick, that I'll make you preach your own funeral sermon—I'll indict you for homicide, as sure as my name is *Doctor Greene*!'

"'You're name's what, Sir? Halt!—halt!' roared Cooke to the postillion and cavalry. The sequel may be easily imagined: the professor of the obstetric art was dropped at Mr. Smith's gate, and the Slacht-na-breks, albeit much against their will, were compelled to return for the rec-

tor. And I have only to add, that Doctor Greene is my authority for the story."

The progress of the barrister's narrative would most probably have met with many interruptions from the subject of it, had he not fortunately dropped asleep, a few minutes after its commencement.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A M E M O I R.

"Is it not a pity, D'Arcy," said Butler, as we had finished the second tumbler, "that such oases in the desert of Cooke's military career are so few?"

"If such be the case," I replied, "it certainly is to be regretted. Though I would not have supposed them to have been so scarce."

"No more would I; but, my dear sir, we often see appearances very deceitful in this world of false colours. Often have I joyed to see a witness getting into the witness box for my examination, whose honest rustic countenance gave promise of a great facility in making him state many conflicting circumstances; and as often have I learned with dismay from his first answer, and his brogue, that I would most probably come off second best. I fear I am getting sentimental."

"Avoid that, an' you love me.—But pray, who is this Lieutenant Cooke?"

"Lieutenant Cooke, Sir, is the son of a grocer in the neighbouring village, who is a man of great eminence in the parish; so much so, that he votes all supplies at the vestry, has been elected churchwarden since the 'memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' for the best reason in the world—because he is the only man of sufficient respectability to fill that very responsible situation. The interesting individual now reposing on the hearth-rug, is the only son of his father, and was originally intended to compliment with his talents that very honourable profession, which I myself adorn. Accordingly, the curate was specially retained to instil into his cranium all the wisdom of Egypt, and something more; and his schoolboy days, like those of many other great men, passed over without any event of sufficient interest to be recorded. At last the eventful day arrived when he was to set out for Ireland's only University, to adorn his rustic ringlets with a 'cap,' and cover his brawney shoulders with half a guinea's worth of

bombazine. It was a day big with the fate of Cooke, when he passed the Parliament House, and, wondering at the gathering of equipages which awaited the 'lords and commons,' entered beneath the arch of 'Trinity.' A student was standing in the square, of whom Cooke enquired the lodgings of his tutor; the gib looked at him—asked him how all the northerns were—affectionately enquired for his mother's health, and concluded by directing him to a gentleman sitting in the gateway, in breeches and a black helmet, who, he alleged, was the learned doctor he enquired for, but whom Cooke discovered to be one of that very picturesquely dressed fraternity, the 'College porters.' By his aid the incipient freshman discovered his tutor—was asked by him to breakfast, and displayed on that occasion a wonderful penchant for 'solids.' The hour for examination at length arrived, the theatre was thrown open, and had it been the 'theatre of anatomy,' it could not have had less charms for Cooke. He entered, and sat down at the dreaded board. He looked at the portraits. Queen Elizabeth's ruff appeared to bristle to his wondering eyes, and Jonathan Swift was evidently winking at him, as much as to intimate, 'They'll vote you a dunce as they did me, but never fear.' He answered some questions in a kind of forlorn-hopish desperation, which evidently appeared to dispel the *exams* of certain of his fellow victims, to a considerable degree. At length he was taken in Homer—it was, if I remember, in the second book of the Iliad, where the poet speaks of 'A mist favourable to robbers, when the shepherd cannot see a stone's cast before him.'

"'Now, sir,' said the examiner, 'a free translation, if you please, and without the Greek.'

"Cooke acted up to the letter of this direction.

"‘There was a mist,’ said he, ‘and the shepherd happened to see the robber, and as far as he saw him, he threw stones after him.’

"This was sufficient evidence of his philosophical acumen; but, alas, for the fate of all new discoverers, it created the most lively mirth on the part of the examiners and the examined; and in two hours George Adolphus Cooke, was as celebrated in T.C.D. for his knowledge of Homer, as Doctor Samuel Clarke ever was.

"Months rolled over the devoted gib, during which he enjoyed all the luxuries of freshmanship, with the comfortable reflection that ‘all his sorrows were to come.’ But these months had not passed without some improvement, and that constant dropping which weareth away a stone, had instilled into our friend a taste for the popular diversions of the capped and gowned. He had been in more than one chivalrous attack upon the mob. He had seen Essex-bridge held for two hours by his fellow gibs, ‘*quorum pars fuit*,’ and had been one of the last to ‘shy’ on the arrival of the military. He had visited sundry of the station-houses, and been, more than once, within a little of having an interview with the Recorder; when the current of their diversions met a temporary change, and amateur theatricals became all the rage. At first the cultivation of the sock and buskin was strictly private, and many a gallant gib pined to enact one of the bard of Avon’s conceptions, who could not get enrolled among the favoured few. Those who had been leaders in the former frays, were apt to spoil the goodly representation, in chagrin at the reflection that their own occupation was for once gone; and others were excluded, on account of a fancied incapacity to attempt the noble art. One fortunate morning, however, Cooke managed to get introduced to the *corps dramatique*, and in a few days he was appointed to enact Macduff in the play of Macbeth, to the great rage and jealousy of a fellow student, who had been appointed to that part, but was now degraded by the sovereign conclave, to the equivocal category of ‘servants, soldiers, &c.’

"Night and day did the Macduff elect labour in his vocation. His part was present to his mind at all hours and in all places. At the lectures on feudal law, he thought only of feudal times, and even in the College Chapel, he could not banish the thought of his coming display. But

the most remarkable part of his conduct was, that he was very indifferent as to the locality in which he audibly rehearsed; and when he unconsciously enlightened the passers-by in Sackville Street, or on the bridges, as to his having been ‘cut untimely from his mother’s womb,’ more than one old gentleman shook his head portentously, and spoke very significantly of Swift’s Hospital. All such hints passed unheeded by the amateur Garrick,—and at length the important night arrived. It was a ‘public night’—that is, each member of the corps had issued tickets. These card paper shibboleths were for a while respected, but as the play proceeded, the doorkeepers were vanquished by the mob, and before the appearance of Macduff the gallery was filled with literary jarvies—the ‘Dublin gods,’ that have made the brightest ‘stars’ quail before their strictures.

"The terrible moment was arrived; Cooke was standing by the side scenes, ready to go on, when, horror of horrors! it was discovered that Macduff had no shield!

"What was to be done? Was there no substitute? Every countenance was blank, and all were in despair. At length the gib whom Cook had superseded, became a ‘ministering angel,’ and bidding them stay for one moment, he darted out of the room.

"The play had come to a stand still. The gods were becoming vociferous for the appearance of Macduff. More than one voice was enquiring if they intended playing without him, and Cooke was about to rush on shieldless in his desperation, when the superseded gib arrived with the longed for object under his arm; he was faint and breathless, apparently he had had a very smart race. Cooke rushed towards him, and the gib saying to him, ‘Stick your arm through that,’ held up the back part of the shield, whereon was a large iron loop—Cooke obeyed in breathless haste, and his arm almost breaking with the weight of the buckler, he rushed on the stage.

"For a moment a death-like silence prevailed, as Macduff advanced towards the foot-lights. When a laugh, such as might be supposed to issue from the lungs of the sons of Anak, almost shook the stage beneath his feet! Macduff was confounded; he looked down at his feet, all was right there; he examined his philabeg and kilt—he was conscious all was proper—for he had surveyed himself in the green-room glass since noon—still

the laughter grew more fast and furious. At last he thought of his shield, he turned up with an effort its brazen front, and there—dreadful to relate! appeared in all the horrible distinctness of black letters, on a polished brass—

JEREMIAH BODKIN,

26,

TAILOR

TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

"One moment of dreadful agony, and he discharged his shield into the pit, and making a quick race from the missiles that were now falling fast around him, he escaped by the stage door, and retired for ever from the boards. The delighted audience charged upon the stage, and enacted the rest of this 'sad tragedy.' The blue lights, which were intended for the farce, got ignited, the flames reached the scenery, and the whole matter ended true to the letter of the bill, in a 'broad sword combat and conflagration.'

"The 'gib's debut' of course got wind,

and Cooke found it advisable to retire for a season to the country. His desire of becoming a lawyer, however, was greatly diminished, and as his 'second love' was a red coat, he was appointed to the Slachtna-breks. Here he has since vegetated, and so will continue to do, till the cavalry beat their swords into pruning hooks, to practise war no more,—always provided that he do not fall in battle, or die a natural death."

"My memoir of Cooke has brought us to daylight, and now the sooner we start to look for Jones the better."

"Why, Counsellor, do you intend to accompany us?"

"Of course I do, with your permission."

"That, my dear sir, is already granted, and now to awaken the subject of your sketch."

A little rough usage served to bring Lieutenant Cooke to consciousness, and in a few minutes we were out upon the lawn, ready to start in search of the squire.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### THE RELEASE OF THE SQUIRE.

"CAN you, Butler," said I, as I took the barrister's arm, "inform me of any plausible reason, why our worthy host has been, as you would say, feloniously abstracted by the peasantry. I swear I should not be desirous of being encumbered with his presence."

"Tastes differ, my dear fellow, on all subjects—and who knows what overweening desire for Jones's company may have seized upon the aborigines. I once heard a juvenile delinquent plead an ardent thirst for literature, in extenuation of having stolen an Army list."

"Come, come! some better reason. He has given some provocation for the deed, in his zeal for the crown?"

"Most probably he has, and I think its connexion with some recent occurrences in the neighbourhood, might be pretty easily traced."

"And what may they have been?"

"It is not a very long tale, so you shall have it. Know, then, that amongst the most active and vigilant of the watches upon the secret meetings and assemblages of the United Irishmen, is Captain Gabriel Jones. In his military capacity he cap-

tures the delinquents, and in his civil he condemns them: thus is he like Hudibras—

'A man for every exigence.'

The meetings of the peasantry are so cunningly contrived, and so secretly accomplished, that it was a matter of considerable difficulty to effect a good capture in a very long space of time. This tantalizing state of watchfulness was particularly irksome to our friend Jones. Accordingly, he contrived to obtain for the district a share of that very admirable commodity, commonly called Martial Law, and probably from a tender solicitude for the health of the loyal lieges, he caused proclamation to be made, that those who did not retire to their beds before nine of the clock each evening, should have a lodging provided for them at the proper cost of his most gracious Majesty.

"This friendly injunction was for a while regarded, and during this time the Slachtna-brek cavalry performed miracles. Not a lane, not a hedge-row was left unexplored. Not a bridle path, or woody copse, but the 'spahi's hoof had trod.'

Undismayed by the continuance of their labour, each evening saw them starting on their expedition, in the most ferocious state of preparation. They had for a long time been unsuccessful in their search, but still their ardour was not abated.

'Many a day to night gave way,  
And morn to eve succeeded,  
But still their flight, by day and night,  
That restless *cavalry* speeded.'

"Virtue is its own reward; and so the Slacht-na-breks discovered, on one sultry summer's eve. They were returning rather disconsolate from their fruitless search, when, in passing the outlet of a rivulet which issued from a deep glen, one of the men discovered something white beneath a tree, which grew on a little island in the stream. Captain Jones immediately called a halt, and ordered a reluctant sergeant forward to reconnoitre. A moment's suspense, and the return of their apostle announced to Cooke and Jones the presence of a young man and a girl sitting beneath the tree. This was an opportunity which might not soon occur again, and Jones determined not to let it pass. Accordingly, putting his henchmen into battle array, he surrounded the enemy, and managed to capture them both. In vain were the supplications for release, or the prayers that he would go to the Rector, who would give the 'boy' a good character. Both were brought in triumph to Castle Jones, there to abide their trial, for treasonable designs against their sovereign lord. Jones, however, whether yielding to the ridicule of his friends, or touched with compassion, dismissed the girl, under a strong escort, to her father's house, with a sort of threat that he would visit her iniquity upon her father and brothers. Meantime the disconsolate lover (for lover he was) enjoyed himself, in durance vile, in the village of Slacht-na-brek, by pursuing the very exhilarating practice of breaking stones, and when he had produced a sufficient appetite, appeasing the same on the patriarchal viands, bread and water. This act, such is the ungratitude of human nature, did not in the least serve to add to the popularity of our host. Threatening letters were momentarily arriving, to such an extent, that a passing spectator might have imagined that Castle Jones was fallen from its high estate and become a penny post. Sundry were the humane promises, expressed in those multiform epistles, as to the treatment which their correspondent

might expect to receive, in the event of the conviction of Alick Delany. Murder, nose slitting, assault and battery, burglary, poisoning, and arson, every crime recorded in Blackstone was threatened; so that had the menaces been fulfilled, the little commander of the Slacht-na-breks had been 'in sooth a goodly sight to see.' Meanwhile, time was speeding, and the day of the trial was fast approaching. Meetings were holding on the hills nightly, and other symptoms of disaffection were becoming manifest, so that it was expected that from the squire's representations the government would be disposed to make an example of Delany. He was accordingly taken to Dublin, to take his trial for high treason, for having in his possession documents, at the time of his capture, which proved him to be a member of an association which aimed at the disruption of this kingdom from Great Britain. The trial will come on in a couple of days, and for some purpose connected with this matter, it appears to me the capture of Jones was accomplished."

"It can be for no other than to prevent his producing the papers, and giving his testimony," said I.

"Such is also my opinion," replied Butler.

While Butler was detailing these matters to me, we had been marching towards the mountains at a quick and constant pace, and had already made a considerable progress. The point which we wished to gain was a piece of table land in the neighbouring hills, where we had heard the disaffected peasantry had assembled in strength, and where we supposed they probably held Jones a prisoner. For two hours more the journey was pursued, with the usual monotony of a march, enlivened only by the occasional wit of the barrister, as he laboured in a fruitless attempt to persuade an old veteran sergeant, that a law-suit was a very advantageous matter to a family. The said sergeant had, at some remote period, experienced the pleasures of an ejection process; and although Butler demonstrated to a nicety, that it was much more healthful and poetic not to be encumbered with a domicile, yet Millar could not exactly become persuaded of the obligations which his opponent contended had been conferred on him by the brothers of the black letter. This friendly discussion was just ending, as we found ourselves entering a narrow defile, formed by ~~the~~ overhanging hills. The path



through which we slowly advanced, resembled the bed of a mountain torrent rather than a road. Soft yielding sand, through which the water oozed incessantly, and large stones displaced by former floods, and rolled hither by the course of the water, interrupted our progress every moment. We had pursued our way with difficulty half way through the defile, when suddenly, as if from the bowels of the hills, around us rose a yell, half of revenge, and half an exulting cheer. The men instantly halted. The Slacht-na-breks raised a considerable noise, as each augmented to his neighbour the hostile nature of the appearances around us. Butler pressed my arm, and I surveyed the hills that hemmed us in on every side. And there what an awful sight presented itself! Every foot of the purple heath was covered with the armed peasantry; every jutting rock had its occupant, and airy platforms on every precipice, which one would have supposed accessible only to the "lovely erne," were tenanted. A cold chill ran to my heart, as I gazed upon the spectacle. I am indifferent brave, but I had never yet been the cause of spilling human blood, and I never before or since, experienced the sensations which visited my soul, as the dreadful certainty forced itself upon me, that blood must be spilled, and that copiously, ere I should be released from my present position. My party was weak, assistance I had none to expect. From the nature of our position, cavalry could have been of no avail, even had I been accompanied by the gallant Enniskilleners, instead of the lawless gang of cowards who surrounded me. My time for deliberation, however, was but short, for ere the surprise of their first appearance had subsided, the mob discharged a shower of heavy stones at us, and bruised several of the men severely. Ere I could give my order Cooke rode up, and desired me to fire upon the people. I immediately ordered him back to his men, and he retreated, muttering "partizanship" and "information." I heeded him little, however, for the people were making a demonstration as if to descend and hem us closely in. I commanded my party to fire over their heads. They obeyed, and the roll of their muskets arrested for a moment the career of the mob. At that moment the cavalry raised their carbines, and, ere I could interfere, they had pulled their triggers, and several of the peasantry had fallen. This was the signal for a general onset. Those

of the rioters who had muskets, immediately fired upon us, killing one of our party on the spot, and sending the hat off poor Butler. I saw that there was nothing for it but a retreat, and forcing our way through the disorderly crowd, who had choked up the end of the ravine through which we had entered. This I accordingly determined to effect, and the Slacht-na-breks no sooner became aware of my intention, than they started homewards as fast as their horses might carry them. They had no sooner approached the outlet of the ravine, however, than a well directed fire threw them into confusion, and told me that I should have a warm reception on my way backwards. Butler had seized the musket of the man who had fallen, and he fell into the ranks as we marched quickly towards the spot where we thought we could most easily make our exit, the peasantry firing dropping shots at us all the way. At length we reached the outlet, but a very hostile array here presented itself. All the pikemen had congregated together, and stationed themselves to dispute our passage, with their long and deadly weapons at the charge. This was sufficiently appalling, but no time was to be lost. Accordingly we gave one well directed volley. A momentary wavering was apparent, we charged impetuously. They broke, and we passed out with considerable loss. The cavalry, however, were not so fortunate. The pikemen again closed, shewing a front inwards and another towards us. The remaining crowds came fast down from the side of the ravine, and most of the unfortunate troop were totally hemmed in. Our position at this moment was a critical one. The slaughter of the troop commenced, and oh! heaven! what a scene of carnage there was then. We had reloaded and gave the pikemen another volley. We then charged again, but they remained firm and unbroken, and seemed satisfied if they prevented us from coming to the rescue of the troop of horse, against whom they seemed to have an unbounded antipathy. I saw that we should be overpowered by numbers the moment the slaughter of the dragoons should be effected, and, accordingly, I made a retreat, followed by the few dragoons, (including their leader, Cooke,) who had escaped the carnage. With feelings which can scarce be imagined, I pursued my way towards Castle Jones, with my friend Butler, whose vivacity had received a dreadful check. Arrived there I sent a report to

the proper authorities, and sat down to await the necessary succours, Butler still continuing with me.

The next day but one after the massacre of the cavalry, we were disturbed late in the night by a knocking at the postern of the Captain's mansion. In a moment some of the soldiers had reached the door; as it was not a time for ceremony, I and my friend joined them for the purpose of learning the name of the applicant. No sooner, however, had a question to that effect been put, than an indignant "Open the door in the King's name!" announced the presence of the master of the mansion in person. The door was thrown open instantly, and Captain Jones, followed by an athletic countryman, entered the hall.

When the Captain entered the house, without deigning to bestow a single glance of recognition upon Butler or myself, he turned towards his companion, and telling him to walk into the parlour, he proceeded thither himself. We looked at each other in surprise as he left us, and determining if possible to hear his adventure, we joined him immediately.

"Captain Jones," said I, as I entered, "I congratulate you on your return. I had most painful apprehensions for your safety."

"I daresay you had, sir," he replied, gruffly, "but I suppose your apprehensions were all you indulged in on my behalf, though indeed had I been shot by the rebels, I suppose you would most probably have reported the matter to the government," he added, with what he intended for a sublime sneer.

"I should have been most happy," I replied, and determined to speak no more on the subject, at least for that occasion. My resolve was, however, in vain, for my reply so roused the squire, that he darted a look of ferocity at me, and demanded what I meant. "I seldom speak in riddles," I answered, "but I refrain from explanation at present, as you are not exactly in the best frame of mind," and rising I immediately left the room and retired to bed. The subject I did not again allude to during my brief stay at Castle Jones, but Butler was indefatigable in his enquiries, and from him I subsequently learned the substance of the following narrative. At the dispersion of the mob, which had been collected in the croft, the greater number of them escaped in the direction in which Jones had placed himself. Irritated and enraged at the arrival of assistance to the squire, and knowing that on the permanent stationing of a detachment in their

neighbourhood, their occupation would be to a certainty gone, they determined to enact a plan of revenge upon their enemy, as well as to render an essential service to Delany, who was abiding his trial in Newgate. Accordingly, one of the boldest of the party, seizing a propitious moment, crept slowly forward to the vigilant Captain, and placing the hook of his pike into the belt of the commander, drew him from his steed to the earth, and bound him in a moment, conjuring him to be silent on pain of being instantly dispatched. This injunction was not given, however, till Jones had uttered the cry of despair, which had reached my ears at the distance at which I stood. The Captain was no sooner rendered helpless by the thongs, than he was lifted in the arms of four strong men and hurried towards the precipitate dell, into which we had attempted in vain to penetrate. Here three of the bearers relinquished their hold upon him, and one of the four with giant strength swung him from branch to branch, and from one gnarled root to another, down the rugged side of the precipice—Jones expecting every moment to be precipitated into the dark and rushing stream beneath. At length the peasant reached a ledge of rock which overhung the river, and nearly met a similar ledge, which rose from the opposite bank. Here he halted, and laying down his almost inanimate burthen, he muttered.

"'Twould be a worthy deed to rowl ye into the sthrame—but yer time isn't come. Holy Virgin, keep us from timptashun," he continued, in whispering tones of thrilling emotion; "Captin Jones, ye lung my own mother's son, Neal O'Donnel, or yer immisaries did it, which is all wan, and ye disgraced them that had nivir a word to be sed to them nor theirs, that 'ud make their cheeks grow red, an' they that had in their veins the red blood of the Tirconnel Mores. Mary Mother, hould my han' this night." The terror of Jones was too great almost for human suffering, as he looked down upon the mountain torrent, as it seethed and boiled in blackness and fury, an hundred feet beneath. At length he gasped for breath, as he articulated with a struggle:

"Gold! my good man—gold you shall have."

"Is it money for my own blood?" demanded the peasant, rising in his wrath, and seizing upon his prisoner, who was dumb with horror; "is it money ye offer

for the price or my revenge? would gold have bought the life of Neal O'Donnel, as he swung like a dog in the front of the county gaol. But life for life is God's own law," he muttered, as he hauled Jones towards the edge of the precipice. The intended victim struggled in vain to burst his bonds, with the iron strength of man in his last extremity. He was unable to speak, but the big drops rolled down his livid features, and his hair stood bristling up in the horrible agony of his mind. They had reached the utmost end of the ledge, and O'Donnel was disengaging his hands from his antagonist for the purpose of giving him the final impetus, when he was pinnioned from behind by his companions, who had now descended from the hanging brushwood, where they had kept watch in vain for an opportunity of firing upon my party beneath. Their timely arrival saved Jones's life, and they proceeded to blindfold him, and bear him off. When the bandage was again removed from the eyes of the squire, he found himself in the capacious parlour of some ancient house, as was evident from the wainscot and furniture, a little peasant boy, who would answer none of his questions, was his only attendant, and in this durance was he kept until the evening of the day of Delany's trial, when he was returned to within a mile of his own house, bound and blindfold.

The peasant who accompanied him, and

who was one of his tenants, had found him in this state upon the road, and Jones having detailed to him his miseries, and described the house in which he had been confined, the countryman stated that he knew a mansion having such rooms, and offered to guide him thither. This proposition Jones had joyfully accepted, and from the knowledge of the country which the man possessed, he had no doubt of being eventually able to apprehend his captors. Guided by this knave, he accordingly proceeded next day to apprehend the members of an old and respectable family, whose Cromwellite mansion answered in certain points to the description of the place of his captivity. This family consisted of an old lady and gentleman, with an only son and daughter. These Jones marched prisoners before a neighbouring justice, and after an investigation of a most original nature, the gallant Captain failed to prove his accusations, and the prisoners were set at liberty. All other of his searches had a similar result, and he was fain to rest satisfied with his safe escape. O'Donnel had fled to America, and Jones could not identify his associates of the glen; his disappointment at which circumstance was but little alleviated by the fact, that Delany was acquitted for want of evidence, owing to his absence from the trial. A few days after these occurrences I got the route, and left Castle Jones joyfully, and for ever.

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### IMPROMPTU ON A BAD MUSICIAN.

"Ev'ry piercing note inflicts a wound."—POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'Tis said, when old Amphion play'd,  
The stones his tuneful skill obey'd;  
And the wild beasts, on Thracian plains,  
Danc'd to the sound of Orpheus' strains;  
But were you *then* such notes to vent,  
As here *our* shuddering nerves torment,  
The stones, to stop your odious breath,  
Would give you a St. Stephen's death;  
And the wild beasts, that could not bear you,  
Would fly, or into pieces tear you.

J. O'C.

## IRISH ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

[A PEOPLE who for generations have been told that they have no country, are naturally apt to fall into forgetfulness of those, whom under other circumstances they would most proudly recognise and remember. Thus, when our men of genius have been forced, for lack of all encouragement or even fair play at home, to migrate to other lands, we have absolutely lost sight of them, and they by consequence of us. 'Tis a sad thought, a thought intolerably mournful, were the future as dark as the past.

But thanks be unto God, it is not so. The winter of our misery and destitution is well nigh ended—the spring time is at hand. Exile shall not be always the path of an Irishman to honour. We begin even already to ask:—Our spiritually great ones, whither have you wandered to? How fare ye in the land of your involuntary adoption? If the returning time be not yet come, at least crave we to hear of your welfare and success; tell us of your triumphs, that in your glory we may triumph too?

With these feelings, and seeking for the means of yielding them gratification, we have sought from the friendly and faithful pen of one, to whom art and Ireland are equally dear, some notes of the part borne by our countrymen in the annual exhibition this season in London. We happen to have ourselves had an opportunity of estimating the truth and justness of appreciation, which characterises the following notices; and with the single censure from our editorial throne, that they are but too few, we beg leave to present them to our readers.]—ED.

The President, SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, exhibits several portraits, all possessing in a high degree the excellencies of the artist. His manner is less pleasing than that of many of our portrait painters, but his faults (if faults they be,) are on the right side. His pictures are generally hard, and inclining to blackness in the shadows; the first evidently proceeding from the very careful attention which he pays to the drawing of the minutest articulations. As subjects for study, his works are most valuable; no part is slurred over or less regarded than another: they all possess unity and harmony. He attempts nothing beyond his strength, and can account for every line and touch as assisting his design. With very few exceptions, his pictures this year rank the best amongst the portraits.

The "*Portrait of Lord Denman*" is a most admirable picture. It is a full-length standing figure, in the official robes. As a likeness it is excellent; the accessories are most judiciously arranged, assisting the composition without distracting the attention from the principal object; it is throughout extremely simple and very dignified.

The "*Portrait of Robert Berkeley, Esq.*" is perhaps the best picture, for colour, exhibited by the President. It is merely a matter of fact portrait, a half-length, but full of individuality and character. The

colour is most harmonious and flesh-like; and although most carefully painted, it appears to have been done with the greatest facility.

RICHARD ROTHWELL exhibits two pictures only; both portraits, and of subjects not calculated to afford scope for his poetry of conception, and beauty of execution. One is a "*Portrait of Mrs. Shelley, authoress of Frankenstein.*" No artist of the present day more sensibly feels and depicts the perfections of female loveliness than Rothwell. His portraits possess charms for the most callous; witness his "*Remembrance,*" and "*Noviciate Mendicants.*" In this picture he has put forth all the strength the subject would admit of. But although we cannot help feeling interest in a likeness of such a woman, as the wife of Shelley, we must ever regret the limits which the necessity of adherence to identity, lays on such a pencil as Rothwell's. The colour throughout is very charming, and the picture painted (as all his are) with the greatest care. The expression of the head too is very sweet, but it does not fill the mind, and interest the feelings, as some of his works do. Who could look with indifference, or help participating in the subdued and thoughtful sentiment of the "*Study,*"

" Her bosom lock'd in memory's spell,  
Scarce rises to her breath;

or help envying the light-heartedness of

the happy, innocent subject of his picture, exhibited this year at the British Gallery.

But the work of highest power and genius in the entire of this year's exhibition in London, is the "*Banquet Scene in Macbeth*," by DANIEL MAC CLISE." The command of pencil and immensity of conception in this picture are wonderful. No artist of the day possesses such facility of drawing as Mac Clise. His pictures teem with imagination; indeed his ideas appear to flow too fast; and his works are generally so overwhelmed with figures, that we might wish he had divided one into half a dozen; for which he provides ample subject. His very power of drawing, by enabling him to transfer his ideas to the canvass the moment they are originated, and paint them at once, causes the want of unity, which is frequently such a drawback to the perfection of his pictures. He has here avoided this fault, which has so often been charged on him. The picture is perfectly harmonious, and better in colour than almost any he has painted. The sublimity of conception and extraordinary power of execution, must strike even the most uneducated eye. The story is fully told, and is tragic throughout; the accessories are painted with a fidelity that makes them appear real, and the expression in each head is perfect, all bearing on the subject, yet each produced by a different impulse. The scene is a large vaulted chamber; the thrones placed against a pillar in the centre, which is decorated with a trophy of armour and banners; before the thrones two tables are laid, leaving a passage between them; behind the pillars are other tables, covered with plate and viands, and surrounded by guests. A chair is placed, with its back to the spectator, in the very front of the picture, on which the shade of Banquo rests. The moment chosen is when Macbeth first sees the apparition. He has just let the goblet of wine fall from his hand, and supports himself against the table, which he grasps with one hand convulsively. His knees bend under him, and refuse to bear his body up; his face is horribly expressive of the extremest terror. The colour has forsaken his cheeks; a livid paleness is spread all over them; his eyes start from their sockets; his mouth partly open, as if with the intent to address "the horrible shadow," refuses to obey its office; he is incapable of motion, speech, or thought; his mind is entirely filled with the one appalling idea, and conscience has so over-

powered his faculties as to paralyze his body. Lady Macbeth has just advanced to him; a melancholy grandeur of expression pervades the whole figure; she exhibits no trepidation or bustling uneasiness; she approaches her lord as one accustomed to see him "often thus;" no action of limb or muscle can for a moment cause the guests to distrust her tale. Masculine ambition, self-command, and dignity, are finely portrayed in her figure. She has not yet addressed the astonished assembly, but her raised hand expresses the substance of her speech.

The ghost is most sublimely conceived. It is literally a "horrible shadow;" just such as fancy might suggest as likely to haunt the guilty. It does not rest in the chair, but rather hovers over it. It is unsubstantial, yet most palpable, like a cloud of mist, just resolved into something like the human shape, and which a breath would again dissolve to vapour. It is visible to Macbeth alone; and this most difficult point is very ably told. The guests all express the utmost astonishment, yet each in a different way, as supposing the confusion to proceed from different causes. Some indignantly unsheathe their weapons, ready to avenge an insult to their king; the vacant wonder of many, and the suspicious observations of others, all assist the design; but the eyes of all are turned to the king alone. Two servants rush forward with flambeaux, to discover the cause of the disorder. They are immediately before the ghost, but do not see it, and stare far beyond the place their search should be directed to. This is one of the finest points in the picture, and most ably managed. The whole is conceived by a mind of the highest order, and worked out with extraordinary effect. The draperies, armour, &c. are almost too truly painted, and the wine spilled on the ground so deceptive, that you would imagine it must run from the canvass.

The "*Scene from Twelfth Night*," by the same artist, is a small picture, of exquisite talent and beauty. It is more pleasing in subject than the Banquet Scene, and equally able in arrangement, drawing and execution,—very charming too in colour. The *Malvolio* is the very personification of vanity and self-conceit; and nothing can be better than the expression of wonder and pity for his folly, which Olivia's face and attitude convey. She is turning round to the arch and witty Maria (who cannot restrain her delight

at the success of her scheme), for an explanation of the grotesque exhibition before her. The scene is a terrace, with prim flower knots and quaintly cropped hedges; all painted with a fidelity that is most admirable, and so artfully managed, as to produce a highly agreeable and harmonious effect out of objects, whose precision of form is wholly opposed to picturesque arrangement. Every flower is as highly finished as the principal parts of the work; but with such skill, that they all keep their places and assist the design. Although requiring so much less mind to conceive than the Macbeth picture, yet from the truth of expression, and beauty of the painting, it will rank quite as high as a work of art, if not higher; and by the mass of people it may be even more admired.

A "*Scene from Gil Blas: Gil Blas dresses en Cavalier.*" A small picture, very finely painted. The broker is plying his trade with consummate skill, and rubbing the velvet with the air and expression of an experienced judge; at the same time he is attentively watching his poor dupe, who thinks of nothing beyond the fascinations of his own person. He has donned the gaudy blue doublet, and stands, with arms "a kimbo," admiring his figure in a looking-glass. Some females, evidently confederates of the broker, are peeping in at the open door, and highly enjoy the scene.

This passage is most admirable. It helps out the story in a natural and clever way—their participation in the dishonesty of the dealer, and perception of the simplicity of Gil Blas, puts you at once in possession of the tale. The apprentices are cleverly conceived. One is merely a matter of fact, stupid fag, and waits patiently the result of his trouble in untying the bundles. The other takes a lively interest in his master's business. He already sees that he has an inexperienced and confident youth to deal with; one whose theoretic knowledge of the knaveries of his fellow man, is just sufficient to make him display a distrust, which their practical roguery defeats. Were he other than the most uninitiated, he must observe the triumphant gratification of the young cheat; but he is too much absorbed in his bargain to notice it; or if he does, he attributes his delight to admiration of his appearance. The expressions in all the figures throughout the picture are capital; the dealer's especially. He is one with whom disho-

nesty ranks as virtue; to be studied and practised, beyond every thing else. The Gil Blas is a happy, light-hearted youth, virtuously disposed, but without firmness enough to resist temptation. The contrast between him and the old man is very fine, and the whole beautifully painted; but almost too low in tone for the nature of the subject.

"*The Martyrdom of Saint Thomas a Becket,*" painted by A. W. ELMORE, is the only picture by this youthful artist in the exhibition, and considered under any circumstances, it is calculated to reflect the greatest credit upon the author. As the work of a very young man it is, however, worthy of peculiar admiration. The subject is in the very highest walk of art, and requiring mature and sound understanding of its principles: and the picture bears evidence of close and careful study, and knowledge of no ordinary extent. The composition is admirable, and the painting of the details forcible and unconstrained. The kneeling figure of the martyr occupies the centre of the picture, and is made principal by the quietness of its action, in opposition to the stirring bustle of the rest of the figures, and the concentration of light and positive colour which the pontifical robes, in which he is clad, afford. The resigned expression of the head is very fine; he sees there is no mercy to be expected from his murderers, and appeals to heaven alone. Behind him, a ruffian, in whom no kindly feeling can exist, is about to deal him a blow of a huge two-handed sword, while another in front is preparing to hew him down with a battle-axe. This figure, (the back of which is to the spectator), is very ably drawn, and the chain armour, in which he is clad, beautifully and truly painted. This figure is wonderfully relieved from the back-ground, and stands firmly; his action is capitally expressed, and harmonizes with the chief group very well. The altar, with its paraphernalia, occupies the corner of the picture, and is very judiciously managed. Enough is shewn of it to allow you at once to see the locality of the murderer, while its situation in the immediate front sets the group firmly in the middle of the canvass. The chalices overturned, the crucifix, and the incense pans, are all made out with the greatest precision; but do not for a moment divert the attention from the actors of the scene. A group of monks and attendants in the distance,

some contending uselessly with their persecutors, others attempting to appeal for mercy, while some are incapable of action from terror, fills up part of the background, and the same confusion carried out of the picture, by groups of monks and contending soldiers on the stair-case, which runs diagonally from the top across the picture, by making the subject indefinite, gives additional effect to the work. When the age of the artist is considered, it is a wonderful effort, and gives promise of his soon ranking amongst the very first of the day. He is now on his way to Italy, where the judicious and careful study, which his judgment will direct, of the works of the old masters, will no doubt perfect a knowledge of his art, which is already well matured.

S. LOVER exhibits three pictures this season. "*The Colleen Bawn and the Colleen-dhu—peasants*," is a large water-colour drawing of two children. The feeling and arrangement are extremely pretty, and the execution beautiful. The Colleen-dhu, a fine dark-eyed lively child, rests in the lap of her companion, who is seated on a rugged piece of rock overgrown with moss. Both the figures are looking out of the picture; and the

dark-eyed lass is coaxing you into mirth whether you will or no. She is very Irish in face and expression. The colour of the drawing is mellow and good, and the landscape excellent; but it wants force and solidity, and although broadly painted, bears too much the appearance of labour. "*Portrait of Miss Florence Hepworth—*"  
"Tick, tick, tick."

One of the sweetest miniatures Lover ever painted. A lovely little child, seated on a high-backed antique chair, is listening to the ticking of a watch, which she holds to her ear. Childish wonder and delight are beautifully expressed in the little face. It is painted with great care, and finished highly in the artist's very best manner. It was evidently a most pleasing task, and is perfectly natural and unaffected.

SCANLAN has two very clever drawings—one a portrait of "The celebrated steeple-chase horse, Lottery," and another, which he calls "Captain Rock, and his first lieutenant, Terry Alt," an exceedingly good drawing of two Irish bravos.

There are many other fine pictures by Irish artists in the exhibition this year, but we must reserve our account of them for some other opportunity.

## THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Take hence the world, and it to men deliver!—  
'Tis theirs"—such was the mandate of high Jove,  
"As a possession which shall last for ever;  
And portioned let it be in peace and love!"

Then mortal things the human type-gift having,  
All busily did hasten, young and old;  
The Husbandman seized on the crop rich-waving,  
And on the forest-chase the Baron bold;

Merchants whereon to build their stores selecting,  
The Abbot chose the invigorating wine;  
The King his fortalice and gate erecting,  
O'er street and bridge, proclaimed, "The tenth  
is mine!"

Late, and long after these had made partition,  
From a far distant place the Poet came;  
Ah, nought remained for him from Earth's division,  
For his first-chosen share each man doth claim!

"Alas! shall I alone be all-neglected?  
And woe is me, me, thy most faithful son!"  
Thus then aloud complained the Bard rejected,  
Prostrate before great Jove's eternal throne.

"Thou hast been wandering in the land Elysian  
Of Dreams," replied the God, "so urge not me;  
Where wert thou, when of Earth they made division?"

"I was," replied the Poet, "here by thee;

My eye upon thy countenance was dwelling—  
My ear did drink the sounds of heavenly song;  
Pardon the spirit, lost 'mid the glory excelling,  
The cause that in the world I thus have wrong!"

"The earth," said Jove, "to other men is given;  
The harvest, chase, mart, rest not now with me;  
But wilt thou take up thy abode in heaven?  
When e'er thou comest it shall ope to thee."

• • D.

## OUR MONTHLY REVIEW.

*Tales by the Moriarty Family. The Wife Hunter, 3 vols. The Husband Hunter, 3 vols. Edited by DENIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, ESQ.*

THE writings of Mr. Moriarty certainly betray no lack of national spirit. "The Wife Hunter, or Memoirs of M. P.s," exhibits the perfections and defects of its author's style; his insight into character, and the consequent individuality of his dramatis personæ; his keen perception of the ludicrous; his occasional eloquence; his natural and spirited dialogue; all worked up into a loose and careless tale, which has scarcely any pretension to what novel-readers term plot. This novel is a narrative of the adventures of John O'Brien Grant, and Murrough O'Driscoll, a pair of aspiring Irish country gentlemen, who are not particularly fastidious respecting the means whereby they may acquire wealth or eminence, and whose restless and bustling propensities impel them to engage in the political agitation which preceded the concessions of the Irish parliament to the Catholics in 1793. Hoping to include matrimony among their other adventures, they manœuvre to get into parliament, in the expectation that the coveted appendage of M.P. to their names, may aid them in their matrimonial speculations. Murrough O'Driscoll is wholly unencumbered with any superfluous diffidence as to the extent and variety of his own abilities; we quote his modest estimate of his powers:—

"I pique myself on being able to do any thing or every thing that mortal man can do. In the stable, I am groom and farrier; in the field, I am always the best jockey and best sportsman; in the ball-room, I would venture to rival La Pique; at cards, I am a very Hoyle; stick me in the pulpit, and never preached a better parson; on the stage, I am *au fait* at farce, comedy, tragedy, melodrama; my voice is in itself a whole orchestra—flutes, big drums and all! In the kennel, my abilities are prominent: there never was a dog that I could not make, worm, or cure; in the drawing-room, I am a Chesterfield;—at fair, market or pattern, I can box, wrestle, or play quarter-staff with any man; on the hustings, believe me, I should be omnipotent; and in parliament I should be—the devil!" (Vol. i. pp. 56—57.)

While Murrough smuggles and plays comical tricks on the revenue service, and unites with young Grant in a joint scheme of political ambition, the latter falls in

love with Mary Sheridan, a peasant girl, who really is charmingly painted by the author. She is not one whit too refined for probability, yet there is about her a native delicacy that preserves her from rustic vulgarity and coarseness. The success with which Mr. Moriarty has delineated this character, is the more worthy of notice that in his other novels he is far from being equally felicitous in drawing his heroines. He seems to consider them as necessary evils, without whom the story could not well have gone forward, but who, (although often placed in interesting positions,) are any thing but interesting themselves. As it is not our intention to give any detail of the plot, we shall proceed to give a few extracts to show the spirit and style of the work. Grant, in process of time, becomes a candidate for the borough of Kilshindy; the following is his rollicking speech to the women of the borough:—

"Women of Kilshindy," I exclaimed, "the feelings of my heart irresistibly impel me to address myself to you. I am come to render homage to your numberless perfections. I lay my devotions at your feet—I implore your sympathy—your aid. I solemnly protest that I should far prefer the loss of my election, if supported by your influence, to success the most brilliant and the most decisive, if acquired through the energies, exclusively, of men!—(Hurra!) But this, my lovely countrywomen, is a totally impossible case: for your magic aid will invest me in a panoply of proof, and wreath my brows with victory's luxuriant laurel. My adorable countrywomen! does not the genial fire of patriotism animate your breasts? O yes! it glows within the sacred temple of your swelling bosoms with a lustre more intense than our ruder sex can possibly appreciate.—(Thunders of acclamation.) Women of Kilshindy, you are all either married, or you hope to be married. Would you not wish the husbands of your choice, the beloved companions of your lives, to bear upon their fronts the proud stamp of *liberty*? Would you not wish to transmit to your posterity the glorious inheritance of freedom? I know you would! Exert, then, in the cause of Catholic Ireland, the magic fascination of the female eye—the irresistible witchery of the female tongue.—(Shouts of laughter.) Make the arch boy Cupid, auxiliary to our patriotic efforts—exert the thousand charms with which kind nature has endowed you; and if these don't produce the desired effect, congeal your melting maiden tenderness to ice! Dart frowns of horror and reproach upon the man who would perpetuate the stamp of servitude which tyranny has branded upon the manly brows of Irishmen. Rouse the electors of Kilshindy! Excite them to national exertion by fair means, or rough. If possessed of the aid of



your artillery, my beloved countrywomen, I confidently promise, that my struggle will be brief, glorious, and triumphant." Vol. i. pp. 196—8.

We regret that we cannot make room for some other capitally sketched scenes during the election, and in particular for a dinner given to Grant and O'Driscoll by their constituents. In its perusal the lovers of a hearty laugh will find a rich treat. The love adventures of Murrough O'Driscoll are also highly amusing. He pays close attention to a Miss Emily O'Moore, who is described as "an elderly maiden lady, who had succeeded to an income of £300 a year, by the death of a distant relation. This lady's sister, who had succeeded to a similar bequest, resided with her. What was chiefly remarkable about these respectable personages was, that from the long habit of clubbing their finances and living together, they both had learned to look on anything concerning either, as a regular joint-stock concern. Thus the elder sister regarded Murrough's sentimental attentions to the other as being directed conjointly to the *firm*, and not solely to the fair individual herself."

"Curiosity led me once to accompany him on a visit to the ladies of his love, just to see how he looked when playing the part of an adorer. The reader should know that Murrough was a stout built man, six feet, six inches in height, with round, broad shoulders, a ferocious expression of countenance, with a rich growth of red, curly hair, which, utterly contemning the restraint of queues or clubs, fell in long tresses behind, quite over the collar of his coat. The size of his naturally ample forehead was apparently increased by the habit of keeping his hair closely shaven almost to the top of his head. Red tufts of hair grew from the centre of each ear, and some half dozen bristles protruded, like cats' whiskers, from each eye-brow. His eyes were small and twinkling, but capable of marvellous expression."—(i. pp. 217—218.)

Notwithstanding the unattractive exterior thus portrayed, Murrough contrives to fascinate the two Miss O'Moores, whom he however finally deserts, captivated by the charms of a celebrated actress. From her toils he is rescued by the prudence of his friend, O'Brien Grant, and ends his career, after various strange adventures, by espousing the buxom widow of a rich brewer. The following is our author's description of the opening of the Irish Session:—

"The whole length of Cork-hill and Dame-street, was lined on both sides with a double file of soldiers, while the bustle of the scene was considerably heightened by the cries of hawkers and the clanging of an hundred bells, among which could plainly be distinguished the loud rolling peal of the chime from St. Werburgh's steeple,.....

Suddenly, a rocket, let up from the Upper Castle Yard, which was instantly answered by cannon from the Park, announced that the Viceroy had set out on his way to the Parliament House. College-green was crowded with the member's equipages. At length his Excellency reached College-green in the state-coach, the old glass coach which had been built in the reign of Queen Anne. As his cortege moved onwards to the front of the House of Lords, facing College-street, the bands struck up the national melody of Patrick's Day, which was chorused with one universal cheer of delight from the populace. The pervading hilarity was heightened by the beauty and mildness of the day; although it was the 21st of January, a sun as bright and glorious as spring ever witnessed, enlivened the bracing frosty atmosphere. Gracious heaven! what a contrast does the whole scene form to the blank and cheerless desolation which *now* pervades the theatre of our former prosperity and glory! Even at this distance of time the notes of our national melody seem to vibrate on my heart; and the shouts of an exulting nation (we were *then* a nation), seem to thrill upon my ear." (pp. 313—318.)

The writer proceeds to deplore the extinction of the Irish parliament; and then, returning to his narrative, brings Grattan and Curran on the scene, and presents us with the following picture of the Irish House of Commons:—

"A hundred waxen tapers flung brilliant lustre upon every feature of its classic form and decorations; a national and characteristic air pervaded the very attitudes and movements of the members. The gallery, which unlike the English gallery, was never cleared on a division, displayed a galaxy of female charms, of diamond ornaments and diamond eyes, whose sparkling brilliancy imparted a new character of splendour as well as fascination to the scene; and many a young member's heart has throbbled from the anxious consciousness, that his first oratorical display in parliament must be made beneath the glances of his 'lady love.' It was quite in conformity with our national reputation for chivalrous devotion to the softer sex, that their presence, instead of being shrouded in the darkness of a fetid 'ventilator,' should adorn the senatorial hall, and give features of dignity and grace to the scene of stern debate." (i. pp. 328—329.)

"Flora Douglas," a story of Holyrood, occupies the third volume of the first series of "Tales by the Moriarty Family." As it does not come under the description of Irish novels, we shall dismiss it by saying that, although it contains a few scenes of good comedy, it is quite unworthy, as a whole, of the author of the Wife Hunter.

"The Husband Hunter, or Das Schicksal," is a lively work, less deficient in plot than its predecessor, but far from faultless in that respect. With the character of O'Sullivan Lyra we were much pleased, and equally disappointed at the small part he occupies in the work. It contains much piquant dialogue, and some humo-

rous delineations of character, agreeably shaded with narrative of a more serious description. The author's satire against all the ridiculous parade of courtly etiquette and ceremonial, as practised at the Serene Court of Krunks-Donkerstein, is exquisitely humorous; and the mode in which the lively Widow Mersey contrives to ensnare the philosophical Prince Gruf-fenhause into matrimony, is, although somewhat improbable, excessively diverting. In our eyes, however, the chief merits of the book are, its bold and able exposition of the tyranny exercised on the Irish peasant population by the exterminating landlords; and the pungent sarcasms with which the author assails *libertinism*. For this merit the "Wife Hunter" is also remarkable; and for this alone, did he not even possess the varied talents of which his writings show him master, the author of the "Moriarty Tales" would deserve the praise and admiration of every noble spirit.

*Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister:*  
By CATHERINE TAYLOR. London: MURRAY. 1840.

The great fault of this book is, perhaps, the very thing of which the writer is most proud; to wit, it is too learned. There is learning enough in it to fit out a dozen first-rate governesses, with a remainder sufficient to equip a score of barristers. Of all the perversities into which that wilful sex are ever falling, this affectation of learning, this artificial pollen, is least to our taste. Charming are thousands of your caprices, even while they tease us, ye queens of earth, ye mortal goddesses, that deign to smile on us; but this, we pray ye, forbear. Write what ye will, and as much as ye will, and in what humour ye please; be gay, be solemn, be witty, be sentimental; but spare us the learning. We get so much of that elsewhere; and besides, the dust of libraries so soils your muslins, and dims the radiance of your beaming looks.

To be sure, the authoress tells us that, knowing well little that was new could be said of Italy, she preferred to be useful, and has therefore written her book with a view to its being used in education; having already applied the information embodied in it, to the instruction of a younger sister. Lord help us! but we're falling sadly behind-hand in the onward march of intellect. For our own part, we could muse from morn till eve, every day for a

twelvemonth, without discovering, what a poor girl, say of thirteen, or thereabouts, and from that to nineteen, wants at all of such information as we find heaped in this little book, and stuffed into it with a pertinacious compactness. "Guelphs and Ghibellines, Revival of Literature, Brunelleschi, Cimabue, Dante, Petrarch, Theodosius, Attila, Geuseric, Boethius, Belisarius," *et hoc genus omne*—(we are out of breath!) why there are a great many big words, and that is only half a dozen of pages, a mere handful plucked entirely at random, from this wilderness of sweets. Well! well! we know it is the fashion, we know that papas and mammass are never easy till their children are crammed to the gorge with all sorts of indigestible information—but we will never be reconciled to it. Ah, good people, nature is so wise, so calm, and persevering, and does so much, so well and quietly, it is a pity to be so incessantly meddling with her. A fond heart, cherished from earliest years, and tempered to unchanging sweetness, by the influences of a happy home; some intimacy with nature, a knowledge acquired unconsciously of a few of her secrets, so that in no aspect can her face be strange; a good deal of her own country's history, imbibed through legends, having still their life in the thoughts of those around her; many a ballad, simply, with spontaneous feeling, sung to the airs of her native land—these, with a religious feeling, vital but unobtrusive, some skill in housekeeping, and a smattering of accounts; and what wants a woman more, beyond what nature is sure to give her? Penny wise and pound foolish are ye, ye governesses, and governess-paying, school-patronizing, preposterous parents! and ye barter the sterling-gold of nature for the tinsel of empty accomplishment. Alas! that your sins of ignorance should be so heavily visited on your innocent children.

But we are not in a humour for the lugubrious at present, so a truce with lamentations. Miss Taylor's book, independently of what we may be allowed to term the educational part of it, has merits, which make us regret, for more selfish reasons, that she has not followed a different course in preparing it to meet the public eye. We think she might have written something much more attractive, and useful too, if that be her mania, than the half guide-book, half school-book, which now lies before us, occasionally, as we dip into its pages, tantalizing us with the possibility

or the promise of something so much more pleasing than the thorns of ancient and modern history, which every where choke the fairer flowers of feeling and imagination, that might otherwise so easily have bloomed there. There are few branches of literature in which women are more likely to excel than in travel-writing. Their faculty of minute observation, their just appreciation of life and character, and the graceful enthusiasm in which they are seldom found deficient, joined with the sympathy which we cannot avoid feeling in their little adventures,—all appear to mark them out as suited to be, if not the most instructive, at least the most entertaining and popular of travellers. But they are not content to be charming as nature made them. They will be learned; they will be (may we be pardoned for using such an ugly word) pedantic, and ruin themselves.

But our readers, we suppose, would like to judge for themselves of the pleasanter parts of the book. Three-fourths of the volume is composed of letters from Rome, in which, amidst a variety of other topics, Miss Taylor gives pretty copious descriptions of the various ceremonies of the Catholic Ritual, as celebrated in Rome; they appear, Protestant as she is, to have had no little attraction for her. After an account of high mass in St. Peter's, performed by the Pope himself, we find the following remarks, wound up by an extract from an unpublished lecture of the authoress's father:—

"Let me here say a few words on the music of the Catholic church. Hitherto I have heard little which has given me pleasure; the constant introduction of secular music into the service is offensive; in the midst of religious ceremonies, to hear the airs from Rossini's or Bellini's operas, or noisy overtures of Auber, is so discordant with my feelings, that I have often left the church in disgust. Widely different is the effect produced by the music which may be said properly to belong to the Church—I should say rather to the service of religion: for music is truly catholic in its spirit; and in my opinion it is delightful to reflect that, differing as men must do in matters of doctrine and belief, there is a power in this truly divine art which sets aside these differences and appeals to their common sentiments of devotion. It is interesting to observe the various forms under which this power is manifested in the different styles of ecclesiastical music—each according with the tone and spirit of the services to which it is adapted. But those composers who have really understood the powers of their art, and felt the true influences which it is capable of producing, have uniformly studied simplicity and grandeur. I confess that in the compositions of the modern school of church writers—in the masses even of Mozart and Haydn—these principles seem to me often lost sight of or disre-

garded. The florid style of these compositions (independent of their total disregard of rendering in music an expression of the sentiment of the words) is false in principle, and often offensive in execution. Those alone who have heard the sublime and massive harmonies of Palestrina, performed as they are at Rome by the Papal choir, can feel all the influence which ecclesiastical music possesses over the mind. The Mass which we heard this morning was a noble specimen of the ancient Roman school of music; I was told (but whether on good authority I know not) that this was the famous work of Palestrina which saved music from being banished from the church service. I could well believe that the divine harmonies we listened to this morning had produced such an effect. Do you remember a passage in reference to this subject in one of my father's lectures?

"The edict had been already prepared which was to banish music in parts, and to ordain no other employment of it than the Gregorian Chant. It was at this momentous crisis, when the doom of the art appeared to be sealed, that a young man, scarcely known but as a singer in the Pope's chapel, dared to stand forth as the champion and representative of his art, and in its defence to appeal at once to the head of the church. This man was Pierluigi da Palestrina. 'Ere,' said he, 'you decree the extinction of an art which heaven has allied to devotion, and before you alliance that gift of the Almighty, which he designed to elevate the soul of man, to inspire it with pure and holy thoughts, and to connect it with Himself, listen to its spirit, and hear what you are about to destroy. I will reveal it to you, for to me it has been already revealed.' Such was Palestrina's appeal in behalf of his art, and if ever the soul of genius spoke, it was then. I know of no such instance of that self-reliance which marks the highest order of intellect. Who besides Palestrina ever ventured to stake the very existence of an art upon the perilous issue of his own ability to reveal its power? His request was granted, and the promulgation of the decrees suspended until he had completed his promised composition. Palestrina triumphed, and music was saved. We can scarcely place ourselves in the situation of those who first heard this extraordinary effort of genius. The effect must have appeared like the birth of a new sense, and awakened emotions before unknown. The scientific hearer would be made to feel that the erudition which he had been accustomed to regard as the end of study, was but the means to a greater end; and the consummate skill with which the arts of counterpoint were employed, would be absorbed in amazement and delight at the effects which they produced. And in this feeling we share. Time may have overspread the surface of the structure with a deeper and mellower tint, but its noble outline and its fair proportions are unchanged."

Here is a lively passage from a letter of a later date—

"Rome, January 31st.

"We have lately taken many long walks through both ancient and modern Rome, and have thus seen much more of the people, of their manners, dress and customs. Perhaps no place can offer greater variety of costume; and the habits of the poorer classes are so different from those of our English peasantry, that in every walk something strange and new presents itself. The groups I often see, recall to my mind Pinelli's spirited sketches, and we stop in admiration before them. Long trains of carts, each covered with a penthouse of rough skins, are drawn by the large grey oxen of the country, to whose gigantic horns a pole is attached by which they are harnessed. These are driven by peasants, whose swarthy complexions vie in colour with the dark sheep-skin dresses they wear; while their conical hats, often garlanded with ribbons, and their shaggy goat-skin aprons, give them a wild and picturesque look. From beneath the covered cart, a bright-eyed girl is sometimes seen peeping at the *forestieri*, for whom she has always a smile: her pretty square white muslin head-dress, and scarlet bodice laced with blue ribbons, set off her noble head

and form, and give a peculiar character to her beautiful Roman face.

"At the corner of a piazza, a *scrittore*, or scribe, is seated at his table, with pen in hand, busily occupied in writing from the dictation of a Trasteverino or some gentle maiden the tale of love or of revenge. In this narrow street the cook, in his white apron and cap, is engaged in preparing his *frittura* of fish, or messes of meat and vegetables; whilst, standing or sitting around, are groups of people eagerly devouring the savoury delicacies. In another street you may chance to see two Pifferari, straining harsh discord in honour of a Madonna, who sits enthroned in a small shrine fixed in the wall above.

"Figures often pass us in long sackcloth robes, and pointed head-dresses of the same material, which cover the face, leaving only two holes for the eyes; and shaking a little money-box before us, they beg '*elemosine, per l'amore di Dio!*' (alms, for the love of God!) These persons, called Sacconi, are penitents, condemned to wander barefoot through the streets as an humiliation for their sins; it is said that bishops, cardinals and princes often submit to the penance. \* \* \*

"I must describe the figure of a lovely young country-girl whom I saw in the Vatican yesterday; her face and form were perfectly beautiful, and the satisfaction she evinced in a consciousness of the admiration she excited was very amusing: her cheek was dimpled with smiles, and her eyes sparkled with roguish merriment and coquetry. Her dress was a most studied and finished specimen of a Roman toilette: the petticoat was of delicate blue silk; the boddice, lacing behind and before over a chemisette of the purest white, was of brilliant scarlet; and the sleeves of silver tissue, tight to the elbow, were fastened to the boddice with pink bows and streamers; a shawl of embroidered muslin was negligently thrown over her shoulders. The head-gear was the most exquisite thing I ever saw; the hair, glossy and black, was braided and hung in loops behind; these were confined to the top of the head by a silver bodkin, from which on one side hung little flagree flowers of the same material; over all was the square of pure white muslin, trimmed with dainty lace, which, standing out on the top of the head like an university cap, fell behind gracefully to the waist. She was a picture—I could scarcely take my eyes from her."

The conclusion of the last letter is pleasing, and we give it, as indicating also the ground on which the authoress would be inclined to rest her defence against the charge of being too learned in her lucubrations:—

"There is no city in the world perhaps which offers such beautiful panoramic views as Rome: they seem endless in their variety, and, although they undoubtedly owe much of their power over the mind to association, are in themselves exquisite. Nothing, I think, strikes a stranger more than the first view of an Italian city, seen from a distance; the absence of smoke, the clear sky of deep azure, spreading far and wide above his head, the thin, pure atmosphere, surrounding all objects with something of a magic tint, impart an indescribable charm to the scene. We read of the glowing beauty of Italian skies, but only in Italy can its reality be felt; those who have tasted the delight of moments such as we enjoyed last even-

ing, can alone fully understand all its influence on the heart and mind.

"We had wandered from the carriage, and ascended the steep and rugged road which leads to the top of the Janiculum, intending to visit Sant' Onofrio, the church where Tasso is buried. The sun was sinking gradually, and the landscape beneath was bathed in a mellow evening light, when the shadows lengthen, and every object takes peculiar hue, and colours, though brighter even than at noon-day, blend in soft, rich harmony:

" 'Various and bright and full the earth's green tint  
In this contrasted light, as if it throve  
On the lost sunbeams, deepening as it fed  
Into unusual richness.'

"How glorious was the view! Long did I stand gazing silently on that scene of matchless beauty, as my eye wandered from modern to ancient Rome. The palaces, churches, and gardens of the former were immediately before us: the wondrous dome of St. Peter's lay, as it were, at our feet: the silent convents, those living graves—the palaces, more stately but scarcely less melancholy in appearance—the obelisks, monuments of ages so remote that, beside the thoughts they awaken, Rome itself seems but a city of yesterday—the palm-trees, a few of which are scattered among the buildings, speaking to us of the East—these were the objects presented to us. Then, turning to the right, it was as if the history of an empire were suddenly unfolded to us; and the fate of man's ambition stood written in characters too plain to be mistaken; ruins marked the place where Rome had stood, and beyond was a solitude as of the desert. Yet was the scene all beautiful; for Nature, triumphing over destruction and decay, had invested the scene with her own grace and loveliness, and the tall cypress and pine, the orange groves, and the festoons of vines mingled with the desolation.

"I must here conclude my letter—the last I shall write to you from Rome: to-morrow morning we set out for Naples. Italy, with all its varied objects of interest, has afforded me pleasure which can never pass away. '*Les souvenirs de l'esprit,*' justly observes Madame de Staël, '*sont acquis par l'étude—les souvenirs de l'imagination naissent d'une impression plus immédiate et plus intime, qui donne de la vie à la pensée, et nous rend, pour ainsi dire, témoins de ce que nous avons appris: la lecture de l'histoire, les réflexions qu'elle excite, agissent moins sur notre âme que ces pierres en désordre!*' Amidst scenes so associated with the history of mankind and the progress of civilization, the imagination is kept constantly alive, and the mind naturally and imperceptibly gains a habit of reflection. History instead of being a bare record of events in which we have no part, acquires a truth and reality, and exercises its proper influence on the heart and mind; whilst Art, here presented under its noblest forms, creates within us a new sense of the perception of truth and beauty, opening inexhaustible sources of pure and refining enjoyment.

"If, as I have desired, I have been able to make you in any degree a sharer in the pleasures which my journey through Italy has afforded me, you will readily enter into the feelings of regret with which I anticipate our departure to-morrow. 'Rome is a city dear to all who can think and feel. The remembrance of riches or power cannot create this affection; not Venice with her floating palaces, nor Florence with her Eastern wealth, leave behind that pleasing melancholy which strangers feel

in visiting the desolate fields and lonely walls of Rome. Who can remember it in after years without mournful yet delightful recollections? who that has drunk of her fountains, and passed her massive gates, can ever forget ROME?"\*

Written, as it is, by an English Protestant lady, and published by Mr. Murray, this book, though not altogether faultless in that respect, is yet a pleasing evidence of the progress of a spirit of toleration. In the preface Miss Taylor says:—

"In speaking of religion, it has been my earnest desire, whilst lamenting and deprecating the errors and superstitions, as I regard them, of the Catholic church, to inspire a charitable feeling towards its sincere and conscientious supporters. While Protestants reject human claims to infallibility, they should yield to others the right which they assert for themselves; and in censuring what to them appears error, no bitterness should be felt or expressed towards those who have sought and, as they think, found religious truth in the church of Rome. 'Actions, not opinions,' it was truly said, 'are the subjects of human controul.'"

This is reasonable in its way, and sufficiently borne out by the general tone of the work. But the authoress has studied in a more humane and tolerant school, than the mass of her bigotted contemporaries. Occasional passages from Goethe and Carlyle, with which she has adorned her pages, are a proof that she knows where to look for better things, and also, in some degree, how to profit by them. We bid her a half-pleased, half-reproachful adieu; and hope to find in the promised second volume more fruit of her own experiences, and fewer entanglements in the dykes and briars of dry historical summaries, and other apparatus of the school-room.

*Hardy's Stranger's Guide through Dublin.*  
Dublin: HARDY and WALKER. 1840.

This is a clear and well engraved map of Dublin, adorned by eight views of the principal public buildings, and well suited for the pocket of the visitor, or for an ornament to the counting house.

\* The concluding paragraph is from Bell's observations on Italy.

The letter-press at foot contains short but sufficient descriptions of the lions of Dublin, with directions for the best mode of viewing them.

We recommend this map to the stranger who desires to be guided through Dublin at a small expense, and to the native who may wish to adorn his library with a neat record of the capital of our country.

*The Regrets of Memory; a Poem, with Minor Poems, Translations, &c.* London: WIX. Dublin: CURRY and Co. 1840.

One hundred pages of thinly printed verse, which, we dare say, gave the author a great deal of pleasure in the writing; and will afford no little amusement to the good humoured and not too critical reader. We give one short piece as a specimen; its merits are not great, but it is far from being the worst in the volume:—

*On riding through the wood of C—, after a short illness.*

When thro' thy woods I wandered last,  
The leaves were green—the leaves were green—  
A few short weeks have only past,  
How changed the scene—how changed the scene.  
With gladness then all nature shone,  
No trace of grief—no trace of grief—  
But now alas! I see alone  
The yellow leaf—the yellow leaf!

And so the heart that once was fair,  
That once was fresh, that once was true,  
Is blighted by disease or care,  
And only shows a jaundiced hue!

The *nuda simplicitas* of the above, and the economy with which some of the words are made to do double duty, are worthy of remark, though we cannot recommend them to universal imitation.

*An Account of the Proceedings of the Government Metropolitan Police in the City of Canton:* BY JAMES HENRY, M.D. 12mo. Dublin: KENNEDY. 1840.

Our readers will at least gain a hearty laugh by perusing Doctor Henry's clever satire; and if it awaken public attention to the abuses of our police system, it will produce a lasting good.





# THE CITIZEN;

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, and Art.

No. XII.

OCTOBER, 1840.

Vol. II.

## CONTENTS:

Page.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE—ABSENTEEISM. PART II.	297
BOAT SONG,	307
POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS,"	308
I. YES, THERE IS THE DWELLING—II. FAME—III. FRIENDSHIP—IV. ON LEAVING LONDON.	
A FRIEND IN NEED. CHAPTERS I. AND II.,	311
"THE TRUE ORIGINAL," CONFIRMED,	320
SONG,	324
INDIA—HER OWN—AND ANOTHER'S,	325
CHAP. X. TIPPOO SAIB—CHAP. XI. SERINGAPATAM.	
THE LEGACY,	336
ABSENCE,	339
HISTORY OF THE WOOLLEN TRADE,	340
STANZAS TO HOPE,	349
MY NEIGHBOUR'S STORY—(A RETROSPECTION)	350
THE FAREWELL,	362
STORIES OF THE PYRENEES, No. IV.,	263
THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.	
LINES FOR MUSIC,	367
THEY HAD NOT MET FOR MANY YEARS—KATHLEEN MACHREE.	
TO A CANARY BIRD,	368

DUBLIN:

JAMES PHILIP DOYLE, 10, CROW-STREET.

MDCCLX.



#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

While we feel much indebted to some of our correspondents, for the patience with which they have waited our decision, we must still request them to keep in mind, that it is not always we can command time to peruse their communications, immediately on receiving them. We are anxious to do every justice to those who offer us their contributions ; but we really cannot do so, if they will not allow us time to form that calm and deliberate judgment, which is so desirable, as well for their satisfaction, as for our own. We wish our friends also to remember, that the limits of our journal, and the variety of subjects to which we feel bound to give attention, often oblige us to reject compositions, which, had we more space at our disposal, we should be most happy to insert.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry. The writers will be so good as to make copies, before they favour us with them.

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## THE REAL GRIEVANCE—ABSENTEEISM.

### PART II.

"IF NOTHING ELSE WILL MOVE US, LET US NOT ACT IN OPPOSITION TO THE LIGHT OF OUR OWN REASON AND CONSCIENCE, WHICH DAILY REPRESENTS TO US THE EXTREME POVERTY AND DISTRESS INTO WHICH OUR PEOPLE ARE SUNK. SURE THE HEART OF EVERY HONEST MAN MUST BLEED DAILY, TO SEE THE MISERY IN WHICH OUR COMMONS LIVE, WHICH HAS NO OTHER ROOT BUT THE POSTING TO LONDON FOR PLACES AND PENSIONS, BY WHICH, WHATEVER PARTICULAR MEN MAY GET, THE NATION MUST ALWAYS BE A LOSER. THESE PROPOSITIONS WILL BE A TRUE TEST TO DISTINGUISH—NOT WHIG FROM TORY, PRESBYTERIAN FROM EPISCOPAL, HANOVER FROM ROME,—BUT A FRIEND FROM AN ENEMY TO HIS COUNTRY: AND INDEED WE ARE SPLIT INTO SO MANY PARTIES THAT SUCH A TEST SEEMS NECESSARY."—FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

WHEN last we spoke of Absenteeism, our object was to bring within a single view, the root and growth of this overshadowing evil. We sought to fix attention on its primary source, to track its foot-prints through our history, to recall its varied alliances with every varying shape of alien tyranny, and show how, under altered forms and changing circumstances, it still kept fast its murderous hold upon our victim land. As we walked beside the lowly graves of our illustrious dead, we marked the hatred which they, in their day and generation, bore to this chief enemy of Ireland; and our conscience smote us, as we seemed to hear reproachful accents say,—No truce with absenteeism.

Absenteeism is the lameness of our nation. Till it be cured Ireland is a helpless cripple,—all her intelligence put to no account, all her energy unnerved, all her beauty marred, all her constitutional health and strength drawn away in that horrid

cankrous sore. What avails the stalwart arm, if instead of being free to wield the staff, or guide the helm of national advancement, it has scarce power to raise the supplicatory hand for pity or for alms? What avails the beauty of the mourner? What joy is there in the fruit of the prolific womb, if it comes into existence only to tantalize the sight from which it is inexorably torn? Our hills were waving yestereven with the golden produce of agricultural industry; so have they waved each autumn that we can remember; and gladness rose up in our heart, and joy swelled in our bosom, as we looked upon our land, for behold it was very good. But the serpent was mocking while we gazed. Surely this garden land, which ye call yours, is not your own, he said, for I have come to gather off its fruit for those who live in another land—whom ye shall never know: therefore, this land is mine; and ye, fool vassals, are my implements of gain!

\* Speeches by a Member of Parliament. No. IV.

Yes, men and brethren, we have ourselves to blame; we are the miserable means of our undoing; we are the slaves of the absentees. They have abandoned their country; they have violated the condition of reciprocal being; they have ceased to be Irishmen; they "have cast nature off which was their shield—let us then cast them off who are our shame." Why should we be their slaves? Were we made for this? Did God create our country to yield its produce unrequited, unrepaid, to glut the avarice and rapacity of another? England takes our toil, through the agency of absenteeism, without paying for it, takes our money without value or acknowledgment, takes our substance without equivalent; and we are thus as a nation plundered,—as a people thus made slaves.

What is freedom?—We can tell  
That which slavery is too well;  
'Tis to work, and have such pay  
As just keeps life from day to day  
In our limbs, as in a cell,  
For another's use to dwell:  
So that we for them are made,  
Loom and plough, and sword and spade,  
With or without our own will bent,  
To their defence and nourishment;  
'Tis to hunger for such diet  
As the rich man, in his riot,  
Casts unto the dogs that lie  
Surfeiting beneath his eye—  
This is slavery.

Talk not of political freedom whilst this accursed badge and chain of infamy remains. Tell us not that reform of parliament,—reform of corporations,—reform of law, or tithe, or franchise, is adequate, while this, the real grievance, rests unreformed. Save as means to an end, all these, though good and excellent in themselves, are nothing. The happiness of the people, of the industrious, honest, hard-working people, is the only legitimate end and object of political institutions. But what happiness do the Irish people know? What is the life of the middle classes? A hungry scuffle for the means of *keeping up an appearance*,—the show of respectability. What is the life of the men in trade? A hopeless hoping against hope, speculation without success, enterprise without means, industry without reward, kite flying—capital sinking—bankruptcy. Ask a man in any town in Ireland, is business thriving, and what reply will you receive? "The money isn't in it to be made." There is a whole history of ruin in that one bitter phrase.

Go to the farmers, ask them are they

prosperous. They say farmers are always grumbling, and telling you how much the climate is changed for the worse, and how bad the markets have latterly been. Well, let us measure their prosperity by facts instead of words. Four-fifths of the entire population of Ireland live by agriculture, that is, they are either farmers or labourers. The entire population has certainly been increasing rapidly of late years. If the mass of the people were improving in pecuniary resources or social comforts, it is tolerably plain that they would consume more of exciseable and custom-paying commodities than they used to do. If they were even maintaining their position, they would consume a great deal more than they used formerly, because their numbers are so much augmented. But how stands the fact? By the public accounts it appears that the receipts arising in Ireland from customs were, in

1825	:	:	:	£1,847,000
1835	:	:	:	£1,755,000

While during the same period in England the receipts from customs were, in

1825	:	:	:	£13,643,000
1835	:	:	:	£19,363,000

The population of Ireland actually used less tobacco, wine, tea, sugar, rice, coffee, and other duty-paying imports, in 1835 than in 1825, though in numbers they had increased one-eighth in the interval; while in the same interval, the people of England, having also increased in about the same ratio, had learned the means of consuming one-third more of these good things, which if a people eat they must likewise pay customs for. It is unhappily too evident, that when we speak of our population buying for consumption such articles of luxury as those we have named, the peasantry have no place in the consideration. If they can secure from the maw of absentee extortion, as much as will pay the rent of a potatoe garden, and enable them to buy at usury a small portion of meal in the dear season, they are comparatively contented. Tobacco and sugar are the only imported articles which they ever taste, and these miserably seldom. The consumption of such things, therefore, lies with the inhabitants of towns, and the farmers. Will any man look at the figures we have quoted, and have the impudence to pretend, that he believes the comforts of the farmers of Ireland are not retrograding?

Turn to the mechanics and artisans; are they improving? In habits, in infor-

mation, in every political and moral requisite, undoubtedly they are; but the simple test of wages and employment stifles all cavil or quibble, which political assimilators, or general average men, or negotiators of French commercial treaties for the promotion of English aggrandizement, at the expense of Irish industry, may attempt to raise. Employment there is not in Ireland for the people, trade there is not, energy there is not, industrial progress of any kind there is not, and there cannot be, while the annual produce of the soil is taken out of the land without equivalent or return.

The progress of absenteeism before the Union was gradual, but since then it has become daily more rapid. It was at that time hard to bear, but now it has become intolerable. The tribute levied from us then was great, but now it is exorbitant; we paid it then out of our abundance, but now from our poverty; every good man grudged what we were mulcted in then, but where is the man in Ireland, with a heart in his bosom, that does not execrate the unjust and ruinous exaction which we are now compelled to yield?

It is high time to speak out on this subject. It is one upon which the people are unanimous throughout the whole land; naturally, for there is not a province, nor a county, nor a barony, where the pestilence doth not walk at the noon-day; and there is not a man among the industrious classes of the kingdom,—not a man in short, who is not an idler or a thief,—who would not be directly benefitted, by a final end being put to this all blighting curse of us and ours. *Delenda est Carthago*. Cost what it will we must put it down; its eradication, be it at what expense of pains and trouble it may, cannot exceed—cannot equal that, which its continuance costs us. Let us look at the matter in a sober business point of view. We like to walk all round the battlements of the enemy, and scan his strength and breadth from every point of observation, and cast up the reckoning of his ill-got gains, and of what we should win by reducing him to order, before we begin operations.

Don't suppose, good reader, that we are about to enter into a controversy with those in England, who have actually offered to maintain that the absentees do no harm to any one whatsoever. Only think of a gang of robbers, hiring a fellow to prove that robbery being their sole ostensible means of subsistence, they nevertheless

did really live without robbing any body at all! But there is nothing you cannot get a London scribbler to write, for adequate remuneration. We have known fellows, who offered to edit both the contending newspapers in the same English town, writing with the left hand for universal suffrage, and with the right for church and state; and we know three separate instances, in which the said offer was accepted, and the said feat performed. So much for the sincerity of English political opinion, as uttered in the press. But the question of national extortion and plunder, is in truth one only of extent and characteristics. When Sheridan met the father of a scamp, who asked him had he heard of his misfortune, he did not doubt that something unlucky had happened; his only curiosity was as to the precise nature of the transaction. Did you hear, said the poor man, of my son's robbery? "No," said Sheridan, "who did he rob?" So when our plunderers get up a wail and exposition, about the hardships of being blamed for Ireland's misery, the only answer we can find it in our hard hearts to give them is—how many do you rob?

As to the nature of the transaction, in an economic point of view, we beg, by way of parenthesis, to quote a passage from Adam Smith. We have been assailed frequently for the undisguised contempt we have expressed for the English political economists; and Adam Smith has always been flung in our teeth as an answer. Adam Smith is, we confess, a most effectual answer to the political economists of the present day, but he is no answer to us. The spirit and tendency of Adam Smith has no more to do with the averages of Porter, the brutalities of Malthus, the cast-clothes theories of Senior, or the original effrontery of M'Culloch, than Columbus had to do with so many captains of negro slave ships. Adam Smith was an honest, useful, conscientious man; he led the way to a realm of knowledge, that hitherto had lain in darkness; he affirmed that the happiness of the community might be advanced, by exploring that extensive region where the springs of wealth and poverty take their rise. But Adam Smith never contemplated the soul-selling uses, to which what are called his principles would be turned. It was not to set up the hideous and dreary false worship of money, that he thought and wrote; any thing but that. He was a kind and benevolent being, who sought to point out a refuge to mankind

from the accumulating pressure of poverty and despotism; and he never dreamed that his new world would become the wallowing sty of such notions, as under the Pizarroship of Bentham it has recently been made. We take things as we find them, political economy among the rest. We give things the names they take to themselves; why should political economy be the exception? When we denounce the English school of political economists, we don't mean to allege that every one in England who writes on economic subjects, is tarred with the same stick. There may be exceptions,—there may be heretics in the church of Mammon, who don't believe the gospel according to Bentham;—for England's sake we hope there are. But it is utter nonsense to say, that when we find the leading journals of all parties in England, and when we find the unanimous parliament of England breathless with hope, at the perpetration of such acts as the pending commercial treaty with France, for the sake of its omnivorous principles; when we recall the sub-letting act against Ireland, and remember that it stands unrepealed; when we look at the fate of Mr. Ewart's motion for a moderate and partial modification of primogeniture; above all, when we view the philosophic villany wherewith every manufacture and trade of Ireland has been *assimilated* out of existence;—we do say, it is worse than humbug to tell us, that the political economy of England is not irreconcilably at war with the very existence of the Irish people.

We shall content ourselves with quoting from the *Wealth of Nations*, the following passage, whose total freedom from puzzle-headedness and inhumanity, may sufficiently verify the truth of what we have been saying, and prove, that if the gods whom the press and the parliament of England now swear by, are sound political economists, Adam Smith was not:—

"Those who live in another country, contribute nothing by their consumption towards the support of the government of that country, in which is situated the source of their revenue. If in this latter country there should be no land tax, nor any considerable duty upon the transference of either moveable or immovable property, as is the case in Ireland, such absentees may derive a great revenue from the protection of a government, to the support of which they do not contribute a single shilling. This inequality is likely to be greatest in a country, of which the govern-

ment is in some respects subordinate and dependant upon that of some other. The people who possess the most extensive property in the dependant, will in this case generally choose to live in the governing country. Ireland is precisely in this situation, and we cannot, therefore, wonder that the proposal of a tax upon absentees should be so very popular in that country." V. Book, 2 chap. ii. But Adam Smith was a mere ignorant old-fashioned fool, compared with the high-minded and enlightened gentry, who *do* the political economy of the anti-Irish press.

We shall not, however, waste another line upon the sophistries of the English apologists and defenders of absenteeism; we have other work on hands just now. Many we fear, among our people, forget the importance—the all-pervading and unceasing importance—of the question. We say, forget—because remembrance is an act of the mind, not of the tongue. Every one you meet in society says, in summing up the evils of Ireland, "and then there is absenteeism;" and not another word is uttered concerning it. Every man has a remedy for each of the minor evils; and many are willing to give time and money to accomplish them. But this, which is greater than almost the entire of the rest put together, men really talk of, as if it were wholly irremediable—as if it were a matter of course. It is not a matter of course; it is a thing to be dealt with practically, an evil which we are thoroughly persuaded can and will be rooted out, if, instead of forgetting what it is, we get into the habit of remembering what it is. Merely naming absenteeism, among a long catalogue of subsidiary grievances, is not remembering it all; it is practically forgetting it. There are two ways of remembering a thing; George the Third knew that, if Peter Pindar is to be believed. His majesty is represented, when visiting Whitbread's brewery, to have made two memoranda in his tablets: the first was, "*remember not to forget* to send for the cask of beer, Whitbread made me a present of to-day;" and the second was, "*remember to forget* to ask Whitbread to dinner some day." And our genteel patriots have two memories like his majesty—one for recollecting, and the other for forgetting. They remember not to forget to sign flattering addresses to good viceroys, and to attend their levees, to show their support of a liberal government; all which is very

right and proper, undoubtedly, but at the same time costs little, and occasionally brings in a tolerably weighty harvest of promotion. But they remember only to forget, that there is such a thing as a degrading and ruinous tribute wrung year after year from their country, and that until a firm and bold resistance thereunto is made, though they may get their cask of beer, the working men of Ireland—millions, if you reckon them, with their children and their wives—will never know what it is to be sure of a dinner.

Now, we distinctly assert, that this forgetfulness is a positive betrayal of the first principles of patriotism. Our assertion is, that absenteeism is a crime—not a blunder, not an oversight, not a mistake, but a crime to be denounced as such, and punished or prevented by law. What, is a man not at liberty to go abroad? Is it immoral to live in one place instead of another? We answer plainly—the innocence or guilt depends on circumstances. Sometimes it is no harm whatever, because the doing of it works no injury to your neighbour; but if the doing of it helps to starve your neighbour, it is as much harm as swindling or horse-stealing.

It may sound very harsh to call some things by their right names; but however ungrateful unto ears polite, the reality is, at all times, better worth hearing and knowing, than the courtliest fable. What is absenteeism—an error, or a crime? In every sense that thorough selfishness, breach of social ties, dereliction of manifest duty, and the conscious infliction of evil upon others, constitute guilt, absenteeism is a crime. Error is that which though it tends to evil, may arise from a generous or an upright motive; crime necessarily springs from an impulse which is selfish or corrupt. Error may produce evil, through ignorance, accident, or inadvertency; crime knows what it is doing,—knows that evil will ensue,—and deliberately does that which is mischievous. The harm which the absentee does, he does systematically. It is pure unmingled selfishness, from first to last. There can be no mistake, no misconception, as to the consequences of his act. He cannot believe it to be a matter of indifference to his tenantry and his neighbourhood, whether he lives at home, or lives abroad. No political or social action is indifferent; directly or indirectly it must contribute to the increase, or the diminution of public

happiness and prosperity. There are, to be sure, many acts, which suggest no immediate consequences, to an unreflecting man, or an unreflecting class of men; and though national justice cannot admit the plea of ignorance or unconsciousness, as a defence for the neglect of duties that all should know and remember, yet our censure may be disarmed, and our sense of injury will be mitigated, if we really believe the offence has been heedlessly or unthinkingly committed. But the absentees have no such apology as this. In the whole host of the frivolous, the vain, the idle, the debauched, there are few so lost to all right feeling as not to know, that they are leaving undone those things which ought to be done, and doing those things which ought not to be done. They cannot help remembering, that they are instrumental in levying a ruinous and ignominious tribute from their native land, to swell the pomp or hire the vices of another. Every guinea they squander on foreign affectations, is wrung from the pockets of those, whom every law of nature and religion commands them to serve and not to injure,—nay from that particular portion of the community, who have the most direct and sacred claims upon their regard, their protection, and their care. As the circle of every duty narrows, its obligations grow numerous and imperative. We owe certain duties to our fellow-men, but we owe many more, and those of greater urgency, to our fellow-countrymen; while to such as can be affected by our immediate example, benefitted by our dealings, protected by our presence, or injured by our absence, a ten-fold weight of obligation lies upon us. No man believes—no man can believe, that the proprietor of a large estate, on which hundreds are born, must live and are to die, is one whose character, habits, or conduct are matters of indifference or unimportance. Much of the comfort of these innocent families, much of their improvement, their tranquillity, necessarily rests with him. If he be well disposed, he can, in a thousand ways, aid, sustain, and guard them. With the means of a superior information, he can daily direct their efforts, cultivate their tastes, promote their welfare, and develop the resources, which nature has provided for them. These things are not mere possibilities,—they are clear and positive duties, and not the less obligatory, because foreign fashion and aristocratic sympathy seduce men

from their performance, and teach them to look with complaisance upon their neglect. True it is that the resident proprietor often lives at home forgetful of these duties; and true, most true it is, that he, who daily living in the sight of good he might do, and evil he might assuage, leaves labour unapplied, improvement unattempted, and misery unrelieved, will hardly be found ready to respond to those, who call for a law against absenteeism. But let it not be said that such men are worthy of the same or equal reproach, with the professional deserters of their country. These men at least spend their income amongst us; and even though mis-spent, it is spread once more among that community who yielded it. Their good may not indeed be the object intended, but to a certain extent it is a necessary result; and we are not in a condition at present to carp at those who do us any good, even though it be selfishly or unintentionally. But the absentee extorts from the famished multitude a revenue, for which he neither gives nor intends to give any return. He will not work, but to take he is not ashamed. Yet this very man, if he happen to have a voice in the legislature, will be sure to cry loudly and long against the principle of giving anything to the poor man, unless he can make some return. Call it a *poor rate*, and it is "monstrous and intolerable;" call it a *rich rate*, and it is "the liberty of the subject."

What justifies the terrific penalties inflicted on desertion of the ranks? Is there any moral guilt in changing one's profession? Or in going to one place from another? Or does the violation of an ordinary engagement merit death? Assuredly not; but the man who deserts his colours puts the state in jeopardy; he commits the greatest crime that man can be guilty of towards man; he knew the duty which lay upon him when he abandoned it; and if any crime deserves capital punishment, desertion is that crime. Nay, but cries some one, it is justified only by the necessity of example; unless many desert, the country is not in danger; but when one man deserts, he sets the example, and 'tis for fear of the evil spreading, that the punishment is inflicted. Precisely so; and that is the reason why, in such a deserted and denuded condition as that of Ireland, we say absenteeism ought to be held up as desertion, and repressed by whatever means shall be found necessary.

We are in favour of the mildest and most lenient treatment on all occasions; we look upon prevention as better than punishment; and we tolerate not the notion of resentment or retaliation in political dealings, any more than in those between man and man. The absentees have inflicted injuries upon us which it is hard to forget, but which it is a christian duty to forgive; when we come, therefore, to deal with them and with their crime, let us act with the decision that is called for, but let us listen to no impeachment of the law under which they stand condemned. In a land so circumstanced as ours, absenteeism is the highest treason any man can commit; the offended people may lay aside impulses of retributive vengeance, but the treason must be effectually crushed and put down.

The existence of society and the security of property depends upon the conviction, or the belief, that each class of the community discharge those duties, which the constitution lays upon them. No man, be he ever so despotic or oligarchical in his notions, pretends that any class, invested with powers to do mischief, are destitute of duties and responsibilities. Men differ as to what powers should be vested in particular classes, and what means are best for securing the right discharge by each class of its proper functions. But law must go to a total wreck, if any large and powerful class are left without duties of any kind to discharge; and no law is worth obeying, no motive of political or social interest is worth considering, if this class are not only declared to be destitute of duties, but are hereditarily armed with an unlimited power of plunder and extortion. The apologists for absenteeism had better take care how they brandish the frantic and suicidal notion, that landlords in Ireland are not guilty of abandoning their duties, because they have no duties to abandon. There is but one inference from that doctrine, and that rather an uncomfortable one to those whom it may concern. If absentees are not culprits,—if they are not deserters,—if they are not traitors,—we ask on what title do their estates rest—in what capacity are they related to us, more than the Arab or the Indian chieftainry?

The history of legislation in former ages proves, that the estates of the aristocracy were never given to them, that their produce should be spent in another land. England's policy towards Ireland has been practically as oppressive as need

be; but she has never in terms asserted or admitted, that she desired to levy a direct pecuniary tribute from us as absolute slaves. Her statesmen know well how much more a people may be induced to bear and yield, so long as their internal divisions blind them to the real nature of their position as a nation, and avert that much dreaded hour, when popular unanimity begins to call things by their right names. That long procrastinated hour is well nigh come. Absenteeism is tribute, and tribute is national fraud; and when a nation, eight millions strong, find out they are defrauded, and begin to look about them, the sooner the fraud is quietly given up, the better.

All honest men agree, that a tax which is levied from the people of any country, should be expended for the benefit of the people who pay the tax. Nothing else can justify the imposition of the tax at all; and a tax which is taken from the industry of one people for the benefit of another, is a downright fraud. For every tax is a direct evil, which nothing but its necessity should induce a nation to submit to. But we judge between evils, and in some cases think that paying a certain tax is a less evil, than having something bad, or not having something good, of which the tax may be looked upon as the price. For instance, it is necessary to have laws, and to have them impartially administered, for the protection of property, liberty, and life. These laws and their execution cannot be had without expence. We, therefore, pay a certain amount of taxes for the purpose. Why? not because going to law is good for any one, but because society would be in a much worse condition, if we had no law to go to, for protection or redress. Thus we tax ourselves to pay the judges, and to print the laws, and to build the court-houses, and for various other things that are necessary to our having laws.

Now, pray, what is land more than law? We could not live without land, nor (unless we chose to turn savages) could we exist without law. Both are indispensable to our comfort and sustenance; both are valued for what we make out of them, not for any beauty they possess in our eyes. Both need cultivation, in order to being good for any thing; and upon both a large class of the community live, and depend thereon for their means of support. The machinery of law requires a contribution from the entire community,

which we call a tax or *cess*; the machinery of land requires a like contribution from all, and we call that a tax or *rent*. Every body pays a portion of the rent, whether he holds land or not. For the rent which the farmer pays the landlord, and the fees he pays the agent, oblige him to charge so much the more for his corn, and his hay, and his beef. So, if I live in a town and keep a shop, and buy potatoes, and wheat, and hay, from John Kelly, who holds a farm of twenty acres, and pays a rent of thirty guineas a year for it, to the Earl of Good-for-nothing, or Sir John Absentee,—I pay his lordship part of the rent, for I give John Kelly the price that enables him to pay it every gale day. Kelly is indeed a struggling, industrious, good kind of man, and times are hard, and I can't afford to pay high for what corn or potatoes I use; and I say to Kelly, "You are asking a strong price, considering the times;" well, but he answers, "Have not I to pay thirty guineas a year for the ground they grew upon; if I only paid twenty guineas to Sir John or my Lord, you could have them the cheaper;" so you see 'tis I who help to pay the rent after all.

So every one pays a portion of the land-tax, and every one pays a portion of the law-tax. The judges and lawyers live by the law; and the landlords and farmers live by the land. Why do we let them? Because we all want the benefit of both land and law. The judges and the landlords are paid by the general taxes levied upon the entire community; the lawyers and the farmers are paid in profits or fees, which they get from the persons who want what they have to sell, and so they are paid somewhat differently. But neither the judge or the lawyer are paid for doing nothing; that would be a most monstrous thing. The lawyer manufactures the law, and if he does it well, he gets a good price for it from whoever happens to want it. The farmer manufactures the land, and the better he does it, the better price he will get for his stock in the market. The judge sits up in state, and is paid out of the taxes; but he often works hard enough for his pay. A good judge knows that the people are taxed to give him his income, and he remembers that no man should live by the people, who does not in some way serve the people. A good judge sees the poor man toiling and labouring all day long, to make out enough for his children's sup-



port; and he recollects how few comforts the poor man has, and how many taxes he has to pay; and the good judge says to himself, "I am paid out of the taxes; my salary is large; I must labour, therefore, to do my duty to the public, that the poor man's hard earnings may not be taken from him for nothing,—for that would be a horrible crime." The good judge says this to himself, for he feels that no man in the nation is without duties to perform towards his fellow-men.

But what says the absentee landlord? God has given me a fine estate; I'll do what I please with it. My tenants pay me heavy rents; so much the better for me. The times are hard enough; but that is nothing to me. If my tenants neglect their duty to me, I will punish them; if they thwart me, I will eject them. If I neglect my duty to them, I may laugh at them. If they complain, I will exterminate them. I could make hundreds happy by living at home; let hundreds be wretched, I choose to live abroad. My rents are a tax wrung from the drudgery and penury of the people; but what are the people to me? Society perhaps never intended that those who live upon the taxes should do nothing for their bread; but I have the whip hand of the poor, the people may rot for all I care! And yet, there are quacks and impostors amongst us, who pretend to love of country, and who nevertheless would let this absentee defy the people, and riot upon their ruin.

Or suppose we look at the question in another way; and ask, what should we say to a man, who told us we must pay a law-tax for the benefit of the people of France? Suppose somebody told us that we must be taxed to pay judges to live in France, to spend their money on foreign goods, and to enrich a foreign people. What would we say? Why, probably, being the best humoured people in the world, we should laugh at the thing as a middling sort of a joke; but if we saw that he was in earnest, we should be very apt to give him a hint to behave himself. We comprehend very clearly why we should have law, and why there ought to be judges, and why we should all contribute to pay for having judges and laws. But it is for our own sakes we pay the judges—not for theirs. We want to have certain duties performed by them for the good of the whole community, therefore we pay them. And it is their

business, then, to attend to our wants, and to do their duty. If a judge forgets his duty, and goes out of the country where we cannot find him or follow him, are we to suffer for his whim, or are we to pay him for nothing? If a judge, instead of hearing the cause of the poor, and seeing that he gets justice, goes off to Paris, to idle, and gamble, and gluttonize, are we to pay him for doing so? Would we not tell him, in very plain terms, you may go where you please, and spend your own money however you like; but *our* money you shall not spend in luxury or wickedness abroad; we gave it to you for good purposes, not for bad; we gave it to you for the good of Ireland, not for the good of France; if you continue to take our money as a judge, you must do the duty of your station in life; and that duty can only be performed in Ireland.

What is a landlord more than a judge? Has a landlord no duties to discharge? What is a nobleman by nature more than any other man? God made us all alike; society, and circumstances, and laws make us to differ. All cannot be rich, all cannot be noble, all cannot be judges, all cannot be landlords. But all men should have equal justice done to them. All who pay the taxes which support the laws, should have the benefit of the laws. The estate of the nobleman, the pay of the officer, the salary of the judge, are each and all of them given—by whom?—by the State;—for what?—for the benefit of the entire people, not for the benefit of individuals. We have already seen how estates in Ireland were acquired long ago; the government of those invading and confiscating days was certainly no better than it ought to have been; but bad as it was, the condition of living in Ireland was explicitly annexed to the grant of estates to particular families; and it is in utter defiance, therefore, of every national, every social, and every moral obligation, that the present landlords of Ireland live abroad.

The causes of failure in the efforts made in former days to stem the current of absenteeism, have been already noticed. The old Irish parliament was unreformed. One-third of its members sat for rotten boroughs; these belonged as much to the aristocracy as the horses they rode; and no law which really grappled with their favourite vice, could have any chance of passing two houses, in one of which the absentees voted by deputy, and in the

other by proxy. When acts professedly aimed against the deserters, were occasionally passed, they only imposed a trifling tax upon the enjoyment of the vice; they did not attempt to strike at the root of it; and they invariably fell to the ground. And while we laugh at the knavery that would pretend that an absentee tax is unjust or illiberal, we freely own our misgivings as to the practicability of enforcing it, so as to supply an adequate remedy for the evil. But that is no affair of ours. We are only Irishmen, we have only Irish eyes to see, and Irish brains to comprehend. Perhaps our rulers being, as they modestly assume to be, creatures of a higher order of intelligence, may devise some expedient that we dream not of, for perpetuating large estates *sæcula sæculorum*, and yet making their owners live at home. That is their affair, and it were presumption in any of us inferior beings to speak dogmatically thereanent.

But reasoning upon the well-known disposition of those who, in so many relations of life, prove themselves to be wholly wrapt up in selfishness, we venture to conjecture that of the two remedies, that which would be the most effectual, would to the absentees be the least distasteful. If a tax were imposed they would personally suffer; some of their illegitimate luxuries would be clipped or lopped; they must either come home to Vulgarland, or part with a portion of their god. But if instead thereof our rulers gradually proceeded to break down for the future, the mischievous monopoly of land, and modified the laws regarding it, so as to permit it to descend, like all other property, according to the unperverted and uncorrupted instinct of natural affection, among a man's children,—the operation would only lacerate the sentiment of mischief, not its sensual susceptibilities; and the aristocrat would willingly barter his descendants' power of evil, for his own life interest therein. Were the laws of land reformed,—were property emancipated from the rusty shackles it now lies under,—could all men sell their estates for the payment of their debts, and if, when they died intestate, their freehold property as well as chattel, went share and share alike to their children, we soon should get rid of absenteeism. Moderate estates unincumbered, would be multiplied; little kingdoms at a rack-rent, with receivers over them, and the owners afraid to come within reach of the sheriff, would disappear. It is not the

small proprietors who live abroad. Some of them do, to be sure, misled by that will-o'-the-wisp—fashion; and there will always be some found to play the fool, and to prefer vice abroad to usefulness at home. But the practice of absenteeism, and the great drain of absenteeism, is caused by a numerically insignificant class, who possess among them more than a third of the freehold estates of the kingdom. 'Tis they—'tis they who do the mischief,—men to whom we owe nothing, as peers, as citizens, as soldiers, or in any other capacity. They are simply and merely collectors of tribute, absorbents of spoil—open wounds in the limbs of the country, through which its life-tide is pouring.

There are two countries in Europe whose position closely resembles ours—Hungary and Norway. The former stands very much in the predicament Ireland did after 1782. It possesses a nominally independent legislature, that is to say, an assembly which meets in the Hungarian capital, votes Hungarian taxes, and is composed of Hungarian men. But, like the unreformed parliament of Ireland, it is subservient to the imperial minister, because it is essentially aristocratic. Metternich knows, like Pitt, how to warp and sap, and mar the best patriotism of the nobles, when he gets them to Vienna; for Hungary, like Ireland, bewails absenteeism. Her laws of lands are feudal; her estates are overgrown; and her aristocracy are consequently befooled and corrupted, by the attractions of the imperial court,—are alien in fashion, sentiment, and action, from the mass of their countrymen. The struggle of the well wishers of Hungary, therefore, is at once national and democratic. The popular leaders see that anti-Austrianism is not enough; that there must be also positive and vital Hungarianism; and that to have root, to have power, to have durability, it must catch hold of the soil far deeper down, than the light and sandy strata of nobility and gentry. An aristocratic legislature may do good and be tolerated, notwithstanding its exclusiveness, in a flourishing and wholly independent country; but in a country that is secondary to another,—in a country that has long been subservient to another,—in a country desirous of domestic liberty, yet willing to be externally viewed as one with another,—it is utterly impossible to have nationality on any other than democratic principles. The wise and good men in Hungary feel this;

and one of their recent endeavours has been, to subject the aristocracy to an equal share of the national burdens. A few men of aristocratic lineage and fortune, side with the popular party. They have risen superior to the selfishness and prejudices of anti-national education; they see that their order is by circumstances placed in a false and untenable position,—a position whose maintainance, were it possible, would be incompatible with the redemption and prosperity of their native land. They see that the hereditary classes no longer do the duty they were appointed to do; that abandoning their ancestral halls they have abdicated their claim to the continuance of exclusive privileges; and a potent spirit of self-reliance and self-redress is now forwarning the imperial court, that if it desires to preserve the fidelity and friendship of Hungary, in some way or other, an end must be put to absenteeism; for whatever be the consequences, or the cost of the remedy, the payment of foreign tribute is an evil not to be endured.

And this is the language which Ireland must henceforth use towards England. If you will maintain the power and unity of your empire, you must give us domestic liberty, and the use of our own resources. Worse than you have made us by your past system of misrule, we cannot be. You have been governing the country on anti-Irish principles for six hundred years, and every foreigner who comes here tells you that the physical condition of Ireland is a disgrace to you. We ask not for an account of your unjust gains,—we ask not restitution of that you have forcibly or fraudulently taken away from us,—but we ask, and we will insist for the future, that you shall not rob us of four millions a-year, through the medium of an aristocracy who were never any use, or honour, or benefit to us, but whom you have made a positive curse. We know our duty to the state, but the duty we owe to country is higher than that which we can ever owe the state; and if you will put them wantonly and dishonestly in opposition, the consequences be on your head, not ours. But we will pay tribute to you no more. You took our lands from our fathers, and gave them to your sons; that we are willing to forget. You supplanted the Irish aristocracy, and forced on us an English aristocracy; that we are willing to forgive. You promised, that under the law of primogeniture and entails, those whom you

set up, or their descendants, would become our resident protectors and defenders; your own statute book records the reiterated, continual, and aggravated violation of that pledge; and we tell you now your system must be changed, utterly and without delay, whether you will it or no. If you will have enormous estates and entails in Ireland, you must find out a way of making their possessors live at home, or you must tax them when they live abroad. If you can do neither, then you must prepare gradually and progressively to emancipate land, from its antiquated bondage; and when that is done, absenteeism will vanish away, for the cause will be at an end, and then you may hope for content in Ireland. Men of moderate fortunes live at home; it is those who are drunk with unearned riches, that turn vagabonds. We will toil no longer, that these tribute-leviers may squander the rents wrung from our poverty, in your bloated and debauched capital. It is quite bad enough to pay high rents to worthless men; it is quite bad enough that half a dozen aristocrats in each county in the kingdom, should have the power of throwing society into confusion and anarchy, by the caprices of their tyranny, and abuse of that poisoned weapon—the law of Ejectment on the Title; but that under the pretence of the laws of landed property, the sole and only purpose of all law should be defeated, and the security of property turned into an engine of public ruin, is a thing not to be endured. The land of a nation is the property of a nation. Individuals, as owners, have no title—can have no title, which rests upon national beggary. If property in Ireland is to be secured, the condition on which it is held, must be changed; for so sure as the present system is adhered to, that which took place in France in 1791, will happen here; the foundations of the great deep of hunger and endurance will be broken up; and an irresistible uprising against all the institutions of property will inevitably ensue.

Let England beware how her avarice provokes in Ireland a social war. Anti-property notions are fearfully contagious. England possesses in her own bosom abundant materials for such principles to work upon. Is her mercantile condition, her brittle credit, her tottering load of debt, her half employed capital, her over expanded and now incontractible speculation—are these prepared for such a conflict: as the first month of a social war in

Ireland would infallibly produce? England dislikes political agitation in Ireland, for municipal and religious liberty,—so much so, that in the hope of allaying its spirit, she has occasionally conceded us certain guarantees for both, sorely against her will. But these have been little more than extortions of principle,—little more than abandonments of the theory of misgovernment. Very differently will England be made to feel, if her obstinate adherence to the system of national extortion provokes a social conflict here. She has made wry faces at the constitutional physic we have forced her to gulp; but she knows not the agony and heart-sickness of that most terrible of all ills that befall a state—a war of the pauper many, against the gorged and gluttonous few. For England's sake—but still more for our own—let us pray that these things come not in our day; but if they are to be averted, absenteeism must be stopped; and we believe there is no other safe and effectual way of doing that, than by a thorough reformation of the laws regarding land.

We have seen how closely our condition is paralleled in many respects by that of Hungary, and we are warned by its example how to urge our own demands. Equally instructive is the analogy of Norway, and its relation to Sweden. The crowns of the two kingdoms rest on the same brow; the court and imperial government reside permanently in Sweden;

it is the greater country in population and European importance; yet there is no such thing in Norway as absentees, and what is also rather important for us to know, there are no beggars. How is this? Why is this? Simply because there is no law of entails, no iniquity of primogeniture; therefore, there is no beggary, and no absenteeism. Properties in Norway vary in size; ranks in society vary with property and education; it is no Jacobin or Benthamite level of vulgar and ignorant penury; but intelligence abounds, schools are universal, the theatre is well supported, the taxes are light, some estates are large and others small, the people are happy, and the government popular; there are hardly any beggars, and no absentees.

Let us not then be told by the hirelings who pander to power and station, that the misery we deplore is incurable; that there exists no remedy, or that it is a visionary one. The misery is curable, and it shall be cured. The remedy is simple, and sooner or later it will be adopted. Its results are no matters of speculation, they are matter of fact, incontestible, undenied, what every man can verify for himself by a little reading and a little enquiry.

It only now remains to point out, in detail, how the great work of Land Reform may be safely, and gradually, and constitutionally begun. But this we have not left ourselves room for, in our present number.

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## BOAT SONG.

'Neath summer moons, when all is fair,  
How sweet from some deep wooded brake  
To hear, above the stilly air,  
The lonely night-bird's anthem wake!  
But sweeter comes to seaman's ear  
The rising breeze he longs to hear.  
Then blow, blow—  
Away we go,  
The ripple in our wake behind,  
The chasing cloud,  
A coo-ing shroud.  
Blow, sweet wind!

'Neath wintry skies, when deep-toned hounds  
First wind the red deer's tainted track,  
There's gladness in the glorious sounds  
From glen and mountain echoed back;  
What is it to the music now  
That's singing in our cleaving prow?  
Then blow, blow—  
Away we go,  
The white foam in our wake behind!  
The driving cloud,  
A whistling shroud.  
Blow, rough wind!

## POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

## I.

## YES, THERE IS THE DWELLING.

Yes, there is the dwelling—the warmth of the year  
 Still lives in each blossom that flourishes here ;  
 Yes, there is the dwelling—but lonely it seems,  
 As a land in which fancy stalks—silent in dreams ;  
 The door-way that welcomed the guest to the hall,  
 The creepers that whispered along the white wall—  
 Each sweet of the summer smiles tenderly there ;  
 But where are the fingers that dressed them, oh, where ?

Ah, true to remembrance ! Ah, true to the thought,  
 Deep hid in my heart, of that love-lighted spot !  
 Aye, there are the flower-bordered paths where we walked,  
 And there are the groves where we listened and talked—  
 All lonesomely blooming ! I look, but in vain  
 For a symbol of life in the quiet domain ;  
 The lawn, where the children have gambolled, is there,  
 But where are the innocent faces—Oh, where ?

Yes, there is the window that looked to the flood,  
 But where are the friends by the casement that stood,  
 And told me how sweet as he sunk to his rest  
 Was the smile of the sun from the clouds of the west ;  
 How bright on the river his blushing light falls,  
 How spectral in distance those time-shattered walls,  
 And the hearts that to mine turned fervently there,  
 And the minds that to mine were an echo—Oh, where ?

True ! life is but short and possession unsure,  
 Religion may teach us that we should endure ;  
 But oh, there are moments when feeling will speak,  
 When nature is mighty and reason is weak.  
 When, selfishly sinking, our bosoms will mourn  
 O'er joys that are gone, and can never return,  
 And whisper in ignorance fearful and drear—  
 Where now are the days that have left us ? Oh, where ?

May He in whose keeping are sorrow and joy,  
 The kindly to save, and the just to destroy,  
 Give light to our spirits in moments so dim,  
 For these are the trials that turn us to Him.  
 There may be a time when the bosoms that here  
 Yet sigh o'er the wrecks of the vanishing year,  
 May whisper in joy round the foot of His throne,  
 " 'Twas well that our dwelling looked dreary and lone."

## II.

## F A M E.

Why hast thou lured me on, fond muse, to quit  
 The path of plain, dull worldly sense, and be  
 A wanderer through the realms of thought with thee,  
 While hearts that never knew thy visitings sweet,  
 Cold souls that mock thy gentle melancholy,  
 Win their bright way up fortune's glittering wheel,  
 And we sit lingering here in darkness still,  
 Scorn'd by the bustling sons of wealth and folly.  
 Yet still thou whisperest in mine ear, "The day,  
 The day may be at hand when thou and I,  
 (This season of expectant pain gone by)  
 Shall tread to joy's bright porch a smiling way ;  
 And rising, not as once with hurried wing,  
 To purer skies aspire, and hail a lovelier spring."

## III.

## F R I E N D S H I P.

A weary time hath past since last we parted ;  
 Thy gentle eye was fill'd with sorrow, and  
 I did not speak, but press'd thy trembling hand,  
 Even in the time of rapture, broken-hearted.  
 I have not seen thee since—for thou art changed ;  
 There sits a coldness on thy lip and brow,  
 The look—the tone—the smile are alter'd now—  
 And all about, within thee, quite estranged.  
 I have not seen thee since—although perchance  
 Among the heartless and the vain, on me  
 All coldly courteous lights thy loveless glance ;  
 Yet art thou happier ? Oh, if such may be  
 The love that friendship vows—give me again  
 My heart, my days of peace, my lute, and listening plain !

## IV.

## ON LEAVING LONDON.

Adieu, thou pestilential air,  
 Where death and pain reside,  
 Where every brow is dark with care,  
 And every eye with pride ;  
 Where vapours change the maiden hue  
 Of winter's cloudless moon,  
 And man's unwinking eye may view  
 The burning sun at noon.

And welcome ! welcome, O ye hills !  
 Bright skies and varied plain !  
 A rushing joy my bosom fills  
 To see your tints again.  
 Here no deceitful ruin lurks  
 Beneath the splendid show,  
 But God unrolls his glorious works  
 Around me as I go.

Health breathes in every passing gale  
 That shakes my parted hair;  
 I bid the western breezes hail  
 With laughing forehead bare.  
 They tell me of my native plains,  
 They whisper of my home,  
 And the fresh'ning blood within my veins  
 Runs gaily while I roam!

Away! away! fair Taunton Dean  
 Lies nearer to the west,  
 Now fast o'er Hounslow's fading scene  
 Night draws her gloomy vest.  
 Now, while I watch the tiny beam  
 Shot from each beauteous star,  
 I think of Ireland and of him  
 Who reads their lore afar.

'Tis morn, and I am far away  
 From London's smoky den,  
 And mark the light of breaking day  
 'Mid nature's haunts again;  
 I hear her hedge-notes sweetly trilled,  
 Still hurrying swift along,  
 And, like an organ newly filled  
 My bosom swells with song.

For who can see the morning shine,  
 And view those blushing skies,  
 Nor think of Him whose love divine  
 Still bids that sun arise?  
 'Tis eve—and for the noisy town,  
 'Mid walks of silent green,  
 I turn to see that sun go down  
 On lovely Taunton Dean.

There gazing on the smiling West  
 I stay my wandering feet,  
 And gentlest feelings fill my breast,  
 And sweetest pulses beat.  
 For, far beyond that woodland scene,  
 Beyond that grassy lea,  
 I think of all that lies between  
 That setting star and me!

Oh absence! that like death, doth make  
 The friends you take more dear,  
 How sad were life for their sweet sake,  
 But Hope stays whispering near,  
 Still pointing to the exiled heart  
 That heavenly-promised shore,  
 Where friends shall meet "no more to part,  
 To mingle tears no more."



## A FRIEND IN NEED.

## CHAPTER I.

ULICK Blake was the only son of a widowed mother, whose fond boast was, that she belonged to the most aristocratic family in the most aristocratic of the Irish counties; and who, at the age of seventeen, had chosen his father for her guard, guide and protector, on the strength of his being reputed the best shot, the hardest goer, (that is drinker,) and the greatest intriguer in the province which had the honor and credit of giving him birth. Love was to her literally the laudanum which flattered her imagination, while it sent her reeling into the arms of a debauchee, and introduced her to a home, whose dank and dreary aspect divested him at once of his omnipotence, and prepared her in some degree for the long course of shifting and disreputable poverty, which terminated in sending her helpmate to a wretched and unregarded grave, and left her, with a weakened intellect, a scanty pittance, and one child, on whom she doated—and did her best to ruin. She had great friends, 'tis true, but she was poor, and poverty was a vice which in their category of crime was unpardonable; and without a single particle of prudence in her own disposition, and the pride of birth rankling at her heart, she lived on from hand to mouth, as she best might, still hoping that some fortunate event would bring to her the regards of her kindred, and wondering in her secret soul why they were detained so long.

It may be well supposed, under such a directress, what her son's course of training must have been. In truth, he was the wildest colt in the country; eat and drank when and where it pleased heaven, learned a lesson sometimes from Father Mat O'Hagan, sometimes from Phil Derg the schoolmaster, and sometimes from the more inviting lips of Eveleen Murta; but, as these latter consisted principally in light readings from the biography of celebrated Irish banditti, or the ballads of bye-gone days, it may be questioned whether they added much to his stock of prudence, whatever they might have done to that of his imagination.

And yet, after all, he was not so bad as he might have been under such thriftless tuition. Whether it was that the recollection

of his father's death-bed, with all its dismal attendants of a late remorse, and sorrow sinking into despair and uttering its accents; or whether his mother's constant directions to remember the blood that ran in his veins; or whether nature had given to him the gifts of a good heart, and a spirit that recoiled from meanness and evil,—it cannot be denied, that although all allowed him to be wild, no one accused him of being wicked: and while he unhesitatingly laid man and beast under contribution when he required it, he contrived never to let the service go unrequited. He borrowed a gun off hand, and never stopt short in asking for the shot pouch and powder horn to boot; but then a leash of wild fowl were always sure to accompany their return; and if no one scrupled less to push a valuable horse at a desperate leap, so, in return for the risk, no one lent himself more heartily to any piece of service its owner required of him, or with a kinder manner took from such service its obligatory character. Every one knew, loved, and pitied him; and he thus found himself upon the verge of manhood, without inheritance—since his mother's pittance died with her; or without the means of either developing his capacity, or directing his mind to any one branch of study, or any single source which might hereafter rescue him from poverty, idleness, and their wretched concomitants.

About this period, a young English gentleman of the name of Elton, and his sister, stopt at the inn of the village, which stood scarcely a stone's cast from his mother's cottage. He had been travelling on a tour of pleasure and health-seeking, and on resting at the village for the night, found himself next morning not sufficiently well to proceed. A day or two of ease, however, had set him up again; but as the neighbourhood was inviting, he lingered on, and, accompanied by his sister, had in his wanderings occasionally crossed Ulick Blake. With a good deal of natural pride, but very little conventional egotism, Ulick, in his mixing with men, seldom looked beyond those impressions that result from impulse; and when he learned from the landlord of the inn, that



"the delicate gentleman" was a stranger, and had no real knowledge of the many beauties which the neighbourhood contained, his first thought was that he could add to the young man's pleasure by accompanying him, and pointing out the beauties best worth seeing, and his second was to proffer his services through Mick Nelligan, the host of the auberge, and who, in making his proffer, gratuitously backed it by an honest eulogy of the many excellent qualities possessed by his friend, with some few annexed, which were thrown in as a make weight at hazard, without any absolute certainty of their existence.

All this led to an acquaintance, and acquaintance gradually ripened into intimacy, and this intimacy formed an important era in the life of Ulick, inasmuch as it brought him into collision with cultivation of intellect, and led him to begin that gradual course of self examination, from which springs resolve in youth and repentance in age—and which is to both stages of existence at once necessary and salutary. His new friend was a man of three or four and twenty years of age, who had gathered the usual quantity of information at college, and whose mind, without being either brilliant or profound, was immeasurably better furnished than Ulick's. This the latter admitted with a self-reproach and consciousness of degradation, for which there was no necessity, since he had no opportunity of being other than he was, and the very depth of his humiliation of feeling was but a sign and signal of the existence within of a spirit, that deserved a better fate than to be left unrefreshed and unchastened by the kindly waters which Knowledge discharges from her godlike fount. It was evident that the day would come—that the soil was prepared to receive it—and there was something at once grateful and interesting in the spirit of utter gratitude, with which the uneducated, but energetic lad acknowledged his obligation to his new friends, for having awakened him to a sense of the superior delights which were already within his contemplation, and accepted the occasional aid of books, and the means of profiting by them, with which they supplied him.

To them he was a study. They had no idea of such a character as his—with its ruggedness of surface, and the graceful amenities hid beneath it—its hasty impulses and rapid conclusions—its struggles to overcome the shackles of an ignorance,

which cribbed and cabined natural and almost intuitive taste for the beautiful and the good; and when, after directing them to some point of scenery, whose charms *he* felt and *they* explained and analyzed, never did ingenuousness take a more naïve form, or create greater wonder at the simplicity which broke into self-reproach at its own inability.

The visit of the strangers extended from days to weeks; they arrived in July, and September saw them preparing to depart, not without pressing their friend to accompany them to England, and receiving from him the candid avowal, that until he had conquered Ignorance, all other objects must be unthought of, and that henceforth Pleasure must become the handmaid of Knowledge, in order that hereafter she might hope to become her companion.

They parted with friendly feelings on all sides, and their departure saw Ulick Blake in some degree a changed man. Henceforth he borrowed books not horses; the gun and the angle were used more sparingly, and looked up to with less devotion as a means of killing the hours; and although his spirit was too flexible to resist flattery, which whispered into his willing ear the tidings that unless *he* went, there would be no sport at the Patron, no spirit at the ball; still the allurements were temporary, and he returned to his studies, such and so desultory as necessity made them, with a keener relish and a firmer determination.

Thus time ran on for fourteen or fifteen months, by the end of which he had conquered some of the difficulties of science, and entered, if not into the sweet and favoured haunts of literature, at least as far as a strong purpose and determined, though somewhat ill-directed energies, enabled him to go; and as knowledge, and the consciousness of power springing from it, increased, so did his desires to emerge from the obscurity that surrounded him, and to give himself a fair chance of success, by entering upon that busy and bustling world, into which hope whispers, that to gain footing is to find fortune. Alas!

After many a consultation with his mother, and many an anxious interval of thought by himself, it was finally resolved that he should proceed to London, where many of his noble relatives lived—all of them apparently with the means of forwarding his views and interests; and some of them, who from high official employments, might be supposed competent

at once to enter him upon the path that leads to promotion and honour. There were his friends, the Eltons, too, with whom he had kept up a constant correspondence, and from whom he was sure of a cordial reception. He had advertised them of his intentions, and they, in return, had stated their approval of them; and, although latterly the letters of the brother were less frequent and punctual, still when they did come they were as cordial and affectionate as ever, while their infrequency was covered by apologies so sincere, that remonstrance was impossible, and fault unnecessary.

The day of departure arrived, and Ulick left home with a sorrowful heart and a strong purpose, and whirled into the great mart where Industry guides Fortune, with all those busy hopes knocking at his heart which have lured thousands before him, "some to prosper, some to fall,"—some to grasp the golden tripod on which success reposes,—and all to find, or feign, that happiness and wealth are convertible terms.

His first visit the morning after his arrival was, as a matter of course, to his friend Elton. He had not yet left his room, although the hour was long past noon, and to the anxious enquiries of Ulick after his health, his sister replied with hesitation and some embarrassment, as he thought, that it was not illness that made him indolent; but—love of society—late hours—in fact, pleasure had as usual, in London, turned night into day, and day into night, and her brother was paying the usual penalty of those who are willing to make the sacrifice. Ulick, too much a novice to dip deeper than the surface for information, was satisfied. To say truth, he was more occupied contrasting in his own mind the appearance of the fair speaker now, with what it was when he last saw her, than in giving any minute attention to her explanatory apology for her brother's absence and luxurious habits. When he had parted from her in Ireland she was a child—a girl—she was now a woman, for months with her sex effect changes which with his are the growth of years; and his late course of thought and study had so far refined and elevated his mind, as to enable him properly to appreciate the claims of his fancy or judgment, when presented to his eye and heart. And upon both he felt that the young lady before him had no slender claims, since to her taste, in a great degree, he owed the selection of his studies, and to her thought-

ful kindness he was indebted for the means of prosecuting them. The periodical packet of well-chosen books was, against all his grateful remonstrance, still sent to him, and with it came the suggestions, in her fair and fairy characters, which gave an added zest to the subject, and to him who received them, proved at once a stimulus and a reward. Ulick was as yet too young to the world to chain his tongue, or fashion his looks after its standard of conventional hypocrisy; what he felt deeply he expressed strongly, and there was an utter abandonment in the way in which he poured forth his thanks—his gratitude—his pleasure, at meeting her again, which Fanny Elton would have been more or less than woman not to have felt as a grateful compliment, and a satisfactory return for the trouble which she had confessedly taken. She felt, moreover, that the very improvement so visible in the manner of the ardent young man, who, with flushed cheeks and anxious gesticulation, proffered to her his thanks with all the extravagance of national hyperbole, was in some degree her own handiwork; and she further felt the pardonable vanity of having first selected a proper subject, and now in looking upon the perfection to which it had advanced.

"Changed I am, indeed, my dear Miss Elton," he said, as she incidentally and jestingly alluded to himself; "changed I am, indeed, and I do not forget to whose kindness, the more disinterested because it was lavished on one so worthless, I owe it, that I am less unworthy of your regard than when we first met."

"Nay, Mr. Blake, this is sadly overrating my exertions."

"No, indeed, it is not. You found me, if the truth must be told, a worthless vagabond, without a purpose, or almost the desire to form a manly or reasonable one; and although I am still far, very far from being able to do honour to your good opinion, I still feel that you have conferred upon me an imperishable benefit, since you have rescued me from the temptation to continue a worthless career, in presenting me with a noble motive for becoming a changed man, and condescending to point out a path by which that change might be effected."

"Nay, if you flatter me thus"—

"But I do not flatter you at all; for flattery is to my new view a vice which is not less a vice because it is freely practised, and lightly thought of. Flatter you! Impossible. I hate the word, believe me,

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too much to be guilty of the error. A flatterer of men is a fool for his pains, because he could more easily influence either their fears or their friendship, by the exhibition of an independent and fearless spirit; and a flatterer of your sex is a still greater fool than the other, because he wantonly sets up an obstacle to his own happiness, and insists on your looking at your own perfections through a false and distorted medium. Much as I am your debtor, and impossible as I feel the payment of my debt to be, I should despise myself were I to utter a single statement which I did not deeply and truly feel."

"Well, at all events, your gratitude is misplaced, since I was but the agent of my brother—and here he comes to answer for himself."

There was warmth and cordiality in Elton's reception of his young friend; and yet, after the first flush of question and answer was over, Ulick could not fail to observe that his friend's appearance had by no means progressed in the same ratio as that of his sister. His colour, always delicate, had faded into almost lividity; and worse than that, the lines of his countenance were haggard, hard, and writhen, while his manner, formerly so quiet and calm, was excited, apprehensive, and nervous. Indeed, all this was so apparent, and so great was his consciousness that it was so, that he entered on the subject himself, laughingly remarking, as he sat before the glass and sipped a cup of chocolate, apparently without relish, that those who followed in the wake of fashion, must be content to pay the penalties of hollow cheeks and diminished appetites for the privilege.

"And is the privilege so great as to be worth so high a price? Do you find it so, Charles?" asked Ulick.

"One must jump with the world, my dear friend; and as to the privileges of fashion, you will judge of their value in good time. In the mean time you will dine here at seven, and excuse me leaving you now. Isabella expects me," he said to his sister, in explanation; "I promised punctually to be with her at one, in order to meet that artist friend of hers, and pronounce upon her portrait, and 'tis now past the hour, and Sir Jasper will be out of all temper."

"Yes, he is old-fashioned enough to think punctuality a virtue, and she, dear girl, deserves, in all that interests her, that it should become so."

Her brother laughed and coloured. "You are very right, Emily," he said; "you do her no more than justice; would to heaven I were more worthy of her, or—but *n'importe*, I shall grow sedate and prudent all in good time; matrimony will recal my spirit to its proper natural level, and I shall sink down from my present elevation into a gentle and gentlemanlike specimen of uxorious avarice. In the mean time, farewell, till seven."

His sister sighed as he left the room, and looked after him with a gaze which puzzled Ulick, accustomed as he had been hitherto to witness the proud and satisfied regards with which she was accustomed to look upon him—regards, in truth, so proud and affectionate, as to have created a sort of envy in the breast of the young observer. It seemed as though Miss Elton perceived what was passing through his thought.

"You find my brother changed somewhat, do you not, Mr. Blake?"

"He is thinner and paler than when we last met, I think; but his spirits are better and more buoyant. Is he as great a student as ever?"

"Why—no; his present companions and friends—I mean associates, are not among those who pay much attention to literature; but you will be able to judge of them yourself this evening, as I understand a party of his present intimates dine here. I do not know whether I am right in hinting to you that their habits are such as—such as do not lead to regularity of life, or punctuality of time. They are men of high fashion, to be sure, and as they are, it is perhaps the more necessary that you should be warned beforehand of them, that you will meet men who love more wine than is consistent with perfect sobriety, and devote many an hour to play—deep play I fear, which I hope you will hereafter agree with me might be much more profitably spent—at least to some of their number."

"But they are men of honour and worth, Miss Elton, or your brother would not consort with them?"

"Oh yes, they are, I hope they are; but you have yet to learn that a lax morality is no bar to success, with those who violate its rules under the sanction of a fashionable phraseology. Frank is not fitted either by nature or constitution for the habits in which he at present indulges, and my hope is, to speak sincerely, that the love which I know he feels for my dear

friend, Isabella Walton, will enable him, and soon I trust, to break those trammels into which I once hoped he could not fall."

Ulick took his leave, to return at seven, pondering as he walked on the heightened beauty of the sister, and the changed appearance of the brother, about whom there was quite sufficient to mystify one to whom the development of the passions and their various transitions were as yet a sealed book. Her hints, however, were not lost on him; and although diffident in his own powers of persuasion or observation, he was determined to use his best endeavours to allay the evident and serious anxiety of his beautiful benefactress, by a use of both—if he saw that his doing so was necessary or could be beneficial. In the free and easy sort of rambling life which he had formerly led, he had mixed with many men and various dispositions, and his own sense told him, that though fashion may throw a gloss round passion, it cannot change its nature, and that, whether exhibited by the peer or the peasant, the same motives will lead to the same results—modified by circumstance, but in consequence the same.

Turning thence to a consideration of his own private affairs, he saw that neither his means nor interests warranted him in loss of time, even if his ardent temperament submitted to suspense, and he therefore resolved at once to commence that search after independence, which had brought him into the centre of civilization from the far west. This resolution taken, was not likely to remain without fruit, and three of the clock accordingly, saw him seated in the ante-chamber of the Lord Loftbury, his nearest blood relation, waiting, not without a natural trepidation, for an audience of one whom rank and wealth invested with ten-fold interest, approaching to awe in the aspirant for his favour and patronage.

After a long delay, he was admitted to the presence of the nobleman, and, if it must be confessed, was a good deal relieved of his embarrassment on perceiving the sort of person in whose presence he stood. He was a diminutive creature, with a shifting gait, a particularly bald head, and that nondescript sort of countenance which may pass muster with the world for being indicative of tenderness of temper, or quickness of parts, just as sarcasm or friendship tenders it the benefit of a description. He jerked his head forward as Ulick bowed, and at once entered upon business in a sharp

shrill tone, that partook much of irritability, and very little of either cordiality or respect.

"Mr. Blake, I think? One of the Blakes of Castle Blake, I suppose."

"No, my lord, I am the son of the late Ulick Blake of Ballimany."

"Oh! ah! I remember. Your father drank himself to death after ruining his property. He married a relation of my family—a connexion at least. Ah! yes, she was a pretty girl, but a damned fool. Well! is she dead too?"

"No, my lord, she is yet living, and, thank heaven, likely to live."

"Ah! well! and so you are the son of this precious couple, are you?"

"I have said so, my lord."

"Um! ah! and pray what brings you to London?"

"My hopes and my poverty, my lord."

"Good! I thought so. Harke'e, sir, you come to me to look for interest and patronage, and all that; is it not so? Am I not right?"

"Perfectly right, my lord; that is at once my business and my expectation."

"Then I have none to give, young man, that's my answer; you have no claims on me—none whatever—none that I recognise. Your father was a spendthrift, or he might have left you wherewithal to keep buckle and tongue together, at least. I am busy; good day. Yet um! ah! stay. Do you understand chemistry?"

"No."

"You are a Hebrew scholar, then—all Irishmen are scholars in their own estimation."

"I am not one among them; I know nothing of Hebrew."

"Good! nothing of Hebrew! Well, you have studied political economy, at least."

"Not a page of it, my lord."

"Not a page of it! not a page! And, in the name of heaven, young man, what the devil do you know?"

Ulick's gorge rose and his cheek flushed. He replied with temper, however, to the unmannerly taunt.

"Since you are or profess yourself to be without interest to forward my views, my lord, it must be useless to say with what particular branches of knowledge I am familiar."

"Oh, you are offended, are you?"

"I confess I expected courtesy from your rank, and civility for the sake of our connexion; and I own that your lordship

has done much to dissipate the illusion. Offended I am not—except it may be with my own simplicity, in the idle imagination that my necessities might claim for me an indulgent reception, if not an active support.”

He left the room and the house. “The heartless old scoundrel,” were his first thoughts, as he stepped out of the aristocratic mansion; “and yet let me be patient; all men are not like him, and my next trial may smooth over the complacency which his insolence has ruffled. Let me think. Who next? Sir Maurice O’Neal, Pall Mall—and where is Pall Mall? ’Tis not yet four o’clock—I’ll call on him. If I am to suffer further mortification, the sooner the trial is over the better.”

He was admitted at once to an audience of Sir Maurice O’Neal; a portly Irishman, with a broad face, a brogue, and a perpetual smile, which seemed to have mantled so long on his countenance as to have taken possession for good. Ulick introduced himself, and stated his views in waiting on him. Sir Maurice was an under-secretary in an influential department.

“My dear Mr. Ulick Blake,” said the Baronet, seizing his hand and pressing it fervently, “I am most happy to make your acquaintance. You are a fine specimen of our countrymen, sir, and so like your dear father, as to set your mother’s good faith beyond all question. Did he

ever tell you of our adventures in the mountains of—”

“I beg your pardon, Sir Maurice, but my father died when I was only four years old.”

“Only four! poor child—what a pity! He was a fine fellow; killed right and left. I have seen him do it fifty times, I have, indeed—I have, upon my honour. Somewhat fond of a frolic, you understand, but a prime fellow over a batch of Burgundy, and made a capital Irish stew. Well, and so you are come to London to make your fortune—damned bad place—much easier to get rid of one. But let me see; what’s to be done? As to myself, you know, I haven’t an inch of patronage, not the disposal of a dustman’s place; nothing whatever in my gift; all closed, bespoke—gone to the devil in fact ages ago, and for ages to come. But who knows what may be done! Look in on me again, in a month or two, and you must dine with me some day or other. Poor Ulick’s son! Agad! you are a fine young fellow, and must succeed. I have a thousand things to say to you, but this infernal office *does* demand such time, that I have scarcely a moment to myself. However, be sure to give me a call before you leave town, won’t you? Here Sampson, Jackson, you, sir,—porter, open the door.”

Was this encouragement? Ulick tried to think so.

## CHAPTER II.

AT seven o’clock Ulick arrived at his friend’s house, and found a party assembled in the drawing-room. It was a gentleman’s party, and Miss Elton was absent. There were seven or eight in all—fashionable in dress, some of them foppishly so, and with the dashing off-hand manner which is said to constitute the man of society, or him, at least, who wishes to be thought so. They all seemed to be known to each other, and after the first introductory salutations, Ulick, from his utter ignorance of their topics of conversation, as well as of the speakers themselves, sat silent, and was, therefore, better enabled to commence the course of observation which he proposed to himself.

There are few societies, be they ever so small, that have not their “lion,” and this was not an exception. Chapman did this,

Chapman did that—Chapman’s opinion seemed to be the guide and arbiter of the assembly; and whether the conversation ran on a race horse or a novel, a point of history or a point of beauty, the Acropolis or Crockford’s, every person who spoke on the matter seemed to pin his faith on the infallible Mr. Chapman. Even Elton himself, who, according to Ulick’s recollection, was somewhat opinionative, and certainly inclined to contest the mental superiority of others, seemed to have succumbed in this instance, and to be disposed to admit to the full the superiority of the absent individual, and even, as the hour advanced, to become fidgetty and uneasy lest he or his guests should be disappointed of the pleasure of his society.

At length his well-known knock was heard—for even his knock, it seemed, had

a character of its own, and the gentleman himself entered. The perfection, whether of men or things, which we enjoy through the anticipatory encomiums of others, seldom, in reality, comes up to the portrait which our imagination forms of them, and yet in this particular instance the converse of the proposition seemed the nearest to truth. He was a tall, singularly handsome man, with features fashioned after the most classical model, and yet, in their bland and benevolent expression, utterly at variance with the severity which is supposed to be characteristic of it. A high forehead, very dark eyes, and a Roman nose, were relieved and softened by the beauty of the mouth, which, when at rest, gave a character of quietude and repose to the whole countenance, and whose smile was very fascinating. His form, too, was graceful and well-proportioned, and his dress was the very perfection of simplicity and good taste, put on, apparently, without effort or effect, but every article so happily chosen and arranged, that you were inclined to acknowledge on looking at it, that there may be talent evinced even in putting on a coat or adjusting a neck-tie. His manner was full of high bred courtesy; no striving after effect—no attempt to lead in conversation or dictate a subject—an excellent listener as well as a correct speaker—in truth, before the dessert was laid on the table, Ulick not only ceased to wonder at his supremacy, but had, in his own way, become a worshipper. Indeed to himself Chapman was particularly attentive, and after their first introduction, the ease and grace with which he had thrown off the stranger and glided into the pleasant acquaintance, could not fail to be highly agreeable to one so new to the world, in which, for the first time, he now found himself.

"You are young in our overgrown world, Mr. Blake," he said, "and it is the duty of us who are familiarized to its paths, to make them as smooth to you as possible. If you will favour me with your company to breakfast at ten to-morrow, I shall be happy to give you my estimate of its value and my account of its ways."

Ulick promised, and the evening proceeded. The wine passed freely and fearlessly, none seeming to shun it, and all gradually bending to its influence, until mirth had proceeded almost to licence, and midnight had long since struck. Gradually, then, some of the guests dropped off, until there remained of the original party

only two, exclusive of Ulick and Chapman.

The others were "honest George Gower," as his friends called him, a man of forty or upwards, very round in the waist and red in the face, and Captain Marksom, who wore stays, lisped, and had a hardness, not to say impenetrability of feature, which was invulnerable.

On these Elton pressed more wine, and they in return pressed him to visit Vining's. "We shall be in excellent spirits," said the Captain, "and you, Elton, have a long arrear of revenge to take, so let us be off at once. You come of course, Chapman? What say you, Mr. Blake, will you make one amongst us? Has size ace its charms for you?" Ulick at once consented.

"But you do not perhaps comprehend the character of the house we go to?" suggested Chapman.

"Perfectly," was Ulick's reply, "I have nothing to learn on that head. I should have been a dull listener all the evening were I obliged to plead ignorance now; but as I never balked a frolic in my own country, pray do not ask me to begin in yours."

"Certainly not, if it is your wish."

Elton, however, took him aside—"Ulick Blake," he said, "this is an unfit excursion for you."

"And why for me, Frank?"

"Because it is a house of play—a house"—

"I understand its character; but if you would dissuade me, why go yourself?"

"Oh! I have been there before."

"An excellent reason for staying away, Frank, but an ill one for continuing to go. However, if I don't like my entertainment I need not repeat my visit, you know. So, as your friends wait, don't let us detain them."

They sallied forth accordingly, and the transition from the dark and silent streets into the magnificent suite of rooms of Messrs. Vining and Co., was the work of a few minutes.

It was Ulick's first visit, and he was struck, as every novice must be, with the aspect of the place. Every thing was superb—exquisitely furnished apartments they were—in which a sideboard, glittering with plate, and loaded with sumptuous viands, and the most costly and tempting wines and *liqueurs*, was very conspicuous. Amidst all its gorgeousness, however, there was an air of commercial bustle about the occupants and their avocations, which

formed a strong and curious contrast to the scene itself. It was evident at a glance, that if pleasure was the ostensible cause of the crowd being there, other motives were at work as well. Around the many tables sate or stood the same persons, actuated by the same feelings and passions that have been so often described and so well. Hope, hate, joy, horror, despair, remorse—each had its representative, from him whom a fortunate cast enabled to sweep handsfull of gold into his cap, down to him, the miserable wretch, who, after staking and losing his last half-crown, had turned from the table with all the sickening recollections of home and its many miseries.

Perhaps the only unmoved person in the room was Chapman, at least to Ulick it seemed so. He appeared to be perfectly conversant with the manners of the place, and on very familiar terms with the more respectable class of its guests. His information, too, upon the art in which the majority was occupied, seemed unusually correct, and the frequent appeals to his judgment on disputed points, proved that its correctness was acknowledged.

"Will you not try your fortune?" he said to Ulick, as he stood looking on at the *rouge et noir* table at which Elton was now engaged, staking desperately high, and with his whole soul engrossed in the play; "the game is one of easy attainment, and if you are unprovided with cash, my purse is heartily at your service. Excuse me."

"You are very good, but I must resist the temptation to-night. Do you never play yourself?"

"Occasionally, but merely for excitement, not for profit; not that I am indisposed to win," he added laughing, "that is, when I can, but I do not feel 'in the vein' to-night, and as it costs me nothing to resist, therefore I do so successfully."

"Chapman, what gold have you?" shouted Elton from his place at the table.

"Um! not much. What d'ye you require?"

"All—what have you. All," was the reply.

Chapman handed him his pocket book, after looking over its contents, desiring him at the same time to use it cautiously.

"Since you will not play, Mr. Blake," he said, "turn up this way and let us taste Mr. Vining's celebrated *maraschino*: the claret is cold on my stomach, and its reputation is high here as a cordial and restorative; I am sure it is often needed, if

one were to judge by some of the faces we see around us."

The *liqueur* was tasted and praised, and after a few minutes Ulick turned to go again to the table, when Elton came from it, and after filling a huge bumper of plain brandy, swallowed it hastily, and declared his readiness to go home.

"What," said Chapman, "you have finished your game? then I'll trouble you for my pocket book."

"True, true—where is it? Where? Oh, I have it, here it is, and as usual—empty, Chapman, ha, ha!"

There was no mirth in the laugh, at least Ulick thought so. Chapman pocketed the book without remark, after tearing a blank leaf and procuring Elton's signature to whatever he had written on it. They then left the house and proceeded home.

Precisely at ten the next morning, Ulick was seated at Chapman's breakfast table, the service of which was in strict keeping with the well-known taste of the owner. The chamber itself was a study. Articles of *virtù* were there of rarest excellence and most extravagant price; costly paintings, warm and glowing in subject, but exquisite of their kind; the best editions of the best books, with all those contrivances for the easy enjoyment of them in study, for which those who wish to read luxuriously are so much indebted to modern professors in the art of cabinet architecture.

"More punctual than I had looked for," was Chapman's salutation; "a London night, and such ours *really* was, is a bad introduction to an early morning."

"And yet I find you up?"

"Oh, hours ago, but I am used to it."

"And I shall become so," said Ulick, laughing, "all in good time."

"What, you find it pleasant, do you?"

"Particularly so, to own the truth;—who could do otherwise? wit, wine, and a wind up with the agreeable excitement of a game, at which fortune stands tiptoe, ready to dispense her favours on the turn of a die or the colour of a card. To speak my mind freely, I know nothing that would stop me in such a career, but the want of means to indulge it."

"A lucky stroke of fortune might bring you that," said Chapman carelessly.

"Very true. By the way, I am afraid our friend Elton has as yet missed that lucky stroke."

"He! Pho! he plays like a fool, without judgment or discretion. No man ever

yet made money, by neglecting to learn the very first rules by which it is to be gathered. He is a clever fellow enough in some things—no man quotes Euripides more accurately, or gives a happier version of an ode of Horace, but he must yet 'put more money in his purse' and spend it too, ere he learns to live among men as his present inclination leads him to do. He has, at the worst, however, a reserve fund in the fortune of his future bride, which will clear his losses and give him spirit to try his hand again; that is, if he can get it. Do you read Voltaire?"

"I can't say I have the inclination. I have heard so many objections started to his principles."

"And by whom? those who have an interest in perpetuating old abuses, or want the spirit to set about correcting new ones. Take my advice and judge for yourself; I have done so always, and have reason to be thankful for the result. Were the witty Frenchman a whit less honest, the hypocrites of society would have long since declared for his creed; but the truth of his sarcasm is the barb that makes it stick, and the justice of his attacks is the chief cause of the outcry against them."

To all this Ulick, if he had an answer to give, gave it not, but rather encouraged the free flow of Chapman's conversation, who, like all clever speakers, was by no means averse to display his talent, and like all vain men, took the silence of his auditor for wonder at his powers. He therefore wandered on from subject to subject, stating his convictions, commenting on those of others, opening the very depths and recesses of his mind, as it were unconsciously, with the fearlessness of one who wishes to astonish by the variety of his knowledge, and convert the listener into the disciple by the plausibility, if not the truth of his arguments. Whether he succeeded or not we shall see.

From Chapman's chambers Ulick proceeded to Elton's house. "He was gone into the city," the servant said, "but Miss Elton was at home." She received him kindly, but a little coldly he thought.

"I expected to have seen you in the drawing-room last night, Mr. Blake," she said.

"And you will forgive me not appearing there, when you learn that I understood I was by no means to venture there. I assure you I was not so intoxicated by either the wit or wine of my companions, though both good in their way, as not to have flown to your presence, as the more profitable as well as pleasurable occupation."

"Thank you for the compliment. How liked you your party?"

"Very well."

"And their pursuits? My brother left home late last night; but perhaps this is not fair?"

"Perfectly; I was not forbidden to speak. We went from this house to one of play, where your brother both risked and lost much money—an occurrence by no means unusual with him. This latter circumstance I learned from Mr. Chapman, with whom I have just now breakfasted, and about whose principles and practice I have formed my own notions."

"You think him?"—

"A very clever fellow, Miss Elton, and that sometimes signifies an unprincipled rogue as well as it does a talented man. I find he is intimate at Sir Jasper Walton's, is he not?"

"Yes, Frank introduced him. Hark! that is Isabella's knock. You will have the goodness to stay and be introduced to her?"

The young lady entered. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen—but I must introduce her to my readers in another chapter.



## "THE TRUE ORIGINAL,"\* CONFIRMED.

AMONGST the few genuine poets who suffered in the general, and generally just, neglect of the less recent literature of Germany, Frederick Spee of the Palatinate, has been pre-eminently unfortunate. Born at Keyserwerd in 1591, and cut off at Cologne in 1635, by a premature death, in the vigour of his faculties, his works are almost the only stage in those flat and barren centuries, where the literary traveller may expect any spiritual refreshment. Between the original insipidity which had flourished in those parts, since the thirteenth century, and the French insipidity that prevailed till near the close of the eighteenth, they are an oasis of living springs and fruitful verdure—of sap and bloom and most balmy odours—the very poetry of the desert. Yet in Koch's compendium of the literary history of Germany, Frederick Spee has no place; neither does the Herr Jörden notice him in his lexicon, nor any of his continuators; though they distinguish many a rapid rhymester with most edifying circumstantiality. Was this owing to the misfortune of the man, or to the fault of the Jesuit? However that be, we are certainly indebted for our acquaintance with Spee, and he, for the reviviscence of his faded fame, to the superior taste of Schlegel, or to his greater liberality.

Some of the best specimens of Spee's poetry were published at Cologne in a duodecimo volume, under the allegorical title of "Trutz-Nachtigall,"—the little book being

so named, as the preface naïvely informs us, "because in emulation, or in despite, of all nightingales it sings sweetly and lovelily, and right poetically moreover, so as that without any presumption it may claim a hearing in a company of the best classics of the Latin or of any other language." How abundantly this innocent conceit is justified, you must read the volume to understand. A romantic spirit of devotion, exquisitely alive to every charm of budding and blooming nature, folding them in the warmth of its own enthusiasm, melting them into a religious harmony, and moulding them into the most delicate combinations of melodious rhyme, is the characteristic of his writings. With the general merits or particular beauties of these compositions, we do not, however, intend, at present, to occupy our readers' attention, any farther than as they may be incidentally exemplified in a pair of extracts, which we adduce only for the purpose of proving Spee's acquaintance with the literature of Spain. The bearing of this fact, when established, will appear in the sequel. An anecdote of Saint Francis Xavier's life is the subject of the poem from which our first extract is chosen. We shall attempt a translation of the five opening stanzas. It will need but a glance to perceive how perfectly they are conceived in the character, and expressed in the metrical form, of the Spanish Romance:—

Als in Japon weit entlegen  
Dachte dieser Gottes Mann,  
Alle waren ihm entgegen  
Fielen ihn mit Worten an.  
Wind und Wetter, Meer und Wellen  
Mahlts ihm vor Augen dar,  
Redten viel von Ungefallen,  
Von Gewitter und Gefahr.  
Schweiget, schweiget vom Gewitter,  
Ach von Winden schweiget still;  
Nie noch wahrer Held noch Ritter  
Achtet solcher Kinderspiel.  
Lasset Wind and Wetter blasen;  
Flamm der Lieb vom Blasen wächst.  
Lasset Meer und Wellen rasen;  
Wellen gehn zum Himmel nächst.  
Ey doch lasset ab von Scherzen,  
Schrecket mich mit Keiner Noth;  
Noch Soldat, noch Martis herzen,  
Fürchten immer Kraut and Loth:

As this man of God reflected  
On his call to far Japan,  
All his weeping friends objected,  
All decried the holy plan.  
Wind and weather, sea and billows,  
These they pictured to his eyes,  
Much they spoke of watery pillows,  
Sunken rocks and scowling skies.  
Wind and tempest, vain endeavour,  
Silence, silence, friends, I pray;  
No true knight or hero ever  
Heeded such ignoble play.  
Speak no more of stormy dirges;  
On their wings love's flame shall fly.  
Speak no more of ocean surges;  
They shall heave me toward the sky.  
Ah! desist the childish prattle,  
Seek not my resolve to quell;  
Meanest soldiers in the battle  
Yield not to so weak a spell.

\* Vide Vol. I, page 189.

Spieß und Pfeil und bloße Degen,  
Rohr, Pistol und Büchsen Speis,  
Macht Soldaten mehr verwegen,  
Und sie lockt zum Ehrenpreis.

Lasset nur ihr Hörner wetzen  
Wind und Wetter ungestüm.  
Lasst die brummend Wellen schwätzen  
Und die Trommen schlagen um.  
Nord und Süden, Ost und Westen  
Kämpfen lasst auf salztem Feld;  
Nie wirds dem an Ruh gebrehten,  
Wer nur Fried im Herzen hält.

Wer wills über Meer nicht wagen,  
Ueber tausend Wasser wild,  
Dem es mit dem Pfeil und Bogen  
Noch viel tausend Seelen gilt?  
Wem will grausen für den Winden,  
Fürchten ihre Flügel nass,  
Der nur Seelen denkt zu finden,  
Seelen sch n ohn alle Maass?

The other extract, which we subjoin, contains an example, in the "Garden Starlet," and similar examples are not rare through the volume, of a most favorite metaphor of the Spanish poets,—one so unmercifully handled, indeed, as to provoke at length the sympathy of the inimitable Quevedo, who rescued it, it may be

Da gunt es lieblich blicken,  
Gab auch so süßen Ruch,  
Ein Kranken mögte erquickern  
So lag in letzten Zug.  
Ein Lüftlein lind von Athem  
Rührt an das Blümelein:  
Da schwebts, als an ein Faden  
Gebundenes Vögelein.

Auf seinem Stiel so müthig  
Sich wand es hin und her,  
So saftig and so blüthig,  
Als wär der Todt noch fer.  
O Blümelein schön ohn Massen,  
Weil bist in deiner Zier  
Von dir will nu nicht lassen,  
Bis zu dem Abend schier.

Ey wer mag aus dann sprechen  
Dein Schön-und Lieblichkeit,  
An dir weiss kein Gebrechen,  
Bist voller Zierlichkeit.  
Ja Salomon der mächtig,  
War nie so schön bekleidt,  
Wann schon er leuchtet prächtig  
In Pomp und Herrlichkeit.

Um dich die Bienlein brummen,  
Und Honig sammeln ein,  
Zu saugen sie da kommen  
Die weiche Wänglein dein.

Spear and sword, and barbed arrow,  
Pistols, guns, and leaden rain,  
Give them rather heart and marrow,  
Glory's deathless meed to gain.

Sharpen then your piercing edges,  
Winds and storms, and rage and roar;  
Bursting billows, ocean sledges,  
Break in thunder on the shore.  
All ye winds, from all your dwellings,  
Wrestle on the briny plain;  
Hearts at rest, your wildest yellings  
Seek to scare or shake,—in vain.

Thousand leagues of stormy water  
Stay not him whom lust of gold  
Urges on to rob and slaughter,  
Lands unmeasured, tribes untold.  
And shall he, too dainty, shiver,  
In some Zephyr's humid breath,  
Whose high aim is to deliver  
Priceless souls from sin and death?

presumed, from all ulterior service by his "Ode to a Linnet."\* The poem to which this extract belongs is inscribed: "Counterfey des Menschlichen Lebens." The subject of the five stanzas which we give, as our accompanying version, however defective, will shew, is a fresh blown rose.

Its glances were so tender,  
So odorous its breath,  
It would restore a patient  
From out the jaws of death.  
Aswayed the pretty flowret  
Beneath a Zephyr's wing,  
It, seemed a birdie fastened  
Unto a silken string.

Upon its stem so gaily,  
It fluttered to and fro,  
As though its bloomy freshness  
Cold death should never know.  
O peerless gem of morning,  
In beauty's vest arrayed,  
Why must thy hues and odours  
Before the evening fade?

Thy loveliness entrancing  
What language may pourtray,—  
Undimmed, as yet, thy splendour  
By shadow of decay!  
No, Solomon in his glory  
Was never robed like thee,  
Even when he shone most gorgeous  
In pomp and majesty.

The honey bees come sucking  
The nectar of thy cheek,  
And, circling, hum the rapture  
The creatures may not speak;

\* Of this satire, in which the excessive imagery of the Marinist, and the far-fetched affectation of the Gongorist, are so admirably parodied, the following passage may be quoted to our purpose:

Flor que cantas, flor que buelas,  
Y tienes por facistol  
El lezard, para que al Sol,  
Con tan sonoras castañas,  
Le madrugas, y desqueñas,  
Digas me,

Dulce giguero, por que?  
Dime, Oanor Ramillete,  
Lira de pluma volante,  
Silva alada, y elegante,  
Que en el rizado copete  
Luces flor, &c. &c.

Die Menschenkind im gleichen  
Mit Lust dich schauen an.  
All Schönheit muss dir weichen,  
Spricht warlich jedermann.

Wolan magst nun stolziren  
Du Garten Sternelein.  
Musst endlich doch verlieren  
All dein gefärbten Schein :  
Dich bald nun wirst entfärben ;  
Gestalt will reisen ab.  
Noch heut wirst müssen sterben.  
Denk zeitlich nur zum Grab.

These extracts from the "Trutz-Nachtigall" leave no reasonable doubt but that Spee was well versed in that literature, whose spirit, forms, and familiar images he has so happily appropriated; and may thus prepare the mind of this incredulous age for the due appreciation of a discovery, which, if abruptly introduced, might, like other important truths, be overlooked or slighted for its very evidence. To German patience, however, if to no nobler quality of the German mind, be the credit of this discovery, from the outset, awarded! We, indeed, for whom it has been reserved to publish "the true original" of the Groves of Blarney, from the long buried Spanish of Don Juan Manuel, were and are prepared, time and the hour permitting, to confirm its authenticity in the most satisfactory manner. Still we should not have declined such illustrations as contemporary research might furnish,—but none was offered! There was a seeming of strange indifference to the matter in Great Britain and Ireland. It does not appear that even in Spain, the country more immediately concerned, there has been any noise about it; or, if so, it has been drowned in the undying rumours of that everlasting warfare. While Germany, a comparatively neutral power, has distinguished herself by the discovery of a proof, almost as honourable to her literary character, as our own providential discovery of the original.

The journal in which this discovery is announced\* does not state whether it was purely accidental, or the result of systematic investigation. But we fancy it was the latter! Our idea of the nameless "learned friend" borders, we confess, on superstition;—those German literati see so much farther into things than others. A perusal of the "Trutz-Nachtigall" suggested, we have no doubt, *a priori*, to this noon-day dreamer, the fact, which only that it was

While men, more highly gifted,  
Look on thee and confess,  
That language was not given  
Such rapture to express.

Ay, pride thyself one moment,  
Thou tiny garden star!  
The glory of thy shining  
One other quick shall mar.  
Thy hues are doomed to wither,  
Thy fullness to consume,  
This very day thou diest,—  
Think timely of the tomb!

proved to us *the other way*, we might have overlooked for ever, of Spee's acquaintance with the Spanish. That fact involved the possibility that he might have translated some Spanish works subsequently destroyed,—for instance, during the thirty years' war. That possibility, conceived in the pure reason, raised a question from the depths of his imagination, whether some of these translations may not be still extant, though lost. The doubt, thus awakened, the Baconian philosophy alone could satisfy. Tons of lumber were lifted,—clouds of dust swallowed, and science achieved another triumph! Thus Gassendi (was it?) weighed the air,—Steele (honest Tom) thus invented his submarine illumination,—Friars Bacon and Luther, Doctor Faustus and the Devil, thus wrought gunpowder, printing, and the glorious reformation between them. All this, however, we must reluctantly confess, *may be* but a theory: the naked fact is as follows:—

"In a rare edition," so writes our authority, "of Frederick Spee's 'Güldenens Tugent-Buch,' published in 1666,—in an appendix," (which we believe to have been only bound up, but not printed, with the volume, though of the same date and doubtless of the same author,) "a learned friend has discovered a poem headed 'Die Blarniewälder,' which, *although not stated to be a translation*, yet there can be no doubt has been translated from some copy of that curious old Spanish romance, lately published at Dublin, in a new journal called *The Citizen*, (Der Bürger). It is not easy to understand it even in the Spanish; but in Spee's version, what with its freer scope and his Rhenish provincialisms, it is the very devil! (der wahre Teufel!) Such as it is, however, we usher it to the world."

That the "Blarniewälder," which we shall now present to our readers, from the "Historisch-Poetische Blätter," is a translation from Manuel's Spanish, there can be no doubt indeed, as the Critic truly states. Our own opening observations,

\* *Historisch-Poetische Blätter*, published at Ratibon.

although suggested to ourselves only by the discovery in question, must, as we have designed them, spread conviction on that score, even in minds that may never feast on our all-sufficing treasure. How far the original or the translation, even admitting the specified abatements in their fullest extent, may merit the character of obscurity, is a question of graver moment. More historical criticism than has been yet expended on the subject, may be needed to place it in a clear and consistent light.

The popular metamorphosis of "crombello" into Oliver Cromwell, is of course but a vulgar error. We might be lured farther into this interesting subject, only that we are engaged on the materials of a splendid repeal speech, to be delivered at our ensuing provincial meeting. We shall, therefore, conclude for the present, by placing the German translation side by side with the original Spanish, and Miliken's renowned and never to be slighted vernacular.

DIE BLARNIEWÄLDER. EIN ROMAN.  
Durch den ehrw. P. FRIDERICUM SPER,  
Priestern der Gesellschaft Jesu.

LOS BOSQUES DE BLARNIO.  
Romance de Juan Manuel.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.  
By R. A. Miliken.

I.  
Die Blarniewälder  
So grün aussehen,  
Der Bach so hell, der  
Nicht gar bleibt stehen,—  
Die Felsenklüften  
Wo Blumen düften  
Um zu berauschen  
Die hübschen Feen!  
Es gibt kein Ort  
Wo blühen wie dort  
Die Nelken, Tulpen,  
Und so fort;  
Auch nicht die Rose  
Aus weichen Moose,  
Der Welt liebäugeln  
Noch aufhort.

II.  
Das Fräulein Jeffern  
Soll hier verwalten:  
Weder dringen tiefer in  
Kriegsanstalten  
Noch Frieden kämpfen  
Mit höheren Schwungen  
Ist irgend einem  
Sonst gelungen!  
Doch als der Teufel,  
Der Cromwell hieß,  
Rings um ihr Bergschloss  
Sich niederliess,  
Und Schefelkugeln  
Dagegen stieß,  
Die Heldin sank  
Schier vom Gestank.

III.  
Liegt in die Nähe  
Ein Gruft wohl enge;  
Wer hineinspähe  
Macht ja Luftsprünge!  
Tausend geile Katzen,  
Dachsenhauf dazwischen,  
Muss er hören schwatzen,  
Weil sie heimlich tischen!  
Viel Fisch bewohnt  
Ein See herbei,  
Der Aal, Blutegel,  
Kurz—allerlei;  
Und Buchen wachen  
Dem Fluss, und lach'n,  
Bis zum krachen,  
Auf mancherlei Sachen!

IV.  
Wo dehnen Gänge  
Mit Sand bedeckten  
Sich durch den Haine  
Man sieht gewreckten

I.  
Linda morada  
muy adornada  
de arroyos dulces  
que dicen nada  
adonde el rincon  
el mas brenoso  
se viste y luce  
de ramilletes  
y mayas blancas  
y encarnadas  
lirios claveles  
se ven mezclados  
y rosas virten  
frescos olores  
rindola á ella  
cien mil amores

II.  
El dueno desta  
morada esta  
un campeador  
al brio de testa  
y dona yeffres  
tan sobrellas es  
que elena sea  
cerca ella fea  
á su entereza  
ninguna flecha  
del amor nunca  
supo acertarla  
hasta crombello  
corrióla el velo  
y luego empezó  
a besucarla.

III.  
Hay cueva puesta  
cerca en obscuras  
suaviza el moho  
sus bultos duros  
sobre almohadas  
de alguno coche  
aqui las gatas  
gozarse á noche  
ni falta un lago  
de anguillas lleno  
son de ver jugando  
en el verde cieno  
ni sanguijuelas  
con gruesas muélas,  
ni hayas a pié  
valgame fé.

IV.  
Hay tambien sendas  
enarenadas  
por dó zagales  
á sus amadas

I.  
THE GROVES OF BLARNEY  
They look so charming,  
Down by the purling  
Of sweet silent brooks,  
All decked by posies  
That spontaneous grow there,  
Planted in order  
In the rocky nooks.  
'Tis there the daisy  
And the sweet carnation,  
The blooming pink,  
And the rose so fair;  
Likewise the lily,  
And the daffodily—  
All flowers that scent  
The sweet open air.

II.  
'Tis Lady Jeffers  
Owns this plantation;  
Like Alexander,  
Or Queen Helen fair,  
There's no commander  
In all the nation,  
For emulation,  
Can with her compare.  
Such walls surround her,  
That no nine-pounder  
Could ever plunder  
Her place of strength;  
But Oliver Cromwell,  
Her he did pommell,  
And made a breach  
In her battlement.

III.  
There is a cave where  
No daylight enters,  
But cats and badgers  
Are for ever bred;  
And moss by nature,  
Makes it completer  
Than a coach-and-six,  
Or a downy bed.  
'Tis there the lake is,  
Well stored with fishes,  
And comely eels in  
The verdant mud;  
Besides the leeches,  
And groves of beeches,  
Standing in order  
To guard the flood.

IV.  
There gravel walks are,  
For recreation,  
And meditation  
In sweet solitude.

Hier, zum Betrachtung  
Die Weisen, Narren  
Dort, zum Verachtung  
Der Weisheit, fahren.  
Ach, warum, Liebe,  
Bist du zum Diebe,  
Beim Wald besonders  
Wo Rosen blühen !  
Um zu vergüten  
Zerriessenen Blüthen  
Was dünkt euch, Schönen,  
Taugt Rosmarin.

v.

Bildsäulen prangen  
So Dichter sangen,—  
Das Herz sie blässer  
Darf nicht verlangen !  
Frech Neptun, Cäsar,  
Nebuchadnesar,  
Aussetzen Hintere  
Nacht wie Wangen.  
Auch steht vorhanden,  
Des Sees am Rande,  
Ein Boot bemannet  
Vom Frauenstande,—  
War ich Anhänger,  
Der Meistersänger  
So stieg der Boot  
Gen Himmels Lande !

vi.

Ein stein wer küsset  
Das steckt an Auen,  
Wird bald begrüset  
Von dutzend Frauen.  
Der Landtag stocket  
Weil der Zauberer locket  
Des Reichs vermögen  
Zu sein pocket.  
Vergebens zog auf  
Ein Heer zuwider,  
So zahlreich war es  
Er schlug sie nieder !  
Drum lass ihm gehen  
Sein Weg allein,  
Dies Kraft gebühret  
Dem Blarniestein,

y á sus piques  
sin dar en diques  
los viejos podrán  
desahogarse  
y si una dama  
con quien á ella ama  
á esa floresta  
querria pasar  
no sé ni digo  
por fas o nefas  
pienso conmigo  
y nada mas.

v.

Dioses altivi  
y hombres tan divi  
en marmol viven  
al rededor  
neptune cesar  
nebuchadnesar  
quedanse en cueros  
sin mas decor  
hay barca al lago  
en que santiago  
por vasto el fuese  
podria caber  
mas nadie hará  
sino sea el papa  
su gran belleza  
resplandecer.

vi.

Hay piedra al fin o  
sin desatino  
es maravilla  
fuera sevilla  
una vez besala  
luego ballarás  
volverá una dama  
lo que diste a darte  
narices lenguas  
tomes y tangas  
si á junta vengas  
no rezales no  
vamos brindamos  
alto blarnió  
hi hi hindamos  
los cielos ox.

'Tis there the lover  
May hear the dove, or  
The gentle plover,  
In the afternoon ;  
And if a lady  
Would be so engaging  
As for to walk in  
These shady groves,  
'Tis there the courtier  
Might soon transport her  
Into some fort, or  
The "sweet rock close."

v.

There are statues gracing  
This noble place in—  
All heathen gods  
And nymphs so fair ;  
Bold Neptune, Cäsar,  
And Nebuchadnezzar,  
All standing naked  
In the open air !  
There is a boat on  
The lake to float on,  
And lots of beauties  
Which I can't entwine ;  
But were I a preacher,  
Or a classic teacher,  
In every feature  
I'd make 'em shine !

vi.

There is a stone there,  
That whoever kisses,  
Oh ! he never misses  
To grow eloquent ;  
'Tis he may clamber  
To a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member  
Of parliament :  
A clever spouter  
He'll sure turn out, or  
An out-and-outer,  
"To be let alone."  
Don't hope to hinder him,  
Or to bewilder him,  
Sure he's a pilgrim  
From the Blarney stone !

### JOY, AS WINGED DREAMS, FLIES FAST.

Oh, weep not moments now gone by,  
Since bliss like all things else must die ;  
And even those thousand tears that fall,  
One past bright hour, can ne'er recall.  
Joy, joy, as winged dreams, flies fast,  
Then why should sorrow longer last.

Life's pleasures are like roses strewn  
Across our path, to perish soon ;  
For sorrowing tear or vernal rain,  
They'll never bud or blow again.  
A memory—a scented air—  
Sole evidence that either were.

No, rather wake a merry chime,  
To bliss gone down the waves of time ;  
Its course was fleet as it was bright,  
But others come with plumes as light.  
Joy, joy, as winged dreams, flies fast,  
Then why should sorrow longer last.

## INDIA—HER OWN—AND ANOTHER'S.

## CHAPTER X.

## TIPPOO SAIB.

"The English join the most resolute courage to the most cautious prudence. If they showed as much concern for the circumstances of the farmers and landowners, and exerted as much solicitude in relieving and easing the people of God, as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation would be worthier of command. But such is the little regard they show to the inhabitants of these kingdoms, and such their indifference to their welfare, that the people under their dominion groan everywhere, and are reduced to poverty and distress."—*Mutakhereen*.\*

THE death of Hyder Ali, in the winter of 1782, did not terminate the war. Early in the spring General Matthews invaded Mysore from the side of Malabar; and ere the season closed, Onore, Mangalore, and Ananpore, were in the hands of the English. Excessive cruelties were perpetrated in the reduction of these places, orders being given to put to the sword every man found within the walls with arms in his hands.† The miserable inhabitants were likewise subjected to unlimited extortion; not, we may be sure, to gratify any vulgar lust of rapine, but just that they might be taught an early and impressive lesson of the superior benefits of foreign rule.

By way of defence for the commission of these atrocities, great pains have been taken to darken the character of Tippoo Saib, who had now succeeded to the musnud of Mysore. In some respects the son of Hyder bore a strong resemblance to the heir of Charles V. They had both been educated for empire; and both possessed considerable acquirements in the arts of rule. Both were brave, industrious, and sagacious; and both sustained with fortitude, the reaction of fortune against the gigantic power which had been bequeathed to them. But both also were, perhaps from the very fact of their having been reared in the expectancy of vast dominion, far inferior to their predecessors. With less experience and original resources, they were equally despotic and exacting; more self-willed and obstinate; less triumphant in victory, and more helpless in defeat. Both were cruel from suspicion and resentment; both were bigotted to the faith in which they had been reared; and both sacrificed to their superstitious zeal, the affection of

their subjects, and the security of their inheritance.

While history, therefore, dwells upon the memory of neither, with admiration or regard, her fidelity to truth requires that the crimes of each should be weighed separately, though in the same balance; and if circumstances are to be allowed to aggravate or mitigate reproach, history's duty is to admeasure carefully the blame, which is dealt out on each of them.

Without attempting any minute comparison, however, of Tippoo with Philip of Spain, it may suffice to remark, that all we know of the one comes to us tainted by the prejudices of his enemies, and what is far worse, their consciousness of wrong; while Philip's character has been amply vindicated as far as vindication was possible, by his own subjects. The one was hunted down to death, for the sake of his possessions; and his epitaph is written by the spear-point that drank his blood. Is it necessary to remind those, who really desire to know the truth, how suspiciously we are bound to read every syllable so written? The unfortunate are always worthless; the conquerors are always the glorious and the valiant; a thousand influences of selfishness or sympathy, consciously and unconsciously combine to tinge the narrative of victory; but where are the annals of the conquered? who shall bring garlands to the nameless grave?

Of Tippoo Saib we may not err widely if we content ourselves with saying, that from all we have been enabled to glean, from out the unfruitful stubble-field of military memoir, we infer that he was neither a much worse, nor a much better man, than those who have been placed in similar situations

\* The writer of a native chronicle of the English invasion.

† Mill. V. Book, 5 Chap.

elsewhere. His indifference to human life was probably about the same as that of Louis le Grand, or William of Orange;\* his aversion to employ any one holding religious opinions different from his own, was probably as intolerant and oppressive as that of the most christian Ferdinand VII, or the most religious and gracious George III;† his private vices were certainly less repugnant to Eastern notions of morality, than those of Charles II, or Louis XV; and for the rest, it is tolerably certain that he was neither a coward nor a fool, which is more than the annalists of Europe have found authority for saying, of not a few of the subjects of their royal biography.

In March, 1784, peace was signed; the basis of its terms being a mutual restoration of all conquests made during the war. For some years the Peninsula, which was now governed by four great powers—the Mah-

\* "In August, 1691, a proclamation of indemnity had been issued to such of the Highlanders as should take the oaths to the King and Queen on or before 1st December. The chiefs of the few tribes who had been in arms for King James complied, except MacDonald of Glenco; and even he failed in submitting within the time more from accident than design. In the end of December he repaired to the Sheriff of Inverary to make his submission in a legal manner. The way lay through the mountains. The season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country covered with deep snow. After various obstructions he arrived. The time was elapsed. The sheriff hesitated; but MacDonald prevailed over his scruples with importunities and even tears. Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, and then Secretary of State, took advantage of MacDonald's neglecting to take the oaths in time. He procured a warrant of military execution from the King *against his whole tribe*. William signed the warrant both above and below with his own hand. A captain and two subalterns, with 120 men, were ordered to Glenco on 1st February. They were received and treated with friendship and hospitality, and till 13th February lived in good humour and familiarity with the people. In the night, Lieutenant Lindesay, with a party of soldiers, called at the door of MacDonald's house, where the officers had passed the evening. He was instantly admitted. MacDonald, as he was rising from his bed, was shot dead. His wife was stript naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter became general. Neither youth nor infirmity were spared; women defending their children were killed. Boys imploring mercy were shot by officers on whose knees they hung. The houses were laid in ashes, and the spoil divided among the officers and soldiers. William promoted the actors in this tragedy, and distinguished the most active with his favour."—MacPherson's Hist., 1 Vol., 10 Chap.

† Munro sneers at the bigotry of Tippoo in not employing any but Mahometans in posts of confidence; somewhat absurd this from an officer in an army, where none but those of the orthodox sects of Christians were then eligible to hold command.

rattas, the Nizam, Tippoo, and the Company—enjoyed comparative repose. A few minor states were suffered to maintain a nominal independence, under the exacting friendship of one or other of the greater powers; and from this circumstance arose the pretext for the conflict which broke out 1790. Tippoo alleged some cause of quarrel against the King of Travancore, a prince who had been induced to hire the services of two British regiments for his internal protection. Failing to enforce his claims by persuasion, the Sultan had recourse to arms. This was declared to be an act of direct hostility towards the Company; and after brief negotiations, war was proclaimed against Mysore.

It is no part of our business here to determine whether Tippoo's conduct was wholly, or in part justifiable; nor the distinct, though undoubtedly consequent question, how far a positive rupture with him was necessary on the part of the English, for the protection of their vassal. Be the facts of the case in these respects what they may, it is clear that to repel the aggression, or at the most, to obtain for Travancore compensation for any loss it might have sustained, was the only legitimate object of war which the Company could have proposed to themselves. Far different, however, were their real views. From the outset they aimed at the partition of Mysore, and the annexation of its most fruitful provinces to their own. We have seen how early they had coveted Baramahl; and how their treacherous attempts to gain possession of it, were baffled and punished by Hyder Ali. It seems as if their dishonest desires had only slept for a time. To vindicate the insulted majesty of Travancore, they took military possession of Baramahl in 1790; and from that hour to the present, they have never relinquished their hold.

We are not left to supposition or conjecture, as to the designs with which they entered on this new career of spoilation. Munro, one of the best and ablest officers engaged during this and the following period in their service, in his confidential letters, written in 1790, argues against the unsatisfactory nature of the policy, by which they had theretofore professed to be actuated, of holding a balance of power between the native kingdoms. He says plainly, conquest is the true policy; and argues that the British revenue in the East might thereby with ease be trebled. "I do not mean that we should *all at once* at-

tempt to extend ourselves so far, for it is at present beyond our power: but that we should keep the object in view, though the accomplishment of it should require a long series of years. The dissensions and revolutions of the native governments will point out the time, when it is proper for us to become actors. But it can never arrive *while Tippoo exists*; why not then remove so formidable an enemy.\*

There is no mistaking this; the thirst of blood is not disguised by any diplomatic verbiage. The theory of plunder stands avowed in all its stark atrocity. While Tippoo shall exist the game of empire cannot be won; he was our ally, fondled and caressed till yesterday; but now, with the aid of the Mahrattas and Nizam, may we not destroy him, and entering in, sit down and revel in his ruin? Aye, and it shall be done, moreover, although not quite so soon as may be desired. Tippoo's resources proved to be greater than had been anticipated, and it required two years to reduce his haughty spirit to sue for peace. Lord Cornwallis, who was then Governor-general, offered him terms which Munro declares to have been far too moderate, but which our wonder may well be excited, at the unfortunate prince having ever been brought to accept. His armies, however, had been disorganised; his territories were ravaged by the Mahrattas, now leagued with the English; and in April, 1792, he found himself without allies, beleaguered in his capital. "In this situation, when extirpation, which had been so long talked of, seemed so near, Lord Cornwallis granted him peace on the easy terms of his relinquishing half his dominions to the confederates. This has given us an increase of revenue amounting to thirty-nine and a half lacs of rupees (£395,000.)"† The extent of territory acquired by this treaty was not less than 24,000 square miles, into the possession of which the servants of the Company forthwith entered. But in addition to this, a portion equally great was given to the Nizam, as a reward for his services in the campaign: how short a space he was permitted to enjoy his neighbour's goods, we shall presently see. The Mahrattas absolutely refused to take any part of the spoil, influenced, we may suppose, less from any regard for him whose power they had helped to prostrate, than from the too late conviction, how

much their own safety must be endangered, by the removal of such a barrier to British aggression as the Mysorean empire, so long as it remained unbroken, interposed.

Thus was the honour of their ally vindicated. We can no where find that his majesty of Travancore was benefitted in any way, by the sanguinary conflict, or the spoiliatory peace. He was too insignificant a pretext for the former, to be remembered in the latter. The Nizam was to be kept in good humour by the pretence of having won new provinces; while, in reality, he was to be treated as a mere trustee for those, who having given, when it suited their good pleasure, could likewise take away. But if the manufacturers of the treaty forgot their allies, they did not forget themselves. "Thirty lacs of rupees (£300,000) were demanded and given, as durbār khurutch or expenses, avowedly to be distributed amongst the officers concerned in settling the treaty."\*

Soon after the news of these brilliant achievements reached England, the public became partially aware of the means whereby they had been accomplished; and a notion became prevalent throughout the country, that these splendid conquests were enormous and rather scandalous jobs, got up by the rapacity of individuals, for the sake of the unlimited opportunities they afforded, of realizing fortunes after the Clive fashion. The following year, when the Company sought a renewal of their charter, a storm of public virtue broke out, with all the violence that usually characterises the periodical fits of morality, to which England has at times been subject. A show of penitence for their past misdeeds was deemed expedient on the part of the Company, to appease the outcry; and ere parliament granted the renewed charter it solemnly declared, "that the pursuit of schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India, is repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of the nation."† This declaration was said to have the validity of a command, and, upon the assumption of its being obeyed, the fate of Hindustan was once more entrusted to those, whom Chatham used to call "the lofty Asiatic plunderers of Leadenhall-street."

For a season the injunction was observed, at least in appearance. The states which

\* Memoirs of Munro, 1 Vol. p. 123.

† Munro, 1 Vol., p. 129.

\* Malcolm's Clive, 1 vol., vi. chap.: note.

† East India Act of 1793.



had been cajoled into admitting subsidiary forces within their confines, fell daily more abjectly under the controul of their protectors. As the pay of these garrisons fell into arrear, they were required to mortgage the revenue of successive provinces to the Company; for to decline the honour of British protection was no longer left to their option: and the last step in each case usually was the complete and formal cession of the mortgaged territory. Before Hyder's invasion in 1780, a large portion of the revenues of the Carnatic had been thus assigned by the nabob. The expenses of the war were declared a sufficient pretext for demanding the entire, a sixth part being reserved in the nature of a pension to Mahomet Ali. Mill, like a true utilitarian, coolly reasons that this arrangement was quite a boon to the unfortunate prince, inasmuch as he was

punctually paid, that he was relieved from all anxiety and risk, and that the annual stipend allotted him was in money rather more, than he had been in the habit of appropriating to his own use. To those with whom philosophy of this description weighs, we freely own we have not a word of answer to give. Did we believe that our countrymen were come to this way of thinking, it would not occur to us to enter into any controversy on the subject. The difference between a country being its own or another's,—such men could not, or would not comprehend, though Themistocles or Tell, Vasa or Washington, rose from the dead to persuade them. And we do not fear that they for whom these chronicles are written, will resent the omission of a reply to the apology for crimes, wherewith they are not very likely to be talked into sympathy.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SERINGAPATAM.

"The unity of our government, and our great military force give us such a superiority over the native princes, that we might, by watching opportunities, extend our dominion, without much danger or expense, and at no very distant period, over a great part of the Peninsula. Our first care ought to be directed to the total subversion of Tippoo. After becoming masters of Seringapatam, we should find no great difficulty in advancing to the Kistna, when favoured by wars or revolutions in the neighbouring states. But we ought to have some pre-concerted general scheme to follow, upon such occasions."—*Munro*.

THE humiliating treaty was signed; and the conquerors, laden with their booty, disappeared from before Seringapatam. With what emotions Tippoo saw them depart, we may easily conceive. The splendid empire which his father's genius had cemented and bequeathed to him, was riven into fragments, and partitioned among his foes. His pride was humbled to the very dust; his treasury was wellnigh bankrupt; the fear of his enemies, and the confidence of his subjects, were alike destroyed. But as the last troop of his plunderers defiled through the frontier hills, he breathed freely again; and hope—the hope of yet recovering all he had lost, and of avenging his dishonour, rose within his bosom. For this alone he henceforth seemed to live. Every department of his internal administration underwent a rigorous and searching reform. He anxiously sought every means of introducing into his army, the tactics and discipline of Europe; believing that

these afforded him the likeliest chance of successfully coping with his adversaries.

But the exhaustion and depression of national defeat, is a perilous time to attempt the introduction of arbitrary innovations; and the impetuous energy of Tippoo made him forget, that the unprepared changes which his superior intellect and knowledge suggested, could only excite ridicule or distrust among his ignorant and dispirited subjects. The severe economy he was forced to use, alienated many of his most powerful dependants. Symptoms of general discontent became apparent, and drew forth the worst dispositions of a temper naturally harsh, and now embittered by ill fortune. A dark and superstitious gloom threw its shade of cruelty over his remaining days; and long before the diadem of Mysore was finally destroyed, its lustre had faded from the sight of men.

In May, 1798, the Marquis Wellesley

assumed the government of British India. His administration lasted till 1802; and in every point of view it must be looked upon, as forming the most important epoch in the history of European intercourse with the East. The want of a comprehensive scheme of policy, which had hitherto been so often felt, was now for the first time supplied. Conquest had hitherto proceeded at irregular speed, and had been directed by little political foresight. Whatever could be clutched at the moment, was indeed laid hold of as opportunity served; and the invaders had by one means or other, such as we have described, managed within forty years to get possession of about 220,000 square miles of Indian territory—a dominion which certain timid persons in England, who did not take enlarged and statesmanlike views of things, thought quite large enough to be kept safely or profitably. Among these was Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, who filled the office of Governor-General up to the year 1798. He was a humane and talented but unambitious man; and during his presidency India enjoyed the blessings of "profound peace."\* His successor was a very different character. The anxiety of accomplishing somewhat notable, is betrayed in every act of Lord Wellesley, from the commencement of his memorable career, and in every line of his inflated and elaborate correspondence. His talents, which were not inconsiderable, fell very far short of his vanity and ambition; and had he been thrown into other circumstances, they might have met with as mortifying results in India, as they were subsequently doomed to undergo elsewhere. But owing to a rare coincidence of fortune, the civil and military establishments at the period in question, contained a combination of ability for the grasping purposes of the Governor-General, such they had never known before. Beside Malcolm, Close, Harris, and Munro, there were Edmonstone, and Stewart, and above all, the still unknown, but not unthought of, Arthur Wellesley, then a subaltern officer of the line.

The times were singularly favourable from still more important circumstances, to the gratification of that thirst for distinction, which was the leading trait in the Marquis Wellesley's character. Europe had, during the last five years, been convulsed by the terrific struggles of the

French revolutionary war. The conflict which had begun for principles, was already become one for empire. The league of despots which had striven to overthrow the immature liberties of France, had been exemplarily punished by Pichegru, Moreau, and Buonaparte; and the treaty of Campo Formio might have been lasting, had England desired peace, and been content to relinquish the spoils she had acquired during the war. But the lust of conquest, like all other unholy desires, grows by what it feeds on. France, intoxicated with her single-handed victory over the coalesced legitimacy of the world, was too easily led into the race of empire, first by the necessity of resisting, and then by the ambition of eclipsing her implacable foe. Napoleon, the incarnation of the national will, rose up with the occasion; and, because he best knew how to gratify the popular enthusiasm, became as by witchery the unloved idol of his country.

It was a time of universal fermentation. The old ideas of what was possible, and what was right, were shaken from their hold of men. Events of such magnitude and novelty had crowded on each other with rapidity from 1789 to 1797, that no scheme was any longer regarded as incredible—no project was regarded as remote or vain. Had right principles prevailed in the councils of Great Britain, the frenzy of men's minds might have been allowed to cool, ere the entire world was wrapt in its flame. Italy would have been allowed time to recover her strength, and to naturalize her alien-born liberties; Germany had been spared the ruin and the wo of sixteen further years of bloodshed; France had not been driven from one step to another of military fury, at the sacrifice of constitutional freedom; unhappy Ireland had not been goaded into rebellion to accomplish English purposes; and England herself would have had the benefits of internal reform, thirty years earlier; she might have had to-day fewer beggared and disaffected dependancies, but she would have been unshackled with at least one-half of her disgraceful debt.

But it was otherwise ordained. The cold-blooded and unprincipled Pitt had gained a complete ascendancy over the aristocracy and the king. An officially paid and organized system of terror, kept alive by incessant appeals to religious and social bigotry, held the middle classes in helpless awe; and the residue of the people were of course—nowhere. Reform

\* Gurwood's Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. I.

was scouted by the apostate minister; freedom of discussion was well nigh destroyed; sectarian exclusion was ferociously inculcated; the taxes of the state were irredeemably mortgaged, to supply funds for crushing foreign liberty, and for unlimited corruption at home. Immense armies and naval establishments were maintained; and such forces have seldom remained long at the disposal of an aristocracy, without being turned to purposes of conquest. Trinidad and Ceylon had recently been captured;\* and when Lord Wellesley was sent out to India, he bore with him secret instructions for stealing Batavia, a more minute account whereof will be found in another part of the present work.†

But more dazzling projects soon suggested themselves to the vain and unscrupulous marquis. He found himself invested with almost despotic power over a vast empire. A numerous army was at his disposal, highly disciplined, and officered by the trained leaders of his predecessor's campaigns. A few months put him in adequate possession, of the weakness and disunion of the still independent courts of Hyderabad, Poonah, and Seringapatam. It was impossible not to see, that the means of vast acquisitions were thus placed within his grasp. He was an aristocrat, he had been brought up in their feelings; he coveted their admiration and the stare of the unrepresented populace they governed; he knew that conquest was the key to both, and in the condition of Hindustan, he foresaw the inevitable occurrence of sufficient pretexts for extirpation and acquisition.

They are blood-guilty words, these—extirpation and acquisition; whatever they have been elsewhere, in India they have never been other than blood-guilty. True, they had been voted a dishonour to the English people, by the parliament of 1793; and that all acts were thenceforth peremptorily forbidden, whereunto they could be applied. But Lord Wellesley knew the governing power of England far too well, to hesitate for the sake of their mock-moral inhibitions. He well understood the nature of the solemn reprehension, with which his meditated extirpation of the kings of Hindustan, and appropriation of their re-

venues, would be met in England. Failure or success, he knew was the only real question. Failure would indeed expose him to a real storm of virtuous indignation, or even to more serious inconveniences. But he was content to take the risk of ill success, thoroughly aware that if victory crowned his projects, the censure he might incur would be accompanied with generous indemnity—the formal prelude to unbounded praise.

That all things should be done decently however, a case of necessity for self-defence against some enemy, of some sort, was resolved upon as requisite. This preliminary danger was not long in being discovered. French designs were traced, and magnified to the necessary size in the summer of 1798. French officers had long been employed by the native princes, who, ever since the wars of the Carnatic, had been anxious to teach their troops the use of European arms and tactics. That through these officers, some vague ideas may not have been kept alive in France, that her former position in the East was not wholly irrecoverable, it were hard to question; that the hatred and jealousy wherewith the two nations regarded each other, would suggest the desire, or even dictate open menace on the subject, was highly probable. But this is certain, that neither Hyder nor Tippoo ever attempted to form a French alliance, until driven to it by the wanton aggressions of the English; and the only treaty which has even been alleged to have been made between France and Mysore, dates in 1798. It was not until he had been plundered of half his territory by the English, that Tippoo sought the aid and support of their enemies; but if he had not a clear and manifest right to ask and to receive that aid, there is neither right nor equity on earth. How long they would suffer him to retain what he still held of his inheritance, he could not tell; and his experience of their disposition towards him, both before and since the partition treaty, was ill-suited to disarm his apprehension.

The official despatches of the Governor-General are the most authentic materials, for the narrative of the memorable events that took place during his administration. They also contain irrefutable proof of the preconcerted designs, out of which those events subsequently sprung.

The first communication between Tipoo Saib and the new Governor-General related to Wynaad, a province which the

\* In 1796 and 1797.

† The chapters referred to here, are those on "The Theft of the Isles," a less familiar but not less instructive portion of the Spirit of "Conquest."—Ed.

former alleged was not included in the cessions under the treaty of 1792; but which had been kept by the Company along with their acquisitions of that date. His repeated remonstrances had been treated with utter disregard; and at length he resolved to assert his rights, by sending a small detachment of troops to occupy a portion of the frontier. Lord Wellesley proposed to name an envoy, to meet one from the Sultaun for the settlement of the dispute. To this Tippoo immediately assented; and upon investigation Wynaad was found to belong rightfully to Mysore, and was consequently declared to have been held wrongfully by the English. The Governor-General thereupon wrote on the 7th August to the Sultaun, formally restoring Wynaad, and felicitating him on the cause of any interruption to their amity being removed. Nevertheless, at that very moment, every resource of the British government in India was actively devoted, to preparing an armament for the invasion of his dominions.

About the close of 1797, envoys had been sent by Tippoo Saib to M. Malartic, the governor of the Isle of France, soliciting his friendship and a small corps of European troops, whom he undertook permanently to employ. A similar force had for some time been engaged in the service of the Nizam, without exciting the animosity of the English; and the Mahratta princes, with whom no quarrel then existed, had likewise succeeded in establishing an auxiliary corps of the same kind. Malartic being unable to spare any of the garrison under his command in the Mauritius, issued a proclamation to all French citizens who happened to be then in the East, authorising them to embark in the service of the Sultaun. Expressions of antipathy to Great Britain were vauntingly introduced into this document; and if France had had a squadron off the coast, or possessions on the main land, where an invading expedition might have been in waiting, or had the injured chief of Mysore been at war with the Company, such an appeal might have warranted strong measures for self-protection. But the reverse of all this was true. Not half a dozen vessels bearing the tricolore, had been seen within the Cape for the last four years; and Tippoo was utterly destitute of even the materials for creating a navy. His anxiety for war could not have been very great, when he consented to expose late in vain for years about Wynaad, and

when his troops at length were upon its verge, he forbore any violence which might warrant retaliation. And the entire number of recruits, who landed in April at Mangalore from the Isle of France, did not amount to two hundred men. Yet this was the force, and these the circumstances, against which Lord Wellesley felt it imperatively necessary to prepare a vast army at enormous cost, lest the English should "be expelled from India."

While the preparations were going forward, not a syllable of remonstrance was breathed. The dispute concerning Wynaad was arranged with a specious show of fairness and even respect; but not a sentence do we find in all the letters which that affair called forth, of virtuous indignation or honest apprehension, at the gasconade of M. Malartic's proclamation. While matters stood in this position, towards the end of October, news arrived of Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt. The alarm which this excited, was partly allayed by the tidings which soon followed, of Nelson's victory of the Nile. And the Governor-General wrote to Tippoo, acquainting him of the reverse, with which Providence had thus visited the enemies of Great Britain. The invasion of Egypt, he said, was but "another excess of that unjustifiable ambition and insatiable rapacity, which have so long characterised the French nation; and nothing can more clearly expose their total disregard of every principle of public faith and honour, than this unprovoked aggression." These are harsh words, and in other lips they had not been unjust; but with what feelings of hate and scorn must they have been read by Tippoo. Even he however could not feel all the depth of their mockery, for as yet he had heard no intimation of the long-preparing wrath, that was about to burst upon him. The fear of Buonaparte's pushing forward from the coast of the Red Sea towards India, still paralysed all active resolution against Mysore. But whether the impetuosity of the Governor, or the impossibility of any longer concealing warlike preparations, may have been the incentive, we find him at last, on the 8th November, addressing an elaborate complaint to the Sultaun on the score of his alliance with France. The style and tone of this extraordinary epistle is too curious, to be wholly passed over without notice:—

"It is impossible that you should suppose me to be ignorant of the intercourse which subsists between you and the

French. You cannot imagine me to be indifferent to the transactions, which have passed between you and the enemies of my country; nor does it appear necessary or proper, that I should any longer conceal from you the surprise and concern with which I perceived you disposed to involve yourself in all the ruinous consequences of a connexion, which threatens not only to subvert the foundations of friendship between you and the Company, but to introduce into the heart of your kingdom, the principles of anarchy and confusion, to shake your own authority, to weaken the obedience of your subjects, and to destroy the religion which you revere." We verily believe that in all the records of imperial diplomacy, there can no match be found for this superlative tissue of hypocrisy. Oh, that Lucian could arise from the dead, that he might confess himself immeasurably outdone in irony and mockery, by the official despatches of modern times. Half the prey is already gorged; the knife is loudly whetting for the remainder; and by way of grace before meat, we have a pious exhortation against irreligion, subversion of legitimate authority, and above all, entreaties to beware of aught that may interrupt the affection and respect, that subsists between the jaws and the meat that is next destined to fill them. What is the plain English of this insolent and impious appeal? Your Highness and we are excellent friends—therefore we are jealous of your love. The French are horrible plundering republicans—we know them better than you do. They will teach your Mussulmen democracy, if you let them near you; in friendship we cannot allow that. They will undermine your throne; surely it were better suffer us to pull it down, than that we should witness your dishonour. They will preach infidelity; think of your poor soul! or, if you will not think of it, we must—and remit it from a wicked world, ere its faith is staggered by Voltaireism or the sophistry of Rousseau. And when you are gone before your time to your account, we will look after the bodies and souls of your people. We may possibly establish a diocese, or at least appoint a bishop of Mysore; that is our way. But fear no compulsion for conscience sake from us. It is only fellow-Christians we persecute; your temples and mosques may remain for us to the end of time, provided we get the temporalities into our hands. Nay, sooner than behold the scandal of French prin-

ples being introduced among your people, we are ready to turn tax-gatherers to Mahomet or Brahma, or both, and willing to beat idol's drums, and fire salutes in honour of Vishnu or Juggernaut—if you will only let us into Seringapatam.\*

This precious document proceeds to say that, the arming which could no longer be entirely concealed on the part of the Company, was merely "for self defence;" and it concludes with the sincere and honourable profession, that "the British government, wishing to live in peace and friendship with all their neighbours, entertaining no objects of ambition, and looking to no other objects than the permanent security and tranquillity of their own dominions, would always be ready as they now were to afford every demonstration of their pacific intentions."†

On the 20th November, Tippoo wrote to Lord Wellesley, complaining of the warlike preparations going forward, and praying that peace might be preserved.‡ On the 9th January, 1799, the Governor-General wrote to the Suldaun, setting forth, for the first time, the grievous offence which his Brittanic majesty had received by reason of M. Malartic's proclamation, and touchingly representing the ingratitude of Tippoo, in having sanctioned such a document, when immediately before its reaching India from the Mauritius, he had received in the restoration of Wynaad, a conclusive proof of the friendly dispositions of the English. "I had hardly formed the decision on your Highness' claim to Wynaad, by which I had afforded an unquestionable testimony of my disposition to render impartial and ample justice to your rights, and to cultivate and improve the relations of amity and peace with your Highness—when I received from the Isle of France, an authentic copy of the proclamation," &c.§ It is rather unfortunate that in the same volume which contains

\* For forty years British soldiers have been employed in celebrating the rites, which the dark superstitions of Hinduism enjoins; the civil servants of the company have been employed in collecting the tolls, levied from the worshippers of Juggernaut; the most eminent men who have been concerned in the administration of India have warmly urged the policy of supporting its degrading system of idolatry; and as far as money, music, and gunpowder can testify acquiescence, no pains have been spared to convince the natives how profoundly indifferent their rulers are to "the name whereby they are called."

† Marquis Wellesley's Desp. Vol. i. No. xcvi.

‡ Idem. No. ciii.

§ Marquis Wellesley's Desp. Vol. i. No. cii.

this letter, there are reiterated and copious proofs that Lord Wellesley had in his possession this terrible manifesto fully two months before his vaunted generosity touching Wynaad. It had been received, made "the subject of general ridicule"\* as a serious threat, and chuckled over as a fortunate and timely pretext for hostilities; General Harris had been written to on the subject, and secretly apprized of the advantage that would be taken of it:† the expedition for invading Mysore had been planned, and directions given to the governors of Madras and Bombay, to organise all the military resources of their respective presidencies; and they had remonstrated against "plunging Tippoo into war; for whatever might be the object of his embassy to the Mauritius, the late intelligence from the islands, left no room to doubt, that *no rupture was to be apprehended but by our own provocation*."‡ Lord Wellesley himself had written to Mr. Dundas, telling him, that from want of money and the impossibility of completing their preparations in time, he was reluctantly forced to suspend his immediate design of "seizing the whole maritime territory remaining in Tippoo's possession, and then marching upon his capital, to compel him to purchase peace by a formal cession of the territory seized, and compelling him to pay all the expences of the war,—objects which appeared most desirable, and which every motive of justice and policy demanded;" and he had resolved that, "a temperate remonstrance would be sufficient to satisfy their honour, and convince the native powers that their moderation alone, induced them to abstain from a more rigorous course:"§ all this was prior to the generous restoration of Wynaad.

But in reality the surrender of that district was but a solemn farce, tending to lull the victim of their designs into security, until their own measures should be ripe for execution. Till every engine of muffled power was in readiness, wounded honour felt no pain—could even take credit to itself for magnanimity, and purloin, under false pretences, the repute of moderation. Within nine months from this virtuous act of restitution, Wynaad was again taken

possession of by this just and magnanimous Company, together with the residue of Tippoo Saib's dominions. Can any man who is not a simpleton, or a holder of East India stock, believe that this boasted surrender in August, illustrated as it stands by the schemes of the previous June, and the deeds that followed hard upon, in the ensuing May, was anything else but an elaborate piece of public treachery?

By the end of January, 1799, the preparations for war were deemed complete; and now the threats of M. Malartio, which were by that time about twelve months old, [having been published in January, 1798,] were no longer to be endured. On 3rd February orders were given, for the invading army to begin their march towards the frontier. On 13th, a letter came from Tippoo, accepting an offer to negotiate, which, as a portion of the farce of decency, had been sent to him. But the acceptance was declared to have come too late; the time named in the offer had elapsed by eight days: and it was solemnly declared that the season was *now* too far advanced to arrest the march of the troops;\* but Tippoo was informed that General Harris would receive any propositions at the head of the army.† Even this was rendered illusory by secret instructions to Harris, ordering him to advance "without an hour's delay," and not to forward the letter to Tippoo till within a day's march of the frontier;‡ thus rendering it absolutely impossible for the devoted chief to propose any terms, until the invaders were in occupation of part of his territory. But there were other contents in the secret instructions. No conditions of peace under any circumstances were to be proposed or accepted, until the siege of Seringapatam was formed, or some equally advantageous position secured. Tippoo was then to be informed that he must cede Canara, a valuable maritime province, to the English, and two others equally valuable to the native powers in alliance with them, besides paying one crore and a half of rupees, £1,500,000, for the expenses of the campaign. If these terms were not agreed to before the siege was actually begun, not less than one half of his entire possessions were to be exacted;§ and letter after letter

\* Letter from Governor-General to Mr. Dundas, 6th July, 1798, No. xxii.

† Letters of 9th and 20th June, Nos. xiii. and xvii.

‡ Letter from Mr. Webbe, Secretary of Madras, to Gov.-Gen., 6th July, 1798, No. xxi.

§ Letter to Mr. Dundas, then Secretary to the Board of Control, 6th July, 1798, No. xxii.

\* Declaration of war, 22nd February, 1799, No. cxl.

† Letter from Governor-General to Tippoo, No. cxli.

‡ Letter from Governor-General to General Harris, Idem. No. cxlii.

§ No. cxlii.

was dispatched to Harris, lest "he should suffer any attempt of Tippoo at negotiation to retard the march towards Seringapatam."\*

The tragical event is well known. Tippoo, finding that nothing but his destruction could appease his merciless pursuers, resolved to maintain a desperate fight to the last. Gathering his best troops around him, he shut the gates of his magnificent capital, and prepared to defend it so long as he was able. But the odds against him were too strong, for any courage or skill he could oppose; his troops had lost the confidence in him and in themselves, they once possessed; and he sunk daily down beneath the weight of his adversity, into mute and sullen gloom. On the 4th of May, as he sat in his palace, in the heat of the noon, he was roused from his dreamy gaze into the pit of fate, by the cry of the besiegers. The breach was stormed, and Tippoo, vainly endeavouring to rally his broken troops, was killed and trampled under foot in the street of his plundered city.

Thus fell the kingdom of Mysore. Of those whose laurels were gathered from its broken bough, we have nought here to say; of those who grubbed a fortune from its ruin, we have no desire to chronicle the name. 'Tis no part of the duty of the political annalist, to challenge the professional merit of the soldier, even when he is hounded on to fight in an unrighteous cause. We blame the system, not the man; we arraign the purpose, not the mere machine. But where men having authority, and participators in such scenes, think fit to give evidence against themselves, or rather seek to make themselves the chroniclers of the deeds they helped to do, it were rather a superfluous delicacy to stand between them and their renown.

Mysore was declared to be a conquered country on the fall of the capital. When the fate of Tippoo became known, various leaders strove to rally the people, for the purpose of still resisting the invaders. In some districts they succeeded for a time; but one by one they were crushed by the victors, and treated with the usual severity, for the sake of example. The following epistle from Munro, to Mr. Cockburn, relative to the settlement of Canara, may serve as a specimen of the spirit that influenced the consolidation of conquest—"I have got Vettel Hegada and his

heir apparent, and principal agents hanged; and I have no doubt, that I shall be able to get the better of any other vagabond Rajah, that may venture to rebel."\* Colonel Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington,) writing to Munro, tells us, that the people were passive spectators of the change, and remained philosophically indifferent. But we need not go beyond his own letters, for a refutation of this assertion. Arguing (in August, 1800) against plans of further conquest, which seem already to have suggested themselves, he says, "the recent extension of our territory has added to the number and description of our enemies. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we aggrandize ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas,"—with whom they were, up to that moment, on terms of the profoundest amity, and in close alliance,—"we increase this evil. We throw out of employment and means of subsistence, all who have hitherto managed the revenue, or served in the armies. Upon all questions of increase of territory, these considerations have much weight with me, and I am, *in general*, inclined to decide, that we have enough. I agree with you, that we ought to settle the Mahratta business and the Malabar rajahs; but I am afraid that to extend ourselves, will rather tend to delay the settlement, and that we shall thereby increase, rather than diminish, the number of our enemies. But," he adds in conclusion, "as for the wishes of the people, I put them out of the question."†

But the pretence of the people being indifferent to the subjugation of their country, is refuted by every page of these gallant historians. Munro was sent from Canara to the ceded Districts which, by the first partition treaty of 1792, had been taken from Tippoo and given to the Nizam, and which, shortly after the final dismemberment of Mysore, were taken possession of by their real owners, the Company.

Munro was desired to raise the public taxes in the provinces which were placed under his authority. They had been described as unable to yield more than the tribute which they paid formerly to Tippoo, by reason of their great sufferings in the war, and during the famine which was its consequence. "To see whether they

\* Munro, vol. i. p. 270.

† Munro, vol. i. p. 286. Just thirty years after these enlightened sentiments were written, his Grace told the people of England, that "a county meeting was a farce."

had suffered as much as they are reported to have done," says Munro, "I lately made a circuit. There is no doubt some exaggeration, but not a great deal. Most of the houses are in ruins; scarce one-fourth of the houses are inhabited. But I have little doubt that in seven years, the full amount of the schedule" (or proposed standard of English taxation,) "might be realized. The principal obstacle is, that the desire, men at the head of affairs usually have, of seeing the public income flourishing under their auspices, will probably compel me to proceed too rapidly. I have no thought of precipitating matters at present; though I shall for the sake of the public want of money, press the ryots rather more than I ought to do."\* It appears that the polygars or armed nobles, offered considerable resistance to the exacting designs of their new masters. Munro calls them robbers and banditti, opposed to the establishment of order, whom it was necessary to get rid of without delay. Notwithstanding all his enlightened efforts to win them over to increased taxation, two of these chieftains still held out, in 1802; so that it was advisable to move large bodies of troops into the neighbourhood. "It may be also necessary to proceed against the Zemindar of Panganore, because I am not sure that he will submit to an addition to his pesheush or tribute, *which must be laid on in order to reduce his power.*"† And with such facts so confessed before us, we are asked to believe, that the mass of the inhabitants of the conquered regions were philosophically indifferent to the revolutions, of which they were thus the victims!

Colonel Gurwood, the recent editor of the Duke of Wellington's despatches, in an explanatory table of Indian names prefixed to the first volume of his work, tells us, with the greatest sang froid, "that Mysore is a country conquered from the native Hindu rajahs by Hyder Ali, retaken by the British, and restored to the ancient family on the fall of Seringapatam." Profound must be the ignorance on which

Colonel Gurwood relies, when he suffers such a statement as this to go forth with his name; and frozen indeed must be the scorn wherewith the haughty veteran, to whose history this absurd misrepresentation is prefixed, must look back upon the fate of that sumptuous land amid the wreck of which he was first beckoned on by fortune. Mysore had, it is true, originally belonged to one of the princes of Hindu lineage, who had been supplanted by a domestic revolution, and it became the nucleus of a great kingdom under Hyder Ali. It is also true that on the fall of Seringapatam, a child who was said to be next of kin to the last rajah was sought out, and invested with the empty title, which no one had heard pronounced for forty years before. And if this be restoring a country to its ancient princes, Mysore doubtless was restored. But the real nature of the entire transaction admits of no question. In a paper drawn up in 1801, by the Duke himself, upon the state of Seringapatam, he says, "It has long been the capital of a powerful empire, *the whole of which* is now in the possession, or under the *government*, or under the immediate influence of the Company's government."\* But the testimony of Lord Wellesley, who knew his own intentions in the entire transaction best, is still more emphatic. Writing to Lord Castlereagh, the president of the Board of Control in 1803, relative to the puppet-rajah, whom he had perched upon the last recognisable fragment of Tippoo's ruined throne, he says—"My express purpose in the settlement of Mysore, was to facilitate the *direct controul of the Company over the whole territory* of Mysore. In fact, the territory governed in the name of the rajah *was actually annexed to the Company's dominions*, by that article of the subsidiary treaty of Seringapatam, which empowers the Company at any time to assume the direct management of the whole country;" and this we are informed by Mr. Martin, the editor of Lord Wellesley's despatches, has since "been done under the sanction of the home authorities."†

\* Munro, Vol. i. p. 334.

† Munro, Vol. i. p. 337.

\* Gurwood, vol. i. p. 101.

† Marquis Wellesley's Despatches, Vol. iii. No. ciii; and note to p. 525.



## THE LEGACY.

WELL, listen to me now, and I'll tell you a dhroll thing that happened at the death of ould Mihil Doolen. He was a mighty strong, healthy man, and never tuck a grain of medicine in his whole life: signs on it, he lived so long that he begun to think, he wasn't to die at all. He was a great miser, and gathered a dale of money together, but having no near relations, it was always a wondher among the neighbours who'd come to his property in the end. The world an' all were looken for it, as you may suppose, and they used to be senden him presents of all sorts—ducks, and geese, and chickens, and I don't know what besides; but faix, 'twas no great gains for 'em, for young as they wor, they died one afther another, and others took their places and died too, and ould Mihil still lived on. Well, 'tis a long line afther all that has no end to it, and so ould Mihil's day come at last. Runnen out one mornen to catch a boy that was trespassen on his ground, he struck his toe against a stone; a little black spot came upon it, but Mihil thought nothing of it; the black spot spread day after day, and the neighbours told him to send for the Docther, but siz Mihil, "I never tuck any of their drugs in all my born days, and why should I pizen myself with 'em at the last; besides," sis he, "they'd be chargen me so, 'twould be amost the ruin of me." Another week passed on this way, and the blackness was half up the leg, and indeed 'twas easy known 'twas for his end it come, for his face, that was as red as a rose, got as white as paper, and he gev up eating entirely; but he'd drink the river dry, the Lord preserve us, if he had it near him. Well, the news accordingly went abroad every where, that Mihil was dying, and sitch a gathering as there was immediately of all the people, far and near, that could claim any relationship with him, that faix you could hardly get in or out of the doore for the crowd that was about him. There was only one man of all belonging to him who kept away, and that was Davy Burke, a poor carpenter, who was liven near the village; but Davy himself made his appearance on the last day too, more be ac-

cident howsomever, than be any thoughts he had of gaining be it. He happened on that day to be busy at a coffin just before his own doore, when he sees Morris Marny the pedlar goen by.

"God bless the work," siz Morris, nodden to him. "The same to you, Morris," says Davy; "what news of Mihil this mornen?"

"Given over be the docthors, I hear, Davy; he'll be callen on you to take his measure before evenen, I'm thinken."

"Eyeh! the neger, 'tis ayqual—there's little to be got be him liven or dead. He'd be betther plazed they thrun him under the sod in his ould shirt, than pay any thing in rayson for his coffin."

"See that why," ejaculated Morris.

"One," continued Davy, "that hasn't chick or child in the world, and as cautious of the money as if he was never to part it; one that had the twelve barrels of potatoes rotting with him be the ditch-side, in the hard summer, not fit ateing for the pigs—fine round apple potatoes—and christheus starving; and he would'nt sell nor give eather, God help us! He'd sooner set the dog afther a poor man that ud be crossen his grounds, so he would. This sickness is only a thrial he's getten, maybe, to see if he'd turn to some good now itself."

"Maybe so, faix," returned the pedlar, "there's no knowing what turn he'd take; but indeed from all I heer of him, I believe he's off. Why don't you take a stroll down there, and see him, Davy; sure somebody will have the maken of a coffin for him any way, and who has a betther right to it than a blood relation."

"Eyeh! little he cares for his relations, Morris. There's no knowen on the earth who'll have the luck of getten the goold from him. He'd take it to the other world with him, if he could."

"That I mighten't, but he'd be the cute lad in airnest, if he did that, and sitch a crowd of hungry cormorants about the room watchen every turn of him. I'd advise you to take a stroll down there, at any rate, and see what you can do."

"Maybe I'd do worse," siz the carpenter, "and sure it's but half a day's work

gone for nothing at the worst," so flinging his plane down on the bench, and taking a short stick in his hand, he wished Morris a good mornen, and set off with himself for Mihil Doolen's.

As soon as he come near the house, however, the crowd around the doore were so afeered or jealous of him, 'count of being so near Mihil be blood, that they didn't wish to let him in. "He's very bad, poor man," siz one, "and 'tis a sin to disturb him." "He's as cross as the ould mischief," siz another, "and can't bear to be spoken to." "His head is splitting," says a third of em, "count of all the talken—'tis the sleep he wants." "Begannies then," siz Davy, stout enough, "the sooner ye all clear out of this, the azier he'll be, poor man! I'm only come to get the maken of the coffin from him, and that's net what any of yes are looken for, I believe."

They all got ashamed at this, and they didn't say another word, but drew back, and made a lane for Davy, so in he went, and took a chair be the bed-side.

"Morrow Mihil," says he, "I'm sorry to see you so poorly!"

"Thankee, Davy," says the ould man.

"I say I'm sorry, Mihil, because the longer time we get to repent of our sins in this world, I hope the better for us."

"Thru for you, Davy," says Mihil.

"We'd like to have somethen to say for ourselves, when we're sitten be the gate of heaven hereafter, and we hear the poor people tellen stories of us inside," continued Davy.

"Oh! mavrone, why not?" siz the sick man.

"We must all think of these things, Mihil, when our time comes, the Lord grant it to us; but if no one has worse to tell of you than I have, you'll not come off badly. You always gev me any little work you had, in regard of my large family."

"And why not, Davy," says Mihil again, "sure you were willing to work as chape for me as another."

"Indeed, Mihil," says Davy, maken answer, "I never overcharge a stranger, let alone a blood relation, and as you're goen now—and goen, thanks be to God, in a good ould age, I thought, Mihil, you'd as live I had the maken of the coffin as another?"

"I'd be betther plazed you had it, Davy, than any one else," says Mihil, not at all frightened or surprised at him; "you were always reasonable."

"That I mighten't, but I strive to be so any way," siz Davy again, "and I make it a rule to give the best of work; be the same token, I have some nice, clane, dale boards cut up this minute, planed and all, that if you see 'em, you'd like a'most to be lyen in!"

"And what is it you'd charge me for it, finished complate," says Mihil, turnen to him, quite calm!

"Why then dales are high now, Mihil," answered Davy, "sixteen shillings would hardly save me in it."

"Sixteen shillings, eroo! sixteen shillings Davy?"

"Iss, why not," siz Davy, quietly.

Old Mihil shook his head.

"Well sure you can make an offer, can't you," cried Davy.

"Eyeh, you're beyond any offer. Salvation to me if there's any raison at all in sitch chargen as that—sixteen shillings! Death alive! man, I got as nice a coffin as I'd wish to put my foot in from Tim Mocten, for poor Kate, last Candle-mass, and paid only nine and ninepence for it."

"So you might, Mihil, but you'll allow there are coffins—and coffins. 'Tisn't sitch a one as I'd put you into he gev for the money! He made it, I'll be bail, of half-inch stuff, and it might have answered for Kate, maybe; but you're an ould friend of mine, Mihil, for whom I have a regard, and indeed it's long till I'd let you be nailed up in a card-box of that kind."

"I'm obleeged to you all the same, Davy," siz Mihil, "but indeed I couldn't afford so much as you charge; if you said nine and tenpence or nine and eleven pence, maybe I'd deal with you."

"Ove! ove! Mihil, you're runnen away with the business entirely; 'tisn't half-price, hardly. Consider, you're not one of those dawney craythurs that one could put up in a soap-box; you're long, Mihil, and square about the chest; you'd take two good twelve feet dale boards a'most, not to speak of nails, and the mounting."

"I'll tell you what Davy," siz Mihil, "I'd like to dale with you, if I could say ten shillings, and 'tis a bargain."

"Oh! murther! there's no daleing with you, Mihil, you were always a hard man; but if we can't agree itself, there's no harm done I hope, and my advice to you Mihil—my last advice 'ud be, to make up as well as you can after you're gone to those poor crathurs, that I'm afeerd you thought

too little of here. A good mornin', and a happy end to you, Mihil, and that's the worst I wish you." And Davy shook hands with the sick man and left him. There was something like a tear standin in Mihil's eye as he looked after Davy, and he was very quiet, saying nothing for a long while. At last, siz he, all of a sudden, out of a drame like, "Won't any of ye bring me the priest?" 'Twas the first time he asked for him since his illness begun, and the crowd about him were glad when they heard it, for they were tired of waiting for him to die day after day. Indeed he held out so long, that some of 'em begun to think he mightn't die at all; but now, when he called for the priest, they knew he was off, and two or three of them ran like mad for the clargy. As soon as he arrived at the house, he was shut up in a little room with Mihil for some time,—there was soon after a call for a pen and ink, and those outside were all in a grate taken to know what was goen on, for they knew, by the ordherin of the pen and ink, that Mihil was settlen his affairs. The priest kem out after a good hour, and the crowd followed him from the doore, thryen to make out who had a chance of the money; but he left 'em just as wise as he found 'em.

Well, things went on as before, and towards evenen Mihil got worse and worse, and his skin coulder and coulder. "I'm a'most, I believe," siz he—for the oppression was getting heavier, and he could hardly get the words out becase of the hiccup constant on him—"I'm a'most gone," siz he, "and I'd like to say one sintince to Davy Burke," siz he, "before I die, if he's about the place any where." They all wondhered when they heerd this, and thinken it might be he was goen to lave something to Davy, they med up their minds to prevent it, and so tould him that he was gone home; but there was a friend of Davy's, one Jim Clarey, standen by, and when he see how they wör goen on, he started off himself in search of him.

"Davy Burke—Davy eroo," cried Jim, as soon as he kem in sight of him, "hurry over to Mihil's, as hard as your legs can carry you, or you're late for him in this world. He's callen for you this way, and he can't tle in pasc 'till he sees you, 'Bring me Davy Burke,' siz he, 'till I have one word with him.' Oh! my hand to you, Davy, you're the lucky man—'tis goen to lave you all his goold heil! And the

Houdahans and Murphys and O'Shaughnessys, are all blazen mad wid him, and wanted not to let you know."

"Maybe 'tis about the coffin he wants me," replied Davy, hesitatingly.

"Eyeh! what coffin—what talks it is!" siz Jim, maken answer. "No; but a good hundred pounds it is, or more maybe, he's goen to lave you—hurry off man."

When Davy heerd this, his face brightened up, and he thought to himself the ould man was repenten of cutting him back of his due, and was intenden to lave him a legacy in airnest to make up matters, so off he started to Mihil's as hard as he could.

Well why, as it happened, good raison he had to be in a hurry, for when he got in the doore Mihil was a'most speechless; his eyes were gotten a glaze on 'em, and he was mutteren somethin' to himself, all as one, as he was ravin'—a fashion he had indeed for the last day or two, when no body was talken to him. But when he was roused up he was quite sinsible again.

"Erah! Mihil asthore, is it me you're callen," siz Davy, stoopen over him and shaken him a little be the shoulder to make him hearken to him.

Mihil looked up staren at him, as if he didn't know him at all.

"'Tis Davy Burke agra—don't you know him, your ould friend Davy," and Davy shook him again.

"Ias, Ias," says Mihil looken about him, as if he was awakin' from a drame, "Davy is it—whisper Davy," and the ould man tried to lift himself a little on his elbow, "a last word with you—I'll tell you—what I'll do, Davy —"

"What is it, Mihil a weenoch," cried Davy, anxiously.

"You're—you're—an—old friend—Davy."

"Don't mintion it, avourneen."

"Eyeh, I'm gone—gone—entirely—this—this—hiccup—is killen me—Davy; but—I'll tell—you—what—I'll do."

"Don't distress yourself, Mihil darleh," siz Davy, sobbing.

"Eyeh! 'tis all over—how—howsomever—I'll—I'll—split the—difference with you," wheezed out the ould man in a hoarse whisper, and his elbow dropping from under him—he was dead!

"Murther," siz Davy, cryen out as he saw him draw the breath, "'tis a wondher but I missed the bargain!"

Well, if you see him, as I'm tould, looking so astonished like, you'd laugh

out, though all belonging to you lay stretched on the table. According there was great fun among the crowd at his disappointment, and he was leaving the house not a little vexed at their gibes and jokes, when in come the priest, and my hand to you their humour was soon althiered.

"Where are you goen, Davy Butke?" says he:

"Goen home only, plaze you reverence," siz Davy.

"Well," siz the priest, "stay where you are for the present, for this house, and all

within it, and a great deal of gold that's in the bank besides, are yours; sit down, Davy, and give your directions for the funeral."

Ullaloo—sich a scream as there was from all of them, when they hear this, and the most of 'em cried out agin it, and said it couldn't be; but the clargy took the will out of his pocket and read it for 'em, and sure there 'twas plain enough to every one, that Mihil Doolen left all his fortune to the man he differd with about the price of his coffin.

### A B S E N C E.

There was but one in all the world, that ever loved me well,  
And he's gone o'er the ocean wide, in far-off land to dwell;  
Away, away, with dancing breeze, his bark sung o'er the deep,  
As if it left no heart behind, that foamy track to weep.

I counted, as it bounded on, the waves 'tween me and him,  
I saw his sail along the waste of waters growing dim,  
I watched it last, a little speck, melt in the misty sea,  
And then it was I felt alone, in all my misery.

The pain, I'm told, of parting thus, with change and time will wear;  
They never knew its bitterness, who teach me how to bear:  
The tear may cease to wet the cheek, and smiles may light the eye,  
But sorrow, like to this of mine, I cannot believe will die.

And yet there is a spirit here,—it will not go away,—  
A minister of hope, that still, in whispers, seems to say,  
"True love shall after sorrow last, and then his memory  
Shall come back o'er the waves again like sunset light to thee."

That hallowed hope comes o'er my soul, as sweetly as the tone  
That song of home or childhood brings in foreign land and lone,  
When faded loves gush o'er the heart, as tender and as true  
As when they filled its longing first, when life and all were new.

Oh! all the joys I ever felt, were like the flowers they say,  
That in one sunny morning, bloom, droop, and die away;  
But this at least its sweets shall hold, where withers all beside,—  
The memory—the love that lives, when grief itself hath died.

## HISTORY OF THE WOOLLEN TRADE.

"Therefore a regard must be had of those points, wherein the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with any main branches of the trade of England: in which case the encouragement of such trade ought to be either declined or moderated, and so give way to the interest of trade in this kingdom. But on the other side some such branches of trade ought not to be suppressed, but rather so far admitted as may serve the general consumption of England."\*

As a national Journal, pledged to every interest of Ireland, we know not how the Citizen can better redeem its pledge, than by devoting some pages, occasionally, to a consideration of the past and present condition of Irish trade and manufactures.

As journalists we shall account our mission unfulfilled, till we lay before our readers a full exposé of that systematic policy, by which our trade has been filched from us, our commerce monopolised by others, our manufactures annihilated, and our name as a people erased from the records of the various marts, to which our merchants once thronged with the produce of our industry.

What taunt do we hear more frequently used by the enemies of our land, against her suffering and oppressed children, than that of idleness? Ye are idle, cry our wealthy neighbours, and therefore do ye want; from lip to lip, and from scribe to scribe, have these words been bandied, till many of her recreant sons have learned to imitate the cry, and in the clipped accents of our *bettors*, reiterate the calumny.

That our people are idle, is, alas, too true; but that their idleness results not from the cause which this unnatural brotherhood would represent, but has been forced upon us by the monopolising avarice of our masters, it shall be our duty to prove. We purpose for the present to confine ourselves to the consideration of the Woollen Manufacture, which was once the staple trade of Ireland; but from the burden of which, the fostering care of Britain has long since relieved us. The entire course of its history, the flourishing state in which British jealousy found it, the wreck which it now remains from the despoiler's hand, its revival under the protection of a native legislature, and its final overthrow when deprived

of that parental care,—tell more than England or her flatterers may be pleased to hear; but the truth must nevertheless be told, even though, as our national proverb has it, "the truth is often bitter."

In a memoir on the woollen trade of Ireland, by the late Lord Charlemont, it has been shewn that, at so early a period as the reign of Edward the Third, the importance of the woollen manufacture was fully appreciated in Ireland. In testimony of the high estimation in which our fabrics were held by other nations, he quotes the following passage from the "Dittamondi," of Fazio dell' Uberti, a Florentine poet, who wrote about 1357:—

"Similmente passimo en Irlanda,  
Laqual fra noi e degna di fama,  
Per le nobile soie che ci manda."†

In a Florentine ledger of this period one of the items charged is, "a piece of serge of Ireland, for clothing the wife of Andrea."‡ And, such was the repute of Irish serges, that it was matter of complaint that imitations of them were made by foreign competitors. "The Catalonian weavers are now basely imitating the serges of Ireland, and clothing the belles of France in them, to our injury." According to Anderson,§ woollen cloths were then extensively made in Ireland. During this reign the English parliament, seeing that much of the distinction which the Netherlands obtained in the manufacture of woollens, arose from the supply of wool received from this country and from England, proposed, by keeping the raw material at home, to secure to England the advantage of remunerative employment in its manufacture. Accordingly, heavy duties, almost amounting to a prohibition, were imposed on the export of manufactured wool; and this enactment

\* Sir William Temple, Vol. I, 113.

† Quoted by the author of "Della Crusca."

‡ In the same way we pass to Ireland, which is worthy of renown, for the excellent serges which she sends us.

§ History of Commerce, Vol. I, p. 480.

applying equally to Ireland, gave the first parliamentary stimulus to our domestic manufacture.

The export of our wool being thus prohibited, we applied ourselves more assiduously to its manufacture, and our supply to the foreign markets accordingly increased. From this period, whence we may date its origin, up to the latter end of the seventeenth century, it gradually progressed without meeting any opposition from our English rivals. On the contrary the policy of England *then* was to encourage the trade and commerce of Ireland.

In an act passed by the English parliament, in the year 1465, for the protection of their own manufacture, special mention is made of that of Ireland, exempting it from any restrictions. One of the provisions of the act was, that "all woollen cloths brought into England, and set up for sale, should be forfeited, *except cloths made in Wales or Ireland.*"\* The same policy seems to have actuated them in the time of the first James.

In the preamble to a bill of the Parliament of Ireland, for the recognition of James I, we find them acknowledging, "that many blessings and benefits, had within these few years past, been poured upon this realm;" and at another period of his reign, they return thanks for the pains taken for the good of Ireland, whereby they say, "we all of us sit under our own vines, and the whole realm reapeth the happy fruits of peace."† One who held an office of high trust under James, in writing to him, after having taken a tour through the provinces, describing the state of happiness and prosperity in which he found them, says, it was effected "by the encouragement given to the maritime towns and cities, as well to increase the trade of merchandize, as to cherish mechanical arts," and he adds as the consequence "*that the strings of this Irish harp were all in tune.*"‡

Nor had England's jealousy all this while lain dormant. For a long period she looked upon our growing manufacture as a dangerous rivalry, which should by some means be got rid of; and she, who, where a matter of emolument was at stake, was never very scrupulous as to the means which she employed, sent to us her subtle and perfidious Strafford. From

his letters we discover, that one part of his mission was to destroy our thriving manufacture. Writing to his master on the subject, he says—"For this ground I take with me, that to serve your majesty well in Ireland, we must not only endeavour to enrich them, but make sure still to hold them dependant upon the crown, and not able to subsist without us; which will be effected by wholly laying aside the manufacture of cloths or stuffs there, and by furnishing them from this kingdom, and then making your majesty sole merchant of all salts on that side. For thus shall they not only have their clothing, the improvement of all their native commodities, (which are principally preserved by salt), but their victual itself from hence, (strong ties upon their allegiance and obedience to your majesty.)"\*

In another despatch he says, "Which I still discourage all I could, in regard it would trench not only on the clothings of England, if they should manufacture their own wool, but his majesty would lose extremely by his customs; and in conclusion, it might be feared, that they might beat us out of the trade itself, by underselling us, which they are able to do."

Nevertheless, the encouragement, which had imprudently been given during the early part of this century, produced its effect upon the woollen manufacture, in common with the other branches of trade in which we were then engaged; and the quantities exported to *England*, France, and other countries had so increased, that the Irish manufacturers deemed it necessary, in consequence of some complaints made by their mercantile correspondents, to have certain parliamentary enactments to regulate the quality of the exported article. The preamble to the Irish Bill brought in for the purpose runs thus—"Whereas there is a general complaint in *England*, France, and other parts beyond the seas, whither the woollen cloths and other commodities made of wool in this his majesty's kingdom of Ireland, are transported."† Then follow the provisions of the act.

Its value and extent began now to attract more marked attention; and in the same reign, duties were imposed on Irish woollens imported into England, and the export of Irish wool was totally interdicted, an exception being made in favour of England, where it was admitted at a nominal duty.

\* 4th Edw. iv. c. 1.

† Commons' Journals, Vol. i. p. 92.

‡ Davis,

\* Strafford's Letters, Vol. i. p. 93.

† 17 Chas. ii. ch. 15.

This, however, did not affect our trade much, as the restrictions were to a certain extent mutual.

But Ireland now becoming a manufacturing country, and rapidly increasing in commercial importance, the time had arrived that her further progress should be checked undisguisedly. For a long period we carried on an extensive trade in the export of cattle, and being able to supply on better terms than the English farmers, we were in possession of the English market. But justice to Ireland was not the order of the day; and an act was passed in 1664, by the English parliament, excluding our cattle from the British markets.

The spirit of commercial enterprise had already taken possession of us; and when this wantonly driven from the marketplace, to make way for more favoured competitors, with that elasticity of spirit so characteristic of our nation, we forgot the injury inflicted on us, and sought out new channels for our industry. In the woollen trade now flourishing, and giving employment to thousands of our people, we found one in every way suitable. The additional impulse which it received, from the quantity of capital suddenly invested in it, caused it to advance with rapid strides. Our merchants sought out new markets for our manufactured wool; our artisans produced a constant supply; the increased supply caused an increased demand; and thus, between the *idling* of our artisans and the non-enterprize of our merchants, foreign markets were created. These we continued steadily and unceasingly to improve; and having recovered from the shock, produced by the destruction of our cattle-trade, prosperity again appeared among us.

But scarcely had its dawn burst upon our plains, and the joyous hum of industry again returned to our dwellings, when that ungenerous eye which ever viewed our onward progress with envy, was again waiting an opportunity to deal a death-blow on this trade also.

Sir William Temple, speaking of the wool of Ireland, says—"the improvement of this commodity by manufacture in this kingdom, would give so great a damp to the trade of England, that it seems not fit to be encouraged here."<sup>†</sup>

They, however, discouraged in vain; and like the green type of our country, it seemed to thrive the healthier and the better, be-

neath the foot of oppression. Ireland, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, from the cause already mentioned, directed the greater part of her energy towards the improvement of what was still considered her staple manufacture; and we had already established for ourselves a place in the ledgers of the nations. But monopolizing jealousy was at hand, and her grasping arm was already put forth.

The statistics of the exports at that and at a subsequent period, as given in the report on the Irish woollen manufactures, by the English Commissioners of Trade, demonstrate the progress made subsequent to the interdiction on our cattle trade in 1664.

In 1665 we exported 224 pieces of new drapery, 32 pieces of old drapery, and 444,381 yards of frieze,

In 1687 we exported 11,360 pieces of new drapery, 103 pieces of old drapery, and 1,129,716 yards of frieze,

We select the first of these years, as being that which immediately succeeded the enactment of that law, which caused our attention to be more directly applied to manufactures. We select the other, as it was that which immediately preceded the fearful civil struggle, in which we were engaged for some years subsequent. During its continuance, as might be expected, every thing stood still; and commerce, trade, and manufacture, were all alike neglected. Peace being again restored, we returned to our employment, with our wonted vigour; and Lord Lindsey, in the speech from the throne in 1692, gave us the comforting assurance, that our manufacturers should not only not be molested, but should be encouraged by the sovereign. "Their majesties being, in their own royal judgments, satisfied that a country so fertile by nature, and so advantageously situated for trade and navigation, can want nothing but the blessing of peace, and the help of some good laws, to make it as rich and flourishing as most of its neighbours; I am ordered to assure you, that nothing shall be wanting on their parts, that shall contribute to your *perfect and lasting happiness*."\* We shall see by the sequel what reliance ought to have been placed on this promise.

Forty years had not elapsed, from the time when the interests of the Irish farmers had been crushed to aggrandize the landowners of England, till the manufacturers of Britain

\* Temple's Works, Vol. i. p. 118,

\* Commons' Journals, 2 Vol. 276.

called for another, and more fearful sacrifice. From the time of Strafford's insidious attempt, up to the period of which we now write, our woollen manufacture had met with no open discouragement from England.

And now we seem to be recovering from the effects of the late war—our looms are again employed, and our exports are again on the increase; it is therefore high time that the spirit of envy, which heretofore secretly sighed over our progress, should raise her voice and speak aloud. No longer is the object concealed. The mask is laid aside, and England demands the annihilation of our staple manufacture. Petitions were poured in to the Lords and Commons of England, complaining that "The Irish were tenacious of the woollen manufacture; being strongly inclined to work up the materials in which their country abounded."

In answer to the petitions a commission of enquiry is issued; Englishmen, full of English prejudices, are sent to report upon our trade; their report concludes with a recommendation, "that a duty be laid upon imported oil, teasels, and upon all the utensils employed in the trade; on the utensils of worsted-combers, and particularly a duty by the yard, upon all cloth, and woollen stuffs, except freizes, before they are taken off the loom."\*

So much for English commissioners of enquiry. Their report shews that, though our export of woollen fabrics was much less than it was before the war, it was steadily on the increase. No pretence was now sought whereby to colour the aggression. Ireland is employed;—her sons grow wealthy;—her manufactures may rival those of England;—is not this sufficient?

The Lords and Commons of England were unanimous on the subject, and presented addresses to the throne, praying for the prohibition of our trade. The address from the House of Lords contains the following elucidation of the principles of English legislation for Ireland:—

"The growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessities of life, and the goodness of materials for making all manner of cloth, makes your loyal subjects in England very apprehensive, that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here, by which the trade of this nation and the value of lands will greatly decrease, and the number of your people be much lessened here. Wherefore we beseech your most sacred majesty, that your

majesty would be pleased, in the most public and effectual way that may be, to declare to all your subjects of Ireland, that the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture there, hath long been, and will ever be, looked upon with great jealousy by all your subjects of this kingdom, and, if not timely remedied, may occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same."

The same iniquitous spirit, mingled with somewhat more of arrogance, breathes through the address of the Commons:—

"Your majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons in parliament assembled, being very sensible that the wealth and power of this kingdom do, in a great measure, depend on the preservation of the woollen manufacture, as much as possible, entire to this realm; it becomes us, like our ancestors, to be jealous of the increase and establishment of it elsewhere, and to use our utmost endeavours to prevent it. And, therefore, we cannot without trouble observe, that Ireland, which is so proper for the linen manufacture, the establishment and growth of which there, would be so enriching to themselves, and so profitable to England, should of late apply itself to the woollen manufacture, to the great prejudice of the trade of this kingdom, the consequence whereof will necessitate your parliament of England to interpose to prevent the mischief that threatens; unless your majesty, by your authority and great wisdom, shall find means to secure the trade of England. We do most humbly implore your majesty's protection and favour in this matter—that your majesty will make it your royal care, and enjoin all those you employ in Ireland to make it their care, and use their utmost diligence to hinder the exportation of wool from Ireland, except to be imported hither, and for the discouraging of the woollen manufacture."

To these addresses a consolatory answer was given: "I shall," says his Majesty, "do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture."

Such was the fate of our country. Her King, with the Lords and Commons of another, were leagued in selfish and sinister compact against her prosperity and advancement. Idleness was to be established by law in the land; poverty was to overtake the once industrious and employed; the voice of joyous mirth was no more to be heard in the valleys; the busy hum of toil, which used to fill each heart with gladness, must now give place to the repinings of the involuntary emigrant, or the murmurs of a justly discontented people.

The campaign was shortly after opened by a letter from his Majesty to one of the Lords Justices. "The chief thing that must be tried to be prevented is, that the Irish parliament take no notice of what has passed in this here; and that you will discourage as far as possible the

\* English Commons' Journal. Vol. xii. 403.



woollen manufacture.\* In full accordance with these injunctions, the Lords Justices of Ireland, bring in a bill, *professedly* for the establishment of the linen and hempen manufactures, but *the real object* of which was to prepare the way for the destruction of the woollen trade. In the speech to the Irish parliament, they say:—"Amongst these bills, there is one for the encouragement of the linen and hemp manufacture; the settlement of this manufacture will contribute much to people the country, and will be found much more advantageous to this kingdom, than the woollen manufacture, which, being the staple trade of England, can never be encouraged here for that purpose." In compliance with the directions issued, the Irish parliament appointed a committee, to report as to what measure would be deemed most advisable, "to give the woollen trade of Ireland such a temperament, as not to interfere with that of England."

The committee were busy preparing their report, but England, impatient of delay, would not await their decision; and the following message from the Lords Justices, was delivered to the house:—"We have received his majesty's commands, to send unto you a bill, entitled an act for laying an additional duty, upon the woollen manufactures exported out of this kingdom; the passing of which in this session, his majesty recommends to you, as what may be of great advantage to the trade of this kingdom." By this act, four shillings, ad valorem, additional duty was laid on all old drapery, (frieze excepted,) and two shillings upon all new drapery exported to England.† We were now effectually shut out from her markets, whereas ours were open to her, at a nominal duty.

But this was not enough; the total wreck of our trade was demanded; and short of this, her policy would not stop. The following year a bill was introduced in the English parliament, the preamble of which contains a statement of the value and extent of the woollen manufacture of England. The part with which we have to do, though short, was not on that account, the less effective. "That great quantities of the like manufactures have of late been made, and are daily increasing in the kingdom of Ireland, and in the English plantations." Yes, "*Ireland and the Eng-*

*lish plantations.*" Commons of England, you left out a word; but be that word expressed or understood, your policy was no longer to be concealed; Ireland must now be treated like *other* colonies. The chief provision of this act was, "That the exportation of wool and of woollen manufactures from Ireland, be prohibited under a forfeiture of goods and ship, and a penalty of £500 for every such offence."\* An exception is made in favour of goods exported to England and Wales; but by this Ireland could benefit nothing, as the recent import duties, amounted to an interdict on her manufactured goods. Our wool indeed they invited us to send, that the hands of England might have full employment, while we were idle, and in want of bread. The effect of this act had a ruinous influence on the commercial destinies of Ireland. Our capital, feeling no further security, while within the reach of our all-grasping rivals, betook itself to more hospitable shores; our artisans, no longer finding employment, emigrated in large numbers; and within the short space of a few years, that land, whose increasing prosperity was cause of envy to other nations, became a scene of poverty and decay.

On the first opportunity afforded to the Irish parliament after the passing of this act, they addressed the throne "to give a true state of our most deplorable condition."† They deplore the loss of trade, and the universal prevalence of distress, and the vast numbers who were forced to emigrate. In their journals they entered a resolution, "that by reason of the great decay of trade and the discouragement of the exportation of the manufactures of this kingdom, many poor tradesmen are reduced to extreme want and beggary."‡ But though Ireland was beggared, and her sons forced into exile, England was fattening the while, and the restrictions were continued.

For a short time England enjoyed all the benefits she had hoped for; and having at once possessed herself of the markets, from which, by her fiat, we were so arbitrarily driven, reaped a rich, though short-lived harvest. In the course of time, she discovered that the narrow, minded policy which shut us out, had an unexpected effect on her own trade. Ireland indeed no longer rivalled her, by

\* Letter to the Lord Galway, July, 1696.

† 10 Wm. iii. ch. 5.

\* xi. William iii. chap 10.

† Commons' Journals, 3 Vol. p. 65.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

exporting manufactured woollens; but those laws which prohibited the export of raw wool to the Continent,—now that our manufacture, in a commercial point of view, ceased to exist,—became as oppressive, as they were before protective. While our industry was unfettered, and our *masters* permitted us to apply our own skill, and our own labour, to our own materials, it was the interest of every man to prevent the exportation of raw wool. Now it became every man's trade. In the words of an English economist, "When Ireland was restrained from exporting manufactured wool, the exporting raw wool, became the business, not of the few, but of the many: it was no man's business as an Irishman to prevent it; it was encouraged by all; all were well pleased to see it, from a principle of revenge and indignation against those who had subjected them to, what they could not but consider as, a cruel and oppressive law; which had not only impoverished many individuals, whose wealth was a common benefit, but cut off bread from the mouths of innumerable industrious poor, and produced national impotence and poverty. And it is both cruel and vain to expect that the people of Ireland will not smuggle wool, because it is forbidden by those, who have already forbidden them to eat."\*

Another writer says:—

"Being restrained from the exportation of their manufacture, it cannot be wondered at that the trade of Ireland is very much contracted, compared with what it otherwise would have been. They drive a very considerable trade in beef with France, and hither too (though clandestinely) they export very great quantities of wool."†

That England did not get the Irish wool to manufacture, as she expected she would, will be seen by comparing the quantities exported thither at different periods:—

In 1698	...	...	377,520½ stones.
1728	...	...	227,049 "
1779	...	...	1,645 " ‡

The cause of this was evident; there was from 50 to 60 per cent. gained by sending it abroad; and the number of Irish emigrants, now in all parts of the Continent, so facilitated the export, that England could not enforce her law, though she enforced its penalties with the utmost rigour.

"The immediate consequence of this complete annihilation of the export trade of Ireland, was the ruin of most, and the emigration of many of

the manufacturers who had been engaged in it. Some of them passed into Germany, where they founded manufactories for the celebrated Saxon cloths, which are the competitors of British cloths in the present day in many of the foreign markets: others, principally Catholics, emigrated to the north of Spain; and many, both Protestants and Catholics, to France, where they founded manufactories at Rouen and other places."\*

Sir James Caldwell estimates the number of artisans, who left the kingdom at that time, at 20,000.

The great rival with whom England had now to contend in the foreign market, was France. Hitherto the wool at her disposal, was not fitted to produce a fabric to compete with that of England; this was now remedied by an admixture of Irish wool. The English manufacturers soon found their error; but such was their antipathy to Ireland, that rather than redress her grievances and let her trade revive, they allowed, by the half measures which they adopted, this new and more dangerous rival, to gather strength. They petitioned parliament, to have the prohibition on the import to England of Irish woollen yarns removed. Their petition was heard, and an act was passed, giving Ireland permission to export woollen yarns to England, "as it may be a means to prevent the exportation of wool [elsewhere] from Ireland, and may also be of use to the manufacturers of Great Britain."\* This, however, had not the desired effect, Irish wool was still sent to the Continent; and though the policy of England effectually drove us from the market, she did not herself retain undisputed possession.

To use the words of an eloquent writer of our own, in reference to this time,—“In the latter end of this reign the political horizon was overcast; the national growth was checked, and the national vigour and industry impaired.”† But our spirit was not yet crushed. Thirty years after this period a government writer says—“The Irish make their own woollen manufactures universally; they want nothing from us, no, not one article.”‡ Thus, though our manufacturers were driven from the foreign market, the manufacture still lingered among the rustic habits of the people, as it does to this day.

Eighty years had we now well nigh numbered, yet were our hands tied up, and poverty still covered the face of the

\* Sir James Caldwell.

† Halley's "Atlas Maritimus."

‡ Commercial restraints.

VOL. II. NO. XII.

\* Report of Hand-Loom Weavers' Commission, 1840, p. 676.

† Hutchinson.

‡ Halley.

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land. In vain did we groan beneath accumulated wrong. The genius of Ireland still slumbered; but her sleep was not unto death. She but gathered strength unto the coming struggle. The swoon of grief was upon her. But a breeze now played around her temples—'twas from the west; 'twas fragrant of liberty; and she swooned no more;—yet she answered not our cries. But when the rallying cry of father-land was raised, and the thrilling sounds of patriotism re-echoed from our hills, responding to the loud and universal call, she arose, in all her native majesty, and pronounced her children free. A new era in our history had arrived. The restrictions which had so long fettered the national industry having been removed, our harbours were re-opened for the export of our produce; our trade revived; and our people were again employed. The rapid progress which manufactures made at this period, may be best judged of, from the official statement of our exports. We exported in—

	Yards.		Yards.
1780, of New Drapery,	8,652.	Of Old Drapery,	494.
1781, Ditto,	286,833.	Ditto,	3,749.
1782, Ditto,	336,607.	Ditto,	4,633.
1783, Ditto,	538,061.	Ditto,	40,589.

The unexampled rapidity of this increase, gave fair promise for the future; and all looked forward to the time, when the woollens of Ireland would regain their former ascendancy. That these our fond hopes were not realized, requires not to be told by us: but as the full extent of the decrease which has taken place, during the last forty years, cannot be too generally known, we will give the statistics of the trade, from the time of its revival to the present day.

These have been ably digested, and strikingly put forward, in the recent report of the Committee of the Repeal Association, "upon the rise, progress, and decline of the manufactures of Ireland." From our own knowledge of the woollen manufacture, as it exists in the metropolis and in the rural districts, we have every reason to believe, that the statements made therein, give as near an approximation to the actual state of the trade, both as it was, and as it is, as under the circumstances it would be possible to arrive at. We may therefore be found quoting it largely.

For convenience and brevity we will divide this period into three portions, and give a summary of the statistics, rather than enter into full details.

There are two remarkable years, 1800, and 1821, included in this period, we will therefore make them the basis of our division. From 1781 to 1800, from 1802 to 1821, and from 1821 to 1840, respectively, include nineteen years. Let us now examine the state in which the trade existed during, or at the termination of, these respective periods.

From the parliamentary returns we find that the value of the quantity of old drapery, exported from Ireland during the nineteen years prior to 1800, was £724,446; the value of new drapery exported during the same period, was £148,813; and the value of worsted yarn exported, was £1,842,460; making a total, for the nineteen years, of £2,215,719. During the nineteen years prior to 1821, the value of the quantity of old drapery exported was £36,070; the value of new drapery, £238,639; and the value of worsted yarn, £186,761; making a total, for the nineteen years, of £411,470; and showing a decrease in the second period, of £1,754,259. Thus, during the nineteen years immediately preceeding 1821, we lost upwards of three-fourths of the export-trade in woollens, which we enjoyed during the nineteen years immediately preceding 1800.

Let us now see what was the number employed in the manufacture, at the termination of these two periods, respectively. The Report of the Association says—

"It is ascertained from authentic documents in possession of your Committee, that in 1803 there were ninety-one master manufacturers in the woollen trade in Dublin, who kept 1,122 looms busy in the making of broad-cloths, druggets, and cassimeres; and the total number of hands employed were 4,938. There were, at the same period, thirty master wool-combers in Dublin; the entire number of their operatives is ascertained to have been 230. There were in the carpet manufacture thirteen master-manufacturers, who gave employment, between weavers, spinners, dyers, &c., to 720 individuals. The stuff and serge manufacture, another distinct branch, has been carried on extensively not only in Dublin but in other parts of Ireland, and gave employment to 1491 persons."

From the statements made in the report on the blanket manufacture in Wicklow, we would calculate the number employed at 8000. We again quote the report—

"In Cork there were employed in the manufacture of woollen goods, forty-one employers, and the number of persons deriving wages was at least 2,500. In Kilkenny, in the various processes, there could not be less than 3,000 persons altogether employed. By a census taken in 1799, it appears that the woollen manufacture of Carrick gave bread to 5000."

Let us say employment to 1,500. "In Roscrea and its environs, 900 were employed." Many other localities are mentioned in this report, as being the seats of woollen manufactories of various sorts. The factories of Bandon are mentioned as giving employment to great numbers; but as no estimate is given of the number actually employed, we will leave them out of our calculation. The number, therefore, employed in the manufacture of woollens in 1800, was about 23,279. In the appendix to the fourth report of the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland, in 1822, a paper handed in by Mr. Haughton, who was then an extensive manufacturer at Celbridge, states, that at that time there existed in Dublin and its immediate neighbourhood, "forty-five manufacturers, having twenty-two billies, giving employment to 2885 work people, on whom depended for support 7386 individuals, manufacturing 29,312 pieces of cloth, of various qualities, valued at £386,380." In the same paper there are returned, from the districts of Cork, Kilkenny, Moate, and Carrick-on-suir, 3,184 persons engaged, having 9,876 individuals depending on them for support, and manufacturing goods to the value of £199,000 annually. There is also a return made of the flannel trade of Wicklow and Wexford, the value of the manufacture of those districts is stated at £54,000 annually; the number employed at 3,000, and the number depending on their earnings 9,000. The total value of the manufacture of these three localities was £589,480, and the number employed 12,253.\* The amount paid in wages to the persons employed was estimated at £309,000† annually. Mr. Willans says, the "individuals employed are estimated too high."‡ But without making the very large deduction, he seems inclined to make, the conclusion from a comparison of the numbers engaged in the manufacture, at the termination of these respective periods is, that there appears to have been *quam proxime*, one half the amount of employment in 1821 that there was in 1800.

We have now to ascertain the circumstances of the trade, during the latter portion of our third and last period; and compare it with the state in which it existed, at the close of our second period.

\* See Appendix to Report of Revenue Commissioners.

† Moreau's Tables.

‡ Letter to the Railway Commissioners.

Mr. Willans, the proprietor of the Hibernian Mills Manufactory, in his letter to the Railway Commissioners, in 1838, says, with reference to the statements of Mr. Haughton already quoted:—

"I think the quantity and value of the articles manufactured, at the period referred to, (1822) were too high; and it appears to me that the estimate had respect to what the number of billies then engaged could produce, if fully employed, rather than the amount which they actually did produce. I am, therefore, inclined to suppose, that one-fourth less, would be a nearer approximation to the fact; and comparing the quantity and value of goods manufactured then, with the quantity and value of the goods now made, a reduction of 20 per cent on the value as reduced one-fourth, would give the amount of the articles then manufactured in present value to be £201,820. There are now about 36 billies employed within the same district, and the value of the articles now manufactured may be about £90,000, certainly not £100,000; the manufacture has, therefore, fallen off one-half."

With reference to Mr. Haughton's returns from Cork, Kilkenny, Moate, and Carrick-on-Suir, Mr. Willans continues:—

"This return I think a good deal over-rated, both as to the number of persons employed, and as to the quantity and value of the articles produced. At the present time, I am informed, that all those districts together, do not manufacture to the extent of £20,000."

Speaking of the flannel trade of Wicklow and Wexford, he says—

"In this case, both individuals employed, and amount of product are estimated too high; be that as it may, it is now almost extinct: and from the best information I can procure, it does not at present amount to £500 per annum."

Mr. Willans continues—

"In the paper alluded to, no mention occurs of the worsted and stuff manufactures. This branch of the woollen trade, has greatly increased since that period (1822), and is now carried on to a considerable extent in Mountmellick and Abbeyleix, under the direction of three enterprising and intelligent firms. . . . This, and the cloth branch of the woollen trade, as carried on in, and about the neighbourhood of, Dublin, may amount in value, at the present time (1838), to about £200,000."

The Report of the Association, speaking of the worsted trade, says—

"The town of Mountmellick was noted for the manufacture of stuffs and serges. This neighbourhood (Mountmellick) forms at present a most gratifying exception to the rest of Ireland. By the enterprize of one or two gentlemen the spinning of worsted is carried on most successfully, and gives employment to several hundred persons. We learn (continues the Report) that 2000lbs. of fine worsted are exported weekly hence to France, to form the basis of the fabric of French challies."

\* Railway Com. Report, 1838, p. 14.

The aggregate value of the produce of the different manufactories, in all these districts, including that of the worsted manufactory, in 1838, was £220,500 annually. The aggregate value in 1821, was stated by Mr. Haughton at £589,480; if we deduct one-fourth from this, in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Willans, it will give £441,360, more than twice the value of the quantity manufactured in 1838. The woollen trade of Ireland has, therefore, decreased towards the latter end of the third period, to less than one-half of what it was at the termination of the second period.

The report is carried down to the present date; it enters very minutely into details, and shows most satisfactorily that the trade has continued to decrease since 1838. We would quote more at length from this report, had we not already occupied too much space with statistics. We conceive, however, that we have brought forward a sufficient number of facts, to convince all, that the vivifying principle, which imparted life and vigour to the woollen trade of Ireland, some sixty years ago, no longer continues to animate it. We have seen, by a comparison of the total woollen exports, for the first nineteen years, with that of the second, that in the second period we lost more than three-fourths of our export trade. We have seen, by a comparison of the number of hands employed in it, at the termination of the first nineteen years, with the number employed at the termination of the second nineteen years, that, at the latter period, the woollen manufacture gave employment to one-half the number, who were employed at the former period. We have seen by a comparison of the annual value of the woollen manufacture of Ireland, at the termination of the second nineteen years, with its annual value towards the termination of the third nineteen years, which are now about to expire, that, at the present period, we manufacture only one-half the quantity we manufactured nineteen years ago.

The wages, too, of our artisans have fallen considerably.

"Before this," says Mr. Willans, referring to 1826, "the prices generally paid to workmen

in Ireland, were higher than those paid for similar descriptions of work in England; these wages, however, were reduced from the necessity of the manufacturers to the level of the lowest wages in England."\*

"The average earnings of woollen weavers for the last three years amounted to from 8s. to 10s. a week."†

But perchance we have not the artisans or raw material in such abundance as we had?

"There is no scarcity of hand-loom weavers; if I was to say I wanted five or six weavers, I would have twenty or thirty looking for work."‡

"The wool grown in Ireland in 1821 was estimated at 5000 bags; it is now estimated at about 7000; in value about £300,000 at present prices: the great bulk of this wool, is exported to England, and a part to France, perhaps two thirds or more to England. And I have no doubt but if this were manufactured in Ireland, it would leave to be distributed in wages, for labour and profit, from £300,000 to 400,000 annually..."§

England has at length succeeded in her policy,—her people are busily employed in the manufacture of our materials, while we are idle, and in want.

We have now shown, as briefly as was consistent with the importance of the subject, the state in which our woollen trade existed, prior to its annihilation as a commercial manufacture, by that memorable act of 1699. The addresses of the Lords and Commons of England—the petitions of her people, and the report of her commissioners—are so many records of the extent and perfection to which it had at that time attained. But are they not equally valuable as memorials of England's policy?

We have shown the elasticity with which it again sprang into being, at a period when, to have national feelings and national prejudices, and to express them, was not a badge of inferiority,—when a spirit of unity animated our social frame,—when the strife of party was hushed,—when there was but one hope—that of country,—one faith, that of freemen.

These things require no comment from us; to Irish hearts it is enough to hear them—to the wise they speak volumes.

\* Letter.

† Hand-loom Coms. Report, page 661, part iii.

‡ Ibid. page 661, evidence of Mr. Moore's foreman.

§ Ibid.

\* Report.

## STANZAS TO HOPE.

BENIGNANT Hope, who com'st with such sweet smile,  
 To cheer the love-lorn wretch's nights of care,  
 They say that faithless in a little while  
 Thou leav'st the trusting heart to fell despair !  
 They call thee guileful, as the misty air  
 Which o'er the parching desert all the day  
 The thirsty Arab watches in the glare,  
 Shimmering, like sunny waters, far away,  
 But veiling arid sands, still stretching where it lay !

I believe them not, kind comforter wert thou  
 To me, when reft of all on earth beside,  
 And oft to gathering ills my soul might bow,  
 Hadst thou not whispered of a course untried  
 By which to steer me, through the troubled tide.  
 But if, alas ! 'tis true—even all they tell !  
 Yet—yet awhile thy fiendish purpose hide,  
 And let the cheat hang round me like a spell,  
 Then sudden drop the mask that shrouds thy visage fell !

Let me yet dream she sometimes thinks of me,  
 The maid who filled my longing heart with light,  
 And most when lone and far from revelry,  
 She weaves her locks in raven wreathes at night ;  
 At that sweet hour when love's own star is bright,  
 And young remorse upbraids the soul within  
 For chilling look it cast on fresh delight,  
 Or listless glance ; as if for deadly sin,  
 To see whose guilt, alone, it then did first begin.

How oft at evening, in the cool sea wind,  
 We've paced the sands where gentler surges beat ;  
 How often on some shallow rock reclined,  
 They playful came and leaped to kiss our feet ;  
 How oft when smiles, my longing smiles would greet,  
 Love's secret hung my trembling lips between ;  
 Even now those moments wander back as sweet  
 As dreams of gone delight at lonely e'en ;  
 Oh ! may I ne'er have cause, to wish they had not been !

No, no, whatever comes, long days were mine  
 Of thrilling gladness ; and though closed in pain,  
 Though left for ever still in doubt to pine,  
 She did not tell me all my love was vain !  
 No, thoughts and tones of those dear hours remain  
 In memory's shrine, like holy relics stored ;  
 Night after night I visit them again,  
 And like a trembling miser o'er his hoard,  
 Count o'er each accent kind, and weigh each doubtful word.

Oh, gentle Hope, at holy evening hour,  
 When visions bright from dim futurity  
 Steal o'er the soul with more than charmed power,  
 If she should musing, listen then to thee,  
 Still in the sweet communing talk of me,  
 Tell her she'll meet with forms of happier mould,  
 Perhaps with hearts that heave less quietly,  
 Or words that burn, when all within is cold,  
 But never—never love like his, whose love's untold !

## MY NEIGHBOUR'S STORY.

## A RETROSPECTION.

"I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd."—*All's well that ends well.*

THE time has expired, and I have inviolably kept my promise. Many, many long years have rolled on since the death of the last subject of this narrative; and I am absolved from all further secrecy. It is not without pain that, even at this remote period, I revert to circumstances which are so strongly branded on my memory, that even the utmost longevity could never altogether efface my regret; and from the depressing effects they had on me for years after their occurrence, they have not hitherto allowed my sunken spirits the courage to attempt their narration.

It was in the summer of 18—, that when I had become sufficiently strong to bear removing, subsequent to a long and severe indisposition, I took a cottage near —, as the pure and invigorating air of that part of the country was considered by my physician, as the most efficacious restorative to my shattered constitution. I had not been there long, until the most beneficial results were the consequence, and I was shortly enabled to take a stroll down the neat and extensive garden at the rear of the house in which I resided. How happy, how proud I was in my own vigour, as I was thus enabled to crawl out and inhale the sweet and blessed air of heaven, untainted by the close and fetid atmosphere of a sick chamber! How ardently I admired the rich perfume of the surrounding flowers, as I lingered on the well gravelled walks, enjoying the beauties of nature with an avidity only known, and which can only be appreciated, by those who have but just arisen from a bed of painful and protracted illness! At the bottom of my garden was a well covered and pretty little arbour, under whose friendly shade I used frequently to retire, when the force of the meridian sun became too powerful for me.

I was sitting in it one day, reading, when my study was rather pleasingly interrupted by a joyous and very musical laugh, which proceeded from the garden of my next door neighbour. We were only divided by a hedge; and I could distinctly

discern the movements of any person through it, and could do so from my shady position, without the slightest apprehension of attracting attention. Seated on a large rustic chair in the centre of the garden, with his elbow on the arm of the seat, and his hand supporting his head, sat a gentleman, seemingly of about thirty years of age. There was something desponding about the expression of his pale face; and, although his features were regular, and might once have been even handsome, yet, from their then haggard and emaciated appearance, they were quite revolting. Seated at his feet, on a low stool, was an interesting little girl, whose age seemed scarcely to exceed six summers. The bloom on the young child's cheek, her laughing dark eyes, and the infantine grace of her animated gestures, formed a singular contrast with the silent and melancholy being beside her. She had her lap full of flowers, from which she had just made a little coronet, and it was her delight at her own skill, as she placed the mimic decoration on her youthful brow, that had elicited the rapturous burst of merriment which had reached my ears. Thus decked, she placed her little hands on her companion's knees, and looking smilingly up into his face, endeavoured to attract his notice and congratulation. His reverie must have been deep indeed; for it was not until after she had made two or three attempts to engage his attention, that he even favoured her with a look; and before he did so, I remarked the change the expression of the child's countenance underwent, as she gazed up at him. The interruption seemed unwelcome; for he turned away his head with an air of chagrin; but instantly after, as if to make reparation for his momentary ill-nature, he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her repeatedly in the most affectionate manner. My astonishment was rather excited, however, when I perceived, on his laying her down again, that large tears were running down his thin cheeks: he paced the garden for a few moments with his hand

on his fore head, in all the agony of uncontrollable emotion, and then entered the house.

The poor child had watched this outburst of grief in silence, and on his leaving the garden, hastily brushed the late prized flowers from her lap, flung off the rural crown, and with a sad and concerned deportment followed him. Meanwhile, I had sat quite confounded at so extraordinary a scene; and, although I had never seen either of the parties before, yet I felt an interest in them which became every moment stronger, as I pondered on the sad consequences of that event, whatever it might be, which seemed to consign a fellow creature, still in the spring of life, to hopeless misery and despair. It was in vain I essayed to resume my book. My thoughts continually recurred to what I had just witnessed, and for the remainder of that day I felt restless and gloomy. Little sleep visited my eyes that night, for I lay tossing about almost the whole time, and anxiously wishing for the morrow, until it might give me another chance of seeing something more of my mysterious neighbour. It came; and a full hour before my usual time I sat at my accustomed post. I was sadly disappointed, however, as no one appeared except the child, who came out to tend a small bed of flowers which seemed to be her own exclusive property, and when she had finished them in a hasty manner, she returned into the house again without a moment's delay. I remarked there was not the slightest tendency to that hilarity of spirits which she had manifested on the previous day; and I sighed to think to what an extent some cause had doomed one to be

"So fixed in a stupid lethargy of woe."

as to cast an infectious and blighting influence on the young and innocent girl before me.

Day after day I sat in the garden, cherishing the vain hope, that some incident might happen to give me a clue to their distress, but all to no purpose; no one ever appeared beside a servant, except the child, whose daily task of caring her little perfumed charges would bring out; she, however, never permitted them to occupy more than a very short time, but with many a look cast back at them, hurried into the house again.

Wet weather set in, and being thereupon confined to the house, my books and other matters served in a great measure to dispel the recollection of an event,

which had at first given me such painful curiosity. Meanwhile, my health had made such rapid progress, that on the reappearance of fine weather, I did not confine my walks to the garden, but visited different parts of the adjacent country. Having been precluded from taking my usual exercise one day, on account of the number of letters I had to write, and not having them finished until late, after sending them to the post office in the village, I took up my bat with the intention of taking a leisurely saunter in the garden before dinner. As I walked down towards the end, I perceived my pretty little neighbour standing at the edge of a stream that ran at the foot of both our gardens, intent on some purpose which at first I could not distinctly see. The little river, although generally placid and shallow, was, at this time, in consequence of the late heavy rains, swollen very much, and running with a rapid current. On my nearer approach, I perceived that she held a long switch in her hand, with which she was endeavouring to reach (alas! true emblem of her own sad revulsion of feeling when it was but just completed,) the wreath of flowers which she had made on the first day I had seen her, and which had been blown on the branches of a tree that bent over the rivulet, where it hung all withered and dirty. Considering how dangerous it was for a young creature like her to be so very near a current now running furiously, and not seeing the slightest likelihood of any assistance, if unfortunately she might require it, I hastened down with the intention of remonstrating with her on her imprudence, when, alas, before I could carry my intention into effect, my worst fears were realized; in making too long a stretch, she lost her balance, and fell headlong into the deep and turbid water, and was in a moment swept along by the stream.

Fortunately, I was just in time to catch her before she passed, in which case, the poor little thing would have been inevitably lost, and grasping her frock firmly, I rescued her from her perilous situation. She was more frightened than hurt, and on my carrying her to my house, and administering some slight restoratives, she completely revived, and struggled earnestly to be brought home, which I accordingly did, as I neither wished to detain her shivering in her wet clothes, nor to keep in suspense those who might be even then anxiously waiting her return. Taking her therefore by the hand



I left her at her own door, where I briefly related to the terrified servant that opened it, the narrow escape the child had had, recommending more care for the future.

As I was sitting at my breakfast the following morning, I received a note, the contents of which were as follow :—

“Sir—If the sincere and heartfelt thanks of a stranger can be any equivalent to you for the lasting benefit conferred on me, by the preservation of all I now hold dear, accept them. I would add the offer of my friendship, but in consequence of circumstances which I cannot fully explain, it would be as worthless as my society would be undesirable. My poor little girl is confined to her bed with a severe cold, God grant it be nothing worse; but if, waiving all ceremony, you will come in and see her, she will, I am sure be as glad to see her preserver as your everlasting debtor.

“HENRY GERMAIN.”

“Some deep mystery lies here,” thought I, after perusing the letter; “sad indeed must be the blow that could induce one at his age to renounce the society of the world, and lead such an ascetic life.” I accepted the invitation conveyed in the latter part of the letter, notwithstanding the unsocial tendency of the commencement, and after hurrying on the remainder of my meal, repaired next door. As I entered, I perceived Mr. Germain himself coming out of a back room; he seemed to be labouring under great bodily pain, and came forward in a weak and languid manner to greet me, which he did, however, with a cordiality and warmth, far beyond what I had previously expected from the cynical tenour of his invitation. He enquired if I would wish to see my little friend. “Poor dear child,” he continued, “I fear she is far from being well, she has been restless all night, and I fear a little feverish; however, you will form a better opinion of her when you see her.” I gladly acquiesced in his proposition, for I truly felt an anxiety on the child's account, from her severe wetting; accordingly, we entered together the room where she lay. It was partially darkened by the half-closed shutters, but at the end I could perceive the object of his solicitude, lying on a small French bed, with a flushed countenance, and every indication of coming sickness.

There was a second bed in the room, and as my eyes glanced towards it, in a

casual manner, Mr. Germain addressed me, “You are no doubt surprised to see both our beds in the same apartment, but my child and I never part even in sleep; I do not think I could rest but with the consciousness of her being near me—is it not so, Emily?” he enquired, bending over her, and kissing her cheek. The answer he received, although a silent one, sufficiently proved that their love was mutual, and her looks were quite as expressive of fondness as his. She put her little arms around his neck and kissed him in return with equal warmth. “Come,” thought I, much pleased at this affectionate scene, “there is some genuine sensibility here.” I took the invalid's hand in mine, and the warmth of it, and quick throbbing of her pulse, made my fears but too truly coincide with his. But not wishing to increase his anxiety by expressing them, I treated the matter lightly, and expressed my opinion that it was merely a cold, consequent on her immersion, which would not be of the least consequence, and begged him not to be alarmed. He did not seem satisfied, and our further conversation was broken off by the arrival of the doctor, who had been sent for to some distance early in the morning, and his final judgment confirmed both our opinions, sadly indeed. And, great God, when shall I ever forget the overpowering, the agonizing burst of misery that followed his departure. I really thought the wretched father had lost his reason. I never saw complete misery depicted in any man's countenance before, nor, thank God, since; all restraint which my presence might have occasioned at first, vanished, as, with uplifted hands and eyes, his very being seemed lost in the fervour of his exclamation. “Great and omniscient Creator,” he gasped, “take all I possess beside. Blast my existence even more than it is already withered; curse the ground I walk on; root me off the face of the earth, but spare, oh, spare my darling child!”

During the time that he was giving vent to this violent paroxysm of feeling, I had stood quite confounded at what I considered the wild and incoherent raving of a madman; but immediately after, falling almost insensible into a chair, he burst into such a sad, such a desponding, overflow of grief, that as I saw the large tears forcing their way through his long lank fingers, I confess it was as much as I could do to curb the strength of my own. I endeavoured by every means in my

power, to assuage his disquietude, but I tried in vain; and as I felt that my continuing any longer would be painful to both of us, I shortly quitted him. The following morning I called again, and found the poor child tossing in all the delirium of fever, and her distracted father sitting gazing on her with symptoms of even greater sickness and danger.

I have heard, seen, and experienced, the tender, anxious, and untiring care of a mother, but never found any to equal the affection possessed for that little sufferer by that weak dying man. Nothing could compel him to quit his post; his meals were either entirely neglected, or hurriedly swallowed, and I feared with but too much justice, that his weak frame and infirm health, would fall a victim to his persevering and laborious attention. After the lapse of some time the fever abated, and she began rapidly to recover. Youth, and the great care she received, finally conquered, and her convalescence became daily more confirmed. Not so with her care-worn parent. As the cause of his anxiety decreased, his weakness and lassitude gained ground, and I watched with concern the rapid advance of settled decay.

He had evinced towards me, during my visits, a warmth of feeling which told me plainly, that he was not ungrateful for any little attention I was capable of rendering, and I in return felt really attached to a man, whom I found to possess a heart, although torn by the rude adversity of the world, rife in the most sterling qualities; and I sighed to think, as I gazed on his worn and attenuated frame, how probable it was, that so recent an acquaintance would be curtailed by the hand of death. At length, on the restoration of his daughter's health, Mr. Germain took to his bed. I saw that nature could hold out no longer, and that absolute necessity had compelled him to do so—indeed, I subsequently learned, that it had been his child's indisposition which made him quit it at all, for that he had been keeping it for nearly a fortnight previous to that event.

"My dear friend," said he to me, one day as I sat at his bed-side, "your kindness both to me and my child, demands not a little confidence on my part, and if you will have patience to listen to the relation of my misfortunes, I will give you, as near as I can, a true sketch of them—they will be of little consequence to me

shortly, for you must be aware, I am a dying man."

"With regard to your last remark," I answered, "before I altogether accede to it, allow me to qualify my opinion a little, with what, I trust, you will not consider too great a liberty. I confess, that in your present condition you are rapidly declining, and I have no doubt, but if you persevere in your present line of conduct, that it will eventually prove fatal; but you must really excuse me, if I contend for it, that your best remedy lies in your own hands. Your present indisposition arises, not entirely from physical causes, but is the natural result of some mental depression, which, as a man, and a Christian, if it were only for your child's sake, you ought to overcome. Recollect that you are still a young man, and believe me," I added as impressively as I could, "that should it please the Almighty to prolong your existence, you must yet learn to treat as the consequent evils of our mortality, what is now hurrying you to a premature grave. I can have no motive for deceiving you; but take my word for it, you view life through a wrong medium; I truly believe you must have met with some sad reverses; indeed nothing but heavy calamities could have produced such an effect. Bear in mind, however, that our path through this life is not always strewed with thorns, we meet flowers quite as often."

He shook his head in silence, and muttered, rather than repeated, the following lines—

"Go to the raging sea, and say, be still;  
Bid the wild lawless waves, obey thy will;  
Preach to the storm, and reason with despair;  
But, tell not misery's son—that life is fair."

"Well," I persisted, "if you continue in that strain, I see, indeed, there is little use in my using any endeavour to reason with you, but religion at least ought to teach us to bear the bitter rubs of this world with fortitude."

Although I spoke so bravely, my heart was swelling within me. I shall never forget the sad, and mournful pathos with which he repeated that beautiful quotation. Poor fellow, it was but too appropriate—for he was, indeed, the offspring of misery!

"Believe me, my true, my only friend," said he, turning his pale face towards me, "that I am not ungrateful for your assiduous endeavours to bring calm to a heart, now long breaking—but all is unavailing, and whether I have just cause to

shun life or not, you shall judge. For the confidence I am about to repose in you, I will not hurt your sensibility by demanding your silence; your own heart, I am convinced, will prompt you to cast a veil over the knowledge of the scenes I am about to present before you: not for my sake do I mention this, but for that of the poor orphan I will shortly leave behind. Oh God," he added, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, "for this alone do I regret leaving a world, in which I have met with little else but misfortune!"

He remained wrapt in thought for some moments, and then, again turning towards me, addressed me thus:

"I had almost forgotten my promise, and I had better fulfil it at once. My time will be short, and it is better you should hear it without delay, while the little strength I have remains.

"I shall begin at my birth, as you are ignorant of every circumstance connected with my previous life.

"I was born in affluence, my father having been a wealthy merchant, and I must do him memory the justice to say, that however I abused it, he spared no expense to procure me the best education. My mother died, I believe, in giving me birth, or, at all events, so very recently after, that I never knew her love: this, I think, coupled with the very little attention my father paid me when young, tended in a great measure, to make me what I confess I was, when first stepping into manhood—a careless spendthrift and idle madcap. What I mean by my father's want of attention, is his personal inattention. He was so absorbed in his mercantile pursuits, and rearing up my brother to a knowledge of his business, that he took little notice of me, when a boy; in all other respects he was the most indulgent of fathers, never permitting me to feel the want of anything that money could procure. Indeed, in pecuniary matters, he was always too generous; for when, on the death of my elder brother, he turned his thoughts towards me, the idle notions I had acquired when young, had taken too deep a root when I arrived at a more mature age. Plenty of money had obtained me plenty of companions, and bad habits were contracted by my frequent intercourse with those whom I found, when too late, to possess neither the principles of honour, nor the warm feelings of disinterested friendship. My father, in later years, often remonstrated with me, on the selection of

some of my companions—but he, poor man, was but too easily deceived in anything that did not immediately appertain to his daily avocation; and the ready excuse, and plausible subterfuge, would silence, at least for a time, what I used then to term, the prejudices of the old man.

"This mode of life did not last long; my father having engaged in a heavy speculation, which failed, he was ruined, and he died of a broken heart six months after, in gaol, leaving me a penniless orphan, at the age of twenty. But why need I dwell on the details of my folly? I was a helpless, almost a homeless outcast; my gay, thoughtless companions cut me openly in the street, with the exception of one or two, who, less hardened than the rest, would kindly commiserate me on my late dreadful bereavement, ask me some impertinent prying question, and sigh as they expressed their unfortunate inability to render me any assistance, and their hopes that I should be able to procure some aid from those who were better able to give it. But enough of such recollections. After fluttering about different parties, and meeting with nothing but disappointment at every step, I was quite content, my little stock of money being reduced to a mere nothing, to accept the post of clerk in a scrivener's office. How often used I to curse my infatuation in neglecting more serious affairs in my father's lifetime, as poverty, misery, and every filthy attendant on my degrading situation, surrounded me. In this position I remained for nearly eighteen months, at the expiration of which time an event happened, which under any circumstances I should have considered fortunate, but, in the present instance, I received it as a divine interposition to rescue me from such a state of squalid wretchedness. By the death of a distant relative, who died abroad, I suddenly became master of, comparatively speaking, a large fortune. It was at all events more than a competence, and so unexpected was its arrival, that I could scarcely believe the reality of my own senses. I was disgusted at the cruel and ungrateful treatment I had received in my own country, and went abroad, trusting that by a more general intercourse with the world, I might perhaps obtain in a foreign land a happiness that had been denied me at home.

"Possessed of feelings thus soured, the light, and to me, frivolous disposition of the French, was not very consonant, and

my stay there was consequently short. I finally settled near Geneva. The sublimity and awful grandeur of that country, wiled away my thoughts from the harrowing conviction I had formed of the selfishness of man, and I turned my mind from bitter retrospection, to the contemplation of the stupendous works of God around me.

"I had been there scarcely two months, when I became acquainted with a Mr. Harcourt; he was an Englishman, and if the ties of nationality were not sufficient to secure my friendship, his frank open-hearted good nature would have shortly insured my admiration and respect. His only daughter accompanied him.

"I have now arrived at a momentous crisis in my life. To this acquaintance do I owe years of misery, and an early grave. I spent much of my time in their company, as I was always a welcome guest; and in such delightful society first felt the genial influence of unimpaired happiness. Oh! those were happy days indeed; such, alas, as were not long to continue. In addition to the most elegant accomplishments, which the wealth of an over indulgent father could procure, nature had bestowed on Miss Harcourt attractions, which all the factitious acquirements of this world could scarcely make more perfect. That she was beautiful, lovely beyond expression, is a fact which could never be doubted for a moment by any who saw her; when I first did, my heart glided almost imperceptibly from one grade of the gentle passion to another, until from admiration my love arose to a height, that I fear, approached too near my adoration for my Creator.

"In the midst of such a delirium, before I had sufficiently weighed, in my own mind, the responsibility of the step I was about to take, I made her a proposal of marriage, which she accepted; and I thus became bound for ever to a person whom I had not known for more than a few weeks. The delighted father did not for a moment withhold his consent to, what he considered, the confirmation of both our happiness. Could the poor kind old man now look from his grave, he would mourn what the consummation of that seeming happy union has been; and had I, then, the slightest insight into the character I was linking myself to for life, I would have plighted my troth to a harpy as soon! How I laugh at my own folly, as I now think of the rapture

I contemplated from our marriage; the certain domestic beatitude, and all the joyful events consequent on the possession of such a treasure. In fact, my love was too pure, too genuine, to have merited the cruel requital it received.

"After our marriage we returned to England, and we had not been there long until the first reverse my happiness received happened—my father-in-law died, and I felt all the regret at his loss, which his unremitting kindness to me demanded; but yet I now rejoice he did die then. Better a quiet grave than to live and witness the sad events that ensued. My grief at his loss was shortly mitigated, by the rather premature birth of my poor little Emily, by which I considered the home of our mutual love to be rendered more secure. How subsequent events justified such a supposition is yet to be told.

"A couple of months after the birth of this our first and only child, we were invited to spend some time with a friend of my late father-in-law's; and, as I was always most desirous of contributing in every respect to my wife's pleasure, I readily accepted of it, as she seemed to express a desire to that effect. It was at this place I first met him, whose foul and cursed act has blackened the current of my existence! Charles Parker was the last surviving member of his family; his father, who had held a high rank in the army, died on foreign service, leaving his widow and this son, then a mere child, to enjoy undisturbed the splendid fortune he left behind him. It is almost needless to enter into the minute features of his character, as the progress of my eventful history will form the best commentary on them. When I first saw him, he was indeed a person who would be most likely, I should think, to attract at first sight: of commanding stature, and lightly, though nervously, formed; his lofty carriage, and dignified mien, were eminently calculated to captivate, and pre-engage any, who did not know the devil's heart that dwelt beneath so very prepossessing an exterior. Join to this the utmost suavity of manner, a good address, high conversational powers, and, above all, the military post he then held,—he being at that time a lieutenant in his majesty's —th light dragoons; and I believe you will admit his powers of captivation with the softer sex could seldom fail to meet with the most complete success. Notwithstanding his perfections I did not, after a little expe-

rience, much admire him. Even in the presence of his superiors, both in rank and age, there was an 'odi profanum vulgus' stamped on his proud brow, and a perpetual curl on his thin lip, which seemed to despise all around him. This sneer never left him but in the society of females, and then all was placid, for he reigned unrivalled; and I had many opportunities of witnessing such lucid-intervals, as the house was full of visitors. The evident pleasure his attention excited in some, the poor attempts at indifference in others, were all so much incense offered at the shrine of his vanity; and I frequently have seen him give an almost imperceptible chuckle of pleasure, as he saw the effect he created when he laid himself out to play the agreeable, and gave loose to the fascinating and continuous play of his eloquence.

"My jealous surveillance, on my wife's account, was first raised by a warning which I received. I found it thrust into my glove, and written in a hasty manner, with a pencil on a small scrap of paper; it was conveyed in a distich, and ran thus:—

"Keep a sharp cautious eye on those whom  
you love,  
And prize a friend's warning, though found in a  
glove."

"I watched closely, but could not perceive the slightest cause to justify my apprehensions; I even thought my wife was looked on by Parker with the nearest approach to indifference, that a man of his professed gallantry could at all evince. Nevertheless, I felt jealous and uneasy—for true love, in such a case, could not but be so—and I took the earliest opportunity of making some excuse and returning home. I had not been there long, when some legal affairs demanded my personal attendance in London, and I was most anxious that my wife should accompany me; but she either felt or feigned illness, and I was compelled to proceed alone, after making every preparation for what might turn out to be rather a protracted absence. This was the first separation since our marriage, and, as far as I was concerned, it was felt deeply.

"Notwithstanding the usual slow and tedious progress of law, I was enabled to bring the matter to a close nearly a week sooner than I had anticipated: and it was with feelings, only appreciated by those who have been placed as I then was,—but shortly married, and returning from a

first absence,—that can at all understand the joy I felt.

"I remember well, how on the road I beguiled many an otherwise tedious hour, in supposition of what would be likely to be the expressions of my wife's pleasure at my unexpected return, and how I anticipated the rapture I myself should experience, at clasping my child to my breast once more. At length the long-wished for destination drew nigh, and, although my carriage flew, I could scarce restrain the ardour of my feelings as I drove up the lawn in front of my house. My happiness received a sickening check, as I descried a horse at my door. I could not mistake it—I had seen it before. It was a strong, well-limbed charger, of a queer colour, and I knew belonged to Parker. The mysterious warning I received at——, rushed to my mind, and I thought I should have gone mad ere I reached the hall-door. One of my servants held the horse; and so confounded was the rascal at my sudden appearance, that he let the rein go, and the liberated animal tore madly down the lawn. No wonder the fellow stared at me so, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets; for, I am sure, if my features rightly reflected the flaming passions of my breast, I must have, indeed, looked more like a demon than a man.

"A moment sufficed to place me at the door of our general sitting apartment. I opened it; and you may, perhaps, form a slight idea of the fever of my mind, when I tell you the scene that met my eyes. Did I find the partner of my life like the virtuous wife of Collatinus, intent on some of her domestic duties; or, what would have been more grateful to my view, engaged in her maternal cares of tending our child? Far from it. Seated on a sofa, with the scoundrel Parker, (who, I suppose, had heard my hurried step on the stairs,) just arisen from beside her, she sat utterly spell-bound, and almost frozen to death by terror at my sudden entrance. No eager flush was on her cheek to welcome home him who would have died to serve her. A guilty palor was cast over her face, and she swooned away before me. But what did I do, you will naturally ask, to the villain who had thus dared to invade the happiness of the absent?—I will tell you. With the utmost self-possession he came forward, as if to explain. I waved him off authoritatively, and pointed significantly to the door. 'Your way lies there, sir,' said I. 'Never dare to

set your foot beyond the threshold of my door again, or, by heaven! you will repent it.' He folded his arms across his breast, and smiled at me with the most cutting contempt. To look at me now, you would little credit the great bodily vigour I then possessed. But what strength could have borne the constant pressure of woes like mine. I rushed on him, clasped him round the waist with the force of a giant, dragged him, in despite of his powerful efforts, to the head of the stairs, and flung him, with the impetus of an engine, down the long flight. I recollect his sabre caught in the bannisters, but it was unable to save him; they broke sharply off, and he rolled headlong to the very foot, where he lay stunned and motionless. From that day, I may date the commencement of my misery. When confidence is once broken between man and wife, farewell all hope of domestic happiness: the chord of conjugal love once snapped, can never be united. So it was with us. Not, however, that I had reason to suppose that she had as yet, by any thing more than mere levity of manner, forfeited her title to my affection and respect. A female relative, on whom I had every reliance, had been residing in the house during the entire of my absence. The frequent visits of Parker it was not in her power to prevent; but her presence effectually debarred that wretch from prosecuting his diabolical project, further than estranging my wife's affections from me, and planting in her weak bosom the seeds of future remorse and shame.

"Strange, I could not but love her still. Oh, wretched simpleton that I was, to believe I could reclaim one who had given me but too sure a proof of the fickleness and depravity of her heart! and yet I did love her dearly—passionately!

"About a fortnight after the event just told, a gentleman called on me. He told me he came on the part of his friend, Lieutenant Parker, and he regretted that his visit had been so long delayed, but pleaded, as his excuse, the shattered arm of that gallant officer, which had confined him to his bed; 'consequently, my dear sir,' said he, 'you must pardon his want of attention.' I accepted the challenge with eagerness, even with pleasure, trusting that I might now wipe off the stain my honour had received, or end an existence that had already become unbearable. I little thought, at that time, what I was still further to endure. We met about two miles from where I lived; and when on the ground

I perceived Parker still wore a sling for his arm, and he looked pale and languid. I advanced, and expressed a doubt as to his capability of supporting the character of a principal, at least for the present, assuring him, that at any future period, I should be most willing to resume the present business. In acting thus, believe me, I was more influenced by the desire that neither of us should have any advantage, than from any motives of commiseration. I did not wish that my revenge should be impaired by any inequality: I wished the balance equal. From the haughty answer I received, and the fire of unquenchable malice that beamed in his eyes, my passions became again inflamed, and I longed for his blood with all the ardour that he did for mine. We exchanged two shots, and neither proved effective. Parker's second declared, that all that was necessary for the injured honour of his friend had been accomplished, and my second also expressed a desire that the affair should then end.

" 'Mr. Parker's honor, may be satisfied,' said I, 'but it is now my turn to vindicate mine,' and notwithstanding the violent opposition I received from both seconds, I persevered and gained my point. We again fired, and the cloth cap that Parker wore flew from his head; proving how very near I had gone to finally redressing my disgrace. He was however untouched, and stood firm. I received a slight wound in my side, and notwithstanding my urgent entreaties, I was obliged, reluctantly, to quit the field. As I was turning to depart, Parker called out to me, 'Germain,' said he, 'by—!' swearing an awful oath; 'I have not yet done with you.' Dreadfully did he fulfil his promise, and bitterly did he suffer the penalty of his rashness.

"Almost immediately after this occurrence I sold my house, dismissed my servants, with the exception of one or two, on whose fidelity I could rely, and went with my wife to Scotland, where I thought time and change of scene would tend to dispel the melancholy, which, despite my every exertion, was strongly gaining ground on me. My wife's feelings seemed utterly changed towards me, and I often thought from her manner, that she even loathed me. Great heaven! could she but have read my heart, she would have found there, what might perhaps have prevented her from taking that step, which was also my first advance towards a premature grave—heart-broken and wretched!

"I am now about to arrive at a part

where I feel myself almost incapable of continuing the progressive thread of my narrative. I do not really remember what circumstances happened previous to her last act of heartless ingratitude. I have told you that her manner quite changed towards me—it did so. But what grieved me more than all was her neglect of my beloved child; her manner here underwent a most unnatural change, for all the warm sensibilities of a mother were lost, and absorbed, in her deadly hatred for its father.

“One lovely morning—the day is but too legibly engraved in my memory, for I well remember it was bright and lovely—she presented herself before me with a most happy change of aspect; she appeared light and merry, and no longer received my advances towards reconciliation with coldness or hauteur; and I accepted the wished for transformation, with thankfulness to heaven, as a happy presage of returning peace, and I congratulated myself in the hope, that she had for ever renounced all thought of the wretch who had been the primary cause of a schism in our affection. Who would have thought so lovely a creature could have harboured the hellish purpose that must have been rankling in her breast; who would have imagined that the smile that flitted over her lips, and which forcibly recalled happier days, was only a veil to cloak the determination of infamy, and blind the eyes of a too credulous husband. The day I speak of was Sunday—she chose the Sabbath as the day for the performance of a scheme, which she knew would consign me to future misery. ‘She was going,’ as she told me, ‘to hear a celebrated preacher, and did not wish my attendance, as I was then in a very weak and delicate state of health.’ I was ill, very ill indeed, but it was the sickness of my heart more than the body, for I already felt the effects of my mental anxiety. I threw myself on my bed almost directly after her departure, and I know not how long I remained there; but when I awoke, the day had advanced far, and it was dusk. I inquired from the servants if their mistress had returned, and received an answer in the negative. Dinner hour passed, and still she did not make her appearance. I did not order it up, supposing that some unavoidable circumstance had, perhaps, detained her; and for my own part, I had neither the spirits nor appetite to partake of any. At length, night set in, and my suspense was wound

up to a painful degree. I rang the bell and an old valued servant answered it. He seemed astonished at seeing me, declaring that he had been told I had gone out with his mistress. I became astonished in my turn, and from some questions which I put to him, the secret opened in all its horrors before me, and like an electric shock, the conviction smote me, that I was betrayed. I saw that the sun of my happiness, in this world, was set for ever.

“For nearly three weeks I was despaired of. This last fell blow had been directed at the very root of every hope of earthly peace, and I nearly sunk under it. When consciousness returned, in direct opposition to the reiterated directions of my physicians, I rose from my bed. There was a scorching hell within me, which seemed to annihilate all corporeal ailments, and brace my sinews to execute its decisions. My very soul recoiled from lying on a sick couch, when every exertion, both mental and bodily, should be directed to obtain the only assuasive now left to my stricken spirits. Yes, revenge I would have. For it I would have died; for it alone did I live!

“With a coolness and circumspection, which, in cooler moments, I would have believed myself utterly incapable of under the present trying circumstances, did I make every arrangement necessary for pursuing the path I had marked out for myself. How I went through it, is quite inexplicable to me now. I was pacing up and down my chamber the day before I intended leaving Scotland, wrapped in deep contemplation of my present forlorn condition, when my reverie was interrupted by an almost imperceptible knock at the door. I desired the person to enter, and a maid, whom I had kept in my service to take care of my child, entered. She was only remaining for a few hours more to mind the child, as I had determined to dismiss every servant in the house at the time of my wife's elopement, except poor old Thomas, who had been as much deceived by them as myself. When she came into the room, her eyes were red and swollen from long weeping, and she was quite unable to articulate a word.

“‘What ails you, my poor girl?’ I inquired, in a soothing tone,—for I deeply sympathised with any one who bore even a semblance to what I suffered.—‘Does the curse of continual calamities fall even on those who dwell beneath the same roof with me?’

"Her convulsive sobs prevented her from replying; and it was not until after the most earnest entreaties, and even commands, that I could compel her to restrain her grief, and give me an explanation of its cause. With a sad and contrite heart she confessed all, and on her knees, with the most urgent supplications, did she beg my forgiveness. She had been seduced by the bribes and threats of Parker, who had followed my foot-steps with the uncompromising ferocity of an hungry wolf, to connive, and even take part, in the abduction of my wife; thus gratifying her cupidity, and satisfying his revenge at the same time. The whole affair had been carried on with the entire concurrence of my wife. She used regularly to correspond with Parker, who had taken temporary lodgings in the neighbourhood. All this the girl told me, and she also gave me some valuable information relative to their intended destination. She assured me, that no fear of the consequences had prompted her to make this confession, but from the dreadful effect it had on me. She could not endure life until she had obtained my forgiveness. Sad and wretched, indeed, must have been the change, that could awaken the sympathy of a partaker in such a crime!

"I assumed a fictitious name, and commenced my search. It would be an endless task for me now to relate the various means I took to gain a clue to the fugitives; but all in vain. Having gleaned some slight information, that parties answering to those I sought, had gone to Paris, thither, therefore, I repaired: but, alas! with the same bad fortune. Having been tossed about, travelling from one place to another, at one time supposing them within my grasp, and at another, sunk in despair at my disappointment, I at length took ill in Germany. In the city of Dresden I lay for nearly four months; reason wavered, and the addition of confirmed insanity was about to be heaped on my other misfortunes. After remaining until my convalescence was sufficient to permit my taking the road again, I retraced my steps to London. My poor little girl had accompanied me through all my peregrinations, and, I believe, under heaven, it was by the mild and assuaging influence of her presence, that I was enabled to bear the full weight of all my misfortunes.

"I was sitting one evening at the front window of my lodgings in — street. It was a dreadful night; the rain fell in torrents; but the sighing of the wind and

the dashing rain, were but too well attuned to the depressed state of my spirits. It was pitchy dark; but a lamp before the door, and just under the window where I sat, with my sleeping girl on my knees, caused the hastening passengers, as they hurried past it, to be thrown into a full glare of light. Both my mind and body were ill at ease, and there was something consoling in seeing the outward objects as dark and gloomy as the thoughts with which I was oppressed.

"A figure suddenly passed, which made my very heart leap from its place. Muffled as it was, in a large cloak from head to foot, it was too indelibly engraven on my recollection to be mistaken. It was he whom I had been seeking so long. I laid my sleeping child on a sofa, seized my hat, and despite the pelting storm, grasped my pistols, thrust them into my waistcoat, and sallied out without even a cloak to protect me from its fury. I cared little for it; a storm was raging within my breast, in comparison to which, it was a calm. Although he walked fast, he had not gone twenty paces before I shut the hall-door after me. There were scarcely any in the street, but ourselves, and I could distinctly discern the figure, as it passed the distant gas-lights. With a quick, yet noiseless step, I followed him, until the desired movement was made. He dived down an unfrequented street, where I knew our conference would be uninterrupted. I came up with him, and tapped him smartly on the shoulder. He turned round, and looked inquisitively at me. There was no intervention of divine power to mediate between the modern Idas and the ravisher of his honour; nor had I, like him of old, the consolation of contending in the cause of one still dear to me. No; not a single witness was there to view the just retribution of heaven. Alone, and face to face, did we meet. What his feelings might have been I know not, mine were raised to a high state of excitement. I think at first he took me for a robber, for I heard him cocking a pistol under his cloak.

"'Parker,' said I, 'you mistake me; the name of Germain will, I think, elucidate your doubts. However, I am glad to find you armed, as my business will admit of no postponement. Take your stand against that wall; for by the omnipotence of him whose hand directs the fury of this awful night, you or I must fall before many minutes elapse.' 'I will not stand parrying



with a madman,' said he; 'so stand aside, sir,' he added, with a haughty wave of his arm, 'you can find me again whenever you choose. I will give you my address; but, at present, I decline acting.'

"He walked on, and I followed him, absolutely boiling with rage; and when I found that nothing would move him, I stepped up before him, and prevented his further progress. 'Detestable scoundrel, do you mean to refuse me the just and only reparation which your infamous wrongs to me deserve?' said I, with clenched teeth. 'Do you mean to do this?' 'Dolt, fool,' he cried, stepping back, and jerking the cloak off his right shoulder, 'take it;' and he snapped a pistol into my face. How he missed killing me on the spot, I know not, but the ball only glanced through the skin of my neck, at the left side, inflicting, however, a severe wound, the eschar of which I still have very plainly. I thought at the moment, from the severe pain I felt, that I had been hurt mortally, and was in despair lest death might frustrate my revenge. I grappled with him, tore the discharged weapon from his grasp, and with all the force that I could muster, dealt him a blow on the side of the head with the butt end of it, which sent him staggering back to the rails of an old house near. They were wooden, and quite decayed; they broke off with his weight, and he fell headlong down the deep and narrow area!

"I remained standing at the brink, trying to catch a glimpse of his condition, but it was too dark. I could hear him groan very much at first, but that shortly ceased, and all was silent. After a short interval, I heard the bolts of the area-door drawn back, and saw a servant girl, with a light in her hand, as it opened. The wind at once blew out the candle; but what the momentary gleam of light discovered, was enough. She screamed, and rushed back into the house. Lying with his feet raised against the wall, and his arms wide asunder, was my victim. His skull had been dashed to pieces, and the little flagged space around him, was literally covered with his blood. I shall never forget it; it often haunts my sleep.

"How I escaped home I know not, as several people, alarmed by the report of the pistol, hurried to the spot. I, however, gained my lodgings in safety, and Heavenly Father! what were my feelings on finding my poor little girl, still sleeping, calm as an angel, where I had left her. She little dreamt

of the dreadful part her father had been playing within the space of the half hour I had been absent. A coroner's inquest was held on the deceased next day, and wilful murder denounced against some person or persons unknown.

"I flew to America, not from any selfish motives of self-preservation, but I could not bear the idea of my child being left without the protection of her best and only friend; had it not been for this, my own hand would have executed the last sad duties of the offended laws of my country.

For four years I remained an exile, and would have continued so still, but for the continued diminution of my health, and the increasing languor of my spirits. I felt that my days, nay hours, were numbered, and I wished to lay my bones in my own land.

"'And now, my patient friend,' concluded Mr. Germain, 'you have listened to, and I believe have truly sympathised with me in all my misfortunes, and you now partake of a secret, which has hitherto been locked within my own breast. Promise that you will never divulge it, at least during the life of my child.'

"I did so, and he added fervently, 'May you never want the benefit of such a comforter as you have proved to me; I can now die in the conviction of possessing at least one true and sincere friend.'

"When Mr. Germain left off speaking, he was completely exhausted, and I blamed myself for allowing him to continue a recital which caused him such violent agitation, but the various attempts I had made to induce him to discontinue, at least for a time, had invariably met with a gentle, but firm refusal.

"On my calling next day, I found that his exertions of the previous one, did not contribute much to the restoration of his health, and that he was considerably worse. On my subsequent visits, finding the determined advance of his dissolution, I wrote, contrary to his wishes, to a medical friend of mine, on whose skill I could rely with confidence. He came, but his opinion of the patient was hopeless. He told me he could not believe it possible for him to last more than two or three days.

"I was sitting at his bedside as usual, one day—I had his child on my lap, and I saw plainly that the crisis was approaching, for the dullness of death was in his eyes; at length, after the silence of nearly an hour, only broken by the suppressed sobbing of his little daughter, who seemed terrified to death at the worn state of her

father, I perceived his lips move, and he turned round towards me with much difficulty; the rattles of death were in his throat, and it was almost impossible to comprehend the meaning of what he said. I bent my ear down to his mouth.

"My child," he muttered.

"As my hope is in him before whom you will shortly stand," said I, with a quivering lip, "be my future station in this life one of prosperity or otherwise, while life lasts, while I have a home to offer, she shall partake of all with me, so help me God!"

A slight, very slight colour, flitted over the pallid features of the dying man;—"to the care of Him I commit you both," said he. He kissed his child for the last time, as I lifted her towards him, and then closed his eyes as if in sleep, and the spirit, which had undergone such hardships in this world, passed for ever to the next.

Peace be to his soul! whatever crimes he did commit, were cruelly exasperated by the most trying events; and may the happiness, that he never found in this world, be granted to him in the next.

I do not know any position more dreadful, more awful, than being placed in a chamber of recent death. Mine, in the present instance, was particularly so. Seated on my knees, and crying, as if her young heart would break, sat the lonely orphan; and beside us, with the features assuming the rigid and ghastly fixedness of death, lay the almost skeleton corpse of her doating father. How I loved, idolized that child! I had now become her only stay, and I vowed, as I pressed her to my heart, to strain every nerve to render her future existence happy.

With a sad heart I followed the remains of my late friend to the grave; the pale, sad expression of the countenance of my gentle companion, was in strict accordance with the deep mourning that covered her slight and delicate form. Poor child, she suffered much;—her young life had been spent in fruitless wandering with a beloved father, and she had now lost him for ever. Heaven be my witness, I fulfilled my trust to the last, and it is without any vain protestations of benevolence I declare, that she found in me, one, whose chief ambition it was to fill up the loss of her father by every means in my power.

I bore my tender charge home: every attention which the most acute feelings of an affectionate mother could dic-

tate, every indulgence that the fondest father could procure, did I administer to my poor lost Emily, but without any success; her spirits were gone, and their depression soon brought fearful ravages on her frame. I surrounded her with companions of her own age, but it made my heart bleed to see the contrast between their innocent prattle and merry looks, and the pale dejected little creature that sat in the midst of them.

One day I received an invitation from a friend of mine, a lady, who was most anxious to have a near view and learn something of my protégée, and I was requested on no account to omit bringing her with me. Poor dear, thought I, as I read the invitation, shall I bring you to be stared at by a room full of curious women, like some strange animal; to be talked of by those who can never know the sad associations that are connected with you? However, as the novelty and excitement might tend to dispel her melancholy for at least one night, I resolved to accept of the invitation; and on the appointed night she and I drove to Mrs. —'s.

When we entered there were a great many people assembled, and during the progress of the evening, I was not a little bantered on so very extraordinary a possession; and many of my male friends went so far as to whisper certain inuendoes not altogether redounding to my credit. I laughed their jokes off as well as I could, and on my departure left them as wise as when I entered the house. But how did my innocent charge, the cause of all this excitement, fare? Passed from one lady to another—kissed, nursed, and asked innumerable questions, which I had previously schooled her how to answer—the poor little creature was sadly teased. Seeing the tremulous movement of her chin, and the increasing paleness of her cheeks, as mention was made of her parents, I beckoned her towards me, and asked her to come and sit near me on the sofa. She walked quickly over, hid her face in my breast, and the feelings which had been so severely tried that night, broke loose, and she burst into tears. I saw that it had been too much for her, and, cursing my want of foresight, I left the place at once.

As I was passing from the hall-door to my carriage, there were two or three wretched women coming up the street. They were dressed in all the shabby finery of their summer costume, although the

CC

night was wet and cold, and as I was handing the child into the carriage, one of them, a bloated, drunken looking creature, rushed up and caught hold of her frock. "Oh, Emily! my darling child!" she cried, sinking to the ground, and almost dragging the terrified girl along with her, "speak one word, only one kind word, to your wicked guilty mother!" The horror-stricken child screamed aloud, and fainted in my arms. She did not know her, and the violent action of the guilty wretch terrified her almost to death. I placed her in the carriage, insensible, jumped in after her, and ordered the coachman to drive off at once. I could hear the piercing screams of the woman, as she was forcibly dragged off by the guardians of the night: she was well known as a common streetwalker, and no mercy was shewn her.

A very short time after this occurrence took place, as I was walking one day through the city, I was summoned to attend an inquest, that was held on the body of a female, found in the river; and from what little remained of resemblance in the bloated, revolting spectacle before me, I detected the woman who had so violently accosted my adopted child, when returning from the ——'s. The in-

formation I there gained convinced me of the correctness of the appellation which she had applied to Emily. Alas! who would have believed that, in that mutilated and disgusting heap, was all that remained of what was, and might yet have been, but for her own crime, the lovely and valued wife of Germain. His name, however, was not mentioned in connexion with her at all; no one knew her as Mrs. Germain, she was only recognized as the former kept mistress of the late Lieutenant Parker.— Here was food for contemplation.

I must now turn to a more pleasing, but still sadder subject, my poor Emily. Notwithstanding my unremitting exertions, the dear child drooped, and drooped away; all I could do would not keep the fading flower on earth, and ere three months had elapsed from the death of her father, her gentle spirit winged its flight to happier lands; she died in my arms.

In a small short grave, beside the place where her father sleeps, rest the remains of his only child; as they could not live apart in this life, they now lie side by side in death, and I trust, enjoy together the blessings of that kingdom, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor the miseries of this life follow. SENEX.

## THE FAREWELL.

He came in the moonlight  
To bid me adieu;  
His features were sunken,  
And pallid their hue;

And dreary the sigh was  
That came from his breast,  
And wildly he caught me,  
And fondly he pressed.

He thought to have spoken  
Some comforting word,  
But his heart was half broken,  
His lip never stirred.

In tears he stood by me—  
No language can tell,  
What volumes were spoke  
In that silent farewell.

For nought that can cross me  
Again will I weep,  
If after that parting  
My spirit can sleep.

The hour is long past,  
But its mem'ry is green,  
As 'twas yesternight's moon  
That had lighted the scene.

Friends sometimes endeavour  
My mind to beguile,  
From the heart-breaking thought  
That forbids me to smile.

But they know not how hollow  
The smile of this heart,  
When in revels a moment  
Grief seems to depart.

I know there are sorrows  
That time will outwear;  
But the sleep of the tomb  
Is the cure for despair.

## STORIES OF THE PYRENEES.—No. IV.

## THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.

(Continued from page 344.)

"As we neared the wood, De Rochebonne, who, like myself and the others—what with pain and weakness from fatigue and loss of blood, what with discouragement since our mishap—had scarcely spoken a word, said or rather gasped in faint accents, (I was in front with Juvigny, between him and the foremost men of the party escorting us,) 'Chevalier, my dear friend—I can no more—tell, if you will, those fellows they must hold me, if they will I go on.' As he spoke, his head drooped forward and he fell, his body bent and lying over the neck of the wearied animal that carried him. His companion, poor Varolles, badly wounded too, and bleeding fast as he, was very nearly in the same state. I asked eagerly and almost imploringly for help, forgetting, in the urgency of my unfortunate comrade's distress, both the character of those by whom we were surrounded, and the repugnance they and I profoundly felt to let them think we expected, or would deign to receive compassion at their hands.

"A shout of derision was the reply; then—'Tis help you call for?' cried many voices, 'wait a while, you shall have it by and bye, and with a vengeance!'

"The savage laughter here redoubled, and luckily perhaps for Juvigny and myself, drowned the well-merited but vain and impotent expressions of rage and contempt which, despite the danger of our position, burst with an imprecation from our lips.

"When the clamour had subsided, and with it the useless rush of indignation, I had soon sense to feel how absurd it was to indulge in then and there, taking counsel from what had already occurred—'You can do as you like, sirs,' I exclaimed, in a loud voice and more measured tone; 'we are in your power and must submit; but recollect, I tell you, these two gentlemen, officers of the same regiment with me, will die on the spot if they be not succoured. And your commander, general, or whatever he may be, has expressly ordered they should be brought to head quarters, before the *Representant du Peuple*.'

"The alternative, it must be confessed, was almost an equal one, as the rules of war were at the time observed—dying where they were or being sent to death by order. Nevertheless, any change, any chance seemed to me at this moment preferable to the one of seeing my friends die before my eyes for want of assistance; and besides, with life lives hope. I am naturally of a disposition, I was so then at least, when youth and fresh feeling were with me, never to yield me wholly to despair—even in the very worst of circumstances, which the present occasion seemed in truth to be made up of.

"My words appeared to have some effect. There was a momentary silence, then a sort of murmur, 'True, the *Representant* said so, we are bound to obey—curse on the bore of making prisoners!—better make short work!'

"These sounds, if they boded any good, did not promise much; however, the party had stopped, and several of them having first unbound De Rochebonne and his companion, who sank down powerless from their arms the moment they were lifted from their saddles, proceeded roughly to staunch the blood that they continued to lose, and administer a cordial in the shape of rum or brandy from their flasks. A kind of regimental surgeon in boots and shaggy beard, appearing to be infinitely more conversant with the bayonet than the lancet, came up and lent his ministry, and the wounded men revived a little; immediately as these first signs of returning strength were noticed, they were gruffly told to rise. After a useless effort they again fell, and lay stretched on the ground.

"'D——n! What are we to do now with these aristocrat hounds?' was the angry question that went round.

"'Finish them!' cried a voice. 'Yes, finish them,' echoed quickly twenty others, with savage eagerness, 'to h—— with the aristocrats!'

"From words to actions there was but an instant; several swords had already quitted their scabbards, and, with cold per-

spiration on our brow, we looked on expecting the next to see the defenceless sufferers (now certain of their fate, and with what remained to them of animation, glancing looks of scorn and defiance at their butchers) hacked to pieces before our eyes, when a mounted officer rode hastily up and interposing authoritatively, asked, 'What was the meaning of the delay and the noise?' I particularly marked him at the moment, for he seemed to me, among that infuriate group which his presence immediately stayed from violence, a kind of angel sent to the relief of our friends. He was in the first prime of life, handsome, well-formed, with a profusion of dark ringletty hair, and a face in which boldness and great determination were blended with an expression of mildness, I thought, and, the sequel will tell whether justly or not, humanity.

"When he heard, or rather saw with quick eye the state of the case. 'To your ranks,' he cried, 'and at your peril, don't dare touch the prisoners!—the *Representant* is coming up. He will decide what is to be done with them, meantime untie the others and look to them.'

"This was an inexpressible relief to us—our hands and legs were already swollen and numbed; we could scarcely move them for several minutes, and then, according as the blood resumed its course, we suffered great anguish, tingling pains—*mordienne*! they even seem to twitch me now.

"As our young, so far deliverer, passed before the spot where we were, stopping his horse, he looked steadfastly in my face, and then at De Juvigny, who returned his glance with interest. He did not condescend to notice the circumstance. 'Your name?' he asked, addressing me.

"*'De Merinhac.'*

"*'I thought as much; is that boy'* (pointing to Juvigny, who flashed colour at the word,) *'a brother—I mean a relative of yours?'*

"*'No; and before answering any further questions,'* (which I saw he was preparing to put,) *'Citizen Officer,'* I said, (getting my mouth with difficulty to go on with the first word,) *'I must know who interrogates me and for what purpose?'*

"*'Citizen Merinhac,'* he answered gravely, in a slow impressive tone, *'that knowledge can avail you little. Let it suffice you to be told that I do not act without authority, and hitherto,'* he added, still more emphatically, *'my interference has not been to your detriment or that of*

*your friends; we will meet again 'presently.'*

"*'No; certainly,'* thought I, *'he has done us only good—what can all this mean?—mercy and kindness from one of them; it may be but to entrap us—yet the young fellow, to do him justice, does not look like any wolf of the flock.'*

"Such and others were the reflections which I had but little leisure to indulge in. A considerable bustle in front, followed by dead silence, announced the arrival of the important personage who bore the name, already several times alluded to, and executed the dread functions of *'Representant du Peuple.'*

"Those who are familiar with the history of the period, need not be told that those *'officials,'* half civil, half military, and wholly despotic, exercised a power and a sway enormous even at that time of enormity, and excess, and confusion of all powers. Their will was law—and their law was death.

"Hence the deep, the awful, the almost magical influence the announcement of the very name of a *'Representant'* exercised over the ferocious soldiery, and still more ferocious chiefs, acting under his grasp, who trembled and quailed before nothing else, though they quailed under its influence, which, in the present instance, we were destined to have another and a terrific proof of.

"A word of command was given, and, at the signal, amid the same stillness that had hitherto, since the first moment of the buzz following his arrival, prevailed, the mass of troops, increased now considerably by fresh comers from the rear, opened right and left, forming into line, as the movement was prolonged, leaving us—that is Juvigny and myself, with our guards and helpless companions—right in the centre; *they* remained in the same position, resting faint and overpowered, and quickly breathing it seemed their life away, as they had been. The ranks presented arms as this man, the gigantic looking brute I spoke of before, as to my notion head of the corps, who had stopped his men from cutting us down; his aide-de-camp (the young fellow who had questioned me) and a numerous mounted guard advanced up towards us.

"I had an opportunity during the interval of examining the former, I mean the representative of sovereign and unlimited authority. Never did aspect bid less of hope. He was of middle age, brawny,

thick-set, sitting carelessly on his horse, with a bushy heap of uncombed hair and whiskers, the under part of his face concealed in the folds of a deep cravat; a kind of open uniform coat, with wide waistcoat flapping over it, a flowing tri-colour scarf about his waist, soiled top boots, and long spurs; his head covered down to the eyes, which shot under-looking glances in every direction, by a large hat and dipping feathers of the same hues with the sash—what remained of the countenance to be seen, bearing vivid marks of intemperance and recklessness.

“Who are these? what is this?” he asked, in a tone of affected unconcern and revengeful triumph, approaching the trees under which Rochebonne and Varolles lay, and stopping to cast his eyes from them to us. “Oh! I see, the *gentlemen* prisoners—*aristocratic citizen* officers you spoke of! well, what of them?”

“Our new acquaintance the aide-de-camp was advancing to explain—his commanding officer motioned him to his place.

“Yes, citizen Representant, according to your orders, I took them. You wish to use your discretion in things of the kind; for my own part if—”

“You did well—what more? I don’t like many words.”

“Two of them I hear are nearly off, the others are there before you,” pointing to us.

“The fellow travelled his eyes from them to us, from us to them a moment; then beckoned the speaker towards him—a short whisper passed between them, at the conclusion of which the latter nodded, and riding towards the line, cried, in a loud voice—

“Sergeant! forward—a platoon!”

“All this passed in less time than I have taken to tell it. On the order being given, of which no one present could mistake the import, we were fully convinced that *we* with our friends were doomed. The aide-de-camp pushed eagerly forward, and seemed to expostulate.

“Silence sir! do you know to whom you speak? Commandant, execute your orders!”

“And before we could well collect ourselves, or see what was doing in this imminence of our own and others’ approaching death, the muskets were levelled and fired, and the mangled victims, Rochebonne and Varolles, were no more.

I had seen, unfortunately I have seen since many and sanguinary scenes of warfare—I was still covered with blood scarcely

dry, unsparingly shed in the cause I was fighting for—but there was something in this spectacle of undefending massacre, that surpassed all that I could figure to myself of the direful passions of human beings let loose upon one another.

“We remained for a moment, Juvigny and myself, horror stricken: to do them but justice, many of the hardened around seemed to feel the thrill; then, as if instinctively, both he and I, acting on the same uncommunicated impulse, and full of the thought that the next volley was for ourselves, endeavoured to rush on our nearest guard and wrest a weapon from him.

“‘Tie the fools! and tight,’ exclaimed the grating voice of our old captor.

“The arms, had we succeeded in laying hold of them, had been useless in our swelled and nerveless hands. We were again overpowered, again bound fast, and dragged along amid the jeers of the surrounding troop, whom our vain attempt had wholly recalled from the transient gleams of pity they had felt, on seeing two dying and defenceless prisoners sacrificed coolly to the whim or convenience of a half drunken wretch, whom many of them perhaps despised as much as they dreaded.

“Some twenty minutes afterwards, while the body halted, to let a number of their own wounded pass, which were being brought in from the recent field of our struggle, as I looked on stupidly, if not insensibly on the faces as they passed, I was roused by the movement of some one nigh me; a hand tapped me gently on the shoulder—I started and looked round, and saw the figure of the young aide-de-camp.

“‘Citizen Merinhac,’ he said, in a low voice, ‘have you many lives? if not, keep yourself and your boyish friend quiet. I am your enemy, but you may be more so to yourself! Guards, look close to them,’ he continued, in a different tone, ‘follow me;’ so saying, and ordering a party of fifteen to twenty, he put himself at their head. ‘The prisoners are to follow us to’—(naming a village some leagues farther on.)

“It was by this time quite dark; we still heard occasional firing in the direction of our lines, from which we were every moment receding to a greater distance; but, as I already mentioned, under the circumstances our friends were in, we could scarcely expect that they could advance to turn to profit the advantage, we now knew, as well from the movement of

the republicans as from what we could hear of the frequent angry demonstrations of those around us during the retreat, they had decidedly at last obtained: that hope, like all others, was gone for us. It seemed still more vain to expect the chance of falling in with any straggling party that might come to our rescue; so, with drooping spirit and failing strength, resigning ourselves to our fate, we rode, or rather were led passively along. The young aide-de-camp remained in the rear, sufficiently near to watch our every motion, but still too remote to give cause or opportunity of exchanging a word with us, beyond the few he had, in a tone of somewhat kindly warning, addressed to us. We could not avoid feeling he took an interest in us, from whatever cause,—there was in this perhaps a slight motive not altogether to despair, which, however, was necessarily extinguished as immediately as it had suggested itself. What in effect had he in his power? How could he benefit us? The eyes of every one of his troop were upon him, and he had to answer to his superiors; a motion, an unguarded look of sympathy, might betray him. Thus died, then, of course, our last fluttering gleam of consolation.

"I scarcely further remember the particulars of our dreary march that night; fatigue, numbing chillness, insensibility of body, and equal torpor of mind, resulting from our physical sufferings, as well as the state of depression consequent on the violent excitement we had experienced through the day—the horrid spectacle we had witnessed, combined with the conviction of our present danger, in turn bowed us down, and made of us two inert, helpless, scarcely conscious beings. In this kind of painful waking dream I continued for a long time. Life did not quit—that seemed only to me. I wonder often at it, for I can scarcely fancy how existence can be prolonged in such a state: to die, at least, ought not to be much more.

"I only revived under the rude pressure of the hands that pulled me from my horse, and flung, rather than pushed, me to a seat. Juvigny, with similar violence, was placed beside me. He had suffered still more than I; his greener years, uninjured as yet to hardship, had been unable to withstand the effects of our lengthened torturing; he fell almost immediately senseless, and remained so for a long time. I was in no condition to assist him, though

they had freed us a second time from the bonds that strained and bruised our flesh. He had probably been left there to breathe his last, without aid or notice of the group placed to guard us, too intent on minding their own wants to think of ours, if they had had (and the reverse was the case) the merest feeling of aught, save aversion, or, to say the least, repulsive indifference towards us—when an unexpected act of innate bluff humanity came somewhat to change the scene we were then wretched actors in.

The room we had been deposited in was one which served the purpose of guard-room for the party on duty at the little village—Arnheim I think it was, I don't recollect well—whither we had been sent for safe keeping. Among the occupants who crowded round with curiosity, when we were carried in, was a woman, a camp-follower, of youthful robust appearance, and bold, but not unpleasing, features. She seemed to eye us with some interest, and my companion particularly with a considerable degree of compassion.

"‘This poor young man,’ she said aloud, bursting through the groups of lookers-on, ‘this poor young man has fainted.’

"‘Well, what of that, *Merè Labriche*?’ answered many a gruff voice, ‘let him faint and be d—d; don't you see he is one of those rascally white troopers. Better he should go now than stand to be shot to-morrow.’

"‘You are a true brute,’ she answered, ‘how *do* you know? If he were a hundred times a *blanc*, he shall have a chance for it. Come child, try my *schnaps*.’ So saying, careless of the scoffs of the reckless crew, she stooped, and raising Juvigny's head poured down his throat a glass of liquor, from a miniature cask suspended over her shoulders, and chafed his forehead and hands with rough kindness. In a few minutes he recovered his senses and opened his eyes. ‘Try another mouthful, young man,’ she again cried, and seeing me look perhaps rather wistfully towards the vessel, ‘and you too,’ she added; ‘must I treat all the aristocrats as well as this pretty youth here? Come, for once in a way it will not ruin me,—a soldier in distress, I say, let him be blue, let him be white, let him be black, ay black as old Nick himself, shall never stand in need of a glass, as long as *Mère Labriche* has it to offer him.’

"‘Bravo—bravo, *Mère Labriche*—Vive *La Mère Labriche*,’ was shouted around.

So quickly mutable are the impressions of men in extreme circumstances, be they ever so hardened and brutified, when a right movement of feeling or character is brought to strike upon them at the proper moment. 'Bravo, Mère Labriche! Mère Labriche, the soldier's friend, for ever!'

"The noise occasioned by this incident, aided by the dram I had swallowed, had considerably roused and restored me. It suddenly ceased on the entry of the com-

mander of the escort which had brought us, and an elderly officer, to whom he pointed us out, and conversed in a low voice for some minutes.

"'Tis well, adjutant,' said the latter at its close, 'you will continue to look to them; take every precaution for their safety; you may allow them food and a bed. To-morrow we shall see further.'

(*To be continued.*)

### THEY HAD NOT MET FOR MANY YEARS.

They had not met for many years,  
And oh! those years were fraught  
With woes that find no balm in tears,  
That win no hope from thought.

They spoke no word of former ties;  
But mem'ry vainly cast  
A glance o'er all, and those dim eyes,  
Told volumes of the past.

When last they met, youth's rosy morn  
Had shed its light o'er each,  
And lightly laughed the lip of scorn,  
At what the wise would teach.

But pride had madly rent apart,  
The bonds that love had twined;  
Alas, how oft each breaking heart  
That meeting called to mind.

And now when years of woe have chased  
The hues of youth away,  
But not one single dream effaced  
Of passion's early day;

They meet to part no more on earth,  
And though in tears they meet,  
The brightest smile of beaming mirth  
Was never half so sweet.

### KATHLEEN MACHREE.

Oh, playful and light is the step of the fawn,  
As it bounds in its mirth o'er the green spreading  
lawn,  
But no fawn ever played with more innocent glee  
Than the pride of our valley, sweet *Kathleen Machree*.

Like the deep blush that crimsones the wave of the  
West,  
When the sun sinks at eve in its bosom to rest,  
The rosy blood mantled, unruffled and free,  
In the cheek of the lovely young *Kathleen Machree*.

In vain for her heart all the villagers sighed,  
Till young Maurice at length sought to make her  
his bride,  
And then in her eye's downcast glance you might  
see,  
How deep was the love of young *Kathleen Machree*.

The green banner waved in Ovoca's soft vale,  
And the cheek of the tyrant a moment grew pale;  
In the band it waved over, the foremost was he,  
The loved, the betrothed of *Kathleen Machree*.

But vain was the struggle, and sad was the fate  
Of the few that had risen in tyranny's bate;  
They fought—they were vanquished, and seeming  
to flee,  
Fell their leader—the love of young *Kathleen Machree*.

The fragrance of summer is borne on the gale,  
And the song birds awaken their chaunt in the  
vale,  
But in the far church-yard beneath the yew  
tree,  
By the side of her lover, sleeps *Kathleen Machree*.



## TO A CANARY BIRD.

While all the noisy raving town  
Is drowned in recreation,  
With thee, my bird, I sit me down  
In sober meditation.

The world, for all it knows, my bird,  
Is oft to Pity blinded ;  
And Sorrow's cry is seldom heard,  
But when 'tis little minded.

But thine's a friendly little heart,  
And when my own is aching,  
Thy mirth can make its grief depart,  
Even though 'twere almost breaking.

While thoughts of home and fervent friends,  
Are all I've left to cheer me,  
Fain wouldst thou make some faint amends,  
By piping wildly near me.

That moral has no charm for me,  
That's wreathed in blinding letter ;  
I'll find in musing here with thee  
One easier learnt and better.

At eve, high perched with rounded breast,  
And wing wrapped in so fairly,  
Thou seem'st to bid me seek my rest,  
While yet the night is early.

When through my window morn hath flung  
Its first uncertain gleaming,  
Notes startling high and loud and long,  
Dispel my idle dreaming.

If thought of care my mind engage,  
Thy song reminds me daily,  
That even within a captive's cage  
The heart can flutter gaily.

And if thy time goes all for nought,  
And some would thoughtless blame thee,  
We know, that life whence thou wert brought,  
Had nothing that could shame thee.

Thus by thy simple life we see  
What lessons men have near them,  
From things all reasonless like thee,  
If they would stoop to hear them.

Our human guides—their counsel, all  
Abounds in precepts ample ;  
But ah ! how short of thee they fall,  
For thine is all example !



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VOL. II.

## CONTENTS:

	Page.
THE GOOD OF THE CORPORATE REFORM BILL, . . . . .	369
SONG, . . . . .	386
AILEEN O'DWYER, . . . . .	387
SONNETS, . . . . .	396
COUSIN WALTER, . . . . .	397
ON TRANSPORTATION, . . . . .	400
TO AN INFANT, . . . . .	407
THE DUNCAN PRIZE ESSAY, . . . . .	408
NECESSITY FOR A FIRE POLICE IN DUBLIN, . . . . .	412
SONGS, . . . . .	417
BALLTORE IN 'XCVIII, . . . . .	418
THE HINDOO MAIDEN, . . . . .	430
THE DUBLIN LAW INSTITUTE, . . . . .	431
STORIES OF THE PYRENEES, No. IV., . . . . .	435
THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.	
TO FLORANTHE, . . . . .	439
THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL, . . . . .	440

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MDCCCXL.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the CITIZEN must, in future, be addressed to the care of Messrs. MACHEN AND Co. 8, D'OLIER-STREET, who have been appointed our sole publishers.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

We regret that want of space has compelled us to defer Absenteeism, Part III, until our next number.

We are also reluctantly obliged to postpone the continuation of "A Friend in Need."

We are a little surprised that we have not had any kind of communication from our friend "R."

We are sorry that "Loisir" has changed his mind, and look forward anxiously to a renewal of our acquaintance with him.

We offer our best thanks to our poetical correspondents for their very numerous favours. Though the pressure of business prevents our answering them in detail this month, they may rest assured they are not forgotten.

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VOL. II.

## THE GOOD OF THE CORPORATE REFORM BILL.

At length, after a dreary interval of five years, since the Irish Corporation Bill was first introduced to the legislature—five years during which our neighbours in England and Scotland have been enjoying the benefits of Municipal Reform, but five years of hope deferred for us—that measure has been permitted to pass into a law. It is true that the measure originally introduced by the government, has been shorn of its fair proportions, and so mutilated in the Lords, that its authors must have some difficulty in recognizing the work of their own hands; but nevertheless we rejoice at its passing even in its present state. As long as any hope remained, that a more extensive measure of reform would ultimately be obtained, we could see good reason for rejecting the insulting concessions of the English peers, and think the time expended in waiting for it was not lost. But now that the power of the aristocracy is perceptibly on the increase, and the hopes so long cherished, of any interference of the British people on our behalf, have long since vanished from the minds even of the most credulous believers in “British sympathy,”—we think it was no longer consistent with prudence to reject those concessions, which the enemies of Ireland were disposed to make. For those concessions, we are indebted to the anxiety entertained by the leaders of the

tories to rid themselves of a question which they felt to be embarrassing, rather than to any returning sense of justice. Not only did they experience numerical defeats in the Commons upon the government measure, but their conduct exposed the falsehood of their pretences to consistency and unanimity.

Their readiness to concur in the extinction of the old corporations, and their disregard, when it suited their convenience, of chartered rights and corporate immunities, disgusted that section of their followers who really believed in the imprescriptible sacredness of those rights, and could not consent to sacrifice principle to expediency. This produced dissensions in their ranks which have not yet been healed; and by exposing those dissensions to the public view, lessened the weight, which in England is attached to the union of a large minority in parliament for any purposes whatsoever. But a more serious and permanent injury was done them by disclosing the fact, that their councils were no longer guided by any fixed principles, but swayed by the ever varying dictates of expediency. This, while it apparently removed the obstacles between them and office, rendered it manifest that permanent union between them and the numerous and influential party who still cling to the dogmas of the

VOL. II. NO. XIII.

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old tory creed, was totally impossible. The men of expediency, the men of to-day, endeavouring to steer their bark so as to fall in with the men of principle, the men of times gone by, who having "formulas" and a fixed belief in them, cannot abandon that belief at the bidding of an ambitious leader. This is the secret of the weakness which has paralysed the exertions of the tory opposition. Another way in which it produced an injurious effect upon the tories, was by affording a test of their altered position, and an index of their progress. Thus far had the stream of events wafted them, that they, the clamorous defenders of every vested abuse and obsolete institution—the vehement denouncers of every attempt to infringe upon privileges conferred by charter, and consecrated by prescription—the scrupulous opponents of every revolutionary movement, now proposed to destroy by wholesale the ancient Corporations of an entire kingdom, to confiscate an entire collection of charters, and to introduce a measure far more revolutionary and destructive than that of their opponents. And all this was done, not in obedience to any over-ruling necessity, such as formed the excuse for their former abandonment of consistency upon the Catholic question, but from the suggestions of a selfish policy, in obedience to mere popular opinion, to remove out of their path an obstacle which they had not the courage to surmount. Their conduct upon this measure, was one of the most striking evidences of the change produced by the Reform Bill, in the situation of its English opponents. It is true that the aristocratic influence continues predominant as of old, but its power has been greatly modified, and its effects are rather visible in directing the course of public opinion, than in resisting its strength. Those who formerly commanded seats are now forced to stoop and court them, and the leaders of the tory party can no longer rest exclusively for support upon the phalanx of members whom the aristocracy were wont to return without the slightest attempt to conciliate the public favour. Hence has arisen the greater pliancy of those leaders, who, deprived of the steady support which they formerly received from the borough owners, have been obliged to conciliate the more numerous though still aristocratically inclined classes, to whom in England the Reform Bill has transferred the representation. In fact, the tory party have insensibly become more and more

democratic since the Reform Bill, not from any change in their own inclinations, but because resting no longer exclusively upon the firm basis of aristocratic influence, but upon the shifting sands of public opinion: they have been forced to bid for public favour in order to preserve their power in the state. Hence, their readiness to abandon any of their former principles, which they found unsuited to their altered position, and to adopt such modifications as expediency might dictate.

Passing, however, to the subject more immediately before us, our readers are aware that the framers of the present Corporation Act, wisely yielding to the dread entertained by the Lords of the existence of Municipal Corporations in the smaller towns, substituted provisions enabling the inhabitants of forty two towns named in the schedules to the Act, to elect commissioners under the 9th Geo. IV. To them is to be transferred all the property of the old Corporations, and they will confer many of the advantages that would be derived from a formal and regular Corporation.

In order to secure that benefit to themselves, many of the towns in which the 9th Geo. IV was not in force, forwarded memorials to that effect to the Lord Lieutenant, signed by twenty-one £20 householders, and at the meetings which were subsequently convened, decided by a majority of £5 householders in favour of the adoption of that Act. They have thus not only accelerated the downfall of the old Corporations by nearly a year, but they have secured to themselves for ever the disposition of all the property which the old Corporations were entitled to, for purposes of local utility, instead of having it vested in the Poor Law Commissioners, as would otherwise have been the case. In order to shew the importance of the step which they have thus taken, we think we cannot do better than submit to all classes of our readers, extracts from the valuable report of the Corporation Commissioners in 1834. That report contains a history of each of those fortresses of ascendancy, which are now either levelled with the dust or garrisoned by the people; and that history may be summed up in two sentences, viz. successive spoliation of the corporate property by the members of the Corporations and their friends; and systematic exclusion of Roman Catholics and Dissenters, from corporate offices and privileges.

We shall begin with the ancient city of Armagh. "The Corporation consisted of a sovereign, twelve free burgesses, and an unlimited number of freemen. The number of freemen in 1834 was but three. The whole corporate power had been vested for a great length of time, and probably since the incorporation, in the hands of the Primate for the time being. The sovereign was usually his land agent or the senechal of his manor. The other burgesses almost uniformly were clergymen of the diocese, who seem to have held on an express or implied stipulation to resign on their quitting the diocese, or becoming unwilling to act under his direction. Roman Catholics had not at any time been admitted into the Corporation; and the list of burgesses contained the names of eight clergymen of the Established Church."

A beautiful specimen of the advantages resulting from the management of an exclusive self-elected body, is to be found in the contrast between the management of the Pipe-water works, when under the control of this Corporation, and that of the inhabitants. While under the management of the former, their receipts and disbursements for six years, from 1793 to 1799, amounted to over £1500, and not a single house was supplied with water; while under the management of the latter, the receipts and disbursements amounted to upwards of £1800, and 279 houses were supplied with water. The Corporation of Armagh seems not to have possessed any landed property, or, doubtless, like the rest of its brethren, it would have alienated it to some of the free burgesses; and as the 9 Geo. IV is already in operation there, the inhabitants will now have a happy riddance of the clerical free burgesses. The Tolls, however, which are stated to have produced £600 a year, and which, at the date of the report were demised to Toll farmers at £340 per annum, did not escape the rapacity of some of the old Corporators.

A worthy "who had been Sovereign for twenty years without interruption, had, about twelve years before his death, which occurred in 1795, obtained from the Primate a lease of the tolls and customs of the Corporations, for which he paid £400. His son succeeded as farmer of the tolls, and was also Sovereign until 1828. On his departure from Ireland, it is stated that he sold his interest in the tolls to Primate Stuart; under him a Mr. Beatty derived,

whose latest renewal was a lease for twenty-one years, from May 1830, subject to an annual rent of £24.

The borough of Ardee, in the county of Louth, presents of course the same family feature which pervaded the entire of the Corporations, namely, exclusion of Roman Catholics, which seems to have been extended to every Dissenter from the Established Church.

All information respecting the property was carefully withheld by the officers and members from the Commissioners, who, however, ascertained from other sources, that the estates of the Corporation consisted of 1123 acres; and likewise that "a tradition apparently entitled to some credit, prevails among the inhabitants, that the Corporation were formerly possessed of extensive tracts of land, which the ancestors of the Ruxton family were enabled to get into their possession, under a conveyance from the Corporation." However that might be, in the year 1735, Robert Parkinson, William Ruxton, and W. Aston, having gained a complete ascendancy over the obsequious Corporation, prevailed upon some of the members, at a partial meeting held for the purpose, to agree to make a lease for ever to Parkinson of the entire commonage, at 5s. per acre, being very considerably under the value of the ground at that period. The lands demised to Parkinson, it was estimated in 1800 would have let for £1000.

The spoil was divided in different shares among the plunderers; but, notwithstanding this and other spoliations, the Corporation is still possessed of an income of £135 per annum, which will now be applicable to local purposes of utility under the control of the inhabitants, when the 9th Geo. IV is adopted—as we hope it will be soon—in the ancient borough of Athlone.

Athlone seems not to have fared better under aristocratic dominion, than the ancient city of Armagh under ecclesiastical authority. "No Roman Catholic, or Dissenter, has ever been a burgess. Indeed this body is almost confined to the family of Lord Castlemaine, the patron of the Corporation."

Six of the list of burgesses are of his immediate family; the seventh and eighth were stated to be his nephews; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, to be connected with him by marriage; and there was said to be but one burgess not related to or connected with his lordship. Of these burgesses three only were resident.

In 1829, 350 residents, comprising most of the respectable inhabitants, applied to be admitted free, but being supposed to be hostile to the Handcock family, they were all refused admission. The management of the affairs of the borough is nominally vested in the common council, but in reality the entire controul of the Corporation is exercised by Lord Castlemaine.

Yet a body thus controuled by a non-resident patron, who nominates its members, has or had an annual income of not less than £200 derived from tolls levied from the public, and applied to the maintenance of the patron's interest in the borough. After what has gone before, our readers will not be surprised to read the following extract from the report:—

"To the prosperity of Athlone the Corporation have at no time contributed, nor is it likely, as at present situated, that they ever will. The strongest feeling of hostility subsists between the inhabitants and its members; the former complain that the revenues of the Corporation have been and still are applied, contrary to the express provisions of the charter, to the payment of municipal officers, who render no service to the community, and they exclaim against the election for corporate officers. The consequences of such a state of things are a distrust in the administration of justice, and a spirit of resistance to constituted authority. The Corporation will not be efficient as an instrument of local government, until its officers are popularly chosen."

Popularly chosen we trust the new officers will be before another month, and all corporate obstructions removed, which obstruct the prosperity of a place that has so many recollections to render it an object of interest.

Athy seems not to have escaped the general doom, viz., aristocratic usurpation.

"The governing body has hitherto consisted of the sovereign, bailiffs, and burgesses. The sovereign and bailiffs are in fact nominated by the Duke of Leinster. The burgesses are elected for life. The Corporation wait for the Duke of Leinster to nominate, and his nominee is elected without opposition. Of the present burgesses only one resides within the limits; three live within the neighbourhood of the town."

Although the charter provides that "all the inhabitants of the town, and as many such other persons as the sovereign, bailiffs, and burgesses should admit into the liberty of the borough, should become and be the commonalty of the borough," the in-

habitants generally are excluded from the Corporation. There are at present fifteen freemen, of whom nine are resident within the borough. There is not nor has there been in modern times any Roman Catholic a freeman, except Colonel Fitzgerald, who was admitted in 1832.

Yet this exclusive body was entrusted with the disposition of an income derived from tolls, which, in the year 1832, amounted to £277 14s. 0d. of which £115 6s. 1d. was expended in the salaries of officers and the collection of the tolls; how the remainder was disposed of does not appear; but those who have ever passed through the town, can testify that it has not been applied to local improvement.

The ancient borough of Bandon-bridge, the stronghold of Peelism in the south, next offers itself to our notice, and presents the same features of aristocratic controul and religious exclusiveness.

"The mode of electing freemen is by a majority of the persons present at a Court of D'Oyer Hundred, but it seems for many years past to have been used as a mere form, the persons to be proposed and admitted having been always personally agreed upon, on consultation with Lord Bandon, who, for many years, has had the exclusive management and controul of the affairs of the Corporation, nominating both the freemen and the corporate officers."

How well the affairs of the Corporation have prospered under his lordship's management we shall see presently:

"The Corporation has for many years been strictly exclusive and sectarian. The number of freemen at present is 204, of whom 78 are resident within the town, or within seven miles of it, the remainder at a greater distance. The Corporation had formerly considerable property in lands, granted to them by the patent of Charles II; but they have no copy of it, nor do the members seem at all acquainted with its contents. From an examination of the documents, it appears that the Corporation were formerly possessed of several denominations of land, containing 1340 English acres; and that all the said lands were in the year 1809 sold for £1012. 6s. 3d. and since that time the Corporation have had no income or property of any kind.

After this and the other instances of the absorption of public property, when subjected to the controul of aristocratic patrons, with which the report is filled, we trust we shall hear no more of the wastefulness of popularly elected bodies. We

should like to know what popularly chosen body would or could have disposed of the public property to private purposes, with the systematic rapacity that has been displayed by the chosen and exclusive protégés of my Lord Castlemaine, my Lord Bandon, and the Right Reverend the Archbishop of Armagh, and all the other noble and reverend patrons, under whose influence the corporate property of Ireland has undergone nearly the "last process of exhaustion."

"The entire Corporation of Bangor is, as it has been for many years, composed of members of the Ward family, their friends and dependents. Two out of the twelve members are Protestant Dissenters, the rest are of the Established Church. No Roman Catholic has been a member."

Callan exhibits nothing particularly calling for notice, unless as a specimen of a Corporation perishing from inanition; and we pass, therefore, to the neighbouring and more important town of Carlow.

The Charter provides, "that the vacancies in the number of burgesses, shall be filled of the better and more discreet inhabitants of the borough. But this qualification as regards residence, has not at any time been attended to, and of the twelve burgesses four only are resident. There is not any Roman Catholic now a member of this Corporation, nor has any been admitted since the relaxation of the Penal Laws in 1793. The sovereign and burgesses constitute the ruling body. As, however, they are all persons connected with, or in the immediate interest of Lord Charleville, the management of the Corporation is entirely in his lordship's hands."

Neither property nor immunity, however, do his lordship's nominees appear to possess, nor any other income than what may be derived from a disputed claim to a toll called Poizeage, which nevertheless is stated to have produced on an average of seven years £170 a year, "paid to the sovereign, out of which he expended about £63 annually, in payment of the salaries of the other officers, retaining the residue to himself;" and their sentence is very properly pronounced by the commissioners in the following words:—

"The Corporation having in consequence of its departure from the spirit of the charters, by its exclusion of the inhabitants, dwindled to a few, chiefly non-resident nominees of the patron, without any functions to perform, or privileges to

enjoy, do not continue to exist for any beneficial public purpose."

The Charter of Carlingford prohibits expressly the admission of any "Lord or Captain of Irishry," to the freedom of the borough, upon pain of forfeiture of its corporate privileges; a precaution which the subsequent history of the Irish Corporations has proved to have been quite unnecessary. That of Carrickfergus, though granted by the same sovereign as that of Carlingford, James I, contained the somewhat more politic provision—"That the mayors, sheriffs, aldermen, burgesses, and commons might divide and distinguish themselves into divers guilds, or fraternities, according to their conditions, arts, and mysteries, and that each guild should build a distinct hall, within the town where the brethren of the guild might meet, and each annually elect one or two wardens or masters, to hold office for a year and no longer." But here, as elsewhere, this institution capable of producing so much public good, has been either suffered to decay, or perverted from its original purpose, and the Corporation itself is described as having been subjected, by the self-elective principle which prevails in it, to the influence of a particular family. "The Chichester family, and the Marquis of Donegal as their head, have long exercised the ascendancy, although at the same time occasionally admitting a few members not of their party, from families connected with the county of the town."

The inevitable consequence of course is, that "the ruling body of the Corporation have long ceased to represent even the feelings of the freemen and inhabitants; and from their non-residence and want of connection with the town, they have no interest in its prosperity. They seldom meet; when their meetings do take place, they pass away without any thing really useful being done; and the affairs of the town, consequently, have been almost neglected."

This Corporation, from a remote period, were possessed of the entire county of the town, and of other lands extending beyond the limits of their jurisdiction; but this immense property seems to have been frittered away in fee-farm grants at nominal rents. "Previous to 1765, the number of fee-farm grants appears to have been one hundred and thirty-five, upon which rents were reserved, which amounted in the whole to £102 0s. 11d.; and the entire rental of the property now does not exceed



£328 1s. 1½d. While the town enjoys many advantages from situation, and many capabilities of internal improvement, which a judicious management and application of the corporate property might have advanced, it is a matter of general complaint among the inhabitants, that the interests of the town have been neglected, and that all controul over the collection and expenditure of the municipal fund, should be vested in the Marquis of Donegal, who takes no real interest in the prosperity of the town, and only affects to do so when it serves his political purpose."

We find in the city of Cashel, one of the richest cases of appropriation that the report presents, arising of course from the ruinous patronage of a neighbouring proprietor. Truly may we say, of the patrons of the old Corporations, that their "embrace has been fatal" to their protégés.

"In Cashel, since 1777, the patron seems to have enjoyed exclusively the power of procuring the election of the aldermen, and of the several officers of the Corporation—of procuring the election of freemen, and of disposing of the corporate property as he pleased. The patron's influence is supposed still to exist, and it has been generally exercised for the advantage of himself and his friends, and little regard has for many years been paid to the interest of the city or the public. The exclusion of the inhabitants of Cashel from all share in the management of their own affairs, and the system of secrecy, go far to account for the total disregard of the public interests, and the very general dissatisfaction that prevails."

The estates of the Corporation contain 2024 acres, which however produce but the moderate rents of £219 18s. 10½d.; but the lowness of the rental is accounted for by the fact, that 1548 acres were leased in 1830 to the patron, Richard Pennefather, Esq., for ninety-nine years, at the rent of £86 7s. 9d. It appears by the report that these lands were formerly held by a Mr. Bolton, under a lease granted in 1732, for ninety-nine years, at the rent of £87 6s. 6d.; and that when his lease was near expiring, from £10,000 to £13,000 was offered by him for a renewal, which was valued by a notary at between £15,000 and £17,000. The patron, however, refused to renew; and having shortly after purchased Mr. Bolton's interest for a small sum, an order was made at the

board of aldermen, held on the 29th of June, 1830, granting him a new lease for ninety-nine years, at the yearly rent of £93 11s. 9d. Irish. No fine or other consideration was paid on the occasion, though the lease in 1732 was made upon payment of £200. The board of aldermen who made the order for the lease in 1830, consisted of the grantee,—two of his sons, one of whom was mayor,—seven others of his relatives,—and an alderman connected with him by marriage! The rental of these lands, as let by Mr. Bolton, amounted to somewhat more than £1550 per annum. When the order for the new lease was made, no survey of the lands, nor any return of their extent or value, was produced to the board of aldermen, nor was there any discussion concerning the order, before the town clerk was ordered to write it in the book.

"Several other leases appear to have been recently made by the Corporation. The lease No. 4 in the rental, was made at a great undervalue to the late Mr. Pennefather. The then mayor was Mr. Wm. Pennefather, his second son. The lease No. 11 is at a great undervalue. The lessee was one of the persons who composed the board of aldermen, when the order for it was made, and is the treasurer of the Corporation, and the eldest son of the former patron; and the mayor and other aldermen who were present at that board, were more or less related to him."

As a delicate satire, the commissioners subjoin a copy of the mayor's oath, from which we take the liberty of making the following extracts:—

"You shall not consent to pass any estate of inheritance in mortgage, or otherwise, of the common lands of Cashel, called 'the Cottyn,' or any part or parcel of the same, upon any consideration whatsoever during your office, and you shall not give any away, or consent that any assignment shall be made of, or for, any rent that now is, or hereafter shall be issuing out of 'Cottyn,' or any part thereof, unto any manner of persons whatsoever, for longer time than for one year, unless it be for the redemption, or acquittal of some part of the lands that be in mortgage from this city."

Such is the respect for oaths entertained by those, who denounce the Irish people as a nation of perjurers. But we have not yet done with the city of Cashel and its patrons.

"We have it in evidence from the town

clerk, that he was agent to the late Mr. Pennefather, and that he also received for him the rents of the Corporation, of which he made him a separate return; but that in settling his accounts with him, he mixed up the disbursements on account of the Corporation, with those of Mr. Pennefather's own private account, and he charged him with the salaries of the officers of the Corporation, which he paid by his direction, and with several other expenses incurred on account of the Corporation. The treasurer for forty years and upwards, never accounted with the Corporation. The present treasurer never settled an account with the Corporation. No account whatever of the receipts or disbursements of the Corporation, appears on their books for a great many years."

As a "pendant" to this picture, the same report presents us with the following fact:

"A witness, who was a medical man, was in the summer of 1832 Secretary to the Board of Health in Cashel, and it became his duty to visit the habitations of the poor; and he stated, that on that occasion, he ascertained that there were five hundred families in Cashel, without a blanket to cover them. Cashel suffers much from the want of a supply of water. A sufficient supply would be a great relief to all classes of the people, and particularly to the poor, who, in the summer, are frequently exposed to extreme inconvenience from the want of water. It was stated as the opinion of an eminent engineer, that a sufficient supply of water for the accommodation of the inhabitants, could be procured for £500; and that a supply of water for manufacturing purposes could be brought to Cashel for £2000 or £3000, which, if done, would probably be the means of promoting the wealth, industry, and comfort of the inhabitants. The town is not lighted, and the streets are dirty and in bad repair."

We may well imagine what must be the feelings of the inhabitants suffering from the want of water, with the knowledge that funds amply sufficient, not only to supply them with that, but to procure them many other advantages, had been diverted from the purposes for which they were originally intended, into the pockets of a neighbouring proprietor, by a shameless usurpation, effected under the mask, and with the forms of law. How strong must have been their attachment to the constitution, under the protection of which such gigantic abuses grew

up and flourished. How deep and heartfelt must have been their gratitude to the government and the legislature, which permitted and protected their existence. Not loud, but deep, must be their blessings upon the British Lords and Commons who, by their opposition to the remedial measure of the present government for the last five years, have retarded for that space of time, the long hoped-for relief. It is a debt of gratitude they do not seem likely to forget. The present act, by vesting the property in Town Commissioners, to be chosen by the inhabitants, gives them the power of applying to its original destination, the remnant of property which has escaped the attention of their hereditary guardians, and of recovering from them, at least, a portion of their ill-gotten wealth.

The boroughs of Charleville and Clonakilty, Castlebar and Dingle, present no features peculiarly deserving of notice. In each, the old Corporation is described as inefficient, useless, or extinct, and in all, the erection of a new Corporation upon better and broader foundations, seems to have been an object of desire to the inhabitants who felt the want of a local government, the control of which should be vested in themselves. In Dungarvan the Corporation was found to have been extinct about a century, but seemed, before its dissolution, to have disposed of the property to its patron, the Duke of Devonshire.

In Downpatrick the Commissioners found the 9th Geo. IV, in operation, and the Corporation happily at rest. Statements of the accounts of the Commissioners elected under that act, are given in the report; from which it appears, that under their management, the annual charge upon a house valued at £5, was only 10s. 5½d.; and that a clerk at £10 a year, and a collector at £5, were the only salaried officers: a salutary contrast to the waste and profusion of the exclusive and self-elected bodies in other places.

Dundalk was too near a great man to escape the blessing of his influence. It found a patron in Lord Roden, whose zeal for inquiry never appears to have led him to institute any into the grievances of his neighbours, the inhabitants of Dundalk, and they seem to have had an ample share of them. "The Corporation consisted of a bailiff, sixteen burgesses, and freemen, of whom the present number is twenty-three. This included nineteen persons admitted under peculiar circumstances, on the 29th

of June, 1832, and another, in like manner, on the 30th of September, 1832, and one on the 29th of June, 1832; so that but two of the existing freemen were freemen when the Reform Bill was introduced. No Roman Catholics have been admitted."

The corporate property in land, consisted of 934 acres; but of that, a part was alienated to Viscount Limerick, (an ancestor of Lord Roden), then a member of the Corporation, under an impudent pretence of title set up by his lordship, which was of course loyally acquiesced in, by the Corporation. As to the remainder, the report says,—“The tradition in the town is, that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Fortescue, being principals in the Corporation, divided the whole of the corporate property between them, then instituting a Michaelmas dinner for the freemen, and a school for the education of the freemen's children. In some old Corporation accounts however, from 1755 to 1759, charges for Michaelmas dinners are made against the Corporation.” This is indeed an improved edition of the history of Jacob and Esau; for here the birthright sold belonged to the public, while the mess of pottage, or Michaelmas dinner, went into the stomachs of the freemen.

“The land agents of the patrons have usually acted as the treasurers of the Corporation, and its income has been paid into their office, where the bills are paid and the accounts kept. The annual income appears to have exceeded £600 a year; until after the collection of the tolls was resisted, and eventually abandoned by the Corporation, Lord Roden is alleged to have treated this income as his private property. The income was received by his lordship's land agent. No evidence of any expenditure, according to the trusts upon which they (i. e. the tolls) had been granted by the Charter, was laid before us.” The exclusive and sectarian character of this body, has rendered it so unpopular amongst the great majority of the inhabitants, that the possession of the franchise has not been sought for, and when recently offered by the patron to respectable merchants, it has been refused upon the ground, that any connection with the Corporation would be prejudicial to their mercantile connexion with the public.”

As the 9th George IV has been for some time in operation in Dundalk, the inhabitants have at length got a complete and satisfactory riddance of the nominees of my Lord Roden in the Corporation, though

they have to thank him and his allies in the House of Lords for being still without a local court, the want of which appears to be much felt by them.

In Ennis, as in most other places, a charter, liberal in its terms, was narrowed, by construction and established practice, into the strictest monopoly.

“The charter of James I, provides that all the inhabitants and others, whom the provost and burgesses shall admit to the freedom of the borough, shall be of the commonalty. In practice this provision received the same construction in Ennis, that similar clauses in the charters of the period received in other boroughs, as not giving an absolute right of freedom to all the inhabitants, but limiting the commonalty to such only as should be actually admitted.” The consequences of this construction were such as we might anticipate:—

“From the limited number and power of self-election of the free burgesses, the borough of Ennis has been for many years what it is at present, a strictly close Corporation, under the patronage of one or two individuals.” Of thirteen burgesses, six were connected with the family of one of the patrons of the borough, and three with that of the other. The remainder were either connected with or friendly to the others. Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, and Sir Edward O'Brien, were considered to be the patrons. The provost never resided in the town, and rarely performed any active duties. The vice-provost was entitled to considerable emoluments as weighmaster, until the right was disputed by the lessee of the tolls, under the Earl of Egremont; and since the office of vice-provost has been deprived of this source of income, it has not been kept up for any public purpose. The want of a local tribunal for the speedy trial of small debts is much complained of.

Kells, the next in our list, dates its corporate existence from a charter of Walter De Lacy, in the reign of Richard I, and seems early to have attracted the attention of the English settlers on their arrival in this country. It has not, however, kept up its relative importance. Its Corporation has for some time been under the dominion of the Marquis of Headford, whose authority seems to have been undisputed in everything, save procuring the admission of Roman Catholics to freedom. “There is no Roman Catholic a burgess. There are two Roman Catholics

free, both of whom obtained their freedom since 1829. They were proposed by Lord Headfort, and although no other person supported by him had ever encountered the slightest opposition, those gentlemen, who were personally quite unexceptionable, obtained their admission only by a majority of one. Nothing short of a personal exertion on the part of the patron, could procure admission for a Roman Catholic into this Corporation."

The Corporation of Kinsale seems also to have exulted in a whig nobleman, Lord De Clifford, and under his administration to have been as exclusive as if it had been subject to the most thoroughpaced tory.

"The Corporation at present consists of sixty-three persons, of whom twenty-nine are burgesses and thirty-four are freemen. Of the burgesses fourteen, and of the freemen sixteen, are resident in the town. Of the whole sixty-three there is but one Roman Catholic, who was admitted in October, 1831. At that time eighty-nine persons were admitted to the freedom, of whom fourteen were Roman Catholics and the rest Protestants. It is admitted that this extensive addition to the Corporation, was intended as a counterpoise to the Reform Bill then in progress. All the Roman Catholics admitted on that day had houses in the town of sufficient value to confer the household franchise; of the Protestants, forty-nine had not; but the Reform Bill having confined the right of voting in honorary freemen, to such as had been admitted prior to March, 1831, the object was defeated, and in consequence none of those then admitted took the oaths except one, who is the single Roman Catholic member of the Corporation above mentioned. The early constitution of this borough was based on popular principles; but the bye laws of 1734 and 1749, destroyed this popular constitution by taking away all rights of admission to the freedom, and vesting the power of making freemen and electing burgesses in the council, a select body. The effect of this change was that the Corporation soon after became closed against all persons, but the nominees of an individual; and dissatisfaction and jealousy have been generated amongst the inhabitants of the town who are excluded from it."

Not the slightest effort appears to have been made by the whig patron, to remove the reproach of exclusiveness from a body for whose acts he was responsible, as they were controuled by him. Neither does

he appear to be free from the reproach of having appropriated the Corporation property to his own use. "The principal part of the Corporation property was held by the representatives of the late Lord De Clifford, under two fee-farm grants of very old dates, one in 1668, of 140 acres, at £60 a year, and the other in 1675, of one acre, at 30s. a year. These grants were made to Robert Southwell, an ancestor of Lord De Clifford, and now produce to his representatives £500 per annum." The income derived from land, that has escaped centuries of corporate speculation and noble patronage, amounts to £196 18s. 1½d; while the produce of the tolls varied in five years from £416 to £256, so that the elective commissioners will have a tolerably good income to devote to local improvements, of which no town in Ireland stands more in need than Kinsale. The report informs us, that though an abundant supply of fresh water could be procured at small expense, yet the only public accommodation in this respect is a single pump, and great inconvenience is in consequence sustained by the poor.

In Lismore and Mallow the Corporations were found to be in abeyance; and in Middleton the mere name of one existed without any property to enjoy, or function to maintain.

In Maryborough, where the chief officer of the Corporation glories in the somewhat unusual (to our ears) title of "burgomaster," the mere nucleus of a municipality was found existing.

"The Corporation consisted of a burgomaster, bailiffs, burgesses, and freemen. The burgomaster and two bailiffs were by charter to be elected annually, by the burgesses and commonalty from amongst themselves, on Michaelmas day, to serve for one year. In 1829, the body had so dwindled away, that three persons were not found to fill those offices, and no election took place. The inhabitants insist that no election having been made, within the time appointed by the charter for the purpose, the body ceased thereby legally to exist. The members of the Corporation proceeded upon a different impression on the 29th of September, 1830; three of them, namely, one burgess and two freemen met; and the freemen elected the burgess (Major Cassan) to be burgomaster, and he in return named the two freemen to be bailiffs, and they administered the oaths of office to each other.

This ceremony has since been annually repeated by the same parties. There is a bye law on the books of the Corporation which is still unrepealed, against the admission of Roman Catholics."

The property of the Corporation, which would appear to have been at one time considerable, seems to have been frittered away in the usual series of improvident leases and grants; and the only thing remarkable is, that one of the persons to whom a share of the spoil devolved, (Sir Henry Parnell,) appears to have considered himself bound to make restitution, though it does not appear that the good intention was ever carried into effect. We trust that his official duties since have not obliterated his good resolution; and that he will set a good example to others, who have devoured the substance of their clients.

The borough of Naas, the ancient residence of the kings of Leinster, possesses a most royal pre-eminence in corporate abuses. The Corporation consists of a sovereign, two provosts, burgesses and freemen without limit. "The charters give to the burgesses and commonalty the power, on the Feast of St. Michael, of electing from themselves one to be sovereign, and two to be provosts. In form, these officers are elected in the manner prescribed by the charter, although they are in fact the nominees of the Earl of Mayo, who is the patron of the borough; and in latter years, there has been no instance of any person being elected sovereign who was not a member of his lordship's family. The circumstance of this office being continually filled by members of one family prior to 1797, was in that year made the subject of a petition to the House of Commons. The sovereign and provosts are generally non-resident. By the non-residence of the sovereign, the inhabitants of this district are deprived of the only advantage, which commonly results to the public from the existence of a close Corporation in a small town, namely—the superintendence of a local magistrate. Although the charters seem to direct that all the inhabitants of the town, and their successors, should be of the Corporation, they have been long excluded from it; and the few persons who now compose the body are chiefly members of the Lord Mayo's family. There are at present (September, 1833) only eight burgesses and seven freemen; there is no burgess, and there are but two freemen, resident within the borough. Six of the eight

burgesses and three of the freemen were stated to be related to Lord Mayo; and of the four freemen who are not of his family, two are his tenants, and one his land agent. There is no instance of a Roman Catholic or Protestant Dissenter being a member of this Corporation. The strongest sectarian feeling is observable in the Corporation, which, in a district where Roman Catholics are stated to be numerically to all other sects in the proportion of 30 to 1, has produced the natural consequence of general odium towards the body."

"Prior to the reign of James I, the Corporation was possessed of thirty-five houses and a considerable landed property, and amongst others of a denomination called 'Magdalens;'—of a castle and nineteen acres of land in the town and fields of Naas,—of the lands of Gingerstown,—and of twenty-three acres of land in the town. It was stated that about fifty years ago, the Corporation made a fee-farm grant of a very considerable portion of these lands to the then lord Mayo, at an annual rent of a few pounds a year. It is plain that this property was formerly much more extensive than it is at present; and that the portions of it, which have passed from the Corporation, have got into the possession of Lord Mayo. As the fee-farm grant was not produced, and as no evidence of its contents could be obtained, we are unable to state what portions of the corporate property passed to the Mayo family under that grant, or what parts, if any, were acquired by usurpation. Great confusion as to this property has also arisen from the circumstance, that in modern times Lord Mayo's land agents and law agents have been always appointed agents to the Corporation, a circumstance which has operated certainly not to the prejudice of the interests of Lord Mayo."

In the year 1832, his lordship probably thinking that his reign was drawing to its close, and anxious to "set his house in order," determined to follow the precedent set him by the patrons of Cashel, and to appropriate the remnant of the corporate property. With the assent of himself, his two brothers, the Bishop of Waterford, and the Dean of Ossory, his two nephews, his land agent, and the other members of the Corporation, (his tenants),—a resolution was adopted by the above named individuals as the Corporation of Naas, for conveying the entire of the property of the Corporation, producing according to the statement of the inhabitants, upwards of £500 a year, to

Lord Mayo, in fee, at a rent of £12 per annum, without any fine. Our readers who maybe curious about the mode in which this delicate operation was carried into effect, should by all means consult Mr. Baldwin's report upon this borough, for the details which we have been unfortunately obliged to omit. They will not be surprised to find at the conclusion of it, the following observations:—

“The streets are in a bad state of repair—they are not often cleansed by the authorities, who at the same time prevent the inhabitants from doing so, as one of the Portreeves claims the sweepings, which are valuable as manure. To such a length has this been carried, that persons have been fined for removing heaps of filth, which had remained for days opposite their own houses. Great poverty exists in the district, which might be materially alleviated, by the application to public purposes of the property yet remaining to the Corporation; and if the management of that property were submitted to an efficient public control, a very considerable fund would arise from it.” These are the inevitable consequences which result, from leaving the controul of public property with noble lords, and right reverend prelates, and their cousins and dependants.

In Navan, which acknowledged the joint authority of Lords Tara and Ludlow, the usual exclusion of Roman Catholics prevailed. “No Roman Catholic or Protestant Dissenter has been an admitted freeman of this Corporation. The Corporation are not at present in receipt of any income whatsoever, save about £5 a year, derived by the portreeve from the public crane. They formerly possessed considerable landed property in the neighbourhood of the town. What was originally the extent of this property it is now almost impossible accurately to ascertain. It was called the Commons of Navan, and was stated to have formerly comprised about twelve thousand acres. These Commons were from time to time encroached upon and enclosed, by the tenants of the neighbouring landlords; and when the tenants' leases expired, the landlords obtained possession of the portions so enclosed, as well as of the land originally demised by them. In this way it was stated, that the greater part of the Commons passed, several years ago, into the possession of the adjoining landlords, and in particular to the Tara and Ludlow families. No care was taken to preserve this property. The late por-

treeve appears to have dealt with this land most liberally, towards persons in favour with the Corporation; and to have permitted their appropriating portions of it to themselves, so that the entire part of the ground in the town, called the Fair Greens, has been built upon and enclosed, and no part of the Commons now remains in the possession of the Corporation; nor is that body in receipt of any rent thereout.” And then we have the usual consequence —“the town is neither lighted nor watched, the streets and the bridges are in a very neglected state, and there is no fund to repair them.”

The borough of New Ross was of too much importance, in consequence of its retaining the nominal right of electing a member of parliament, to escape the “patronage” of those anxious to traffic in the lucrative business of manufacturing a *mis*-representative of the people, in what was termed the Commons House of Parliament.

“The Corporation consists of a sovereign, free burgesses, and freemen. The burgesses form with the sovereign the Council of the Corporation, and possess all the corporate power. There are about twenty-six free burgesses admitted and sworn, and seventeen admitted but not sworn. There are, it is said, but seven freemen, and only two of them sworn; of the twenty-six free burgesses but eight are resident, and all the unsworn free burgesses are non-resident. They are composed altogether of the members and friends of the Tottenham and Leigh families. The proposal of any person for the office of Burgess, or for the freedom, has generally come from one of the “patrons” of the borough; and no person is proposed in opposition to their wishes. Charles Tottenham, Esq., of Ballycurry, and Francis Leigh, Esq., are now considered the ‘patrons.’ No Roman Catholic has been admitted a Burgess, although it is said, there have been instances of Roman Catholics being admitted freemen. The freemen exercise no function, as the ruling body consists of the sovereign and burgesses.”

Although we find that this Corporation are entitled to estates which produce them £181. 9s. 7½d. annually, in addition to the tolls, the produce of which varied from £468. 10s., in 1813, to £128 in 1818, and to £51 in 1828, and which the Corporation were obliged to give up collecting in 1830, in consequence of the hostility of

the inhabitants of the town,—yet, we find by the report, “that the town is not now lighted, nor has it been ever cleaned at the expense of the Corporation. The state of the pavement of some of the streets is extremely bad, owing it is said to the want of funds.” The exclusion of Roman Catholics seems to have been carried farther by the ruling body of New Ross, than in most other places, and to have extended even to the charitable institutions, which are generally neutral ground, upon which the most inveterate sectarian antipathies are laid aside. There are several charitable institutions here, but none under the control or superintendence of the Corporation except Trinity Hospital. It possesses a revenue of rather more than £200 a year, which seems to be fairly managed and equally divided among the inmates, consisting of fourteen widows. However, it must be observed, that the inmates have been selected exclusively from Protestants, there not being a single instance of a Catholic being admitted.”

Of the effects of improvements in the art of destroying salmon, since the increased demand for it, occasioned by the facilities of transport in late years, we find the following specimen, which may justly serve to create a doubt, whether that increased facility of export has produced all the prosperity to our country, that some are too prone to infer, from the glowing picture which the official figures present to our view, and which is referred to with so much complacency in and out of Parliament.

“There was formerly a profitable fishery, principally for salmon, on the Nore and Barrow. The fishery was perfectly free and open, and the fishermen used it in small boats, called cots; each net employed two cots and four men. About twenty-five years ago, when there were between 700 and 800 men making money by this fishery, the profits of one individual and his three partners, amounted to £64 in one year; and this was not supposed to be the greatest sum which had been made in that way. In the last season, the same man and his three partners had made only about £16, and there were not more than eighty men employed in it. The failure of the fishery is ascribed to the erection of Scotch weirs lower down the river.”

The Commissioners then cite an Act of Parliament,\* expressly prohibiting the

erection of such weirs, and rather naively express their surprise at the extent to which its provisions have been violated; forgetting that the persons who erected such nuisances, were of that class who, in Ireland, have been permitted to assume a power of dispensing with the provisions of any act, which they may find inconvenient to themselves, while they exact from their inferiors a strict compliance with all those which may tend to their advantage. We will venture to say, that among the loudest declaimers against the lawlessness of the Irish, the most sturdy supporters of the doctrine, that Ireland can only be governed by the strong arm of military power, will be found those who thus, in violation of the clear undoubted law of the land, deprived the poor fishermen of New Ross of their livelihood, by illegal encroachments upon their rights. We know that strong remonstrances were made against the conduct of the present government in refusing to protect, by a strong military and police force, the existence of these weirs which the legislature had expressly prohibited, and which the highest tribunal in the country had pronounced to be illegal,\* from the indignation of the fishermen, whose families they had so long and unjustly deprived of their only means of support.

Portarlinton was long the property of a neighbouring proprietor, who derived his title from the influence which the control of the borough gave to his family.

“Residing in the neighbourhood of the town, and becoming the proprietors of the manorial land, the Dawson family, (Lord Portarlinton’s), experienced little difficulty in acquiring a predominant influence in the Corporation. This influence they successfully exercised in restricting admissions to freedom, and in supplying vacancies in the number of burgesses with their own adherents, until the control of the family was completely established; and by the same means it has been maintained to the present time.” The office of sovereign, as well as every other in the body, is filled by the “patron,” the Earl of Portarlinton. The number of twelve burgesses, exclusive of the sovereign, is constantly kept up. Of the present twelve only two are resident within the limits of the borough. The power of admitting free-

\* The Court of Queen’s Bench in the case of the Duke of Devonshire, v. Smith. *Al. and Nap.* 442.

when has been exercised without qualification, and to the total exclusion of the inhabitants. Of latter years they have been very rare, and it has been the constant policy of the Dawson family to restrict as much as possible the number of freemen. There is at present only one freeman. There has been but one Roman Catholic admitted to this Corporation. He is dead, and there is no Roman Catholic or Protestant Dissenter now belonging to it.

"There are no lands now in the possession of the Corporation,"—a fact which, as usual, is accounted for by the succeeding portion of the report, which gives us the particulars of two conveyances executed by the Corporation, one in 1784, a lease for 700 years to a trustee for Lord Portarlington himself, in consideration of £200. With respect to the latter, a suit was instituted for the purpose of setting it aside; "but the solicitor who filed the bill stated, that he was induced to stay further proceedings in the suit, by a grant to himself of ten acres of the land in controversy. The suit shortly afterwards abated, and no further proceedings have as yet been taken to impeach the conveyance. Several leases were produced of portions of the commons, granted by Lord Portarlington to burgesses or freemen, or persons connected with them, for lives and years at nominal rents; and it was stated, that they were given to purchase the acquiescence of the lessees in the conveyance of 1802. By the alienation of their property, the Corporation deprived themselves of all power of being useful; they reduced their income to an inconsiderable rent, while the property granted expressly for the benefit of the borough, is producing, in other hands, an income of nearly £800 a year. Many matters essential to the prosperity of the borough, are now neglected, which these lands, if retained, could furnish the means of supplying. There is no town police, no hospital, or fair-green, the streets are in a neglected state, and the town presents altogether an impoverished appearance."

The charter of Tralce, granted by James I, like all other charters conferred by him, provides that "all the inhabitants of the said village, and as many such other men as the provost and free burgesses of the said borough, shall admit into the freedom of the borough aforesaid, shall be of the commonalty of the said borough;" but in practice there, as elsewhere, this provision was construed as giving the power of admitting freemen to the provost

and burgesses, who formed the ruling body in the Corporation, and who met with the same fate which awaits all oligarchies—subjection to a single master.

"The free burgesses are all related or connected together. Sir Edward Denny, the patron of the borough, recommends the persons to be elected on vacancies, and it is admitted that no one would be elected, who was not in his interest, or friendly to him. The free burgesses are all members of the Established Church, and the oaths required to be taken, before the act opening Corporations to Roman Catholics, are still continued at the head of the roll, which is subscribed by the provost and burgesses on their election. A feeling of dissatisfaction prevails among a large proportion of the inhabitants, with the close and practically exclusive character of the Corporation. It is in fact entirely unconnected with the trading and commercial classes; and the great bulk of the community are debarred from all interest or participation in its proceedings."

Tuam presents the strange phenomenon of a Roman Catholic Corporation, and of a borough that has emancipated itself from the trammels of patronage.

"The Corporation consists of a sovereign, twelve free burgesses, and a commonalty. There are not at present any freemen regularly admitted as such, except one honorary freeman—the Marquis of Anglesey. The members of the Corporation of late years, have admitted the inhabitants of the borough to act as the commonalty on some occasions, in which that body has by the charter a right to interfere. At the period of the Union, the borough was under the patronage of the Hon. Walter Yelverton and John Lord Clanmorris. The Corporation has since become independent, and in 1811 the entire body of the burgesses was voluntarily changed. From the 30th September in that year, seven burgesses having resigned, their places were filled by persons elected by the remaining five then present; and the new burgesses being sworn, those five immediately resigned, and the number was soon afterwards completed by new elections. Of the present burgesses it was stated to us, that there are two families, of each of which there are two burgesses; that four of the burgesses are nearly related, and that there is a family connection throughout all. The sovereign and burgesses are



all, with one exception, of the Roman Catholic religion, which is that of the majority of the inhabitants and persons in trade. It was stated to us, that there was not any religious or political prejudice in the election of burgesses, but that within the last few years great efforts have been made by individual burgesses, to have their own friends elected, in order to have a majority. The only property of the Corporation appears to consist of tolls, which are estimated as worth £300 a year, which does not seem to be very well managed.

"The town is not lighted, flagged, or watched, and the streets are repaired by casual presentment. There is not any regular annual account kept by the Corporation or by the sovereign; but the latter appears to be considered generally the receiver of the revenues. The introduction of a proper system of accounting and auditing, is very necessary. No particular individual can be pointed out, as exercising paramount influence in the Corporation since the change of its members in 1811; and the proceedings of the sovereign and free burgesses are of a more popular character, than those of any other corporate body we have visited. The admission of the commonalty to some share in the corporate proceedings, and the perfect freedom from religious distinction between the free burgesses and the great majority of the community, are strongly calculated to prevent the distinction which too commonly prevails in other places, between the Corporation so called and the inhabitants. But the inhabitants of Tuam are far from being satisfied with the present constitution of the municipal body; and they naturally object to the power of self-election vested in the free burgesses, which in practice leads to the exclusion of the commonalty, from all controul over the details of corporate business, and the application of the corporate revenues."

The borough of Trim, the source of the early honours of the Wellesley family, appears to have been neglected by them when it could be no longer serviceable, and left to the management of its Corporation, which, however, does not seem to have improved since its patrons abandoned it to its own guidance.

"It consists of one portreeve, and of burgesses and freemen without restriction. The number of existing freemen is fifty-five; of these thirty-six are resident, and nineteen non-resident. There are several

instances of boys under ten years of age having been admitted as burgesses and freemen. No Roman Catholic for upwards of a century has been free of this Corporation. There are many respectable persons of that persuasion resident in the town. A strong sectarian feeling still prevails in the Corporation. There is no Protestant Dissenter a freeman. Prior to the year 1800, the Marquis Wellesley was the patron of the borough; since that he has abstained from interfering, and the Corporation is, and for upwards of thirty years has been, essentially popular among its own members. With respect, however, to the inhabitants generally, it is perfectly close, and on that account obnoxious to the inhabitants."

"The Corporation are possessed of considerable landed property near the town, called 'the commons' of Trim, which by a map made in 1753 contained 479 acres, still in the possession of the Corporation. On the 3rd of May, 1705, a bye-law was made for the enclosure of the commons, and the division of them into a number of portions or lots, and for the occupation of the lots by the burgesses and freemen. This bye-law was immediately acted on, and two classes of lots made, the one called 'burgesses lots,' containing from 10 to 20 acres; and the other named 'freemen's lots,' containing from 4 to 10 acres. There are at present fifteen burgesses' and forty-seven freemen's lots. Each lot is held by the person to whom it is voted, in severalty for his life. When a lot becomes vacant by the death of its occupant, it is put to the vote at the next assembly of the Corporation, to decide who shall succeed to it, and the candidate having the majority of votes obtains the lot. The only qualification for a lot, is to be a resident member of the class to which the lot belongs; but the lot is not forfeited, by the person to whom it has been voted becoming non-resident. There is generally a contest for a vacant lot; and the person without a lot, of the most interest in the Corporation, obtains it. No person can have more than one lot granted to him. The annual value of those lands is considerably above £700 a year. The streets, bye-ways, and sewers, are badly kept, and a fund is much wanted for the repair of them. From the present disposition of the corporate lands, an inconsiderable benefit results to about sixty individuals: by the application of the produce to public purposes, substantial advantages might be conferred upon the

entire district. There is a canal from Drogheda to Navan. It was stated that an act passed the Irish Parliament for extending it to Trim; and that a mile and a half of the distance (seven miles) was actually excavated, but the work was discontinued. The inhabitants allege that it could be completed for about £6000, and it would be of essential benefit to the markets of Trim."

Thus the permanent interests of an entire community are sacrificed to the paltry pittance, which these corporate squatters derive from their "agrarian law." In order that a small benefit may be derived by them from their exclusive oligarchical privileges, the enduring advantages which would result from the application of the property to the uses of the public, for whom they were trustees, are forfeited; and we regret to say, that the House of Lords have so fenced round the privileges of these squatters with legislative protection, that at least during the lives of the present possessors, it will be impossible to devote the lands to any useful purpose.

The report on the borough of Wexford, presents little specially worthy of notice. It was made the subject of a special agreement between the then guardian patrons, Lord Loftus and Mr. Neville, at the time of the Union, that each should return the member alternately; and the agreement was acted on until 1830, when some disputes having arisen between their representatives, upon the occasion of the election of Sir Robert Wigram, a petition was presented against his return, and the committee decided, that the right of election rested in such freemen of the town as had served apprenticeships therein, or were resident therein at the time of their admission to their respective freedoms. This decision effectually deprived both the contending parties of the subject of their strife, by calling into existence a numerous and enlightened constituency, who have ever since exercised their right of choosing a representative, without troubling either my Lord Ely or Mr. Neville upon the subject. The original agreement is so naïve in its terms, that we cannot forbear inserting it.

"It is agreed between Lord Loftus and Mr. Neville, that a cordial union shall exist between them in the borough of Wexford; which is to be continued to their issue male, and in failure thereof, to the nominees, to whom each of them shall bequeath his interest; each to have one

member of parliament, mayor, &c., alternately; but each mayor to act for both parties, to keep up their common interest. The burgesses in like manner to be chosen alternately; equal numbers of freemen to be made, and all expenses to be borne equally; so far as each can effect to make their friends equally trustees for both parties: and in case of minority this agreement to be fulfilled by the guardians."

The letters which were addressed to Mr. Neville, related to the "making new freemen,"—"preventing the non-residents being knocked off,"—"ordering in his friends from Feathard to attend on the charter days,"—"keeping the Corporation close,"—and other matters relative to the management of the corporate affairs, and the representation, which was called the "joint property." We cannot, therefore, be surprised at hearing the following passage from the report, upon the subject of the corporate property:

"The Corporation seems to have been at one time rich in landed property; but since the introduction [about 1732] of leases for 999 years, and other long terms, this has rapidly and materially decreased in value; so that since the tolls have been discontinued or abandoned, the revenue of the Corporation is by no means adequate for municipal purposes. It is in debt to the amount of £600; its property to the amount of £109. 14s. 5d. is in the hands of an elegit creditor; and its silver maces were seized and sold about two years ago, for a debt due by them. The streets are neither cleansed nor repaired by it, and the town is not lighted."

We regret that the learned commissioners who drew up this report, did not favour us by mentioning where in their tour of inspection, they discovered any of that earnestness to restore the property to the public, the absence of which they seem to deplore so much in Wexford; for we must confess, our inability to discover any traces of it, in any of the other boroughs visited, either by them or by their colleagues.

The borough of Wicklow presents no features distinguishing it from the rest. We have heard of but one Roman Catholic being admitted a freeman prior to 1829; but several have been admitted since. The landed property of the Corporation contains between 200 and 300 acres. It is generally demised to members of the Corporation, and the rents received are not the full value of the land.

There is nothing peculiar in the cases of Enniscorthy and Fethard.

Youghal, the last on our list, had continued for many years to repose under the patronage of its neighbours, the Earls of Shannon, until 1822, when the Duke of Devonshire discovering amid his library of title deeds, one of those extensive grants, of which royalty was so profuse in days of yore, made to his ancestor, Sir Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, of the entire soil and bed of the river Blackwater, proceeded to eject the Corporation and their tenants from the buildings, which they had erected upon ground reclaimed from the bed of the river; little thinking that what had been rendered valuable by their capital and industry, could be taken from them by means of a long dormant grant, of which, until then, nobody had ever heard. This acquisition of property by his Grace, made the burghers waver in their allegiance to their former patron; and a little judicious liberality on his part completed the conquest. By the grant of new leases to the former proprietors at easy rents, he secured the transfer to himself of the influence formerly exercised by the Earl of Shannon, who relinquished any further contest, and "from that period until 1834, the names of the persons about to be elected to the different offices in the Corporation, and to be admitted as freemen, were dictated or approved of by his Grace's land agent and the representative in parliament for the borough, until the last election. In short all the leading members of the Corporation have since considered themselves trustees for his Grace, in every matter connected with it, save its financial arrangements, with which he has not directly interfered." The financial arrangements, however, do not seem to have gone on much the better for the absence of his Grace's interference; for we find, that out of an income of £914. 8s. 1d., which the Corporation received, no less than £496. 2s. 4d., go to the payment of the salaries of officers and servants, while but £50 are annually devoted to the lighting of the town. Neither does the religious exclusion seem to have been less strict, in consequence of the Corporation having for a patron so zealous a whig as the Duke of Devonshire.

We have thus gone through the wearisome detail of the iniquities of the old Corporations, which, notwithstanding the exposure of their deformities in the com-

missioners' report, have braved the public indignation hitherto. For their continuance up to the present time, we are indebted to the nearly balanced state of parties in England, and our own dependence upon the inclining of that balance to this side or to that. Long condemned in the public mind of Ireland, their existence would not have been of longer duration, than the time necessary to provide for their successors, had the decision rested with the Irish people. But, unluckily, another and a stronger power was to concur in the verdict and to execute the sentence; and with the same power also rested the distribution of their forfeited privileges. When the Corporation Bill was first introduced by the government, founded upon and supported by the report of the commissioners, the case of forfeiture was, as we have seen, too strong to be resisted by the crafty leaders of the tory party, who yielded to the torrent which they could not stem. But while professing their concurrence in the sentence of forfeiture, thus pronounced against the former possessors of corporate privileges, they declared their unalterable resolution not to permit those privileges to be transferred to those who had so long suffered by their abuse, least in the elation of victory, they might overstep the bounds of political decorum, and retaliate on their oppressors. This pretext served the purpose of obstructing the measure for two years; and when large majorities in the Commons had testified their opinion of its hollowness, another was invented to take its place. It was then discovered that it was inconsistent with the safety of the Established Church, to tolerate the existence of popular Corporations in Ireland. By this they hoped to enlist the religious prejudices of the English people in their behalf; and they were reckless of the more remote consequences of a course of policy, which would produce them an immediate triumph. In this expectation, however, they were disappointed; the demon of fanaticism whom they sought to rouse, was, for this once deaf, to their call; and it became necessary to abandon the second position as ingloriously as the first. They then professed a readiness to settle the question, and to concede the principle of popular control in the management of municipal affairs in Ireland. But this tardy concession, made, like all preceding concessions, when they could not withhold it any longer, they were determined to render valueless. Accordingly, "keeping the word of promise to the ear

while breaking it to the sense," they restricted to such a degree the class of persons, upon whom the new franchise was to be conferred, and fenced round so many of the old abuses from any interference of the new Corporations, that the government were forced to reject the insulting concession. But, alas, in the interval that had elapsed since the first introduction of the measure, a change had come over the temper of the public mind in England. The excitement, which was the cause and the consequence of the Reform Bill having gradually subsided, the old influences resumed their sway over the English people. This and the other noble lord, and distinguished commoner, deserted from the whig to the tory camp, and carried with him his train of submissive serfs. County after county was consequently lost to the adherents to the government; and the result of the general election which followed the accession of Queen Victoria, left them shorn of so much of their parliamentary strength, that notwithstanding the undisguised preference and cordial support of her Majesty, they were obliged to surrender to their opponents. How they recovered from their fall, through the overweening confidence of their opponents, we need not remind our readers.

But their restoration to office brought with it, no increased means of carrying their measures through parliament. The power of the House of Lords was evidently not on the wane, notwithstanding the avowed inclinations of the sovereign; and the subsequent elections rather tended to increase than diminish the tory minority in the lower house, already sufficiently formidable. In fact government have been since maintained in office, more by the impossibility of the opposition forming an administration, than by their own intrinsic strength. Under such circumstances, it became the part of prudence to consider the expediency of accepting such concessions, as the necessities of the tory party might wring from them; and limited and grudgingly bestowed as those concessions were, we think that a sound discretion was displayed in accepting them. We have endeavoured to show that they cannot fail to produce considerable advantages, both positive and negative, both in the evil which they put an end to, and in the opportunity for good which they afford. Of the extent of the one we have endeavoured to give our readers an idea, by the extracts from the report, furnishing an epitome

of the history of those bodies since their first foundation; and that history is not without its useful lessons for those who are to succeed them. There, as in a miniature, do we see depicted the fate of many a more distinguished community and more extensive territory, whose

"Self abasement paved the way  
For villain bonds, and despot's sway."

First came the usurpation, gradual or sudden, by an oligarchy, of the privileges of the entire community; then the moral taint, which is the inevitable consequence of usurpation; thence the readiness to yield to the insidious advances of a powerful neighbour, who offered to them security for their ill-gotten power, upon condition that they would "bow down and worship him." Upon the loss of independence followed the wish and the capacity for its enjoyment; and they became gradually more and more submissive to the yoke, to which they had once bowed their necks, until servitude had been matured into a habit, and had become a part of their nature; and they preferred securing as an alms from their patron, those offices, which, in a sounder state of society, would have been conferred by their fellow citizens as the reward of their own exertions.

But the most important lesson to be derived from that history, is the necessity of guarding against any encroachment upon the privileges of the people, under any pretext however specious. In those privileges alone are to be found the principles of "conservation;" from them is to be derived the impulse that will overcome any obstacles which the state may have to encounter; through them alone is an access obtained for the breath of public opinion, which preserves the purity of the moral atmosphere. They alone afford an opportunity of effecting those changes, which are necessary to preserve society from stagnation, and to guard it from the injurious effects that would otherwise be produced by the "great innovator"—Time. But turning from reflections on the past, to anticipations of the future, we need hardly say, that we do not entertain any fears of the injurious consequences predicted by the tories. The stream of popular power flowing suddenly into the new channel that is opened for it, may be discoloured for a day; but when the obstacles which impede its progress at first are removed, the waters will resume their original clearness, and fertilize the soil through which they

flow. The chief advantage which we anticipate from the measure which has passed, is not that it will give a triumph to one party over another, but that it will tend to allay the bitterness of party spirit. Besides removing the old subject of irritation,—in itself no trifling advantage,—it will create objects of common interest for all the inhabitants of the towns, in which any thing like municipal government will exist; objects, about which their agreement or disagreement will not be regulated by the

old religious and political contests. For effecting those objects, they will meet upon common ground; they will amalgamate more or less, in spite of their former dissensions; they will see developed the good qualities of their neighbours, long hidden from their view by the mists of prejudice; and the result will be, that a local public opinion will grow up, divested of sectarian bitterness, and, to use the eloquent expression of the late Chief Baron Woulfe —“racy of the soil.”

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## S O N G .

## I.

Oh could I but stay,  
On its twilight way,  
The Zephyr that breathes in these quiet bowers;  
When at eve it springs  
On perfumed wings,<sup>1</sup>  
With its sunset hymn for the folding flowers.

## II.

Away chill breeze,  
From the frozen seas,  
Of the hoary North, I'll have naught from thee:  
Thy hoarse breath  
'Tis cold as death,  
And thy touch as icy—but come to me,

## III.

Oh come with thy own  
Fond trancing tone,  
Sweet South Wind, come in thy sportive glee;  
And sing the song,  
That all day long  
I loved to hear in mine infancy.

## IV.

Or the measure chime,  
In the fresh spring time,  
Thou breathest for the violet fading away;  
When kissing the dew  
From its petals blue,  
And telling sweet tales of the summer gay.

## V.

Or the murmuring tune  
That in leafy June  
The young maid hears at her lattice lone;  
When the winds of the night  
Sing through the moonlight,  
Of a heart that is waking to love, like her own.

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## AILEEN O'DWYER.

AMONGST the rustic belles who on Sundays thronged the village chapel, none could dispute the palm of beauty with the fair Aileen O'Dwyer. Her soft blue eyes spoke the language of an innocent and gentle heart, while the ringlets of flaxen hair which rested upon her fair forehead, or played round her rose-tinged cheek, gave an expression of infantine sweetness to a face rendered eminently beautiful by a mouth and nose of perfect loveliness. Such was the gentle girl who for sixteen summers had been the pride and solace of her mother's heart. The mother of Aileen was equally with herself ill-suited to bear the coarseness inseparable from humble farm life, such, at least, as that of the uneducated small farmer, or lower grade of middle-man, who, being raised but one degree above the cottier or labourer, too often tries to render the distinction more evident by a conduct of the most overbearing tyranny, which is not unusually extended to the members of his own family, and wife and children made the trembling victims of this domestic autocrat.

The facility which convent schools afford for enabling even the middlemen to bestow a good education upon their daughters, has not been productive of all the good results which might be expected; for the girls, by being taken from the farm at an early age, and placed in the society of well educated and elegant women, acquire tastes and habits too refined for the humble walk in life, in which they are destined to move. I can scarcely imagine any situation more painful than must be that of a young and gentle girl, who, reared in the quiet routine of convent life, habituated to all the conveniences and little elegancies of superior rank, and accustomed to hear only the sweet soft tones of woman's voice, is brought all at once from such a sphere, and placed the inmate of an ill-regulated farm house, associated with uncouth and untaught beings, the very circumstance of whose near relation to herself, makes her feel more acutely their deficiencies in all that she has been taught to

value. It is still worse when the girl becomes a stranger in her father's house, and an object of ridicule, perhaps of envy or jealousy, to the members of her own family; for it too often happens, that the home-reared brothers and sisters, look with no favourable eye upon one whose superior advantages they consider as having been obtained by an act of injustice to themselves. They suppose that their labour has more or less been made to contribute to acquiring for her those very attainments which now give her, in appearance and manner, a distinction acknowledged even by themselves. Thus the poor girl, who has once been the petted object of the fire-side circle, returns to find she has no longer a place in the hearts which compose it, and that her lot has been cast amongst those with whom she can no more have fellowship.

I have been led into this discussion, by the fate of Aileen O'Dwyer and her mother. The latter had been educated in the Ursuline convent of Thurles, and shortly after her return home had only exchanged the uncongenial scenes of her father's house for those, even more decidedly so, which she encountered in that of her husband. He was not her own choice, but one whom she had never seen till brought by her father as the object of his preference, saying, "He was a good match for her; had a house and land, and could give her plenty of milk, potatoes, and butter." These were his recommendations to her father's good opinion, and it was in vain to express the repugnance she felt to uniting herself with this man, whose darkly lowering brow and strongly compressed lips gave fearful indications of the life of subjection to his ill temper, which awaited the woman he should call his wife. No—"twere useless,"—so her friends said, "for her to argue the matter, or go against the old man, as the wedding dinner had been bought, the company invited, and sure it wasn't for the likes of her to think to break it off. Sure 'twas never the custom to ask the young girl's consent at all, to the making of a match." The truth of this

she felt in all its bitterness, and became the wife of Philip Enoula,\* the head of the most turbulent faction at the fighting fair of Cappagh White.

Years passed on, and her entreaties that her youngest and favourite child, Aileen, should be sent to the convent, had at length been complied with by her husband, indeed as much from a wish to "get rid of the woman's" importunity, as also to conciliate the parish priest, whom she had prevailed on to advise him on the subject. The first gleam of joy which had lighted up the countenance of the farmer's gentle wife for many years, shone in the brightening colour on her cheek, when she found herself once more within the convent walls, and presented her little timid girl to the notice of her former patronesses, with whom the little stranger needed no greater recommendation than being the counterpart of what her mother had been, when first placed under their care. It may be asked, why did the mother place her child in a similar situation to that which she had found so unproductive of happiness to herself in after years? Why, but for the same reason which induces the parent to wish that her child may become a wife, although experience may have taught her that an increase of the cares and anxieties of this life will be the consequence. It is, I should think, that all imagine some untoward cause only had occurred to mar their own expectations of happiness, and the hope so strong within the mother's breast, makes her fondly believe, that her child will enjoy uninterruptedly that course of wedded happiness which circumstances have denied to herself.

In the absence of Aileen, the farmer's fire-side was deprived of the chief, almost only blessing it afforded his uncomplaining wife, who, in the belief that her darling child was deriving a benefit from the circumstance which caused loneliness to herself, practically exercised those lessons of self-denial inculcated by the system of religious and moral education in which she had been brought up. Great indeed was her recompense, when she once more received from her venerated friends the object of all her fondest hopes, now no longer the little weeping child, clinging instinctively to her withdrawing figure when she left her, but the lovely blooming girl, rushing with all the eagerness of joyful affection to her arms. It was a bright day in her clouded

life, as she received the congratulations of the kind-hearted sisterhood, on the worth, the talent, the piety of her child, whom being scarcely less dear to them than to her, they endowed with every requisite to make an eminent saint, "could she be but persuaded to leave the ensnaring wicked world, to those less good, and take up her abode within their peaceful walls." All this was sweet to the mother's ear, was melody to the mother's heart: but when on her return home she presented her, with all a mother's pride, to receive the embraces of her father, the first drop of chilling power fell upon her heart as he exclaimed, holding the affrighted girl at arm's length, "What good is she? What help can such a one give to help to pay the rent?" Slowly the repulsed and timid wife, led her half-frightened child to the little room prepared for her. With affectionate interest she pointed out the many little evidences of her anxiety for the comfort of her darling,—the sashed window, the boarded chimney piece, with the book-shelf suspended by ribbons over it, the little painted reading table—and, with eyes beaming with tenderness, she said, "All this, Aileen, my own darling, I got done for you, that you should not, (as I once did), feel the great difference between the place you came from, and your own home." Must she not then have thought, have hoped, that by these little cares for the comfort of her loved one, she was shielding her from those petty causes of vexation which she herself had once experienced. Indeed, in many respects, the life of Aileen O'Dwyer at home, was infinitely happier than had been that of her mother, when at the same period of life; for in that loved mother were comprised all the dear relations of female life. She was sister, mother, friend, all in all to the child, whose every thought found a resting place, or a corresponding sentiment in the bosom of that parent; to whom they were confided as freely as if no difference of years had left a trace upon the brow which hung in listening tenderness over the smiling, oftentimes happy face of the more youthful speaker.

Nevertheless, in the bosom of the farmer's wife there existed a sorrow, which not all the efforts of her favourite child could eradicate. To her, its source was still a secret; for the mother could not bear to taint the purity of the sweet girl's nature, by the knowledge that the envious disposition of the elder sister had marked

\* Philip of the Orchard.

her out as the object of most malignant hatred. Buried deep within the mother's aching breast, was the conviction, that sooner or later, her younger and darling child would become the victim of the vengeful feelings of the elder. The anxiety such an idea was calculated to create, was further increased by the consciousness that her own health was fast declining. Indeed a severe cold, caught in the previous autumn, gave fearful indications that ere many months should pass, the general burial ground of her family would bear another green mound to mark her own resting place. Consumption was now fast doing the work of years; but by those who should have been most interested, her danger was unheeded. Her husband said, "She had such a cough she could not look about the house, and should make her lady-daughter do so." Her eldest daughter marked her increasing illness, but cared not for the event; her sons, gay-hearted young men, and otherwise occupied in farm work, took no notice of what was passing within doors. But where was Aileen? She who would freely have laid down her own young life to prolong that of the mother whom she almost adored. The poor innocent girl could not bear to think that loved being in danger; and when she saw the hectic tint, that wasted cheek with a brighter glow than ever, she would kiss the burning spot, and clasping her arms round the long white neck which bent to her embrace, exclaim, "They are all wrong, mamma, my own mamma never was better; sure she never looked so handsome; and when summer comes we will go to the dear happy Ursulines: wont we, mamma?" and then sister Mary Bernard has a cure for every complaint under the sun; and if you were ill, the kind nursing of the good sisters would soon restore you, for oh, they are so fond of you. Indeed, indeed, darling mamma, you would be quite well once I could get you to Thurles. The weather will soon be fine, and what's to prevent us." But to that sinking frame the summer came no more. The approach of spring brought an increase of every unfavourable symptom to the invalid, who soon required all the tender care of her fond and gentle child, to soothe the restlessness attendant on the last stage of that fearful, fatal, and yet most interesting complaint, which seems to deck the victim it is bringing to the tomb, with an increase of beauty, only to make us feel more

acutely the pang of seeing aught so lovely consigned to its dark shadows.

In these labours of love to which poor Aileen had devoted herself in attending on her mother, she was more than assisted, she was even comforted by the almost daily visits of one whom I have but too long neglected to bring before the reader. Connor O'Gorman was the second son of one of those persons who in this country are called strong farmers. He had some time before seen Aileen O'Dwyer at the village chapel, and accompanied her and her mother (with whom he had been previously acquainted) in their walk homeward. He was intended by his father for the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, and consequently his education had been conducted on a more liberal scale than was usual even in his rank of life, which, however, was as much raised above that of Philip O'Dwyer, or, as he was more generally called, Philip Enoula, as it was lower than the squire or gentleman. The native and acquired elegance of Aileen were justly appreciated by her new acquaintance, and an offer to bring her some books, for which she had expressed a wish, led to a visit next day. Another and still another succeeded, till at length the week which passed without affording as many visits as days, seemed to be a blank in the calendar of each. But where was the mother's vigilance? Did her prudence slumber, did she forget that the difference of degree or class, is as strictly regarded by persons in O'Gorman's rank of life, as in that of the more elevated. Was she unmindful of the sacredness in which is held that profession to which he had been destined, and could she be ignorant, that in permitting two young persons so similar in tastes and habits, to enjoy the society of each other, there would be danger to their mutual peace, when the necessity of their separation should arrive, in their each taking a different path in the world? Alas, she thought not of these consequences, she saw but the happiness it afforded two beings so young and guileless, that whilst listening to the matters of general interest, which formed the subject of their conversation, she forgot that their hearts might speak a different language, and she would have started as if stung by a scorpion, had any one suggested the idea that love had found a place in the bosom of either.

Days and weeks passed on, unmarked by any particular event, during which the



thousand little nameless instances of kindness, by which her young friend, Connor O'Gorman, had contributed to the comforts of the poor invalid, were not lost upon the sensitive heart of the daughter, who imputed to gratitude for those favours the sentiment of deep affection, which she felt daily rendering his presence more necessary to her happiness. Who but O'Gorman could (or indeed would) assist her in placing "dear mamma" in the sunny window? Often when acute sufferings had nearly subdued the resignation with which they were received, the patient spirit of uncomplaining meekness was recalled to the brow of that loved parent, as resting on the bosom of Aileen, she listened to the deep-toned voice of O'Gorman, while he read to her the lives and expatiated on the patience of the saints, (which her conventual education had rendered her favorite study,) till soothed into forgetfulness of her own bodily pangs, by the contemplation of those objects of her imitation, she anticipated for herself a share in that blissful futurity, which her belief taught her to think was the reward of their patient endurance of earthly sorrow.

Spring had far advanced, and though perfectly aware of her near approach to the bourne of the grave, Mrs. O'Dwyer had refrained from any mention of it to the two beings, who alone seemed interested in her fate; for her long continued illness, and the consequent increase of expense, had wearied the patience of her worldly-minded husband, by whom the complaint of "having a sickly wife to maintain," was often brought forward to excite the commiseration of his neighbours. At length, even Aileen could no longer avoid the conviction that death was about to snatch from her clinging arms, the almost idolized parent, over whom she had so long and so earnestly watched. The consolations offered by her revered pastor, the old and valued confessor of her mother, were scarcely heeded in the agonising moments which now seemed rushing forward, each bringing to her bursting heart another pang in witnessing those of her dying mother: and now a low sweet voice came murmuring from that bed of death, desiring Aileen to kneel before the old priest, as with renewed energy the anxious mother gave to his charge the last link which bound her spirit to the world, and his promise to watch over the fate of her darling child, seemed

to have removed from her soul its last load of earthly care.

The next sun which rose was the last which beamed upon the living form of the poor sufferer. All the better feelings of husband and children were called forth by the awful scene before them, and her last hours seemed cheered by those long withheld (if ever before evinced) marks of affection and regret, which she experienced from them. But where was Connor O'Gorman? did he shun the chamber of death? Oh no! to him was stretched the hand of the dying woman, as she drew him towards her, to whisper her last words of gratitude for all his care, and asked for him the continued affection of her family, but the whispered words, "comfort Aileen when I am gone," were graven on his heart, and decided the fate of his young life.

The last moments of the departing spirit are too awful and too painfully impressed upon the hearts of many, to require description. The chamber of death in an Irish farm-house, has little of the frigid solemnity of the privileged one of more refined rank, for all is bustle and confusion, and the poor degraded clay, void of the immortal spark which gave it value, seems then to become more than ever an object whereon to exhibit all the pride of pomp and finery. The preparations for this, as it is called, "laying out," takes place shortly after the first evidence of departed life. Amid the bustle which took place in the room of her mother, Aileen, frightened and confused, and scarce knowing where she was, or what 'twas all about, was hurried by her young friend out of the house, and led or almost carried by him to the bank of a sunny hedge, overlooking the road, where she had been in the habit, in happier times, of taking her work while he read to her. The exposure to the open air, and freedom from the noise within doors, soon recalled her faculties, and with them the full sense of her irreparable loss. Still these feelings partook more of fright and confusion, for she felt as bewildered in a maze of thoughts, of which the only connecting idea seemed to be, that "mamma was gone, gone for ever from her." Such were the words which sprung to her lips almost unconsciously. The mother's dying injunction was not lost upon O'Gorman. He tried to speak the words of comfort to her aching heart, he spoke of the happiness of the beatified spirits, of re-union in

another and happier state of being, of the guardianship which is permitted to departed spirits over those they leave behind—and after some time succeeded in engaging her attention to the present state of bliss enjoyed by her sainted parent, when compared with the suffering she had here endured. When they returned to the house of death, what a scene of confusion it presented—all were in active preparation for the wake, but the chamber where lay the inanimate object of all this turmoil, was for the time left in comparative quiet. The poor heart-stricken Aileen had the last comfort of solitude beside that bed, whereon rested all that remained of the object most dear to her on earth, and as she laid her pale wan cheek upon the same pillow, she felt soothed by the melancholy foreboding, that ere long she would occupy the same position, in perhaps the same grave. This (if you will have it so) superstitious feeling, had such an effect upon her harassed spirits, that when those employed to remove the body to the outer room, entered for that purpose, they started with pity on beholding the dead mother clasped in the embrace of the sleeping child, whose breathing alone gave indication that both the pale faces which rested on the pillow were not sealed in the same deep, quiet repose where sin and sorrow cease.

The early period of life when Aileen O'Dwyer had been removed from the scenes of country life, to the seclusion of a convent, and her retired life since her return, had precluded her acquaintance with many of the habits of persons in her father's rank of life. On entering the wake-room she was as much surprised, as would be many of my readers, by the scene it presented. The furniture having been previously removed, the walls were hung with white linen sheets, decorated with all the flowers and evergreens that could be procured; crosses formed of laurel leaves, fastened on here and there, and in some places not inelegant festoons hung drooping, which were formed of branches of flowers; in the centre of the floor was placed a table, over which was suspended from the roof a canopy of white linen, with four long folds of the same, falling one at each corner, to resemble the backward-drawn curtains of a bed, all tied into drapery, by bows of black ribbon, bunches of flowers and evergreens. On the table underneath lay the body, dressed in a long loose dress of brown serge, con-

fined round the waist by a black leather belt; on the bosom rested a scapular, (a piece of white satin, whereon were embroidered the kneeling figures of her patron saint and the Virgin,) while the head was covered by a closely plaited lawn cap. At the end was a table, on which were placed seven lighted candles in candlesticks covered with cut papers, falling, willow like, from the sockets, while on either side, and also by the walls, were long boards and forms ranged, so as to form seats for the company; but the place of distinction, that for the nominal chief mourner, was a chair beside the head of the departed. This place, by right, belongs to the husband or wife, the eldest son or daughter, according to circumstances, but on the present occasion it was left, as if by tacit consent, to Aileen, the youngest of the family. All the preparations being completed, one of the neighbours (a principal assistant in the work) having led her to the door, the poor frightened girl was so amazed by the strange and awful scene before her, that she would have fallen to the earth but for the really kind-hearted being, who having anticipated a very different acknowledgment of her labours, was so shocked at the effect it now had upon our heroine, that wishing to sooth her by every means in her power, she led her forward and placed her on the chair of state. Here the swollen eyes and disarranged dress of the poor girl, not being deemed fit to be seen by the expected company, her request that she might be permitted to wear her cloak was complied with: thus Aileen, shrouded in the large hood of her dark mantle, was as completely left to the luxury of unseen sorrow, beside the bier of her mother, as if in the privacy of her own chamber.

A few days elapsed, and all was restored to order, and each one had resumed their usual habits in the farm-house. All was as if "death had not been there," all seemed forgotten, save in the breast of the orphaned Aileen. There, indeed, the thorn festered sorely, for each day brought some fresh cause to mourn the loss she had sustained, and soon her sorrows were increased by a farewell visit from that valued steady friend, her mother's old confessor. He came to tell her that his appointment to a remote parish rendered uncertain his ever being permitted to see her again on earth. After a long interview, during which were mingled advice, prayers, and

benedictions, the good father took his leave of her, and the other members of the farmer's family; but not before he had enjoined the latter to be kind and tender hearted to the delicate child, who was too like her sainted mother to be long for this world, if she met with any harsh treatment. Whether it was that this injunction pleased not the farmer, as implying a suspicion that his conduct would be otherwise than gentle to his daughter, or the hint regarding his former treatment to her mother, could not be known, but it was evident the wellmeant interference of the pastor had an effect directly contrary to his intentions. Philip Enoula's brow lowered more darkly than ever, when a few days after he desired her to "pack up all her trumpery and books and nonsense in some chest to be put on the loft, as he wanted the room cleared, to put in the oats to scutch out, and it was enough for her to have her bed left in the corner of it." With trembling hands and an aching heart, she commenced her work, but when she began to remove the book-shelf, placed in its present position by the fond hands now mouldering in the grave, she felt as if it were a sort of sacrilege, and with feelings not to be controlled, she rushed from the house, and left to be performed by other hands, the work of despoiling her little apartment of all its decorations and comforts. This was speedily accomplished by those of her own family, who had often beheld, with jealousy, these little evidences of superior taste and habits, and to whom any arrangement which brought her more on equal terms with themselves, could not fail to be gratifying.

When Aileen left the house, she sought to indulge her feelings in a lone spot, where she could shed her tears unmarked by the ridicule or impatience of her family. This her favourite resort was not unknown to O'Gorman, though he had never met her there before; on the present occasion, however, having walked over to see her, he sought her in the house, and then seeing the alterations about to be effected, he guessed how painful they must be to her already wretched spirit, and sought her in her usual haunt.

Aileen O'Dwyer needed not to convince her friend that the grief to which she now gave expression, was not caused by the deprivation of those little articles of superior indulgences afforded her by a mother's love. It was rather that, being literally turned from that room, the scene of all those hours of

companionship, of intellectual enjoyment, so dear to both, and so entirely unknown or foreign to the rest of the family—she felt as if the last tie which bound her to that loved being was now broken. Alas, Aileen was doomed to feel that "misfortunes come not single foes, but in battalions," and the present cause of her tears appeared in its true light as a petty grievance, when compared with what to her young heart was a trial indeed, a separation, and perhaps a long one, from her sympathizing friend Connor O'Gorman. Of this he had come to inform her, and when the exclamation, "Oh, Connor, and will you too leave me?" struck upon his heart, he felt more strongly than ever the peculiar circumstances in which this young and interesting being was placed, by the mistaken system of raising by education one member of a family, and that one a female, to a grade in society superior to the rest; even in the house of her father, and surrounded by kindred ties, he there saw in her isolated situation, an instance of its injurious effects. It may justly be inferred, that not now for the first time had O'Gorman made these reflections on the unhappy position in which was placed the being dearest to him on earth. No; the injunction of her dying mother, and the subsequent sufferings to which he saw her exposed in the farm-house, had long since awakened all his tenderest sympathies; and when the period approached in which he should leave her to bear the ills of life alone, he felt that his own happiness was too vitally connected with her's, and that one lot in life should decide it for both. O'Gorman was not without that ambition so natural to his youth and country; he was emulous of literary and clerical distinction, and had been unwearied in the course of studies necessary to prepare him for admission into the Catholic College of Maynooth. But now the one absorbing passion of his soul was devotedness to Aileen O'Dwyer, for whom he resolved to sacrifice the ambitious views of his family, and all his other brighter hopes. His new design was, by fitting himself for the humble situation of village school-master, to procure the means of subsistence for her as his wife. With a manliness of spirit natural to his character, he had that morning informed his father of the change in his intentions, as regarded the taking orders; for said he, "I cannot, father, play the hypocrite. I will not belie the spirit of the Most High, by saying I feel his impulse

to devote myself to the priestly office. This explanation I thought due to you, dear father, lest you should say that in turning all the benefits resulting from my education in Maynooth to a different purpose than that you intended, I had taken advantage of your kindness in sending me there. Should you still wish me to continue my studies at Maynooth, I hope in the humble but not less useful character of teacher, I may ensure my own happiness, and reflect credit on you and my family." His father had not listened patiently to this long, and long prepared, explanation of his son's, nor without frequent interruptions of "Well, sir," and "what then," and all the interjections which generally result from a conversation such as this, where the younger speaker thinks himself best judge of the road which leads to his ideal palace of happiness, heedless of the cautionary remarks of the elder traveller, who has experienced the difficulty of attaining the glittering fane, and the liability of mistaking the path. This interview like all others had an end, and like many such, each having resolved on taking their own way, the old man in ordering his son to prepare to set out for the college that day week, and the son in taking his walk to the unconscious cause of debate. As he is now soothing her present regrets by the explanation of all his own plans for their future happiness, I shall leave them to build their airy castles of bliss, as I do remember a consciousness that though the conversation of lovers, particularly what is in old novels called a first declaration, may be very interesting to those concerned, but however eloquent or sensible, would hardly be deemed so by others. I shall therefore leave, for the present, the lovers to themselves, and introduce more reasonable folk in this period of my story.

Thomas O'Gorman was that description of person, generally designated as "a man universally liked and respected." He was good humoured, hospitable, and though particularly upright and honest in his intercourse with the world, yet 'tis probable the former qualities for which he was distinguished, served more to obtain for him the place he had in the esteem of his neighbours, amongst whom, as I before observed, he held the intermediate rank between the farmer and the gentleman. This is one, I believe, not acknowledged in England, that land of wealth and luxury, but in our poorer though not less beautiful

country, the strong farmer or middle-man, is a character still not unfrequent, particularly in those mountain districts, where the vast extent of land let on lease by the ancestors of those, whose estates they are, to the farmers of their time, procured for the descendants of the latter an interest a hundred times greater than that derived by the proprietor. The manner in which, in the part of the country I speak of, those lands were set, may be curious to some. No draftsman or surveyor was employed on the occasion, but the whole hill, of such and such a name, was set on lease, sometimes for ever at a fixed, or, as it is called, a lump rent. Thus the landlord assigned to the farmer all the wealth of his hills, reserving to himself and his heirs the poor prerogative of masters or owners of the royalties. Strange as it may appear to some, the objects of greatest dislike, nay hatred, to the lower order of Irish, are those middle-men. Though it might naturally be supposed they would exult in the elevation of persons in their own rank to a station in society little inferior to that of their acknowledged masters; yet it is entirely the reverse, and those persons are generally distinguished by the soubriquet of "baddough," which term means an over-bearing, tyrannical, or purse-proud ignorant man. To those persons the cottier will never stoop, in an actual or figurative sense, but will take every opportunity which offers, to remind them of their original lowliness of birth: woe betide the poor, though rich, "baddough" in whose remotest generation a "*faux pas*" in either sex could be traced, for their Irish pride would, to use their own expression, be pulled down on all occasions of public assemblage, at wedding, wake, or burial. While the Irish peasant will thus act on the levelling system with those who are his equals in birth though not in station, he will on the contrary towards those in whom he can trace even a remote affinity to gentle blood, be quite a different person. I really believe that in no part of the world, not even in Scotland, is good birth so highly valued as in this country: "the good drop in the veins" will be traced and respected though its possessor be in rags, and the generous spirit of the people will appear in their endeavours to spare the feelings of decayed gentility, the annoyances a change of circumstances might occasion. Where one family has been the acknowledged head of a district or neighbourhood, the attachment of the peasantry

not only to "the master," as the representative of such is called, but to every member of his family and branch of their genealogical tree, is as strongly felt, and perhaps more warmly expressed, than even by the clansmen of the Scottish highlands, though the last have the tie of alliance with their chief, to bind them to his interest, and my poor countrymen have only the remembrance of past favours received perhaps by their ancestors, and often little even of them,—and the injunction to acknowledge their claims which has been transmitted from sire to son. This in some cases, and personal favours in others, have conduced to this bond of fidelity; but I think its wide spreading influence may be chiefly traced to the habits of obedience to, and respect for, as it is called, "the family," in which the successive generations are reared. I am sorry to say I believe this state of reciprocal good feeling on the part of landlord and tenant is now nearly (if not quite) extinct in the greater part of Ireland; in these mountains, however, the remains of it are still in force, and the interest in all that regards any member or descendant of their favourite family, is as warmly expressed as formerly.

I have been led into this long digression by the introduction of my friend Thomas O'Gorman. He indeed, in one respect, was an exception to the feelings of dislike with which persons in his class of life were regarded, for, as I before observed, neighbourly habits had rendered him generally liked. Not so his wife, for Mrs. O'Gorman possessed all the requisites to form a domestic tyrant and a public pest; she not only ruled with iron sway, in the kitchen and farm-yard, but her authority was exercised with equal severity over every member of the family, except over him to whom she had once vowed obedience, and who now enjoined on her the observance of it, for Thomas O'Gorman had been heard to say, "By the law, Catty may flog whom she likes, but myself." Indeed though she bore the semblance of submission to him, she yet managed by finesse to obtain his sanction to most of her arbitrary conduct, so far as concerned the management of their children. It was in compliance with her wishes, that Connor had been destined for the church. The consequence attached to the Romish priest, and the distinction with which his relatives, particularly the parents or sisters, are invariably treated, were circumstances exactly suited to her ambition, and the prospect of being

saluted as the "the priest's mother," with as much respect as could be paid to the "mistress" herself, was a vision most gratifying to her pride. Besides, her avaricious views for her favourite son John, were engaged in the furtherance of the plan, as she knew, if Connor remained at home as farmer, her husband would, according to the usual custom, divide the farm between the brothers. On the other hand, making the younger son a priest, the elder would enjoy the whole farm, and thus possess the means of living like a gentleman, or, as she frequently expressed herself, "to cope with the best gentleman in the land, barring the master." How great then must have been her indignation, and the scorn with which she received from her husband the account of her son's pusillanimity in choosing to be, as she said, "a beggarly school-master, rather than a fine, grand, portly priest, who could make gentlemen and ladies of all belonging to him: but (she exclaimed) let him alone till I open a little of my mind on him, and, nabocklish, if I don't make him laugh on the other side of his mouth, I'm not here alive." Acting on this resolve, Mrs. O'Gorman received her son on his return home, with a torrent of abuse, conveyed in half English and half Irish, the latter expressing more powerfully the full extent of her excited feelings. As it is not pleasant to listen to a scolding woman, we shall reserve to ourselves a better fate than our poor friend Connor's, who was obliged to hear all she had to say on the subject. Much to his credit, it called forth no rejoinder, save that in answer to her repeated observation, "that if he became a priest, he would be like any born gentleman," he said, "Oh, mother, that is the rock on which we farmers split, and lose all our respectability, for did we or persons of our class compare less with the real gentry, we would be better liked and regarded by our neighbours." It was only a few moments previous to this observation on the part of his son, that Thomas O'Gorman had entered on the scene of debate, in which he took no part till his son having ended, "hould there both of you, I say. What is all this goshtra about? Nonsense, for I say, Catty, the boy is right in what he says, for 'tis the ruination of us farmers to be running after the gentlemen in our ways, instead of keeping to the good old times our fathers had before us. 'Twasn't by keeping hunters and wearing boots and spurs and such things, that they

made their goold guineas, but by themselves and their wives working early and late, and living within themselves as they ought to do." "Why, Tom," interrupted his wife, "is it you I hear backing this purty lad of yours in his headstrong courses? but 'tis all one of you, for 'twould be joining could iron with hot, to try to make gentlemen of you or him either: but 'tisn't alike with my own Johnny, for 'tis himself has the spirit, and a heart as big as a hogshead, God bless him, and wouldn't turn on his poor mother this way, for wishing to see him a gentleman, but"—"But I tell you, woman, you and Johnny are only laughed at (replied Thomas) for copying after the great people, and didn't my own two ears hear the gentlemen calling out to him at the hunt, 'keep out of that, you sir,' and even the master himself said, 'Know your distance, young man,' when the foolish puppy rode up to join in with him, and the other gentlemen that wor talking. Mavrone, 'tis long before his honour would say that to me, nor his father to my father afore me; but because Mr. Johnny had the boots and the whip, and the hunting horse you bought for him with that starve-cat butter money, he thought he might go with his betters, so hould your tongue, again I say, Catty, about the matter." "But I won't hould my tongue for you nor the likes of you, I say, Tom Gorman; for 'tis well known the woman that owns you is too good for you, and always was, and"—"Monamon dhoul, woman, but you are enough to make one mad, I say, and who dare say against me, that you are not a pip above me, nor one belonging to me, and if it went to that of it, many's the one said it was well for your mother's daughter to get a quiet man to deal with; for 'twas well known her mouth could never hould her tongue: but 'tis your own work as well as Johnny's that is making the neighbours laugh at you, and at me for letting ye. Then nothing would sarve your turn but a jaunting car, and a fine silk hat with hartificial flowers upon it, like the quality themselves, when 'the mistress,' God bless her, will go to church with the straw bonnet on her that Connor Ryan, the dog teacher's daughter made. Signs on it, was not your jaunting car scraped and scratched and puddled, and gutther thrown all over it, by the boys of the street, while you wor in at mass, and sure 'tis easily known the reason; for long ago you had sense, and would ride to mass on your handsome pil-

lion behind me, with your handsome quilted gown and your fine blue cloth mantle, with the hood on your head like a decent woman. How many's the one would be running to help you off the horse at the chapel gate, and to wish you the top of the morning, or when you grew elderly, and used to go in your nice dray, with plenty of good dry hay, covered with the patch-work quilt, with your servant maid sitting by your side, and your servant boy guiding the horse, weren't them good times, Catty? and mavron's chree, 'twas little fighting or wrangling we had then with one another." The recollection of the past seemed to have the effect of softening down the asperities of the husband and wife, and their son rejoiced in seeing symptoms of peace being restored, even at the expense of his departure for Maynooth, forming one of the stipulated conditions.

After so many words of bitter import, in the last scene, it might be expected I would give those of sweetness in that of the parting one of Connor and his betrothed. But no, Connor O'Gorman was not a common lover or every day character; though but four-and-twenty, he possessed all the solidity of judgment that is generally supposed to be the result of ten years' longer acquaintance with the world. In thus giving him credit for prudence beyond his years, I will not deny that his love for Aileen O'Dwyer had a share in changing his plans of life; for though he had not acted without mature reflection, yet when he contrasted the lonely life of the oftentimes luxurious parish priest, surrounded by grasping selfish relatives, with that of the village school-master inhabiting the neat cottage, over which presided the gentle and affectionate wife, in the person of Aileen, and when the emoluments of his employment, would keep the demon of poverty from his little palace of comfort; I need not say on which side his judgment decided. To all this was added the generous wish to rescue from a state of wretchedness the young life of the sweet girl he daily beheld sinking, as it were, under the load of petty annoyances encountered in the farm-house. His resolution was taken, and on the calm steadiness of O'Gorman's character rested all the earthly hopes for happiness of her from whom he was now about to be parted. Until the moment of separation arrived, Connor O'Gorman had not felt, or perhaps acknowledged to himself, the boundless

influence possessed over him by a creature apparently so weak and helpless, as she in compliance with whose slightest wish he would have abandoned even the course his own prudence would have marked out. Fortunately for both, Aileen was possessed of good sense and discernment, which led her rather to conquer, with all the power she possessed, her own feelings of regret, that she might not by her sorrows add a pang to those she saw he suffered. As his lips pressed the cold marble of that brow, which now for the first time rested on his bosom, he felt that language from those mute, pale lips would have been inadequate to express the agony, which had sent the blood in a rushing current back upon her heart. Both were spared the further pangs of parting, by the loud voice of her father calling upon her. She had never

dared to hear the summons repeated, and with an energy imparted by the terror with which she had ever heard her father's voice, she sprang forward, while O'Gorman, fearing his being seen there, might incur for her an added share of her father's displeasure, quickly departed on the other side, though not without the intention of again seeing his betrothed bride before he left her even for a season. This intention, however, he abandoned, on reflecting that he would by another interview give fresh poignancy to the pangs of her whose happiness was now his first best wish in life. The next morning's sunrise saw O'Gorman leave the mountain home of his boyhood, to enter upon the new scenes of the great world which lay before him.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## SONNETS.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

### I.

LADY—thou hast a strange, a wondrous power  
 To draw the heart's affections unto thee.  
 Where did'st thou weave the spell, by which the glee  
 Of Childhood's morn, and Youth's bright mid-day hour;  
 To that in which eve's dark'ning shadows lour,  
 Round Age's brow, (breathing of Death's dark night)  
 Alike delight to linger near thy bower;  
 Until thou art a sun to them, to light,  
 And warm, and glad their hemisphere on earth.  
 Then thoughts and feelings that had ne'er had birth,  
 Are called up by the magic of thy wand:  
 And cherish'd in the sunlight of thy smiles,  
 Make it an Eden, like those glorious Isles,  
 Where one eternal summer gilds the land.

### II.

Enchantress! I have mus'd the long night through;  
 When sleep sat heavy on the world's still brow;  
 To know the witchery by which you bow  
 Our willing spirits at your shrine. I knew,  
 'Twas not the rich stores of thy mind which drew  
 Thy worshippers to thee:—'twas not the spell  
 Of Beauty nor of Wit;—for not a few  
 Have these, without thy fascination. Nor did dwell  
 Thy source of empire, in thy matchless grace  
 Of thought and speech, which even can efface  
 The pain of thy reproof, and make us love  
 The very faults thou seekest to remove.  
 'Twas none of these,—nor all,—but that BENEVOLENCE of heart,  
 Which strews its gentle favours, where'er joy they can impart. F.

## COUSIN WALTER.

IN England a person distinguished by any peculiarity of dress, conversation, or character, is styled an original—in Ireland an oddity. I know not which may be the better name (or, to use the village school-master's pet phrase, "which appellation may be the more consequential,") but of the *genus*, oddity, or original, I have in my time seen many and many a specimen. Of these not the least singular was a distant relative of my own, known to his intimates as "Cousin Walter." Often in my youthful days have his eccentricities been a source of amusement, and quite as often of vexation to me, yet in the bustle of active life he had faded from my memory; when, this day looking over some old letters, his name struck my eye, and instantly awoke a long train of slumbering recollections. Poor little Cousin Walter! His indeed was a stormy existence. The representative of an ancient family, he had also once possessed considerable property, of which he had contrived to get rid in the shortest possible time, and with the least possible quantity of positive enjoyment. No one, I believe, ever knew precisely *how* Cousin Walter had spent his fortune—but gone it was; and when I first saw him he was a bachelor of some fifty years, "lord of his person, and nought else beside," saving a small annuity which he could not alienate, and which was scarcely sufficient for his support. I shall not easily forget my introduction to him. Hastily summoned to the drawing-room to see my "Cousin Walter," I entered, expecting to see a lad of my own age in blue jacket and sugar-loaf buttons; when great was my disappointment to find in my anticipated playmate, an elderly gentleman of small stature and singularly wrinkled countenance, who, after peering at me with a pair of fiery black eyes over the top of his silver rimmed spectacles, bestowed a salute *a la Française* at each side of my face. This, to me very disagreeable process, having been gone through, the conversation which it had interrupted was resumed, in the course of which I had occasion to remark that my new relation's manners were not more agreeable than his appearance was prepos-

sessing. He contradicted pretty nearly every sentence uttered by any one else; nay, even when he had laid down the law in a most dictatorial manner, did not seem very well pleased that any one should presume to agree with him. I wondered in my secret soul at the patience with which my parents bore his impertinence—I knew not then, that his misfortunes had made them consider him a privileged person. Indeed his pugnacious disposition was perhaps the very greatest of his misfortunes. This fatal love of contradiction, added to an equal aptitude at taking offence, had, in spite of a naturally good disposition and many noble qualities, involved him in continual strife, and finally placed him at irreconcilable feud with most of the members of his own immediate family. It happened that the personal resemblance between him and these obnoxious individuals was remarkably strong, and this likeness, of which he could never bear to be told, was the cause of a very ludicrous occurrence on the evening of his visit to M—. On the arrival of another dinner guest, Cousin Walter was introduced by his family name of D—, on hearing which the new comer started, and grasping him by the hand, exclaimed, "Henry D— my dear fellow, how do you do?" Hastily jerking away his hand with an exclamation of wrath, "Cousin Walter" left it to his hostess to explain to Mr. P— that he was speaking to an elder brother of Mr. Henry D—. "I beg your pardon, sir" said P—, "but you are so exceedingly like my old school-fellow. Pray how is my old friend, your brother Henry?"

"I don't know how he is, and what is more, I don't care," growled Cousin Walter. P— stared a little on receiving this surly answer, however, I suppose he set down Cousin Walter as an oddity; at any rate he thus continued the conversation—

"Are you long returned from the Peninsula, sir?"

"I never was in the Peninsula in my life," replied Walter.

"O, I thought your regiment had served there."



"My regiment! What the devil do you mean, sir?" said the little man, beginning to bristle up.

"Am I not speaking to Captain D—— of the —th," said poor P——, who seemed doomed to everlasting blunders.

"No, sir!" vociferated Cousin Walter, "you are not speaking to Captain D——, nor to any such jackass—you're speaking to plain Walter D——, sir!"

Apologies for the mistake were accepted ungraciously enough, but the entrance of more guests being followed by a summons to dinner, Cousin Walter seemed to recover his temper. However, he did not let the evening pass over without giving P—— a Roland for his Oliver. Whilst the gentlemen were taking coffee after dinner, some one chanced to mention an Alderman P——, a well known character of the day, on which Walter, first declaring the said Alderman to be "*hideously ugly*," turned to his unlucky namesake, and said, with a sneer, "he is a relation of your's I am sure, sir, from the strong likeness between you!"

After that day I often saw Cousin Walter. During the ensuing winter and spring he was a constant guest at my father's, and was, after his fashion, very kind and good-natured to me. He had seen many remarkable places and persons, and was always willing to gratify my childish curiosity with an account of them. By degrees too I began to understand his character, and to derive considerable amusement from listening to the arguments into which his innate love of contradiction continually led him. As he almost invariably espoused the wrong side of the question, so he made up for the want of solid reasoning by very ingenious and amusing sophistry. Catholic Emancipation being the all engrossing topic of the day in Ireland, was accordingly to him an idle vision, whilst Parliamentary Reform was the sole panacea for all our evils as well as those of England. In one way I found him troublesome—he was extremely inquisitive, and never could bear to see two persons conversing together, particularly if it was in a low tone of voice, without trying to find out the subject of their conversation. "What is it?—what do you say?—what are you talking of?" were words continually in Cousin Walter's mouth, and as from the respect his years demanded, I dared not refuse to answer his questions, it is no wonder I should often have wished him at Jericho!

For the next few years Cousin Walter resided in London, and, I believe, eked out his scanty means of subsistence by writing for the newspapers. He occasionally visited Ireland and my father's house, and generally had some new hobby which he rode right athwart the prejudices and opinions of his friends. I remember on one of his latest visits that *Mr. Owen* was his "*Magnus Apollo*," and that he held forth by the hour in praise of the system of that extraordinary enthusiast, the chief merit of which, in *his* eyes, lay in its total dissimilarity with every thing else, and in the opposition which it was sure to provoke from all rational and right thinking men.

Having for some time lost sight of "Cousin Walter," it was with feelings akin to pleasure that on my first visit to London, in the year 1831, I found him almost domesticated in my father's family, then resident in that mighty metropolis. Time had not "*withered*" him certainly—scarcely a wrinkle was added to the many which had puckered his visage on the memorable day of our first meeting—neither had it quenched the fire of the little black eyes which still gleamed forth above his spectacles, still less had it worked a change in his modes of thinking and speaking. He was as pugnacious, as fond of contradiction, as little inclined to follow the course of public opinion as ever. Of this I had soon a specimen, for on venturing to congratulate him on the then palmy state of his once favourite question, Reform in Parliament, he answered me with angry contempt that "reform was all a humbug," and that "the sole remedy for all the evils of the country lay in the adoption of a republican form of government!" Notwithstanding this rebuff "Cousin Walter" and I got on exceedingly well together (so soon as I had given up the romantic hope of being allowed to agree with him,) and I found him of much use in the course of *sight-seeing* upon which I now entered. From his long residence in London he knew it thoroughly, and was very ready to give me the benefit of his knowledge. To be sure, I was obliged to submit implicitly to his direction, without even expressing a wish of my own, otherwise I should have run the risk of being taken to Wapping when I asked to visit Whitehall, or of finding myself in the centre of Hyde Park when I had set my heart on a long morning at the British Museum! Many persons might have objected to being seen at

places of public resort with so very odd looking a being as poor Cousin Walter, particularly as his outward man, (never very carefully attended to,) had of late reached the extreme point of shabbiness, but to this, strong in my own insignificance, I was quite indifferent. I was not, however, so philosophical on other occasions. I confess it annoyed me when men of high literary or political character honoured my father with a morning visit, (as not unfrequently happened,) to see the pertinacity with which Cousin Walter would force himself upon their notice, monopolizing their conversation, and displaying to the greatest possible disadvantage his ungainly figure and suit of rusty black. On the very last day of my stay in London, my father entered the drawing-room, followed by a tall and handsome man, whom he presented to me as the celebrated T. Campbell, whose noble "Hohenlinden" and "Exile of Erin," had first awoke the love of song in our childish minds. Nothing could have more delighted us, and no one could be more agreeable than the great poet made himself during the half hour of his visit—talking with liveliness and grace on all the most interesting topics of the day—on the great struggle then making by unhappy Poland for her liberty—and by a natural transition, on the bloodless triumph which Ireland had, scarce two years before, achieved for herself in the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. "I suppose," said Mr. Campbell, "the occupation of the orange party is now gone," (he reckoned without his host as the event has since proved,) I freighted a boat from Heligoland with them," and then, perceiving us to look puzzled, and pressed by Cousin Walter, (who had long since left the cosy nook in which he had been reading the papers of the day, to mar the pleasant conversation with his abrupt remarks,) with a volley of questions, the poet explained that he alluded to a ballad of his founded on a popular superstition respecting Heligoland, and which was published in a volume of his poems that had recently appeared, but which none of us had yet seen. Shortly after Mr. Campbell took his leave, and the rest of the party sepa-

rated to their various avocations. I had accompanied my sister in a round of farewell visits, on returning from which we found, upon the drawing-room table, a small paper parcel on which was written, "*T. Campbell's Poems, for Miss —.*" To break the seal, take out the volume, and eagerly turn to the ballad of Heligoland, was the work of a moment. I must, however, honestly confess, that disposed as we were to admire, it sadly disappointed our expectations. We now enquired *how* the book came there, but could obtain no information—nobody knew anything about it—it must have been handed in to one of the servants then absent on a message. On one point we were perfectly agreed—that it was a "galanterie" on the part of Mr. Campbell, a delicate attention for which my sister could not be sufficiently thankful, whilst I, determined to have some share in his favours, pounced upon the envelope with the great man's autograph. With every disposition to be generous, my sister (the interests of her *album* full in view) could not help a gentle remonstrance against this appropriation of mine, and whilst we were keeping up a laughing dispute on the subject, the door opened, and Cousin Walter entered the room with his usual jerking gait, and an air of importance even greater than usual, rubbing his hands together as he approached the table where we sat, "Well Miss —," said he, "I hope the poems please you." As he spoke, the fatal truth flashed full upon us—the book, so prized as the offering of Campbell, was in truth the gift of *Cousin Walter*—it was for *Cousin Walter's Autograph* that we had been so earnestly contending! It was too ridiculous—our mortification was changed to mirth, and we gave vent to our feelings in a burst of laughter, in which so soon as he understood its cause, Cousin Walter, tickled at at the *quid pro quo*, very heartily joined! I never saw him more—he died in the ensuing winter—his last moments soothed by the judicious kindness of one who was ever kind.

Peace be to the ashes of poor Cousin Walter. E.

## ON TRANSPORTATION.

THE professed objects of punishment in our law are the amendment of the offender, and the producing by his example a dread in others of provoking penalty by the commission of crime. If the punishments inflicted be such as to preclude the attainment of these results—if ferocious and cruel, they are yet not efficacious—if the pool into which the victim of a moral distemper is cast be troubled by a demon's hand—and instead of healing his infirmity, tends only to aggravate its loathsomeness, it is surely time for men to whom theory refers the making of the laws, to awake from their long sleep, and to see and to repudiate the monstrous things that are done in their name.

Some acquaintance with the administration of the criminal laws has made us unfortunately familiar with the pronouncing of the judgment by which our fellow citizens are torn from the embraces of their friends and banished, *professedly* for terms commensurate with their offences, to a distant land. We have not unfrequently seen men whose muscular frames would not have exhibited a convulsive heave under the sentence that consigned them to a violent and ignominious death, sink under that which sent them in groups from the dock under an armed escort, directed to prevent the last leave-taking, the interchange of the parting blessing, with those for whom, undiminished amid violent excesses, their hearts' softness had been stored. It was a sight that none, even the hardest, could behold without commiseration; but we take blame to ourselves when we remember that we looked upon the fate of those wretched men, as

"Those that had but tears to give,  
And wept those tears alone."

Fortunately, however, the eye of a more active humanity has followed the exiles across the deep, and penetrated the "vast Lazar-house of many woes," to which they were consigned under the operation of a system curiously designed to combine the ends of cupidity and correction.

We have little predilection for leadership, but it is with a feeling of grateful respect that we follow in the footsteps of Sir William Molesworth, who has torn away

the veil, and uncovered to our view the appalling secrets of the den of horrors; and shown us many thousands of our fellow citizens subjected to the capricious ferocity of keepers that, instead of labouring to reclaim an erring brother—to restore him to the virtue from which he had lapsed, and to purge away the stain from an immortal soul—

"Goad on the o'erlaboured mind,  
And dim the little light that's left behind  
With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill."

For his ample and able exposition of the degradation and misery inflicted upon human beings, contrary to the spirit of that law whose protection they have not forfeited by offence, we thank him in the name of our country and our kind.

The speech of Sir W. Molesworth on the subject of transportation, delivered in the House of Commons the 5th of May, 1840, is before us; but before we proceed to make any quotations from its most important contents, it may be necessary for the sake of our readers to say a word, by way of introduction, as to the subject to which they relate. Sir W. Blackstone lays it down "that many of the undue severities of our criminal law have arisen from too scrupulous an adherence to some rules of the common law, when the reasons have ceased upon which those laws were founded." But whatever sins may lie at its door—for this violation of every rule of common sense and common justice, it has not to answer. The punishment of transportation was unknown to the common law. By the authority of that collection of customs, which records public sentiment from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," every British subject claimed the right of abiding in his own country so long as he pleased; and the Habeas Corpus Act, which the Commentator entitles, "that second Magna Carta, and stable bulwark of our liberties," guaranteed to every man exemption from imprisonment beyond the sea, (where they cannot have the full benefit and protection of the common law,) by enacting heavy penalties against him who should offend in this behalf, and also by giving to the person aggrieved a right of

action against the party committing, his aiders, advisers, and abettors, with treble costs and damages, which no jury shall assess at less than £500.

Such is the spirit of the Common Law, fortified by special enactment. Such was the state of those remote days whose writers showed how well they estimated the sustaining bond that unites a man to his fatherland, in that maxim by which they set out the duty of natural allegiance—"Nemo potest exuere Patriam." Nobody, they write, can—what?—renounce his country?—abandon?—repudiate?—or disclaim it? Oh no! strong as these terms would be, they do not come up to the force of the original, which includes at once the obligations and the advantages of citizenship, representing the patriot bond as a defensive armour, compensating the wearer by its protection for its weight, and justifying the maxim, that "none shall strip himself of his country."

Different periods are assigned by writers, for the introduction of transportation as a punishment. Some refer the disgrace of its adoption, to the reign of Elizabeth, when a statute enacted (39 Eliz., c. 4,) "*That such rogues as were dangerous to the inferior people should be banished the realm.*" How could such a law be duly administered, "if laws were made for every degree!"

Others refer to a statute of Charles II. containing the first mention of transportation to America, as an alternative penalty for the moss troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland, whom the judges did not care to hang. While others again cast the stigma upon the year 1718, when the 4 G. I., c. 11, afterwards enlarged by 6 G. I., c. 23, gave the bench a discretion to order felons who were entitled to benefit of clergy, to be transported to the American plantations, for seven or fourteen years according to circumstances. Without deciding between the parties, or inquiring which of the rods is to eat up the rest, let us here mention a provision of these last mentioned acts, which seems a palpable mockery of the boast that "the air of Britain is too pure to be the breath of a slave." The government was authorized to contract with such as might send in proposals for the transportation of convicts to the Colonies—and hear it, ye Britons blush to hear "the deeds that are done in your clime"—these contractors obtained an interest, ay, even an assignable interest, in the service of each convict for seven or fourteen years, accord-

ing to the sentence passed; during which time the Colonial laws enabled the farmer of his brother's sweat and blood, to exercise over his slave—the outcast from the temple of freedom, branded at its gate—the most "rigid discipline,"\* by which he might turn his base bargain to account. This commercial system of purification went on until the Giant of the New World arose, "strong," but not "merciful," and swore that no slaves but his own should be whipped at his triangles:—very inconvenient! for so valuable had the system become, that offers were made and received by the government, to convey the convicts to the "house of bondage" free of expense, for the mere benefit of their use. Previously £5 a head had been allowed the contractors for the convicts they brought out.†

A trial was now made of confinement in hulks and in penitentiary houses, erected in various parts of England, and an act of the year 1776, authorized the committal of persons under sentence of death, who should become objects of the royal clemency, to these places of correction, to be kept at hard labour for a period not exceeding ten years. The convicts were to be kept from association with those who might be confined for minor offences; to be cheaply subsisted upon coarse food, and clothed at the public expense. The infliction of corporal punishment was permitted to compel the delinquents who were unwilling to work; while to the better disposed the prospect of earlier liberation was held out, and an additional incentive to good conduct was provided in the payment of a sum, varying according to their merits from 40s. to £5, at their discharge. A subsequent act (19 G. III., c. 74,) followed up the spirit of these provisions, and made some useful extensions. It fixed the nature of the servile occupations in which convicts were to be engaged, both in penitentiaries and the hulks; it enabled the visiting commissioners to reward the docility and industry of prisoners in the former, by giving them a part of their earnings for the support of their families; and provided that on their discharge they should be supplied with decent clothing, and presented with a sum varying from 20s. to £3, to exempt them on their return to society from the solicitations of distress. The provision in favour of convicts for heavier offences, on

\* "Colquhoun on Police," 7th Edition. London, 1806.

† "Colquhoun on Police," 445, note.

their discharge from the hulks, was confined to the pecuniary gift, which was of equal amount with the bounty conferred on those sent out of the penitentiary. The act obliged the governors and superintendants of both places of correction to make annual returns to the Court of K.'s Bench; and empowered his majesty to appoint an inspector who should visit these, together with the gaols, &c., at least once a quarter, and report to the K.'s Bench the state of the buildings, conduct of the officers, treatment of the prisoners, and state of their earnings and expenses; this report to be followed by another to be made to both houses of parliament, at the beginning of each session. Such is a brief outline of the National Penitentiary System, devised, conformably with the spirit of the common law, for the profitable employment and ultimate reformation of convicts, without sending them out of the kingdom. We shall not pause to examine why this system failed—suffice it to say, that by the 24 G. III. the punishment of transportation was revived; and again courts were empowered to pass sentence of transportation upon male convicts; their services to be assigned to the contractors who should undertake to transport them. A difficulty now presented itself; no place could be found half so well formed as the old whipping-ground in America, to insure the speculator an ample return. Attention was therefore turned to the infant colony of New South Wales, with the view of making it a receptacle for convicts. We shall now proceed with Sir Wm. Molesworth to describe the condition of the outcast placed beyond the protection of the law; but first let us authenticate the description he has given by his own account of the proofs upon which it is founded. Sir Wm. Molesworth was chairman of a committee appointed in 1837, to consider the subject of transportation with a view to "its efficacy as a punishment—to its moral effect upon the penal colonies—and, finally, to the improvements of which the existing system might be susceptible." The committee laid upon the table of the House of Commons in 1838 its report, founded upon grounds the best calculated to sustain it, viz.

"Official documents furnished by the colonial office, consisting of despatches, reports to and from the governors of the penal colonies, and criminal returns. Numerous witnesses were examined; but, in order to avoid any cavil as to the credibility of those witnesses, not one fact of any importance has been stated by the committee in

their own report, which is not corroborated by official documents.

"The penal colonies of Great Britain are N. S. Wales, founded in 1787. To this place 75,200 criminals have been transported; and in the year 1836 the number of offenders under punishment there, were, men 25,254, women 2,577. The next in magnitude is Van Diemen's land, founded in 1804, to which, since 1817, 27,759 convicts have been sent, and of which the criminal population in 1835 consisted of 14,914 men, and 2,054 women. The third is Norfolk Island, a dependency of N. S. Wales, which contains about 1,200 convicts. The last which must be mentioned is Bermuda, containing about 900 convicts."

From this roll we discover that in fifty-three years there have been transported 105,059 of our fellow subjects! Let us see their condition.

"The greater portion of the punishment of the convicts in these colonies consists in compulsory labour, enforced either by the officers of the government, or by private individuals, to whom the convicts are assigned as servants."

The latter is by far the most numerous class, and contained in 1836 about 29,000.

"A convict is said to be assigned when the right of the government to the labour of the convict is made over to some private individual, who becomes his master." Proprietor rather! "The master determines, according to his will and pleasure, the nature and amount of labour to be executed from his convict servant"—slave.

Even were it possible for us to suppose that a man could become, by the commission of offence, the property of the state; and that his productive energies were at the state's disposal—he must be placed in the same sense that every thing else is committed to the state, that the legislature may deal with him "according to the trust put in it." The soundness of his physical constitution, the perfection of his moral sense; these are the precious wealth of his country; and the convict must cease to be a subject and become a slave, under the act which impairs the one, or the omission which leaves the other unretrieved. But we need not fine spun distinctions—let us look farther into the working of the system.

"Some of the assigned convicts are humanely treated—the fate of others is far different. They may be considered to be slaves; for the power of the master to cause punishment to be inflicted on his servant is very great, and the punishments, even for trifling offences, are very severe. In proof of this, the words of the law may be cited, by which it will appear that a convict may be summarily (a word the law abhors) punished for drunkenness, disobedience of orders, neglect of work (the assignee's work!), absconding, abusive language to his master or overseer! (they would ply the lash, but fitly repress

'The increasing howl,  
And the half inarticulate blasphemy,')

or any other disorderly or dishonest conduct, by imprisonment, solitary confinement, labour in irons, or fifty lashes."

And this law is by no means inoperative.

"In 1834 the convict population of N. S. Wales did not exceed 23,000; the summary convictions, chiefly for the offences just mentioned, amounted to 22,000; and the number of lashes inflicted exceeded 100,000. In Van Diemen's land in 1834 the convict population was about 15,000; the summary convictions were nearly 15,000, and the number of lashes inflicted there exceeded 50,000. On the other hand it should be remarked, that a convict, if ill treated by his master, may apply to a bench of magistrates for redress; but, then, the majority of those magistrates are generally owners of convict labour."

A jurisdiction prettily constituted to protect the slaves!

Such is a compendious view of the system. But it may not be a sufficient impeachment of it, that every humane instinct rises in arms against it—that it violates the principles of the common law, which is public sentiment, guided by public intelligence, and reduced to rule. Let us try how the system prospers. See what blessing there is upon the work. We cannot give all the authorities before us; the uniformity of horror that marks them saves us the trouble of selection. Captain Maconachie, secretary to Sir J. Franklin, the present lieutenant governor of Van Diemen's Land, from long opportunity of personal observation, speaks thus of the moral effects of assignment:—

"The practice of assigning convicts to masters is cruel, uncertain, prodigal, ineffectual either for reform or example, and can only be maintained in some degree of vigour by extreme severity. Some of its most important enactments are systematically broken by the government itself; they are, of course, disregarded by the community. The severe coercive discipline, which is its principal element, is carried so far as to be at issue with every natural, and, in many cases, every laudable impulse of the human mind. It defeats, in consequence, its own most important objects; instead of reforming, it degrades human nature."

Founded in the violation of every social principle, the system can be only supported by terror; it therefore addresses itself to the most debasing passion of the mind, by destroying the relation that should exist between crime and punishment; and stamps atrocity upon the lightest classes of offence. Let us hear Captain Maconachie again upon the punishments:—

"They are severe, even to excessive cruelty. Besides corporal punishment, to the extent of fifty to seventy lashes, and even in some rare instances, a hundred lashes,—solitary confinement,

and months, or even years, of hard labour in chains, (on the roads, or at a penal settlement,) are lightly ordered for crimes in themselves of no deep die; for petty thefts, (chiefly in order to obtain liquor,) drunkenness, indolence, disobedience, desertion, quarrelling among themselves, and so forth."

The chain gangs, to whose fellowship the capricious ferocity of the slave owner may consign the convict for the most trivial offence; nay, even for any outward show of contempt for his proprietor, whom, if the groaning victim loathes and execrates, it is a failing that "leans to virtue's side," and a proof that the impress of a higher nature, though blurred, is not obliterated yet; the chain gangs, says Sir George Arthur, endure a punishment "as severe as can be inflicted upon man." They amount to 17,000 in the two colonies. The testimony before the committee represents them as being

"Locked up from sunset to sunrise in caravans or boxes, which hold from twenty to twenty-eight men; but in which the whole number can neither stand upright, nor sit down at the same time (except with their legs at right angles to their bodies), and which, in some instances, do not allow more than eighteen in width, for each individual to lie down upon the bare boards. They are kept to work under a strict military guard during the day, and are liable to suffer flagellation for trifling offences, such as an exhibition of obstinacy, insolence, and the like."

But the measure is not yet full—replete with suffering and atrocity as are the scenes through which we have passed, we have still to pursue our path through a region of more unmitigated bitterness, abounding in illustrations still more appalling, of "man's inhumanity to man."

"The last and greatest in the scale of these punishments is the penal settlements. These are two in number. The one Norfolk Island, a dependency on New South Wales, the other Port Arthur, in Van Diemen's land. To these convicts are sent, for offences of no great magnitude."

About two thousand convicts, with their guards and keepers, constitute the sole inhabitants!! The superintendent of convicts in Van Diemen's Land states, that—

"The work appointed for these offenders is of the most incessant and galling description, the settlement can produce; and any disobedience of orders, turbulence, or other misconduct, is instantaneously punished with the lash."

Again, Sir Francis Forbes, Chief Justice of Australia, says, in a letter to the Law Reform Commissioners—

"The experience furnished by these penal settlements, has proved that transportation is capable of being carried to an extent of suffering, such

as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects."

In his examination before the Committee, the same learned Judge said—

"I have known cases in which it appeared that men had committed crimes at Norfolk Island, for the mere purpose of their being sent up to Sydney to be tried, and the cause of their desiring to be sent, was to avoid the state of endurance under which they were placed in Norfolk Island. I think they contemplated the certainty of execution, from the expressions used by them. I believe they did deliberately prefer death, because there was no chance of escape, and they stated they were weary of life, and would rather go to Sydney and be hanged."

From time to time these unfortunate wretches have mutinied. One attempt of this kind took place, in which the convicts very nearly succeeded. Nine of these unhappy beings were killed in the conflict. Twenty-nine were condemned to death, and eleven were executed. The following detail from the lips of a minister of the Gospel, who went to unfold the promises of another world to the condemned prisoners, gives fearful confirmation to the foregoing extracts:—

"I said a few words to induce them to resignation; and I then stated the names of those who were to die, and it is a remarkable fact, that, as I mentioned the names of those men who were to die, they one after the other dropped upon their knees, and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that terrible place; whilst the others remained standing mute. It was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed. Those who were condemned to death appeared to be rejoiced."

Upon this subject we shall adduce the testimony of one witness more; Sir George Arthur states, that he had known instances of prisoners at Port Arthur, the penal settlement of Van Diemen's Land, actually committing murder "in order to enjoy the excitement of being sent up to Hobart Town for trial; though aware that in the ordinary course they must be executed within a fortnight after their arrival."

From the length at which we have dwelt upon the system of assignment, some may be led to conclude, that the evils here set out are confined to those unhappy beings, to whose service the right of the government is transferred to private speculators; and their indignation, which these details cannot fail to awaken, may be disarmed by the prospect held out by the legislature of its abolition, and the substitution of exclusively government control. To such persons Sir Wm. Molesworth, speaking on the faith of the authentic testimony adduced before the Committee, states, that—

"the government convicts are the most profligate and desperate portion of the criminal population of the penal colonies," while the revolting cruelties, to escape which we have seen the sufferers even stain their souls with murder, rejoicing in the freedom that the gibbet could confer, were inflicted by government agents under the authority of British law.

Upon the first head of inquiry prescribed to the Committee, viz.: The efficacy of transportation as a punishment,—we have perhaps said enough to enable the reader to form an opinion. Upon the second, namely, "its moral effect upon the penal colonies," shuddering over the ample details which the pages before us present, we cannot, for the purpose of strengthening the grounds of inference already laid,—we could not for any consideration short of sudden and perfect triumph over this execrable system, bare to the public eye its utter loathsomeness. The horrors which we forbear to touch upon, are not confined to the wretched outcasts themselves. There is a pestilential sympathy between those who feel the lash, and those who wield it. The contagion of the moral leprosy they have nurtured is best evinced in the declaration of Sir George Arthur, that "a convict police was better than any police of freemen he could procure in Van Diemen's Land."

Public meetings have, it appears, been got up in the penal colonies, and resolutions have been formally passed by the principal traders in human degradation, denying that the society of the Colonies receives any moral detriment from the existing state of things.

"Such resolutions," adds Sir William, "unsupported by facts, and in direct opposition to the undoubted facts which I have stated, are of little value; unless they may be considered as evincing the moral insensibility of those who agreed to them, and thereby proving the contrary of what was intended to be proved."

We might dilate upon the subject—we might press the analogy that exists between the physical and the spiritual world, and deduce from the whole tenor of God's moral government on earth, that the murderer cannot sit with a charmed life amid his festering victims, and inhale unhurt the reek of the putrescence he has caused; but for the double purpose of argument and recapitulation, we prefer quoting the words of the friend of humanity before us, to which our feelings, quickened by the detail of colonial misery and crime acting,

under the auspices of a Christian people, in reciprocal reproduction, suggest not a word that we could add.

"Let honorable gentlemen," said Sir William Molesworth, "picture to themselves the life of a settler in a community where three-fifths of the population have been convicted of transportable offences; where, to use the words of Mr. Justice Burton, the main business of all seems to be the commission of crime and the punishment of it; where some of the wealthiest inhabitants, the greater portion of the tradesmen, publicans, and innkeepers; where almost all the servants in private families, the labourers in the fields, and the workmen on the roads; where the police, (as in Van Diemen's Land,) the superintendants of the convicts, the gaolers, witnesses in the courts of justice, members of the jury on the trial, and even at one time magistrates on the Bench, and instructors of youth in the schools, were, or had been, convicts. Thus, at every moment, and in every occupation of life, the settler is brought into contact with criminality. He is surrounded by crime, and haunted by the spectacle of cruel and degrading punishment. On the roads, and in every public place, he constantly meets gangs of wretched beings in chains, displaying all the outward tokens of misery. The shopkeeper with whom he deals has probably been convicted of swindling. The servants who attend upon him are all convicts; the women, at best, drunken prostitutes; the men hardened ruffians; in order to make them work, he must either connive at their vicious conduct, disobey the regulations of the government and pay them wages, or he must have constant recourse to a magistrate, and to the infliction of the lash."

A single mitigation of the otherwise uniform infamy of this unhumanizing system, presents itself in the shape of an indulgent remission of penal labour, conferred by what is termed "a ticket of leave," which is presented to the convict at the expiration of four, six, or eight years, according to the length of his punishment, provided he has not been summarily declared, nor judicially found, guilty of some considerable offence since his arrival in the colonies. Even this, however, which is well denominated "the least objectionable portion of the transportation system," is stated to be marked by the greatest abuses. But what care we for these tickets of leave, or their abuses either? We disclaim, we repudiate the notion of treating this as a question of experiment. To be sure there are abuses connected with the tickets, and with every other portion of that which from first to last, is but one diversified abuse. It may suit others to indulge in nice discriminations; we count not the Leper's scales, but cry "unclean."

We have stated that the third direction to the committee, was to "consider of what improvements the existing system was susceptible." After what we have seen of

the evidence adduced to them, we are fully prepared for the Christian and constitutional declaration, that no modification could redeem or extenuate it;—that "transportation should be forthwith abolished." Certain proposed modifications are, however, here laid before us, which appear to have been contained in a letter written by Lord John Russell to the late Secretary of State for the Colonies. They are under three heads:—1st. The immediate discontinuance of the assignment system; 2nd. that convicts sentenced for seven years punishment shall cease to be transported; and lastly, that convicts sentenced to more than seven years, shall be transported to Norfolk Island, where they are to undergo the severer portion of their punishment; subsequently they are to be removed to the public works in New South Wales. The last of these proposals is combated, in addition to the frightful evidence already given of this place, by very accurate calculations of the relative expences of transportation and a system of punishment in penitentiaries at home, and the clearest demonstration is afforded of the economy of the latter. We will not impair the force of these reasonings, founded on comparison; by entering upon them in the end of an article which has probably tried the patience of the reader already; but shall endeavour to do them justice when opportunity offers for renewed assault upon a monster, which, though pierced with many a shaft, shows signs of unabated vigour still. For Sir Wm. Molesworth is not the only one who would have reason to complain of being too closely compressed, did we attempt to glance cursorily at the various topics which he handles so fully. Affecting to give an entire view of the subject we could not with justice to the public, or with fairness to that distinguished prelate, the Archbishop of Dublin, refrain from making large extracts from his speech in the House of Lords; the substance of which, published by his Grace, is before us—a speech eminently calculated to win that branch of the legislature to the cause of constitutional mercy, by probing to its depths this livid plague spot. Let us confess, however, that even did the limits of our paper admit, we have reasons which would prevent our going into the details to which we have alluded.

We regard the subject before us, 1st, as a question of international law; and 2ndly, as a question of constitutional right, we protest against that being overruled



for any motive of supposed expediency—and we disclaim the notion of a Change Alley calculation, whether Britain can afford to support a constitution or no.—What right can any people have to take any portion of God's fair world and make it a cess-pool for moral drainage, into which they may slough off their moral corruptions? If the selected spot be genial in climate and rich in soil, presenting an alluring field to honest enterprise, what rule of natural justice can authorize them to prohibit immigration, or attach to it the penalty of contaminating association? As a question of constitutional right, however, it touches us more nearly. Vulgar sympathy with crime we disclaim and condemn; but to the criminal, apart from all consideration of the thousand "negligencies and ignorances," and worse, of society, which may have contributed to make him such,—to the criminal we are bound by a social tie, indissoluble as the natural relation that connects us. Personal interest joins with our feelings of natural justice to bid us keep an open eye upon the dispensations of the law in his regard; because in them the spirit of the constitution may be most easily violated, while whatever may be his condition in life, many circumstances conspire to leave the convict unfriended. It were an ungracious task to analyze the motives that regulate us with regard to one untainted by conviction, but we may remark, that there is at least no specious semblance of virtue, under which we can cloak the churlish rejection of his prayer. It is constantly said by persons, who evince a sacred regard for the constitution, whenever the exclusion of others from its benefits is proposed as a means of maintaining it, that this seeming care for the observance of constitutional end and limit in the infliction of punishment, is nothing but an insidious attempt to play into the hands of the seditious, by procuring impunity for guilt. And they add, the trick of it stands detected in this, that those who make such a pother upon this matter, never say one word upon a punishment notoriously common, namely, imprisonment with hard labour, for which transportation is really only an equivalent. Nothing can tend more to fortify our position than the illustration by which they endeavour to assail it. Take, then, the condition of an offender sentenced to imprisonment within the united kingdom, where he is not "removed from the protection of the common law." During his

stay in prison the whole course of his treatment is reformatory; his industry, though compelled, is regular and not excessive: personal cleanliness, order and decorum, are enforced upon him; and, though he may not profit much by constrained attendance at religious exercises, he is kept aloof from every thing that might tend to confirm in him the pernicious habits, which it is the object of our legal punishments to correct. Finally, in the very moment when his term of confinement expires, he is entitled to his discharge, and nobody dares to prevent his departure.

Is such the case with the transported convict? Does his punishment regard the same end—does it look to his amendment? can he rejoice in the "glory of the English laws," that the penalty of his offence is ascertained, and, that it rests not in any breast to alter that judgment which the law has ordained? And can he look forward to the moment of liberation, when he may return to the discharge of his social duties in the bosom of his family in his own land? Oh no! nothing of all this. The evidence is, that "he who comes to a penal colony loses the heart of a man, and acquires the spirit of a beast;" no order is established to reclaim him, no decorous observance, no spiritual care—the very lash is invested with new power to degrade him, being no longer the instrument of punishment regulated and tempered by the law, but the weapon of licentious insolence, vitiating by example. And when his term of bitter endurance is out, can he claim his discharge? By positive enactment, the endurance of the punishment adjudged, by one convicted of any felony not punishable with death, shall have the like effects as a pardon under the Great Seal. Let us see what they are. In the words of Blackstone, the effect is, "to make the offender a new man, to acquit him of all penalties and forfeitures annexed to that offence for which he receives his pardon, and not so much to restore his former, as to give him a new credit and capacity." In these words is embodied the spirit of the great and wise of old; the magi who watched and worshipped by the cradle of the constitution—their breath is on our lips while we call to the gaoler, "set wide the gates, and lead the bondsman forth; let him 'depart hence,' for he has 'paid the uttermost mite.' These are the effects which enactments answerable to the tenor of the common law, prescribe to follow the

endurance of the punishment adjudged. Can the convict claim them? Oh yes! say the advocates of transportation, his compulsory labour ceases with the expiration of his term of punishment, and he is free to go whithersoever he will." Insolent mockery! take their own parallel, turn the prisoner from the tread-mill into the gaol-yard, is he free? Is there no wall to be surmounted? No bar to be removed? To the transported convict the penal colony is but a wider prison—the waves that beat upon the shore of a foreign land are the high walls, the bolts and bars that must be removed and past, before the prisoned wretch is free. Has the state made any provisions for their removal? none whatsoever. "Regenerate," but not "disenthralled," he cannot

"Make him wings to overleap  
The narrow circle of his dungeon wall."

He may return to his home and family if he can—but how can he? poor kidnapped victim to the ambition of extensive colonial power, he pants for kindred and for

home in vain, and curses in his heart the hypocrisy that set up a seeming line between his punishment and that of the perpetual exile, when he finds himself separated by an impassable sea from the objects of his affection, and without a hope of the redeeming influence that belongs to domestic ties, save what the official recommendation holds out, that his holiest bonds of life may be expediently broken, and that some young female of "attested character and worth," a selected victim of the new Minotaur, may be won to his adulterous embrace.\* Again, we say, if "the power of the legislature is limited, not only by the general rules of national justice, and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution," it exceeded its power by enacting, and abuses it by supporting transportation, as a penal provision of British law.

\* For this detestable proposal, see Sir Wm. Molesworth's Speech, p. 37.

## TO AN INFANT.

SWEET little smiler, thou'rt coming to sip  
Of a draught that all mortals must share it;  
But heaven keep the cup from thy tender lip,  
'Till it gives thee strength to bear it.  
Yet the smile that beams from thy cheek affords  
Some sign that thine hours pass with fleetness;  
Thou laugh'st in my face, and thou say'st without words,  
That in life there is nought but sweetness.  
Sweet little smiler, thy days are young,  
Thou dream'st not of care or sorrow;  
Thou laugh'st at those sweets heaven round thee hath flung,  
Thou spendest no thought on the morrow.  
Poor little dreamer, thou know'st not yet  
What moments that life will discover,  
Of withering care and of vain regret,  
Ere half its career be over.  
Some false one perhaps, when thy flow'ret is blown,  
In a tender hour will take it;  
And when all its rip'ning affections are won,  
Desert thy young heart and break it.  
Perhaps sent forth on a stormy life,  
Without parent or friend to guard thee,  
After years consumed in its sickening strife,  
Stern want at last will reward thee.  
But smile on, and each lingering moment wile,  
Be it long ere with sorrow they're blended;  
'Twere pity to shade that mirth or that smile,  
Since too soon they must both be ended.

## THE DUNCAN PRIZE-ESSAY.\*

TIME was when in these countries the fashion of prize-essays was almost confined to the universities and one or two learned societies. Such things were, and put money in the pockets of those who won them, and a gratis pamphlet on the shelves of the author's friends; but further they were not heard of: the remaining copies were sold to the chandlers, and so the pageant ended. The world took no note of it, no more than if a bachelor fellow bought a new teapot, or added a new tier of curls to the honours of an ancient wig. Nay, in those days it was not an unfrequent topic with John Bull, and his cronies by clique or colony—"Lo! what a fine independent set of fellows we are! How in the minutest particulars is our sturdy self-reliance manifested! No prize-essays among us, no hullabaloo of humbug and vanity leading our wisest by the nose! Look at the French—the beggarly frog-eaters, with their literary fêtes, their floral games, their prizes great and small; and the Voltaires, Rousseaus, Marmontels, Cuviers, Barantes, men of all classes and calibres, equally hungry after such petty renown, equally proud of obtaining it."

Thus, or in similar tone, did the chuckle or the grunt of self-approval reach us from many quarters of Bull-land and its dependencies; and now, behold! the scene is changed! We have prize-essays on every thing, wherever the English language is spoken; and few philanthropic old gentlemen make their wills without bequeathing a sum for the purpose; prize-essays and chapels of ease being now the favourite suckers in the panacea nursery, (this is a two-fold metaphor, but let not mammas be offended, we are only speaking horticulturally). Be the sum two hundred guineas, or be it only ten, there is sure to be a scramble for it, and where there is a scramble, is there not fun? Fun in lots, and fury too, and printing at their own expense by disappointed candidates. Thus

"the dishes run after the spoons," and the "world laughs to see the sport," while paper-makers and printers profit by it. Of all sorts and sizes, they meet us at every turning, and swarm on every stall. Prize-essays on "Covetousness," ("Mammon" being as yet the great gun of the confraternity, is entitled to precedence above the rest,) "on Christian Missions," "on Negro Slavery," "on Elevating the Profession of the Educator," "on the Obligations of Literature to the mothers of England," "on Poetry," "on the Pyramids," "on Geology," "on Meteorology," "on Railroads," "on Ramrods," and so on, and so on, and so on, down to the "Gestation of Cows," which is the most picturesque and pathetic subject that we have yet remarked as proclaimed in the scribbling arena. (For this last, Earl Spencer, better known as Lord Althorp, was a candidate; though we are not sure he got the prize; or was it a prize-essay at all? His lordship will correct us, if in error.)

We omitted the Bridgewater Treatises, the giant chiefs of the race, for their size may fairly exempt them from being classed with the essays. In fact, no one thinks of them as such. They are neither calves nor cows, but peculiar bisons, or buffaloes, entitled to form a species by themselves. The writers too, most of them stalwart, sturdy fellows, well fitted for the ring of prize-writing, or prize-fighting, were chosen beforehand, either in obedience to the will of the eccentric earl, or, shall we rather say?—in mercy to the wits of the unsuccessful candidates! Fancy, fifty educated gentlemen writing each two good-sized volumes octavo, or one superlatively big one, for a prize of a thousand guineas; and multiply your fan- cies by eight, being the number of the Bridgewater baits. On a moderate calculation, three hundred and ninety-two gentlemen, each in his own estimation sure of a thousand guineas, and baulked

\* An Essay on the Impediments to Knowledge created by Logomachy, or the Abuse of Words. By the Rev. W. Fitzgerald, A.B., Trinity College. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1840.

of it by the incapacity or partiality of the judges. Why, Nero himself, (or Domitian, or which ever of the emperors it was, for really we forget,) who seated his guests on bellows, and with a mockery more cruel than the murder itself, left them supperless themselves, to be supped on by the household menagerie, was less of a monster than the legator, who could dictate such a will, or the trustee that would execute it.

At all these noisy novelties of the age, the universities and antiquarian societies, (formerly monopolizers of the penny trumpet privilege), looked on for a while with gruff disapproval of those who did thus strangely

"Molest their silent solitary reign."

But after some sluggish heavings of reluctance, they found it would not do; and so they have every where set themselves of late, by choosing subjects of novelty and importance, and sometimes by founding new prizes, to vindicate their claims to priority in this literary guild, that they may still secure to their tables the old supply of these dainty young sprouts from the decapitated cabbage-stalks of fame. Our good university, much as they malign her, has not been behindhand. The Elrington prize, of forty pounds annually, was a couple of years ago established in honour of the late (Protestant) bishop of Ferns; and, we believe, it is in contemplation to pay a similar tribute of respect to the late Provost Lloyd. And not this only, but such generous sympathy has the no longer silent sister excited in other lands, that "Philip Bury Duncan, Esq. M.A. fellow of New College, Oxford, and keeper of the Ashmolean Museum," placed fifty pounds at the disposal of the Board, for an "Essay on Logomachy," (the competition to be open to graduates of the University of Dublin only,) and twenty-five pounds in addition, if it should be deemed worthy of publication; as we fancy a successful essay ought to be, though the donor's experience appears to have misgiven him. The fruit of this munificence (we know not whether of a stranger or an exiled countryman,) is embodied in the pamphlet which lies before us.

We dare say most of our readers remember having seen in their young days, that famous hornpipe in fetters, which, with other prison merriment, diversifies the Beggar's Opera; and which audacious managers venture not to omit, even when they cut it down to two acts and play it as

an afterpiece. We are not sure whether the interest we took in this feat, when first we saw it, was much disturbed by qualms as to its being what it professed to be; but afterwards, while ruminating as boys will ruminate, it began to dawn upon us that it might be only a humbug—the fetters being loose, and possibly hollow, and heavy only to the eye; nay, perhaps, merely wood, cut and painted to a similitude of iron: and then we thought that a hornpipe in real fetters in a real prison, would be the real thing to see. That spectacle, however, literally speaking, the kind or unkind fates have never yet vouchsafed to us; though metaphorical adumbrations thereof, written in nature's hieroglyphs, or fashion's enchorial characters, startle us on every page of the mystic volume of life. Have we not been even now, with various prelude, directing our readers' attention to a numerous class thereof, and a remarkable specimen of the class?

The inefficiency of our universities, in relation to the wants of the age, is a trite topic of lamentation; though far be it from us to assert, that it is not urgently called for by the many deplorable defects of those antiquated institutions. At the same time, there is a considerable class of students, for whom a university is no prison, nor the dull routine of hall and lecture-room, of verbiage rote-retailed and puffed-up pedantry, like fetters to their soaring spirits—for why? their spirits soar not. To such men, or boys, for boys they are though bearded, the writing of prize-essay, or prize-poem, in any of the canonical languages, on any conceivable subject, (and queer choices sometimes do Senior Lecturers light upon,) is a mere dance in mock fetters upon the collegestage, ungraceful to be sure, and tiresome to behold, but more for its uselessness than its difficulty. For most of those who volunteer it, it is perhaps a sort of amusement: to one who rises at four in the morning, and reads from that till sunset, even playing at cat's cradle, or eating bread and butter, may be a welcome relief. Occasionally, however, a man of a higher and different order attempts the feat which seems so easy to his meaner fellows; and then the mock exercitation becomes a serious trial of strength, hardly pleasant to look upon, the success being far from worth the trouble, and our admiration for the exhibitor's prowess so tempered by a deep regret for the shackles with which choice,

or custom, or fatality, or perhaps all three combined, have loaded his vigorous frame.

Something of this complexion were our thoughts on reading this essay; through some such rambling byepath, as we have drawn an outline map of, did our meditations lead us. Forced as we were at every page to refuse our assent to the doctrines, therein asserted with no stint of dogmatic earnestness, and not a little logical dexterity, we could not but perceive that the author was a man of no common powers, and of a depth and discursiveness of learning, especially rare in these times, and creditable to the university which allowed him to acquire it; for we dare not conjecture that it gave him much encouragement. The subject is really an important one, and to such of our readers as take an interest in it, we strongly recommend the pamphlet: those who happen to think with the writer, will scarcely be led more astray or more perplexed by its perusal, while those who view the matter in a different light, may benefit by intercourse with so intelligent an antagonist. We shall, however, neither give any extracts, nor enter into any minute examination of its errors; and that for a very simple reason.

We have said the subject is an important one:—"The abuses of words," "Logomachy or word-fighting"—surely, much that were profitable to read, might be thereon endited. Aye, but words, the audible embodiment of feelings at best imperfectly revealed; the shadowy garbs, same-seeming, of notions so infinitely diverse; the wavy surface of the star-*swayed* ocean of humanity, spray-crested, bright-glimmering in the sunshine of existence, but so hard to catch or analyse! Words, the cradles and soft-swathing cinctures of thoughts new born out of silence—what should they be but mysteries? How, unless transcendently, should they be successfully written of? How, unless transcendently, should they be religiously written of; with a recognition of their mystery, with a reverence for their power? And, alas! Mr. Fitzgerald is not only no transcendentalist, but a bigot to the opposite opinions, a zealot of the mechanical philosophy, which, bred up in Dublin College, we can hardly be surprised at his being. Of all the calamities with which our devoted country has been visited; of all the injurious influences which have united to crush the

national powers, few are more astounding in their strangeness to our natural character, and very few indeed have been so fatal, as the prevalence among us, for now nearly a century and a half, of the mechanical philosophy. The philosophy of Locke and his followers has blighted more genius in Ireland, than a thousand prosperous years are like to replace or atone for, now that the grace and bloom of our ancient manners are faded, now that the pulse of our ancient life is growing so faint and still. 'Tis true, the doom of that philosophy is sealed: the French literature of the last century, its flippant and seductive offspring, once omnipotent in Ireland, has long since lost its sway, and is now well nigh forgotten; and the parent will soon share its fate, and men begin to wonder how it was ever permitted to rule.

But at present, while it still reigns paramount, to enter upon an examination of this essay at all, would involve a discussion of the entire philosophy, on which it is based and for that, in its briefest form, our limits are much too narrow. We could not advance a step without stopping to disabuse our readers of (or at least to discuss with them) fundamental errors in the veriest rudiments of philosophic speech, which custom, grown by length of time into a prescriptive tradition, has universally sanctioned among us. For instance, the distinction between the reason and understanding, is one which we have found to be any thing but familiar to many men of no ordinary acuteness and information in every thing but philosophy. We trust that hereafter opportunities will arise in this journal, of smoothing the ground for such discussions; and whether or not, we are happy to observe, that favourable influences are at work in that great stronghold of the antagonist opinions, the university itself. Kant's great work has, we understand, been introduced into the fellowship course, which we take to be the first step to a most blessed change. As for Cousin, with all his eclectic amiabilities, and well-meaning philanthropies, he is too much of a philosophic *valet de place*, to be serviceable as a guide, or desirable as an intimate acquaintance. His noisy jabber confuses far more than it instructs; and besides, the French language is as unfit for the elucidation of metaphysical theories, as with all respect for his extended reputation we must deem M. Cousin to be im-

competent to give a correct account of any philosophical doctrine: and therefore we cannot think that much benefit can have arisen from the previous introduction of some of his books into the College curriculum. Though, after all, many may have heard of novelties (alas! that they should be novelties to our countrymen) through him, which had otherwise remained unknown to them. Thus even by such humble means the way may have been set a clearing for that slow-coming but inevitable revolution, which will terminate either in the ignominious expulsion, or else degradation to its proper subordinate position, of the mechanical philosophy.

Meanwhile Mr. Fitzgerald clings firmly to its decaying fortunes, and gives no quarter to any one who denies its power or contravenes its doctrines. Plato, for the sake of his antiquity, is treated with a kind of tolerance; but Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, are dismissed with brief condemnation, and undisguised contempt. It is unfortunate, however, that one so decided on these points, should have written on a subject, confessedly by many of its friends, a weak point of his favourite philosophy. On many another topic his various learning might have carried him through triumphantly; on many subjects of a plainer and more practical nature, might he have written, so as to command the assent of many, the respect and esteem of all. But dazzled by the allurements of a temporary distinction, or the prospect of trivial gain, he has written too briefly for its importance, too hastily perhaps even for his own self-approval, of a theme of extraordinary difficulty. It may displease him, but certainly will not surprise us, if those of his own way of thinking, should pronounce his essay to be incomplete in its arrangement, and perplexed in its subtlest reasonings; or, no matter to him of course, the transcendentalist, pausing at every line of the work, and rejecting it from beginning to end, should utter the commiserating sentence:—from a follower of Locke what else could be expected? as Locke himself, in his brightest moments, was perhaps utterly

incapable of appreciating, in its lightest and most obvious relation, the depth and significance of a subject so sacred and sublime.

With all this, we have a great respect for Mr. Fitzgerald, and a high admiration of his learning, well knowing as we do the many obstacles to such acquirements, with which our university besets the more aspiring student. We think it a pity that he should waste his time in writing prize-essays, or controversial pamphlets. We will not conceal our opinion that his literary dispositions are too sectarian and polemical for our taste, but still we should be glad to see him, even in those departments, undertake some larger work on some topic of permanent interest. There his abilities and learning would have full scope, and make themselves respected, even though failing to persuade. Why should not Ireland also have her Souths and Warburtons? Even in misdirected valour there is something to be proud of. The literature of a country has, or ought to have, many mansions. And so many of ours are unbuilt, so many more untenanted, tumbling in ruins or overgrown with weeds and wild flowers; picturesque, but profitless—eloquent as a record of the past, but sheltering not the present, provident not for the future! 'Tis time that our country should be something else in literature as in life, than a desert or a ruin. Let each man, in his own department, work with all his might, at what his hand findeth to do: and then the same calm evening, o'er canopied by victory, and smiled on by such parting twilight as prophecies a brighter morrow, will even in this generation herald for us all that glad repose, which they only know who have laboured, and seen their labour blessed. Let those among us who can be Warburtons, be so; let those who can be Souths, be so; and if there be any, as we trust there are many, with capacity to be greater far, let the world behold their light. Each man according to his capacity, each man according to his works. FIAT. FIET.

## NECESSITY FOR A FIRE POLICE IN DUBLIN.

THERE is no subject in which all classes of our readers are more directly and permanently interested, than that to which the title of the present article refers. We have hailed with much satisfaction, the adoption of popular representation in the management of our municipal affairs; and although we are not entirely satisfied with the details of the measure just passed, for the regulation of Corporations in Ireland, we look to time and experience for amendment, in those points to which we see reason to object. Meanwhile, we hope that every effort will be made by the newly constituted bodies, to promote the greatest degree of practical improvement in their government; and amongst the objects deserving and requiring public attention, there cannot well be one of more interest to the community, than the best means of affording the greatest possible degree of security, to the inhabitants of a city, against all the horrors of conflagration. It is one, however, that has never been well understood in Dublin; or if understood, the best measures have not been acted upon here, nor indeed, except partially and of late years, in many other cities.

The system of insurance against ruinous pecuniary losses that might otherwise be the consequence of fires, is excellent; and the abundance of competition ensures that partial alleviation being obtained on reasonable terms; but the provisions for the diminution of the actual evil, and for the general safety of life and property, are very faulty. The insurance companies being deeply interested in the prevention of any great extent of destruction of property at one period, induced them to set up, for their own security, establishments of fire engines, ready to turn out at every alarm; and the consequence has been that the complete business of extinguishing fires has been thrown into their hands.

This is highly objectionable on many accounts.

First—The unfairness of laying the entire charge of this peculiarly necessary establishment and business upon insurers,

that is upon the prudent, for the protection of the whole population.

There cannot be a doubt of the justice of taxing the whole community in proportion to their property, for precautions that are absolutely necessary for the safety of all.

Secondly—This business is not in accordance with the habitual avocations of the persons composing these companies, who must usually consist of capitalists and office men, and whereas this particular branch bears but a very small proportion in their general business as insurers, it is quite a chance if any of them individually should possess acquirements that would assist them in regulating or controuling it with any effect.

Thirdly—These companies in this very important undertaking are entirely irresponsible to the public for their proceedings; what they do is purely for their own advantage; they may encrease or they may reduce their means or their exertions, at their own pleasure. Should people be remiss in insuring, the companies might think it prudent to diminish their establishments of engines, or to abandon them altogether, and certainly no body would have any right to complain.

It may be said this is not likely to happen; but it is sufficient to shew, that there is no obligation on their part, and that it is quite possible that their interest may not be to make any great provision or exertions, in order to prove the system to be bad.

Fourthly—These parties are not only independent of the public in their arrangements, but they are also independent of one another, consequently there is no combination or union among them, or in their proceedings; each has its own distinct establishment, which it retains and uses without reference to the others—hence must arise on some occasions a deficiency and on others a superabundance of some particular means, and a want of the general arrangement that should enable the efforts of the whole to be directed in the most regular and efficient manner for attaining the object in view.

In London, Liverpool, and some other cities, a great improvement has been made of late years in this respect. In London the insurance companies have organized an united establishment under one competent superintendent, which enables the whole force to be applied in a far more economical, judicious, rapid, and energetic manner than previously. In Liverpool they have still further improved by not only forming one single establishment, but making it a part of the police force; still, however, even there the insurance companies contribute a large sum towards it; for which there is no reason.

It may be conceived that these companies have a peculiar interest in the matter, but in fact any expenses so incurred are defrayed by the insurers, and not taken from the profits of the company.

Fifthly—Another objection to this system is the want of connection, and consequently of the most perfect mode of co-operating with other bodies and establishments whose agency is absolutely necessary at every fire, such as the companies or departments which manage the provision of water, the police, &c. Also the want of some necessary legal powers, that for the general benefit, are usually conceded to duly authorized bodies, subject to proper control and responsibility against their abuse.

While this system is in Dublin necessarily liable to many of the above inconveniences, there are others which most materially impede the great end in view.

The action of the insurance companies in this undertaking, only extends to the providing of fire engines; and it must be allowed that they are not only abundant and of good quality, but that arrangements have been made for their being brought out in sufficient numbers and in ample time for any useful service, that under present arrangements, they could render.

The greatest defect is in the want of means for obtaining a ready supply of water; this in all places is the principal want, and one that in all, there has been least pains taken to remedy, by a proper obligation on those who would best provide those means, by a well regulated mode of action, and by a suitable provision of funds to defray the expense.

In Dublin the inattention to this point is peculiarly great, and the evil is peculiarly to be deplored; since there are few cities so favourably circumstanced for a ready supply.

Besides the river, which traverses and

divides the city into two equal parts, there is a canal on each side, surrounding it quite close, affording abundance of water, and at very high levels; the great basin at Portobello, on the south side, connected with the Grand Canal, capable of containing 1,000,000 cubic feet of water, is fifty feet above the high water level of the river, with two smaller cisterns still higher; and another on the north side connected with the Royal Canal, which will hold near 500,000 cubic feet, is sixty feet above the same level.

From these reservoirs, pipes have been laid throughout the town, but with so few cocks for obtaining the water on occasions of fire, as to be scarcely worth mentioning; nor indeed are many of the pipes themselves capable of affording the necessary supply until after a considerable interval; thus, it is seldom till an hour after the first alarm is given, that the engines can be worked effectually, during which period a fire gets very great head; whereas, a moderate supply of water, and moderate means applied during the first half hour, would probably extinguish it, save a vast amount of valuable property, and prevent much distress—at least such is almost universally the remark of persons who have witnessed these occurrences from the beginning.

Besides this advantage with respect to sources of water, Dublin possesses some others of much importance, if they were turned to proper account.

It is very compact, every part of its outskirts being nearly at equal distances from the centre; it may be called level generally speaking, and is intersected in almost every direction by broad streets with good carriage ways.

Besides its large population, which as in other towns it may be difficult to regulate for efficient service in a hurry, and more particularly by night, it contains a considerable police and a large garrison of troops. Another establishment affords much assistance, and by improved arrangements with a good fire police, is capable of rendering still more, namely, the Paving Board. At its station in Mary-street, a central position, are kept thirty large watering carts for watering the streets, and thirty horses, each cart capable of containing 200 gallons of water; a few of the drivers live on the spot, and others in the neighbourhood; six of these carts are kept full all night, and turn out at any alarm of fire as speedily as possible, the remainder



(which are empty) follow and get supplied, with water at the nearest watering station to the fire.

The progress of circumstances as they take place on the occurrence of a fire in Dublin when it breaks out in the night, is usually in the following manner:—

The police patrol will probably be the first active person who has notice of the accident. Having alarmed the inmates of the house and taken any immediate measures for assisting in their personal safety, it is his business to give information to the Divisional Station; and about twenty police men, whose duty it is to be prepared to turn out at the shortest notice, are collected at the spot in from ten to twenty minutes, and render every assistance in their power.

In the mean time the alarm is to be given at *many different places* by any individuals who may chance to think of it—

- 1.—To the fire offices for the engines, chiefly in or near College Green.
- 2.—To the Paving Board Office in Mary-street, for the water carts.
- 3.—To the pipe water establishment in William-street or in Barrack-street for the turncocks.

There is a portable fire escape apparatus at each of the police divisional stations, but it does not appear whether their service is thoroughly organized, so that they may be run out with rapidity on all alarms.

The first body in readiness to act, is the police; and it is stated by one of the superintendents, that on one occasion, if he and his men could have got a few buckets of water on their first arrival, they could have extinguished a fire, that, in the end, did damage to the value of £1500.

The first engine will arrive in from half to three-quarters of an hour after the fire is observed, and the filled water carts in from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. The latter cannot be moved at any accelerated speed.

The turncocks as soon as they are warned, proceed to turn the water into the branch pipes nearest to the fire. A great portion of the water, in the first instance, makes its way into various cisterns and other receptacles, which, of course, will retard the supply for the fire engines. The turncock then proceeds to the spot, and searches for the pipe, which is to be *broken into* by a sledge hammer, for letting out the water. Sometimes a gas pipe presents itself first, and is broken before it is known not to be that required.

The water is then obtained out of the dirty hole as well as may be; the whole operation taking much time, and executed at almost every fire in the barbarous manner here described.

At length the engines get into full operation, but not until the fire has had a very long time to increase in extent and intensity.

It can be hardly necessary to advert to the bad principle of many of the above arrangements, or to the want of that unity and rapidity of preparation and action which is so essentially requisite in such a matter.

To remedy the great want of system, and of proper means, that are at present applied to this very important service, and to provide the necessary assistance in the most prompt, efficient, and at the same time economical manner, the following principles are suggested for adoption:—

That the insurance companies be relieved from any connection with the business of extinguishing fires. The insurers would by degrees have the benefit of this reduction of expense, and of the diminution of risk which an improved system would produce. Insurance would be cheaper, and consequently more general, and the interests of the companies would be improved, and in particular during the state of transition, as the reduction of the rates would only be according to the increasing profits of the insurers.

That there be formed a district fire guard, to be supported by general assessment on the city; which assessment would probably not exceed 4d. in the pound of value, that is, less than a shilling per pound added to the present police tax.

To avoid the necessity of an additional establishment, and to enable it to be of efficient numbers without the greater part being for long periods idle, this guard should be incorporated with, and form part of the metropolitan police, every member of it being liable to any police duties; in short, that such portion of the police force (to be increased to the extent required), and such individuals as the commissioners found necessary, should be allotted to any peculiar part of this service.

The whole police force would receive some degree of instruction on the manner of conducting the operations; but one good general superintendent and a few assistants would be required, to keep all the machinery in perfect order, and who would

have a more perfect knowledge of the best manner of proceeding, and how to obtain and apply in the most prompt manner every necessary object and assistance.

In London the fire establishment consists of one superintendent and ninety-five men, with fourteen stations, at which are kept thirty-two engines, besides the two large floating engines on the river. This is little enough, but there must be a great desire to reduce the force to a number that will find full occupation. As this business, however, is very irregular in Dublin, at times requiring great exertions, at others much less, it would be of much advantage to have a body, the members of which applicable to this particular service, would be increased or reduced, according to the necessity of the period.

In Liverpool the numbers are, one superintendent, one assistant, and sixty firemen, the whole being constables, and part of the police force, as recommended for Dublin.

It is probable, that on such a system being organised, the Insurance Companies would give up their engines to the new establishment, but if not, engines must be purchased.

The engines and other necessary apparatus, would be connected with divisional police stations, in the proportions and manner best suited to the importance of the respective positions. Arrangements might be made for turning out the engines rapidly, and would not be so difficult or expensive as might be imagined; agreements might be entered into with persons in the neighbourhood, engaged in any business requiring them to have constantly a number of draft horses present, as is done at present by the National Insurance Company, who have an undertaking from a miller near where their engine is kept, at £30 per annum, and 8s. each time called out, to produce a pair of strong horses within five minutes after being called, under penalty in case of failure. It is probable also that it might be so arranged that the horses belonging to the Paving Board might be made available, so far as they would go, for this service.

At each station, there should be kept a good fire escape, the service of which should be thoroughly organised. It should be run out at once on every alarm.

The contrivances for the saving of life, and the means of applying them with the necessary rapidity, have not kept pace with the arrangements for the saving of pro-

perty. The necessity for their use is indeed much less frequent, but still there is no excuse for not being always prepared for the contingency; and however rare, the gratification must be very great of at any time applying improved means with success, where, but for them, fatal consequences must have been inevitable.

At every station, and perhaps even at other places available to the police, might be kept, in addition to the great engines, one smaller and more portable, either such as the present parish engine, or other of approved pattern. These small engines might be earlier on the spot. They may be frequently taken with much advantage into passages and confined places that are impracticable to the others, and with a moderate supply of water in the early stages of a fire, might be the means of extinguishing it.

We come now to the really important consideration, of the means of obtaining a supply of water rapidly.

The pipes for the conveyance of water through the town, from the basins connected with the two canals, have been arranged solely with reference to the provision for the houses. The principal mains, which are constantly full, besides being small in dimensions are, of course, few and far between. From them, the intervening quarters of the city are supplied by union branch pipes, through which the water is turned periodically for filling the several house cisterns.

The first great desideratum is to have numerous fire plugs established in all parts, so that the very slow, wasteful, and barbarous mode of cracking the pipe with a sledge hammer on every occasion, may not be resorted to. Whenever the fire should break out near one of the principal mains, the police, who should always have keys of the fire plugs at their several stations, would be enabled to procure the water even before the engines would arrive. But if the fire should break out within reach of only branch pipes, some time must elapse before it can be obtained, even although the police had also keys for letting the water on that particular part, because, in the first instance, a great portion would be absorbed in filling all the house cisterns in its passage, which would very much retard and reduce the supply, unless by accident the fire happened at the period when those precise branches were filled for the ordinary service. It is this which usually occasions the great delay in

getting water, causing so much complaint and injury.

The desideratum is, therefore, to devise the best expedients for a supply of water from the very earliest periods, that assistance by men and engines can be given, for about one hour or an hour and a half, by which time it can usually be obtained from the street pipes. It is presumed that any general re-organization of the water pipes, so as to be effective for this object, is hardly to be expected. The following, however, might afford a partial remedy:—

1. To collect an establishment of carts at each station to convey a limited quantity of water out rapidly with, or even before, the engines, if possible.

Those belonging to the Paving Board are, at the present time, extremely useful, as they usually convey and keep up the earliest supply; but they are all in one dépôt, and are of a construction quite unfit for any but very slow progress, the water being all in bulk in one cistern.

For rapid movement and for the most useful application, it should be in kegs, such as one man could conveniently carry on his shoulder, say four gallons each, a suitable number, perhaps twenty, on each light one-horse cart, the kegs being kept constantly filled till required. Such carts might be taken out in a gallop in any direction, and the kegs conveyed by hand to any part of the premises in danger. In the mean time the present heavy water carts would come in very opportunely, and both kinds be employed in successive trips to the nearest fountains or places of supply, until the action of the street pipes was in full operation.

2. The police should make themselves perfectly acquainted with the cisterns, pumps, &c., in all the premises in the city, so as to understand thoroughly, what resources might be made available in that way, and the fire apparatus might be provided with such buckets, pipes, hose, small pumps, &c., as would be most useful for collecting it.

They should have such powers to take water from houses, and generally to enter premises in or near the danger as may be considered proper, and must depend for the rest on obtaining leave from the occupiers, which, it is probable, would seldom be refused to a body of public servants so well known; but under either case, it is very desirable that they should have a thorough knowledge of what resources might

be so obtained, and the best means of getting at them.

In like manner, they should be well acquainted with all the localities, with reference to the best way of bringing the means to bear on a fire, and where the engines, &c., can be taken to advantage.

3. There would still be an important lapse of time between the supply brought to the spot by the carts, and the regular current to be obtained from the street pipes. At present, the water carts proceed to the nearest fountains available, which are only those on or so near the principal mains, as to be constantly provided, or those on the branch pipes that happen to have the water turned on them at the time. These resources are so rare, as in many parts of the town must occasion much delay, and but a very slow service.

It is suggested, that a useful remedy might be applied by the establishment of cisterns in different parts of the city, to be kept constantly filled for this express service. They might be on two systems, either above ground in open spaces, made of stone or iron, in form of pedestals to columns, round or square, and to contain from 4000 to 8000 gallons, and might be raised sufficiently for the water to run into the carts; or they might be under ground, of brick and cement, but would require, in that case, to be pumped out. The latter would have the advantage, however of being cheaper to construct, completely out of the way, and might be made much larger without difficulty, and be more protected from the effect of frost.

The above very imperfect sketch, is not intended to prescribe details of any value, but to suggest what it is conceived would be the *principles* desirable to be acted upon.

1. That an ample and well organised fire police be established, and constantly ready to act with rapidity; as the necessity for them is only occasional, and may at any time, without previous warning, require more or less means. It is assumed that this can only be done with economy, by making it a branch of the active metropolitan police.

2. That the body charged with this service be thoroughly acquainted with the business,—that they be invested with a certain degree of authority, and have full power to bring all the necessary means at once into activity, without the presence or intervention of any other persons.

3. That the most perfect machinery be

established in the several parts of the city, most suitable, in connexion with this body and under their charge.

4. That the most complete arrangements be made for obtaining water, at the early periods of the occurrence.

It is suggested, that considering the importance of the object, the expense would not be great, of obtaining all the improvements that have been here proposed. It might not be unreasonable to calculate, that in the course of the next three years, the value of property that would be saved by such precautions, would more than pay for the first outlay.

It is supposed that there could be no difficulty in effecting so perfect a co-ope-

ration between the police and the pipe-water, and the paving boards, as regards this particular service, as would give the full benefit of all the means that could be furnished by the two latter, and of putting those means on such temporary occasions, at the disposition of the police, without the necessity at the moment for applying to those distant offices.

On this subject it is not possible to omit the very natural suggestio of the propriety and economy of consolidating pipe-water, paving, and wide street departments, into one body, all being municipal establishments, and with duties necessarily very much connected. J. F. B.

## SONG.

Air—"La Brigantine."

## I.

THE vessel glides  
Along the foam,  
And bears me from  
My cherished home;  
Soon England's strand  
Shall meet my view—  
My native land—  
My home, adieu!

## II.

I gaze upon  
The rocky shore,  
The mountains rise  
Abrupt and hoar—  
Their aspect grand  
Adorns the view;  
My native land—  
Mountains, adieu!

## III.

Within those hills  
A little nest  
Contains the birds  
That I love best,  
Fond thoughts of them  
My soul subdue!  
Home of my heart—  
My babes, adieu!

## VI.

I go to one  
I love still more,  
To bring him back  
To Erin's shore—  
May Heaven above  
Bless us and you—  
Babes of my love!  
Sweet home, adieu!

L. N. F.

## SONG.

As when a boy, in thoughtless hour,  
A rose-bud to the earth was brushed;  
The fragrance of the broken flower,  
Will linger round the hand that crushed.

So hangs around the spoiler's name,  
The fragrant breath of woman's love,  
And the rude hand that spurn'd to shame,  
Too oft her fondest care doth prove.

B.

## BALLITORE IN 'XCVIII:

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF THE LATE

MARY LEADBETTER.

AUTHRESS OF "COTTAGE DIALOGUES," ETC.

We have always regretted that more care is not taken to collect and preserve documents illustrative of the recent history of this country; and it has been from the first our intention occasionally to diversify our pages with contributions of that nature. We are, therefore, most happy to have been favoured with the fragment of village (and also national) history, which we now present to our readers. It is a chapter from the unpublished autobiography of the late MARY LEADBETTER, the authress of "Poems," published in 1808, "Cottage Biography," "Cottage Dialogues," and other popular works. This lady's name and character must be familiar to many of our readers. She was born in the year 1758. Her grandfather, Abraham Shackleton, a teacher of high reputation a century ago, was the schoolmaster of EDMUND BURKE, and her father, Richard Shackleton, continued through life to be one of the most valued friends of that great man. These and other influences, not forgetting that simple yet refined existence, which has long distinguished the society of Ballitore, no doubt contributed to foster in our authress a very good natural endowment. The result, as developed in her writings, was a sufficiently original character, and one worthy of rather more attention than the world has yet condescended to bestow on it—uniting in no common degree, extreme simplicity and warmth of heart, with rare good sense and strength of mind. We have not space at present to enter into any details in support of this opinion; but we hope, that at no distant period the publication of her collected works will afford us an opportunity of doing so. In that publication, which if it be not commenced, we would most strenuously urge her family and friends at once to undertake, we think the entire of the memoirs, of which we now publish a small portion, ought by all means to be included. Simple and unpretending as they are, and sometimes amusingly minute, the peculiar character which they exhibit, the life of (except in this one instance, unbroken) peace and retirement which they depict so gracefully, and the time in which they are laid, cannot fail to secure them a permanent station in the rising literature of Ireland. The spirit in which they were written, will be best judged of by the following passage from an earlier part of the memoirs:—

"Why do we not better remember that truth which we know so well, that we are not sensible of the value of our blessings till we lose them? In sickness, the comfort of health is painfully recollected, though apparently in little esteem when possessed. When death has deprived us of our tender parents, affectionate friends, or engaging children, sensible that we are cut off from every hope of again enjoying their society, how is every endearing circumstance of the past revived, and every omission on our part, towards them, roused to anguish! When a state of disturbance pervades a nation, when the horrors of war have been felt or threatened, how do we cast a retrospective view to the days of tranquillity, when we sat, as it were, under our own vines and fig-trees, and none made us afraid! astonished that any are willing to relinquish the sweets of peace. The situation of outward alarm and prospect of unsettlement, ought to loosen the mind from those terrene things in which it was wont to delight. It has not had that effect upon me. My heart swells with tender recollections of the past; and though prompt to enjoy the present, feels a regret at the memory of what I have lost, mixed with a pensive satisfaction that I have enjoyed these quiet pleasures. My native village was never more dear to me; and though the vernal time of childhood, and the glowing sensations of youth are past, the autumn of life is not destitute of its tranquil enjoyments. This season of the year I am partial to; I admire the rich and

varied prospects of the autumnal scene, the employments by which it is enlivened, and the awakened remembrance of the past year. Thus, in the autumn of life, I feel my early sensations revived in the children and youth of our family, and I am led to look back, and, with the partiality which I feel to our village, desire to retrace, for their amusement and my own, those scenes, indifferent to other eyes, which have passed before mine, not unnoticed. My abilities are limited, my sphere is limited also to 'the sweet spot of the world,' where my days have been spent, and where I desire to end them."

Those of our readers who may be desirous of further information respecting this estimable woman, will find frequent notices of her and her family, scattered through *Prior's Life of Burke*. For those, however, who wish to understand her thoroughly, we do not know any thing, even in her published works, at all so delightfully characteristic, as her letters to *GEORGE CRABBE*; (vid. *Life and Works of Crabbe*: vol. i. p. 228-234.) For these, and the good-humoured reply which the first of them called forth from the veteran poet, we would gladly have made room; but they are of considerable length, and to mutilate them would be to defeat our purpose in quoting them. We had rather refer our readers to the admirable biography in which they are included.

Of the importance of this little piece, as an historical record, we need hardly say a word. It is the simple testimony of an eye-witness, and of one whose veracity is above all question, as to the conduct of the contending parties, in one of the most lamentable civil wars, that ever desolated any country; and that in a scene, whose industrial prosperity and serene beauty ought, if anything could, to have preserved it unscathed by the tempest of oppression and revenge, which laid waste the rest of the land. It is our intention, from time to time to publish similar illustrations of that and other periods of Irish history, and we shall always feel obliged to those who will favour us with authentic documents on such subjects, or indicate to us where they may be procured.—ED.

1798. This year, which in its progress was clouded with so many horrors, opened upon me more delightfully than any year before had ever done. For the morning of the first day, my beloved husband's life, which for fourteen days had been suspended in a very doubtful scale, now rose up with hope, and the crisis of a most dangerous fever was past. It was like escaping from a prison-house, from torture; and from darkness, to breathe the free air, to shake off the painful shackles, and to gaze upon the glorious sun, when this inestimable favour was granted. In this time of deep trial, I received all the comfort and aid which friendship and sympathy could bestow, from all around me. Dr. F. Johnston, with three other physicians, all exerted their talents, and displayed singular attention, skill, and kindness. *My William was to live*. When that is the case, all means co-operate to that end. The interest caused by the danger of one so much beloved and esteemed, was extensive, and his own neighbours entered deeply into it. A. T. was as if she forgot her delicacy of health; in all weathers, late and early, she sought the chamber of disease, and looked like a pitying angel. It was touching to see one of our workmen come to see his master, perhaps he thought, for the last time. He

approached his bed, took his fevered hand and, in a tone of great tenderness, accosted him, "My dear master!" Even the great mastiff house dog came patting up stairs. On his first attempt he saw me, and though I made no attempt to prevent his advancing, he suddenly turned round, as abashed, and descended. Another day he renewed the attempt, and advancing to the bed, laid his head on it. When a few months after William went to Cootehill, this faithful creature disappeared the next day, and we never saw him more. We believe he went in search of his master. My mother's servant, James Lightall, and a soldier, who was quartered there, took the same fever as my husband, about the same time: they were lodged in the gardener's house in her orchard. The soldier died. Dr. Johnson said he was much injured by the lamentations of his wife; and we were charged to wear a pleasant countenance in William's apartment. The death of this poor man was industriously concealed from him, and I took it kind that the military music that attended his funeral, was stopped while the soldiers passed by our house.

The birth of our little Sarah was accelerated by the anxiety which I endured. While I was confined, I heard that the County Kildare was proclaimed to be in a

state of disturbance. Willow-brook house was attacked by robbers, who entered in the dead of the night and plundered it of much value. The young women were dreadfully alarmed by being witnesses of this outrage, though they escaped personal injury. Our little circle felt the loss of M. G., who took her family to Dublin. R. B. had left the village with his fair wife in a fright, and declared, (as we heard), that every man, woman, and child amongst us, were *United Irishmen*. Now and then a person was missed, and this misfortune was unfeelingly accounted for by saying, that "Brownie had eaten them." These mysterious disappearances were horrible, and no certainty of the fate of those victims of party rage was ever obtained, I believe.

A time was now approaching when what was honest and fair could alone stand the test. Amongst other precautions, the names of all the inhabitants were pasted on the door of each house, with liberty to enter at any hour, night or day, to see were they within. This appeared a necessary measure, yet it exposed the quiet of families to be broken in upon; houses were searched for arms, which proved the wisdom of our friends\* in banishing all such weapons from theirs. Those who retained them, incurred the censure of the society, and lost these weapons of destruction generally, to one party or the other. Notices also were put up, demanding the arms taken by the united men to be restored, on pain of letting the military live at free quarters; for many nightly excursions had been made to plunder houses of arms. The Cork militia had left the village, and a detachment of the King's County, (which were stationed in Athy, where Sandford Palmer, their captain, lodged at brother C.'s), were sent here. These men were very well liked, and perhaps it was for that reason that they were so soon removed. The villagers escorted them on their way with tears and lamentations; and when my husband saw them, from his fields, departing, he sent his workmen to join the procession, and broke forth himself into involuntary weeping. It seems to me that those painful feelings sprung from an unconscious presentiment, and that if those men had remained here, our village might have escaped its subse-

quent distresses. They were replaced by the Tyrone militia, mostly composed of professed orangemen, wearing the ribband of their party. Since the influx of the army here, soldiers were quartered in our houses, but found themselves with provisions: the threat respecting free quarters was now put into execution; foraging parties went out into the country, shops and private houses were searched for whiskey, which was ordered to be spilled; seditious papers were sought for. On that day I was not at home, else, I suppose, I should have opened my desk in the security of conscious innocence, quite forgetting that I had thrown into it one of those squibs which I had met with, and which, in very tolerable poetry, avowed disloyal sentiments. I started at the danger it was so near bringing me into, and threw it into the fire. The soldiers reported to their officer, that a number of papers, perhaps seditious, were concealed under some other things at M. and A. D.'s. But when, upon examination, they were found to be old meeting papers, and letters from J. G. to his wife, who had lodged them with M. and A. till they could be sent to her, the mistake afforded a good joke. The house which M. G. had left, was now the yeomen's guard house. R. B.'s house was used as a barrack. Account was taken of the stock and provisions here, that none should go out; and six cwt. of bacon, which M. K. was sending to Dublin, was seized by the yeomen, and R. B. was pursued, because he attempted to take away one of his horses, his horse taken, and himself was for a while a prisoner. E. B.'s house was plundered of some provision, and himself received rude language.

These attacks on the most loyal people amongst us were not to be borne; they went to Athy, to Colonel Colin Campbell, who commanded that district, and got protections, which stopped further degradations upon them, and procured the restoration of their property. Colonel Campbell was willing to grant protections to all peaceable people, but none else amongst us applied for them; some doubt of its being consistent with our religious principles to do so, prevented, and thus we were exposed to the imputation of being disaffected, and the food we had for our families, taken out of our houses for the dinners of the yeomen in A. W.'s new house. This was an unpleasant sight to the soldiers who were with us on free quar-

\* It is necessary for our readers to keep in mind, that Ballitore was colonized, and is still chiefly occupied by members of the Society of Friends.

ters, and they hid our bacon for us and for themselves. Great waste was committed; one hundred cars in one day, loaded with hay, oats, potatoes, &c., led by the poor owners, and guarded by soldiers, came into the village. Colonel Keatinge urged it to his yeomen to take with a sparing hand, to remember that this was the scarce season, between the old and new food coming in, and not to bring famine upon the country. But pity seemed about to be banished from the martial bosom, though one of those quartered on us refused to partake of the plunder, on which so many riotously feasted, and appeared dejected; yet he, as well as another of an opposite cast of mind, also in our house, fell by the insurgents when the burst came. Threats were multiplied, the military poured in one day, so as to terrify the inhabitants with the prospect of immediate scarcity: they spoke very rudely at times, especially when one threatened to strike M. D. in the face with his carbine, because she was unwilling to give her goods without money—I mean eatables, for they did not aim at much else. Discontents arose between the army and yeomen—public notice was given that the nightly patrol should be withdrawn, to give opportunity for returning the arms of which the united men had possessed themselves, and that if not returned in a set time, the neighbourhood should be burnt. Colonel Keatinge went in person to the chapel, and with tears besought the misguided people to comply with these conditions, and when he saw that even his influence could not preserve them, he left the country with his lady, and most of his family, his sister, and two of the younger children, remaining at Narraghmore. They left this country!—they left it never to return—and their loss has never ceased to be felt. A good deal of arms were left as directed, but broken.

In the midst of these tumults we heard that J. B.'s conflicts had ended on the 25th of the 4th month, at his own house in Carlow. The escape of a purified spirit from a troublesome world now appeared indeed enviable, and the clouds gathered darker and darker in our political horizon, though nothing could be sweeter, calmer or brighter, one should think, than our vernal sky and balmy gales. Wearied with the sight of what appeared to me oppressive, I received our clerical neighbour R. with a melancholy observation on the state of the times; but to my great astonishment found that

neighbour R. had turned tail, was now anything but a republican, and thought things were very well as they were. To the Tyrone militia were added the Suffolk Fencibles, commanded by Captain Chenery, a very genteel young man, who was quartered at my brother's. He greatly disliked this service, and said he had rather have been sent to the W. Indies, than to order these foraging parties. A lieutenant K. and his wife, a Jersey woman, were quartered in the inn at Timolin. Another lieutenant of the same regiment, an Irishman, was at my mother's, with his newly married wife, a young English woman of eighteen. Captain Chenery was much liked by the people for his humanity. The Tyrone's were commanded by an officer named Adie, a young unmarried man. The Ancient Britons, dressed in blue, with much white or silver lace, came from Athy, seized the smiths' tools, to prevent them from making pikes, and carried the smiths away with them prisoners. T. M. was sent back next day, but O. F. was kept close prisoner in Athy; we could not without emotion see O. and his brother, weeping as they walked after the car containing those implements, which had enabled him comfortably to maintain his family. O.'s pretty wife, industrious and tidy, had but three days lain-in, when her husband was thus rent from her; her terrors were awakened when the reports came hither of several smiths having been whipped in Athy, to extort confessions, for if her husband was thus treated he could not survive the ignominy and the torture. His neighbours, who valued O., exerted themselves in his behalf, especially when we were almost eye-witnesses of this exercise of power. Captain E., Cornet L. and S. came with their party, set fire to some cabins near the village, took P. M. the father of a family, who kept a shop of spirits, &c., in the house where B. W. had lived, apparently an inoffensive man, tied him to a car opposite to his own door, and *degraded themselves so far as to scourge him with their own hands.* J. C., tied to a tree, underwent a similar punishment; the torture was excessive, and they did not soon recover. Guards were placed to prevent any coming into or leaving the village. Our village, once so peaceful, exhibited a scene of tumult and dismay, and the air rung with the shrieks of the sufferers, and the lamentations of those who beheld them suffer.

These violent measures caused a great



many pikes to be brought in; the street was lined with the numbers who came to deliver in these instruments of death. A party of military came from Naas, commanded by Edward Lucas, once my brother's pupil, and took prisoners Phil. Darcy, Dennis and Pat Lyons, Paddy Toole, Neale, a barber, and six others. The baker was let out to bake, the rest confined in the guard house till next day, when they were taken on the cars to Naas. Most of the villagers were outside the doors to see them depart. They looked composed for the most part, though followed by their weeping wives and children, amongst whom Neale's son, a lad, with his piercing cries of "O father, father!" excited great compassion. We were very sad; our dear M. P. and H. W. came that afternoon, but scarce could their presence dispel the gloom, and when P. saw my mother's altered state and situation, she shed tears of regret. Their stay was short here, and our dear P. was separated from her husband and near connections, in a time of much alarm, but all met in safety. Six yeomen were taken prisoners to Dunlavin. I was walking in our garden when they passed by in a car, with their coats turned, and one of their guards, a mere boy, called to me in a tone of insulting jocularly. We, who did not understand this case, were only qualified to see one side; and, though we forbore audibly expressing our disapprobation, our looks betrayed the depression of our minds. This excited jealousy of us, how ill-founded! for who could expect us to rejoice at the misery and degradation of our fellow-creatures and neighbours, or even to behold them unmoved! These unfortunate yeomen were shot. There was too much exultation in the military; they were not aware, perhaps, how deeply an insult was felt and resented, and that sometimes an injury is more easily pardoned. The wife of sergeant Rogers of the Tyrone militia, who lodged at Bob Hudson's, it was said, used to accost those men who reluctantly submitted to martial law, and enquire if they chose butter to their pikes?

The morning of the 24th of the 5th month, orders came for the soldiers quartered here, to march to Naas. A report was circulated that Naas jail was broken open, Dublin in arms, &c. &c. All was uncertainty, except that something serious had happened, as the mail coach had been stopped. The insurrection was to begin in Dublin, and the mail coaches not being

suffered to leave the city was the signal for general revolt. This purpose being defeated by the vigilance of the government, the mail coach got to Naas before it was stopped, yet its detention persuaded the people that the day was their own—they burst the bands of the appearance of loyalty, and rose in avowed rebellion. In the morning the Suffolk Fencibles first marched out; nine men remained to guard the baggage at the mill, which was their barrack, for Peter Delany had retired. It was melancholy to see the soldiers depart, and to consider that they were to be the first victims. The Tyrone militia, who took their baggage with them, did not get away so soon. All was hurry and tumult and confusion in the village. Pat Walsh, who had for some time kept out of sight, now appeared at his brother's shop door, dressed in green, that colour so dear to United Irishmen, and proportionately abhorred by the loyal. The Suffolks went by way of the high road, the Tyrones the other way by Narraghmore. A young woman, as they marched out, privately, and with tears, told lieutenant Adie of her apprehension, that their enemies lay in ambush in the wood. He was, therefore, prepared to meet them, and sad havoc ensued, and many on both sides fell, but in particular of the undisciplined multitude. The court house at Narraghmore, where a seneschal's court was held for the recovery of small debts, was attacked; and some fell there. We heard the reports, and every hour the alarm increased. Dr. Frank Johnson had been sent for to dress wounds; the rabble multitude despoiled him of his horse, and instruments, and he walked into town greatly jaded with fatigue, just as his wife ran hither in great agitation to look for him. About three o'clock John Dunn and a few more came as far as the bridge with pikes; Dr. Johnson turned them back, but not long after two or three hundred men with pikes, knives, pitchforks, or anything resembling instruments of death, and sticks with green rags fluttering from them, came in at the western side, headed by Malachi Delany on a white horse, and took possession of the town, Dr. Johnson, as representative of the yeomen guard, having capitulated on condition of persons and property being safe.

I saw from an upper window a man (it was Johnny Max) with a pike, advancing to the shop, I went down—the man had left his pike outside the door to soften M.

D.'s terrors, who with her apron held to her face was sobbing behind the counter, he who came to make some little purchase looking at her with astonishment. Again I saw from the chamber window a crowd coming towards the kitchen door. I went down and found myself surrounded by many armed men, who desired to have refreshment, especially drink. I brought them milk, and was cutting a loaf, when a little elderly man, called "The Canny," took it kindly out of my hand, and divided it himself, saying "Be decent, boys, be decent." Encouraged by having found a friend, I ventured to tell them that so many armed men in the room with me frightened me. The warriors condescended to my fears, "We'll be out in a shot," they replied, and in a minute the kitchen was empty. Daniel Horan, a young farmer from the long avenue, was standing in our yard; he was handsome, but I had observed a dark cloud upon his countenance, when a few days before he was requesting a protection from the officers—that cloud was gone, and joy and animation played on every feature, unaccompanied by any expression of malignity. A party of insurgents, as they went to the mill, met some of the wives of the soldiers stationed there, as I heard, and sent them to tell their husbands that if they surrendered they should not be injured; but the women, instead of delivering the message, ran shrieking to announce their approach, and the poor men prepared to stand on the defensive, but when they saw such a multitude, fled. In the pursuit over Max's hill, a soldier turned, fired, and shot Paddy Dempsey dead. They were soon overpowered, and their lives were only spared on condition that he who had killed their companion should be pointed out. With this hard alternative his comrades reluctantly complied, and the soldier soon lay dead beside his adversary. Another of these men was killed by a shot from the mill-field, which reached him about the middle of the avenue, and his remains are buried in the ditch just by the spot where he fell. Most of the other soldiers were wounded, but I believe none mortally. Dr. Johnson took them to his house. Malachi Delany exerted himself to prevent bloodshed, and shewed as much humanity as courage. He had thrown off no mask, for he never wore one—and he proved himself to be a generous enemy.

A great number of strange faces surrounded us—a message was brought me

to request anything of a green colour. I told them we could not join any party—"What, not the strongest?" enquired one of the strangers. "No, none at all"—and though our parlour tables were covered with green cloth, they urged their request no farther. Richard Yeates, son to Samuel Yeates of Moone, was brought in, a prisoner, with his yeomanry coat turned. He waved his cap as if he united with his captors. A private of that corps, Lord Aldborough's, was brought, as W. and I sat at tea, into our parlour, a prisoner by two strangers. He was an old man; we made him sit down to tea with us, and invited the others, who declined it, but one of them going to the table under the glass, helped himself to bread and butter, looked at himself in the glass, and remarked that it was *war time*. The prisoner, with tears trickling down his cheeks, spoke of his seven children; his guards said he was an honest Roman, and should not be hurt. Presently a shot was fired, and those strangers, still in our parlour, immediately remarked that they supposed Richard Yeates was shot. This was really the case; he was taken into N. Walsh's house, the family had left it, and in spite of his own entreaties, the endeavours of many to save him, and Priest Cullen's endeavours, who it is said begged the life of the young man on his knees, he was murdered, being piked and shot. That morning his father had been desired, I suppose by one of those who knew what was intended, that he should not let his son leave the house; but he would join his corps, and his brother-in-law, D'Esterre, narrowly escaped being made a prisoner at the same time. The insurgents went to the Bog-road, they had placed cars on the bridge, as a barricade against the army, and even placed a creet belonging to M. and A. there, but when they went we took them away. They took two of our horses. We saw several houses on fire westward, and Dr. Johnson was with us. While standing outside the door, bullets whizzed by our ears. We retreated into the house for safety. There had been an engagement at the Bog-road, the insurgents were worsted, and Malachi, finding his efforts to rally them were in vain, fled, along with Pat Walsh and another person, but Pat Walsh was taken prisoner. The soldiers (Tyrones) retreating to Athy, fired these shots at random, which we had heard. By some of these a poor woman was killed, and her daughter's arm broke—they also set the

houses on fire, and Sergeant Rogers, one should think also impelled by his fate, came into the village with a baggage car, which he left in my brother's yard; he was pressed to stay there, but would go to his old lodgings, R. H's. It was thought he was in liquor, for had he had his reason, could he have thus exposed himself to his enemies in the height of their rage? He was but just got into bed, when they rushed in, turned R. and B. out of the house and quickly put an end to the life of the unfortunate sergeant. The insurgents also returned from the Bog-road, and having now increased to a multitude, whose magnitude was terrifying, went to Castledermot late in the evening. We laid our beds on the floor, lest shots should enter the windows, and got some disturbed sleep, for all was now quiet.

In the morning a message came to us from our neighbour W. L. to tell us that he was living. This was agreeable news, for we dreaded that many of our neighbours would never have seen the light of morning. Those who attacked Castledermot were repulsed by yeomanry, who fired from the windows on them; the crowd dispersed and did not assemble here in such numbers again. As A. D. and I walked to see H. H. we looked with a fearful curiosity over a wall, inside of which lay the body of Richard Yeates, where it had been laid just after his death. He had his clothes on, and his bosom was all blood. I thought my food tasted of blood, and in the night frequently was wakened by my feelings of horror, and stretched my hand to feel if my husband was safe by my side. The baggage car was taken out of my brother's yard, and plundered. A man with a sword in his hand came to me, demanding my own mare; I told him that the Tyrone officer had borrowed her; and another who knew me, bearing testimony to my veracity, he departed. When I saw how the fine horses were abused and galloped without mercy, I rejoiced that my Nell was not in their hands. My dear mother, who was now considerably advanced in the stage of second childhood, in her unconsciousness of what was passing, had lost the natural timidity of her nature—she was treated with respect and with tenderness by all parties. A man who kept an ale house at the entrance of the village, came with a horse-pistol in his hand to take W. L. My brother had been taken out of his house with his guests, J. and T. B. They were to be brought to

the camp in the hollow side of the hill at the east, and when the soldiers came, should be placed, the insurgents said, in the front of the battle, to stop a bullet if they would not fire one. The man who came for my husband, not finding him below stairs, and thinking, as I did not know where he was, that he was concealed, ran up stairs where our little children were in bed, with the huge pistol in his hand, swearing horribly that he would send the contents of it through his head if he did not go with him. I stood at the stair-foot less terrified than I could have expected, and asked a young man who accompanied the hero thus far, if they meant to kill us. "To *kill* you!" he repeated in a tone of voice, expressive of surprise and sorrow at such a supposition. As he returned with me to the parlour, our servant Hetty, who seemed overpowered by terror and dread, at what might have been the fate of her only brother in the wood, imagined he was going to walk out through the window; he gently reproved her folly and took away his angry companion, who threatened before he went, that if the quakers did not take up arms, their houses should be in flames as M. B.'s then was. I was sorry for the destruction of the Hall, but soon found that though it had been attempted, the fire was put out with little damage.

J. B.'s son, little John, came into our parlour, weeping bitterly for his father. M. Johnson, also trembling and in tears, assured me the Doctor would get them back, which he soon did. My husband having been with my mother, was not found nor knew that he had been sought for. The Doctor had much influence with the people, but he exerted it to do good. The goods which carriers were bringing from Dublin, were plundered, and a barricade made of their cars across the top of the road leading to the village. The insurgents talked of forming a camp on the Curragh; all who were missing were reported to have fallen at the wood, or at the Bog-road, at both which places many fell. Ben Coghlan was one of my brother's labourers; his wife was told that he lay dead in the wood, and she ran thither to pay the tribute of affection to his remains. When she came to the spot she found the face so disfigured that she could not recognise it; she examined the linen, it was not his; even the melancholy satisfaction she had sought was denied her; but what a satisfaction was in store for her—she met her husband

alive and well—she brought him in triumph to the house of his master. B. S. who, in her measure, had participated in the anguish of the supposed widow, in an extacy of joy at the return of poor Ben, ran to him and welcomed him with a kiss. This young creature, still a child, was favored with uncommon courage and prudence in this time of trial. Her bodily powers were exerted in paying attention to her father's numerous guests—for he had I believe an hundred, including his own family, under his roof, and the strength of her unbroken, youthful mind, seemed to invigorate all about her. A soldier lay ill of a fever in a house in the garden, he was attended by her, and she was a worthy delegate of her parents' benevolence. Every one seemed to think safety was to be found in this house, and thither the insurgents brought their prisoners, amongst whom were Colonel Worsely and his wife and servants, whose horses they took from their carriage, but drew it down to brother's, civilly escorting their prisoners thither, and carrying their baggage safe.

Samuel Eves, going to visit his mistress, Samuel Haughton's daughter, and Thomas and John Phelps, coming from Carlow, were brought thither and obliged to resign their horses: the two lieutenants' wives were there, and the wives of the soldiers, and the wives and daughters of insurgents. It was an awful sight to see in that large parlour, my brother's own family, including his pupils, silent tears rolling down S's cheeks; the prisoners, the officers' wives, one of whom dreaded to see the door opened, and M. K. and her little daughter—but every scene was now awful. Our little E. was old enough to be frightened, but worked at her sampler; her sisters and D. marched about the parlour, carrying little sticks on their shoulders, which they called pikes; and all our houses were frequently thronged with people seeking refreshment or repose; they threatened to possess themselves of our houses, out of which to fire upon the army when they came. Ours seemed peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and believing its destruction would be the consequence, I packed in a small trunk such portable things as I esteemed of most value, amongst which were some of my dear friends' letters, a little clothing for myself, for my children, and my maid Hetty, with whom I often consulted about removing the trunk. I wore two pair of pockets, wishing to preserve as much as I could, though in my heart I had not much

fear of an engagement, believing the spirit which had animated the insurgents had evaporated. A dragoon express was killed by them, and his horse taken. Girls\* dressed with green ribbands, and carrying pikes, accompanied the men, who strove to prevent their being as troublesome as they seemed inclined to be. Well did it seem for those who were in prison, and his neighbours regretted that their exertions had procured Owen Trim his liberty. But two days before the rising, while we were shaking hands joyfully with him in my mother's parlour, me thought the lieutenant scowled upon us all. There were patrols and a countersign, but on that they did not agree, for a word which I forget was rejected for "scourges." Sentinels were placed, and one day, as I went to my brother's, a sentinel called to a man who walked with me, not to advance on pain of being shot. The sentinel was my friend "the Canny." I approached him, and asked would he shoot me if I went on—"shoot you," replied the Canny, taking my hand and kissing it most lovingly, adding an eulogium on quakers. I told him it would be well if they were all of our way of thinking, for then there would be no such work as the present. The Canny's incoherent answer I thought I could comprehend; "Ay, but you know our Saviour—the scourges, oh, the scourges!" With the exception of the furious ale-house owner, who requested and obtained forgiveness, we were generally kindly treated, and the females amongst us encouraged us to dismiss our fears, with hearty shakes of the hand, and assurances that they would "burn those who would burn us."

We began to be familiarised with these dangers, and added our entreaties to the representation of our men, that they should give up their arms, and resign the project which threatened them with destruction. They had mistaken as to their prospect of success. Dublin was quiet, and at Naas and at Kilcullen great slaughter of the insurgents had been made, though at Kilcullen Green many of the military had also fallen, amongst whom was Captain Erskine. An attack in the night had been made on Carlow, which was repulsed with slaughter, amounting almost to massacre; the insurgents were consumed in great

\* Those girls, or most of them, changed sides, when the soldiers came in, and accompanied them. "Still following fortune where she leads the way."

number, with a row of cabins in which they took shelter; no quarter was shewn, or very little I believe, and most of the survivors, burning with disappointment and revenge, I suppose, joined the Wexford party. Those events were represented to the people, and Tom Park, one of our workmen added, that the army were accompanied by flying cannon which would kill at the distance of ten miles. Tom had never taken the united oath, and was looked upon with a degree of jealousy; therefore to protect him from all kinds of danger M. and A. D. concealed him in a little closet under the stairs, where they fed him, unknown even to our servants, except his little sister, so that Tom's remonstrances were not now heard. John Bewley, a man endued with wisdom, courage, and benevolence, exerted all these in behalf of these deluded people, alone with my brother and my husband, and as he was not exposed to the suspicion which was attached to an inhabitant, he treated with Colonel Campbell on their behalf, who was willing to make favourable terms with them, and the greater part were willing to come into them, but a few held out, and as ——— was amongst those, no good was to be obtained. John Bewley proposed taking another message to Colonel Campbell, the people consented, but when they perceived the young men who were prisoners prepared to go with him, aware that these young men only consulted their own safety, and that the reports which they might bring to Dublin might be of great injury, the insurgents would not permit any of them to leave the village. Therefore, when John Bewley had prevailed upon them to let him go alone, too much time had been lost; Colonel Campbell's terms were less favourable. Six hostages were demanded to be sent before an appointed hour, to guarantee the surrender of the arms before the noon of next day; they could not settle who the hostages were to be, the hour passed by when they should have appeared; they did not appear, and the fate of our village was decided! We believed the hostages had been sent, for we perceived the people began to be weary of excitement, and a stranger who begged some refreshment, wistfully asked me when there would be peace. We got our beds on their steeds, and sunk into that quiet repose which for some nights we had not known, little imagining what the morrow was to bring forth.

This eventful morrow was the 27th of

the 5th month. At three o'clock in the morning, the undoubted intelligence that the army were near, roused us from our beds. We saw the glitter of arms through the dust which the horses of the 9th Dragoons made, galloping along the high road from Carlow. We heard shots repeatedly fired; we saw the military descend the hill, cross the bridge, and halt before our house, where some entered and asked for milk and water. As I handed it, I trembled; my spirits, which had risen superior to the danger till now, fell. The dragoon perceived my emotion, and kindly told me I need not fear; that they were come to protect us, adding, "It's well you were not all murdered!" I recovered my composure thus civilly addressed. I should not have recovered it so easily, had I known that my brother and his friends walked forth to meet the troop, which was commanded by Major Dennis. John Bewley, holding up a paper from Colonel Campbell, said, "We are prisoners." "It's well for you," said the major, "that you are prisoners, else I should have shot you, every man." Then raising himself in his stirrups, he revoked the orders given to his men, *— to fire upon every man in coloured clothes.* Oh rash and cruel orders! which exposed to such danger lives of such value, which if sacrificed, no regret could have restored: nothing can vindicate such commands. I thought the bitterness of death was past, though the officers' wives, rejoicing in their liberty, remarked on the sadness of my countenance. But the work was not yet begun. Colonel Campbell's men, who had impatiently rested upon their arms for several hours, had marched out of Athy. They took Narraghmore in their way, and directed their mistaken rage against the newly built house of Colonel Keatinge, planting cannon to destroy the dwelling which so much worth had inhabited. The colonel's babes and their aunt were removed to Dean Keatinge's, and when the parents were assured of their safety, all else seemed light affliction, except indeed the death of their cousin, J. C., who was shot at while he fled from the house, and died of his wounds at the glebe house. Molly Dillon, a stout female farmer, with forty guineas in her pocket, and another female with her, sought refuge in one of the chimneys, from whence they thought they for a long time heard the tremendous sound of the cannon. Their situation at last became insupportable, and the fears of Molly's companion overpowering her,

they came down, despairing of life. What was their astonishment to find that all was solitude and silence around the desolated mansion, now nearly consumed, and that the falling rafters had caused these sounds resembling cannon shots. This party entered the village, exhausted by rage and fatigue; they brought cannon—cannon in Ballitore! The horse and foot were now met; Colonel Campbell was here in person, and many officers; the insurgents had fled on the first alarm; the peaceable inhabitants remained; the trumpet was sounded; and the peaceable inhabitants were delivered up for two hours to the unbridled license of a furious soldiery!

My mind never could arrange the transactions which were crowded into those two hours. M. W., whose husband was shaving himself, stepped out to an officer, and asked a guard for her house, which he immediately granted; and my husband making a like request, it was also granted, to the great disappointment of those who had already begun to plunder. W. now rented the Burrow, and every house of those was in flames. A row of decent houses nearly opposite to the school, was set on fire; none others were burnt immediately in the village, but a great many windows were broke, and when I heard their crash, I thought it was cannon. We saw soldiers bending under loads of plunder. Captain Palmer came in to see me, and was truly solicitous about us. I shewed him Tom Park, who had emerged from his hiding place, and Ned Mills, and recommended them to his protection. He hastened from me to H. H., whom he was desirous to protect, but he was too late. The plunderers had entered her house, drank her wine, broke her furniture, and threatened T. B.'s life who was with her; while the gentle sufferer, though terrified so as to feel the sensation when the tongue is said to cleave to the roof of the mouth, stood in patient quietness, felt no resentment in her heart, but thankful that she escaped personal injury, and that her dear A. T. was safe in Dublin. Soldiers came here for milk; some of their countenances were pale with anger, and they grinned at me, calling me names which I had never heard before. They said I had poisoned the milk which I had given them, and they desired me to drink some, which I did with much indignation. Others were civil; and one inquired if we had any United Irishmen in the house. I told him we had. In that fearful time, the least equi-

vocation, the least deception, appeared to be fraught with danger. The soldier continued his inquiry,—had they plundered us? No; except of a little eating and drinking. On free quarters, he replied, smiled, and went away. A fine looking man,\* a soldier, came, but in an extravagant passion. He asked me the same question, in the same terms, and I made the same answer. He cursed me with great bitterness, and raising his musket, presented it to my breast. I desired him not to shoot me. It seemed as if he had the will, but not the power to do so. He turned from me, dashed pans and jugs off the kitchen table with his musket, and shattered the kitchen window. Terrified almost out of my wits, I ran out of the house backward, followed by several women almost as much frightened as myself. When I fled, my fears gained strength, and I believed my enemy was pursuing. I thought of throwing myself into the river at the foot of the garden, thinking the bullet could not hurt me in the water: that idea vanished, and I endeavoured to enter at M. and A.'s scullery door. It was fast, and they thought the soldier were attempting an entrance. My maid, Mary Murphy, had gone into the street to call for help, and W. R. of Athy, who, with his brother-in-law, C. C., kindly sate on their horses outside our windows, came in, and turned the ruffian out of the house.

That danger past, I beheld from the back window of our parlour, the dark red flames of Johnny Gavin's house, &c., rising above the green of the trees; at the same time, there lolled on one of our chairs, a fat tobacconist from Carlow, who asked me for a pinch of snuff, which I had not for him, and talked boastingly of the exploits performed by the military, whom he accompanied; that they had shot several, adding, "We burnt one fellow in a barrel." I never in my life felt *disgust* so strongly; it even overpowered the horror due to those deeds which were really done. The stupid cruelty of a man in civil life, voluntarily and without necessity to leave his shop, and bear a part in such scenes, was less excusable than the fiery wrath of a soldier. While Captain Palmer was with us, a soldier, who had been quartered at my mother's, came to him to beg leave

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\* Not his rage nor my terror could prevent me from observing, that this man was strikingly handsome.

to go to see the old mistress. For amid the darkness of the tumult, some rays of light beamed forth—some countenances expressed humanity, and a weariness of the work of death. I must be an egotist in these relations, for I can scarcely describe any thing but what I saw and heard—even of my own movements I scarce had the guidance; sometimes I found myself above stairs with my children, whom I had shut up in a little back room; again I was below, inquiring for my husband. I found Tom Lucas, the lame tailor, sitting on our scullery sink with the remains of a tattered bible in his hand. In the seasons of grief, dismay, and danger, how does the soul cling to the consolations of religion! Thus while the insurgents possessed the town, John Dunn read the bible in our kitchen; most wretchedly bad indeed was the performance, but I hope his attentive audience understood him; while Jackey Fuller and Ned Miles sought religious books in the parlour. I felt greatly for poor Tom Lucas, and shutting the scullery door, strove to conceal him from the soldiers who came into the kitchen. I suppose he thought himself insecure, for he left the house, and soon after encountered a soldier, who spared his life for a shilling which he chanced to have in his pocket. Old Tardy Lennon, (once my father's gardener), was discovered in my brother's shrubbery, and the instrument of death which aimed at his defenceless head, was arrested by his daughter, who rushing forward, begged that her life might be accepted instead of her father's; at least this was the report. The soldier spared both, but poor Polly was ever subject to fits, which reduced her to a deplorable situation. Mark Lyons, the old father of a decent family of carpenters, took his goods into the grave-yard, and hid himself and his family there. In vain. This retreat was violated; their goods plundered; and the poor old man murdered in wanton cruelty. His house, his son-in-law Darcy's house, and some others escaped burning, by not having fire to furnish the spoilers with the means of destruction. Joshua Webster, as he brought a glass of water from the river for his fainting wife, was espied by a soldier, who levelled his piece at him. The venerable man looked at him. The soldier lowered his piece and withdrew. Had Joshua turned to fly, it is likely he would have added another victim to the slaughter of this day. Owen Finn, thinking himself secured from danger by

his late acquittal, would not be prevailed upon to leave his house. Alas! he was mistaken in expecting that rage, reeking with blood, would stop to discriminate. Owen was dragged out of his cottage; his pleadings were not heard; his cottage, where industry had assembled many comforts, was pillaged of them, and then set on fire. His wife ran through the crowd to assure herself of her husband's safety. She beheld his bleeding body deprived of life. She threw herself, with her little infant, upon it, while those who had wrought her misery, perhaps stung with the consciousness of it, assaulted her with abusive language, and threatened to kill her; "and I wished," said she, "that they would kill me." Tom Duffey, called the fairy, had come from Dublin that morning to the house of his sister, whose husband, Paddy Kelly, kept a carman's inn. Paddy was a yeoman, and had been engaged in the battle of Kilcullen, on the side of government, where report said he had fallen. His wife, agonized with suspense and horror, yet extracted some little comfort in assuring herself and her children of protection by reason of those circumstances. Her grief was mingled with astonishment, and heightened to frenzy, when she found she had deceived herself. Her brother, poor Tom Duffey, was murdered; her house was plundered and burnt; and her little daughter, on seeing her brother's dead body, fell into fits which fastened upon her. The old highlander, Finlay McClane, now on the verge of his hundred and tenth year, heard once more the sound of war, and saw the weapon of destruction; but for the first time saw it aimed at his unarmed breast. Another soldier arrested the stroke, telling his comrade, that he would never serve the king as long as that old man had done.

Our poor Dr. Francis Johnson had suffered much with fatigue and anxiety for these three days, ate and slept but little, and on the 26th coming into M. and A. D.'s quite exhausted, he declared that his firm belief that he should fall by one party or the other, adding he did not care how soon. They wanted him to lie down and try for a little rest, but his agitated mind would not permit him to take any. This morning he was made a prisoner, not endeavouring to conceal himself. I saw him walking with a crowd of soldiers, in his yeomanry dress; I thought he was in friendship with them. I knew not that they pressed the ends of their muskets on

his feet as he walked, and by thus tormenting him shewed how little mercy he had to expect from them. The crowd stopped before M. and A.'s shop-door—the tumult was loud—I believed they called it a court-martial—an officer asked my husband had the Doctor been at the battle of Narraghmore, he assured him he had not. C. C. stood by him, and begged to have him taken to the Colonel. What his friends said was disregarded, the young men, prisoners, past by—he appealed to them—they passed on in silence—and the bloody work began. *The dragoons hacked him with their swords—he was alone and unarmed—I believe he had never raised his hand to injure any one.* Captain Sandys, who afterwards lost his life at Vinegar hill, took his part in this business; so many swords, bayonets, and at length a musket, could not be long in bringing the life of an unarmed man to an end—he fell. It was a short time before this that a soldier came into our parlour, and with a kind of bitter smile told me they were going to hang the Doctor—I said I hoped not, and went up stairs to my children, and removed little Deborah from a window. Our little girl, Mary Nolan, entered, crying, and said the Doctor was shot. I started up, and contradicted her—just then the trumpet sounded a retreat—the window near my bed-side had for some time caused me a dread which I could not account for, but by having heard of persons shot through windows. To this window I went mechanically, and saw stretched before it, on his back, the friend I had known from my childhood, my neighbour, my physician,—his arms were extended, a large wound on the lower part of his face, and his once graceful form and intelligent countenance disfigured by more than the horrors of death. I got but one look—I cried aloud, and A. D. took me away; we went to the back apartments, the glass of the window was hot with the reflection of the burning houses—but we looked on them with something like composure, for my husband was safe, and having got leave to save his house and offices, was, with what assistance he could procure, stripping the adjoining thatch. Had our offices not been slated, these exertions probably would have been vain, and we also should have been houseless, for the unchecked flames rose in dreadful spires, and the crash of falling roofs caused a dreadful sound. The morning was balmy, beautiful, and mild; bounteous Nature smiled sweetly upon us,

rich with the treasures of a benign Creator: the unbridled passions of men alone deformed the scene.

Captain Palmer, naturally good-natured, was peculiarly desirous to preserve every body, and every thing in the vale he loved so well. On his return from his fruitless endeavours to save H. H.'s house, he learned the Doctor's danger, and hastened to prevent it; alas, he came too late for that purpose, but he rescued John Miles, who was in those hands yet reeking with blood, and apparently ready to take his life, while, speechless with terror at beholding the sad spectacle before him, he could not articulate one word. When he and Tom Park were called down to assist in saving our offices, with that hurry and vehemence which the occasion required, they believed it was a summons to death, which they dared not disobey, and I can never reflect upon their sensations without compassion. Priest Cullen, justly apprehensive for his own life, had requested one of my brother's coats, wherewith to disguise himself, but ere it was brought ran to Boakefield, and hid in one of the clumps of the lawn, while officers were refreshing themselves in the parlour, and soldiers were scattered about the house, who seemed to thirst for his blood. His safety surely was deeply earned by his feelings at that time! After the trumpet had sounded a retreat, a soldier shot one of our pigs, for which he was tied to a car, we heard, and lashed!

The progress of the army on the way they now went, was impeded by a tree, purposely felled by the insurgents, a day or two before. Some of the soldiers availed themselves of this delay to return to the village and renew the work of plunder—this alarmed C. C. on our account. They were over-loaded with plunder, and as they threw some away, a paper was discovered in a work-bag, containing a list of names, which roused suspicion. C. C. looked at the paper, and quickly convinced them that their suspicions were unfounded—while his heart was wrung in secret—for this paper, in my handwriting, displayed the charades and rebusses with which we had amused ourselves, in one of our past happy evenings, with a list of explanations, and he feared lest those who had returned might have plundered and murdered us, while the pain of such an apprehension would be quickened by the contrast with the convivial hour. Thus Homer heightens our interest in the fate of Hector, by pointing him to our view



as flying from his destroyer by those fountains—

"Where Trojan dames, ere yet alarmed by Greece,  
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace."

Now the gust was over—all was silent—all was sad. Our houseless tenants were sheltered in our part of the house. We sat down with M. and A.; the closed window-shutter conceded our dead friend from us. M. D. pale as death, shook the table which supported her arm with her excessive trembling, and when A. saw the body carried along, and thrown over the little wall at the corner, where the elm tree once stood, her cry of grief was heart-piercing. The report of the soldiers intending to return, made his neighbours afraid to shelter his remains. Here they were carefully watched, for the swine, snuffing blood, were waiting to make a horrid repast.\* The first use we made of our minds' returning strength, was to visit Maria Johnson. She, her children, and her sister, were at M. H.'s. She knew not that her husband was in the hands of her enemies, nor that they were his enemies, till Oliver Hannan, one of the Tyrone militia, came raging to M. H.'s house, boasting that the Dr. was shot, and calling for his wife that he might cut off her head. She sank down

\* For several months there was little sale for bacon made in Ireland, from the well-founded dread of the hogs having fed upon the flesh of men.

upon her knees in a state which baffles all description; her sister was little better; and the lamentations of the beautiful babes touched even the hearts of the soldiers, who endeavoured to soothe their distress. When I saw them looking so sweet, so innocent, so sorrowful, I could not bear it. I went into the garden: thither the doctor's servant followed me, to advise what should be done with her master's body. We concluded on having him buried in the grave-yard without loss of time, in what clothes were left upon him; for his corpse was plundered as well as his house. We sate with the widow. There was no motive for consolation to be urged in this dreadful calamity, we could only weep abundantly with her: it was a comfort to us that she could weep. No harsher expression escaped her than, "Ah, it was a cruel enemy!" Her little Eliza sprang into the room, threw her arms about her mother's neck, and, in a tone which bespoke the anguish of her little heart, exclaimed, "What shall we do for my poor father!" He was one of the tenderest of fathers as well as of husbands: his little daughters were his pride and delight, and his family, including his sister-in-law, loved him with reciprocal affection. I caught myself saying, "Why are these things permitted?" and I thought that if the murderer saw what I then saw, his conscience would compel him to cry out, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

## THE HINDOO MAIDEN.

Very beautiful is the superstition of the Hindoo girls, which leads them to believe that a lighted lamp placed upon the waters of the Ganges, will, in its course down the stream, denote the fate of an absent lover.

"Ah, Hindoo maiden, where so fast,  
Or what's the feeble light thou bearest;  
Why look so pale as if thou hadst passed,  
From all that in the world is dearest?"

"My Selim, he is far away,  
And now is on the billows tost,  
And I am left at home to pray,  
To weep, and fear my Selim's lost."

Her silver lamp she sends to go  
Upon the Ganges regal stream;  
It soon will tell of joy or woe,  
As lives or dies its tiny beam.

Oh, mark how swift it glides away,  
Like all our dreams of happiness;  
There now a light wave dims its ray,  
But see—it lives her hopes to bless.

"Yes, he is safe. My Hinda, dear,  
Thy Selim's safe, thy Selim's here;  
He has returned from the stormy wave  
To bless his love, his love to save."

"Then away, away, to our happy bower,  
Where thy song and smile shall bless each hour,  
Where the butterfly, queen of azure hue,  
Sports in the flower cups wet with dew."

## THE DUBLIN LAW INSTITUTE.

It is right that the attention of the public should be drawn to the fact, that long after institutions for teaching the principles of law as a science, had been founded in all the other countries of Europe, as well as in the American States, and after jurisprudence had become an ordinary part of general education, and the knowledge of it had been diffused among all classes of the people elsewhere, no effectual measure had ever been adopted to assist, much less to establish a public system of legal education in Ireland. The attention of government was at length called to this most important subject, by the Report of the Select Committee on Education in Ireland, which was made in the year 1838, and in which the "deficiency of institutions for the regular study of law" was noticed. Deficiency!—non-existence would have been the word in truth descriptive of the fact. Independently of the injury sustained by the country, in the neglect of the study of this important science, as applicable to legislative, diplomatic, and constitutional questions, and the miseries inflicted by bad and erroneous legislation, the work of men utterly uninstructed in the principles, on which wise and just legislation can alone proceed,—parents and others, interested on behalf of young men, about to adopt the Law as a profession, felt sensibly the want of a public school, where those under their care might acquire a knowledge of its rudiments, and the advantages of instruction in the earlier stages of their difficult undertaking; while all who took any interest in the subject of education generally, could not but deplore the utter indifference and apathy, with which those who possessed the power and means of supplying so great a want, appeared to regard the subject. At length the enterprise and zeal of a private individual, led to the establishment of the Dublin Law Institute, in the latter end of the year 1839; its objects were declared to be,

"To meet the almost universal public demand for a preparatory system of legal education; to elevate the standard of knowledge in both branches of the legal profession; to cultivate diligence; to encourage the study of law as a science; to enable the junior members of the profession to participate in the guidance of the experienced;"

A superintending council, composed of the Law Officers and Queen's Counsel, was formed for the direction of the Institute, which was divided into four principal schools, or departments, namely, "Common Law," "Equity," "Conveyancing," and "Medical Jurisprudence." The professional eminence and high attainments of the gentlemen who accepted the professorships, ensured the adoption of the best and most approved systems of instruction, both by lectures and examination; numbers came forward to avail themselves of the opportunity, for the first time presented to them in Ireland; and the perfect success which has attended the first session of the Institute, is a convincing proof of the genuine utility of its objects, and the necessity which called it into existence. It may not be necessary to adduce arguments, or authority, to ensure the public support and encouragement for an institution the advantages of which are obvious; but we cannot refrain from giving an extract from a very valuable letter, addressed by Mr. Wyse, the member for Waterford, to the Principal of the Institute, which well explains, and in clear and forcible language, what has been for some time the general impression on this subject. The honorable and learned member thus expresses himself:—

"So early as 1832, when occupied with the question of National Education, the subject engaged my attention. In 1838, I suggested the recommendation which appears in the report of the committee on Irish Education. I had long considered it not only as an instrument of value for improving the profession, but as an essential portion of any plan, which aimed at the character of a well graduated and comprehensive system of public instruction. Reasoning *a priori*, and from analogies between it and other professions, there appeared to me no reason why the legal profession should be subjected to an exclusion from that systematic course of special teaching, deemed so essential by every other. No profession exercises upon the community influences more general, direct, or energetic. On the qualifications, moral and mental, of its members, depend the lives, properties, and characters of every class, in these countries. Nor is it a sufficient answer to the objections urged against the existing system, or want of system, to say that under it, as much acuteness of intellect and purity of character is displayed in this profession, as in any other; still less can I admit, that the public wants will always produce an abundant supply; or the public discrimination guard against

all abuse, of legal talent. Were such positions true, the whole of our system in reference to the other professions would be a downright solecism. It would follow, that our solicitude and precautions for their improvement, was a gratuitous absurdity; and the larger the opening, and the freer the trade, to all kinds of ignorance and quackery, the better. If we have done enough for the Bar, we have done too much for them: if only enough for them, we have done too little for the Bar. The argument in favor of purely private or self-instruction, holds good in one instance as well as the other. Either have regular institutions for the acquisition of legal knowledge, or get rid of those established for the acquisition of medical and theological.

"From this opinion, and the reason upon which it is grounded, I believe no country dissents but our own. In every other, a long and laborious course of well regulated study, concluded by examinations bearing on that course, are held to be the *sine quâ non* tests for admission to a profession, which they, in common with us, consider as pre-eminently 'learned.' They have not discovered the magic of certain dinners, under certain roofs, on the payment of a certain amount of fees, at certain stated periods, nor do they regard intellectual proofs as totally unimportant, when the object aimed at is purely intellectual. The second great faculty, in every foreign University, is that of Jurisprudence; a Law College or Institute in itself, of the most ample kind, and capable of any degree of development, required by the constantly increasing wants and demands of society. They form not merely *lawyers* but *men*, not tradesmen or mechanists, in their profession, but thinkers. Our legislature is of itself, the most convincing proof of the want of these qualifications."

These are the opinions of a gentleman who has devoted much thought to the subject of education, and will be read with the attention to which they are so well entitled. Several leading members of the Bar have also written letters sanctioning the undertaking, and consenting to act upon the council. Those written by Mr. Gilmore, and the present Attorney-General, we select as peculiarly deserving attention. Mr. Gilmore, whose high professional character renders his opinion valuable, candidly alludes to the difficulties which he himself had to encounter, in his early study of the Law; difficulties which few ever so ably and completely overcame. The letter of the learned gentleman is as follows:

"I feel a deep interest in the subject, and a sincere wish for the success of the undertaking. In my younger days I have often lamented that there was no institution of this description, of which the law student might avail himself. If inserting my name as a member of the council, shall be considered as of any use, I shall be most happy to have it inserted, or to contribute in any way in my power to the success of THE FIRST ATTEMPT WHICH HAS BEEN MADE IN THIS COUNTRY TO TEACH LAW AS A SCIENCE."

The letter of the Attorney-General also manifests a zealous interest in the success of the Institute; and the truth of the

remarks contained in it, will be assented to by every person conversant with the subject. The right honourable gentleman writes as follows:—

"I never conversed on the subject of legal education with a professional man engaged in the practice of the law, who did not concur with me in deploring the enormous waste of priceless, because irrecoverable time, lost in the early years of a lawyer's reading. It is not until we have lavished much labour in a course of study in which one-half is not always understood, and of the remainder a large portion is ill arranged, and therefore soon forgotten, that we begin to learn how we ought to have tracked our way.

"Such a scheme as this which the projectors of the Law School have begun, must, if well supported, and well worked, do much towards supplying to learners of the law the want of a safe and early guide; and teach him how to secure the two great objects of a student, method in his studies, and economy of his time.

"It is quite obvious that an undertaking of this sort, though it might, and I trust would succeed without the aid of any but the instructors and their pupils, yet requires in its infancy, not only the sympathy, but what that sympathy ought to prompt, the active and persevering support of those members of the profession, who do not need, or cannot seek, the instruction it affords."

Mr. Pigott's observation is most true, that the Institute requires in its infancy, much sympathy and support, and it would be a reproach indeed, if it were to fail by reason of neglect on the part of influential members of the Bar. This leads to another topic to which we are desirous of adverting, namely, the necessity of some measures being adopted to render the Law school permanent, and to provide certain and adequate remuneration for the professors. It appears that some time since, an application was made for a charter of incorporation; and with a view of interesting the members of the government in its favour, a deputation from the Institute waited on Lord Morpeth—

"Amongst whom was Mr. Wyse, Chairman of the Select Committee on Education in Ireland, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Tennent, Mr. Serjeant Curry, and several other members of parliament.

"Mr. Wyse called the attention of Lord Morpeth to the total want of system in legal education, which existed in Ireland up to 1838, the only country in Europe, so circumstanced, at the period the Select Committee on education made their report. He also called to his lordship's recollection, the recommendation of that committee for the establishment and maintenance of a law school in Ireland, in order to meet a deficiency so generally admitted to exist, observing that the only attempt which had been made upon the suggestion of the committee, originated in the founders of the Dublin Law Institute, an establishment now in active operation under the sanction of the most distinguished members of the Irish Bar, affording preparatory and practical instruction in detail to eight classes

of students, under the regular and immediate direction of four highly approved professors and two assistant lecturers. Mr. Wyse stated to his lordship that the object of the deputation, and those who accompanied him, being to obtain a charter of incorporation for the institution, in order to perpetuate a system of legal education in Ireland, he felt confident no objection could be offered—more particularly as it was not the desire of those who sought the charter to render attendance imperative at this school in order to entitle the student to admission into either branch of the profession, —leaving such attendance perfectly voluntary on the part of the student.

“Lord Morpeth expressed his opinion to be most favourable to the views and objects of the deputation, but suggested the propriety of having the opinion of the Chancellor and law officers in Ireland upon the subject, before pledging himself to any course.”

We cannot of course be aware, whether any further steps have been taken to effect so desirable an object; but we do not anticipate any insurmountable obstacle to its attainment. Charters have been freely granted to similar foundations in London, and we know no substantial objection to granting one in Dublin. We concede the propriety of considering the subject carefully, and the possibility of preliminary arrangements being necessary before a charter can be expected; but they appear to us to be mere matters of detail, capable of speedy settlement between the government and the managers, and that ultimately it must be deemed expedient to grant one to the Institute. In reference to any public endowment, we apprehend that greater difficulties present themselves; some funds will, however, be indispensable. It cannot be reasonably expected that professors, possessed of the learning and experience which distinguish the several gentlemen who at present occupy their respective chairs with so much honour to themselves, can continue to devote their time unrewarded; and, at all events, it is unlikely that successors can be procured equally qualified, and equally disinterested; to secure a succession of competent professors in future, a fund adequate to the purpose will be required. An application ought, we think, be made to the Benchers of the Queen's Inns for pecuniary assistance, and the public made acquainted with the result. We are not, we confess, very sanguine in our hopes that a body which has hitherto done much to impede, will, all at once, bestir itself to promote or advance legal education in Ireland: but an opportunity should be afforded to the Benchers, of which if they neglect to avail themselves, the utter helplessness of

the concern over which they preside, will be made manifest. They have hitherto committed great waste of resources, which ought to have been applied to purposes beneficial to the public, and all remonstrance may fail to excite remorse, or to awaken them to a sense of duty; but as a medium through which public opinion is expressed, we can declare with certainty, that the time has at last arrived when further abuse of their trust is sure to provoke the odium it deserves, and (what is more effectual) to receive the correction it requires. The experiment should therefore be made, and the utility of the Honourable Society of the King's Inns, as a means of legal education, properly tested. It is now in the power of the Benchers, to give permanence to a system of regular instruction, affording to the students the practical advantages of lectures, to their teachers the control of examinations, and applying the incentive to study which emulation ever creates. The plans of instruction have received the approval of all the professors of Law and Jurisprudence in London. The opinions of Professors Empson of the London University, and Bullock of King's College, are worth extracting. The former, referring to the Dublin Institute, admits that

“The authority and sanction under which it is commencing its labours, give it an advantage which no experiment of the kind in England has ever enjoyed. And if it is put in connexion with the London University, the influence and co-operation of the two institutions might be expected in time to operate very beneficially on the Law Students of both countries. The course of education in Scotland, is already much more regular and complete; but the opportunity of attending good Law Lectures, with the control of examinations, and the encouragement of honours, (although left optional on the part of students,) will be a great improvement, upon the entire neglect into which the Judges and the Inns of Court, have allowed legal education to fall in England.”

The latter very truly observes:—

“There is one point in which our institutions in London have, I think, an advantage, ‘to wit,’ the means of perpetuity. I should be glad if you can effect for your Dublin Law Institute the like capacity. The defect, in this respect, is the only unsatisfactory matter which suggests itself to me in considering your plan, lest what has been so well originated, has so well progressed, and really promises such fair results, should, from the mere want of the principles of self-perpetuation, have an untimely termination of its good offices.”

We are truly desirous that the Institute should be permanent, but most averse to its being put in connection with the London, or any other University. What we want for the Irish Bar is, education at home, and we take an interest in the Law Institute, for the valuable assistance that it is likely to

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afford for that purpose, as well as in procuring the abolition of the gross injustice inflicted upon our Law students, by compelling them "to serve terms" in London. The latter is a compulsion which can only be justified upon the principle, that they have there an opportunity of receiving a superior legal education, to what they can obtain at home. This, if it ever were, at all events, can be no longer the case; and we protest against the continuance of a system which would be ludicrous for its absurdity, if it were not a monstrous inconvenience and expense, an irreparable loss of valuable time, and a badge of subjection unsufferably offensive. The statute which originated this nuisance is the 33rd of Henry the VIII, sect 2. It enacts in language sufficiently quaint, that no person, except the parties litigant, "shall be admitted or allowed as a pleader in any of the four courts, or to make or exhibit in any of said four courts any declaration or bill, plea in bar, replication or rejoinder, or give evidence to any jury, unless it be for the King, or to do any other thing in said courts which customarily hath been done by one learned in the King's law, but such person as shall be at one or several times by the space of years at the least *demurrant and resiant* in one of the Inns of court in England, staying, practising, or endeavouring to come to the knowledge of the laws." It is well known that no plan of education exists in those Inns of Court; the obligation imposed by the act is, however, held to be performed by eating a certain number of dinners in each term—three, we believe, is the qualifying number,—this proceeding is supposed, in the words of the act, to amount to "studying, practising, or endeavouring to come to a knowledge of the laws;" and for this salutary purpose, young Irishmen (remarkable for discretion) are compelled to be "demurrant and resiant" in London, at an age the most suited for the acquisition

of knowledge, no doubt, but at the same time most liable to be devoted to the allurements of pleasure. Some students, it is true, take care not to be "demurrant and resiant" for years, and contrive to be merely, as it were, "levant and couchant" in the great metropolis of England, for very few days indeed, usually comprising the three last days of Easter, and the three first of Trinity terms, upon which they present themselves in the Hall of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, frequently by proxies, and thus render a suitable obedience to the statute. While others, in the hope of studying, practising, or endeavouring to come to a knowledge of the law, incur the expense of a residence in London, and of a pupillage in the chambers of an English conveyancer, or special pleader, where they pay large fees for permission to copy forms, and precedents of deeds, and pleadings—the old lumber of an office!—the meaning of which they cannot comprehend, and which their learned tutor generally considers it unnecessary to explain. We are convinced that in most instances this is a true representation of the manner in which the time of a student is passed in chambers in London, and that imposition to a very great extent is practised, which ought to be put an end to. Upon enquiry we feel convinced, that no remunerating advantages are obtained by the Irish Law student for the time and money expended in this manner, and it will afford us pleasure to co-operate in promoting, by every means in our power, the success of the Law Institute, which is well calculated to displace a system so utterly ruinous and absurd. That the reading of the student would be more usefully elucidated by observing the practice of the country, of which he intends to seek, and hopes to obtain professional employment, is, we trust, too plain for argument.

## STORIES OF THE PYRENEES.—No. IV.

## THE PRISONERS ON PAROLE.

*(Continued from page 367.)*

"THESE orders, nearly the first expressions breathing of common humanity we had been the objects of, with the exception of those of the poor sutler-woman, were obeyed. A coarse mess of broth, with bread and drink, were placed before us by our new-sprung friend, who did not relax in her kindly attentions; and after having partaken of some refreshment, such as it was, (our Lady help me! famished even as I was, I could not find it good), we were allowed a still greater one—to stretch ourselves, each on a pallet-bed, where, forgetting pain and fatigue, deaf to the various noises that continued to surround us, we were quickly plunged in a dreamlessly unconscious slumber. But brief time, however, as may be perhaps concluded, was given us to indulge in this unhopèd for blessing. A few hours only had passed, when we were roughly awakened, and told to rise. I say roughly, though I must add that, in any case, such was the stillness of our repose, it would have been necessary to shake us, as they did by the arm and head, and that rudely, to rouse us from the deep torpor we lay in. We were shortly on our legs, and, strange to tell, I must think—despite our sufferings, long privations, torment and excitement both of body and mind—with a renewal of strength and spirits, which I could not account for, and indeed I never could have expected in myself, much less in my youthful and rather delicate companion. I err when I say I could not account for the circumstance; yes, there is one way, and only one, my young friend, of finding the reason: we had still much to go through,—still much of anxiety and dread suspense to bear up against,—and He who who tempers the breeze to the shorn lamb, was, in mercy, unwilling we should be found wanting in firmness and enduringness for the trial and the shock. These were not, I am ashamed to avow, my thoughts then. I was young, confident, and proud of heart. I referred all this to myself; I attributed my returned vigour, my fresh-come flow of energy and force, to my

courage, to my daringness, unmindful of the true source whence only they could be derived. I have had time to be too often, unfortunately, and too bitterly undeceived. The lessons of experience which it has been granted me to profit by, have taught me other things. In this, my declining age, with limbs bending fast to the grave, and a mind that thinks of, or is scarcely able to feel for aught but the past, I have learned full well to deem far differently of myself, and the power that alone upheld me through this, and the other trying moments of my chequered turmoiling life; and in all humility of heart and truth, I confess the vanity, the utter nothingness of my presumption, and acknowledge that here, as on every other occasion, that good and gracious hand it was solely that directed, supported, and saved me. May that presumption, with the many errors I have to atone for, find the pardon it so little deserves."

When the worthy commandant (and it did not happen him unfrequently) lapsed into a vein of religious feeling, he became peculiarly interesting. His words were few and simple, (I fear I very imperfectly transcribe them), but there was a sincerity, a depth of real sentiment in them, as far removed from enthusiasm as from affectation, that, together with an indescribable something in the appearance and manner remaining in this venerable ruin of the once gay, elegant, and dashing cavalier, that, contrasted with their import and expression, rendered them most touchingly impressive. I often, at such moments, caught myself wishing that certain expounders of certain creeds and doctrines of morality, could take a lesson from him, and borrow a small portion of all this, which might well stand in lieu of what they call their "unction;" I feel convinced they would not preach the worse for it, nor would their flocks prove the less holy; at the least, 'twere a style better adapted to edify, if not to gain proselytes, than the more approved and practised one of dealing

wholesale condemnation (not to use the other word) in voice of thunder, and with gesture of avenging angel, alike on the sinning and the erring : but I digress, and beg pardon for it.

"Where was I?" resumed the chevalier, after a pause, during which he looked fixedly downwards, as if in meditation, it might be prayer. "Oh, yes! I recollect—the '*rappel*.' Well, as I said, we were quickly on our feet and prepared for further chance, or rather mischance; for verily the latter seemed all we had possibly to expect. The first face we met was that of the Vivandiere. 'Glad to see you looking so much up, young man,' she cried to Juvigny, 'and you too, Citizen Captain,' she added, 'what say you before marching—you are bound for a *sharp* one' with an emphasis on the word)—'to another glass of my Schnapps? it did you good last night—you may stand more in want of it again this morning.' I looked hard in the woman's countenance—it was full of meaning—of meaning that announced no good. 'Strange,' I thought, 'this worthy creature should feel an interest in us, whom she and the whole gang must look upon as the worst and most hateful of adversaries.' Instinctively I pulled out my purse, which was scantily, yet tolerably stocked, and stood in act to tender it. She caught the movement almost before I had time to make it, and her cheek flushed. 'Hands away there! citizen officer,' she cried, 'hands away: *mine* touch not aristocrat gold! I don't sell my liquor; I give it freely to a brave man in distress, though he be an aristocrat. You don't mean to insult me for a kindness?'

"No, my dear good benefactor," I replied, involuntarily struck to the heart with this simple delicacy and high-minded feeling, 'I only wish to acknowledge it—to show you I am grateful: tell me how I can?' She looked confused. I did not well know what to do. Unwilling, however, all the burden should be on my side, I drew hastily a ring of some value from my finger. 'Well,' I asked in a low voice, 'if you will not receive payment of a debt of gratitude, will you keep this in remembrance of the two unfortunate "*whites*" you were kind to, when every one else was intent on their ill?' 'Yes,' she hurriedly cried, advancing, 'I will, young man.' (To Juvigny)—'Swallow your glass; you'll need it, I say you'll need it. Captain, here's for you,' handing me another, approaching still nearer, and, as she bent to

fill it, whispering in my ears the words,—'beware how you answer before the court; the Representant, perhaps, may not be one of them.' 'Still more strange!' I thought again. 'This is indeed a friendly warning, but what does it mean? I cannot guess—we must be directed by circumstances—not forgetting it, however. Some comfort it is, at least, we are to have even the formality of a court-martial; besides our good genius here, says the Representant may be absent,—better hope still to look forward to. Let us not yield, however, too much to an expectation that may be—as all have hitherto turned out for us—but more and more deceptive.'

"I had short leisure for reflection. A roll of the drum was heard: the officer commanding the guard, put himself at the head of some score of men, and, placing us in the centre, ordered a march forward. We looked about, as may be well imagined, right and left for our presumed friend, the lieutenant aide-de-camp. He was no where to be seen; so with heavy hearts—somewhat lightened, however, by the hint that had been just, in so unlooked for a manner, conveyed to us—we suffered ourselves to be led on to the place where it seemed our judges were assembled to decide our fate."

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"This was a large building towards the centre of the town, that had, until a short time previously, served as an occasional or, it might be, permanent theatre—as was evident from the interior arrangements and decorations, which remained to all appearance in precisely the same state they had been left the last time a performance had taken place there, with the exception that the curtain, which had probably fallen at the close of that entertainment, had now been raised upon an actual drama of a widely different kind.

"Few things are so gloomy to look on, under any circumstances, as the inside of a play-house, particularly an extensive one, when the representation is over; the lights put out, and the audience departed. To cross the stage then, with its lifeless screens, and unmeaning patches of paint meeting the eye every where, fills one with indescribable cheerlessness and depression. Here there was more than this to cast the spirits down—the house was empty, and the only audience had become actors, all on the boards. A real tribunal, arbiter of life and death, was seated at a long table, drawn up before the back drop—

scene. The two accused—I may say criminals, for as such we were already of course looked upon—stood in the centre, all around—in the orchestra, beneath the foot lights, across the side-scenes, behind the judges—were drawn up a file of soldiers, three deep, with bayonets fixed, and muskets loaded; a few smoky candles only placed at intervals before each member of the court, seven in number, gave the only dusky flickering light that enabled us vaguely to see what was going forward, and who were present. It was indeed a solemn—I do not in verity mean a pun—odds faith! the matter is rather too serious a one for that—a solemn and a dread-stirring scene; a scene that when a man has traversed once, the memory of it does not quickly leave him. I own that for a moment my courage failed me, I felt sick and faint at heart, my eyes seemed to swim, and cold drops were on my forehead, as I gazed vacantly—stupidly, like a brain-stricken wight, I dare say—before and about me; well, perhaps a braver man than I might have experienced nearly the same sensations, so let us say no more on that head. I had read much, and seen many sketches or paintings of the dungeon-trials of the Inquisition; this, for that faltering second of time, appeared to my unsettled fancy a realization of one of them. The impression, which if Juvigny participated in (and I rather think he did not—at his warm age we calculate consequences less and trust to hope more)—he certainly manifested by no perceptible sign—the impression, I say, was of short, of merely momentary duration. I was recalled almost immediately to myself, and to all my former nerve and determination, by the first sounds of the President's voice, questioning me, according to the usual form, as to name, age, &c.; perhaps a glance I caught at the fine manly and serene features of one, seemingly (at least) friendly enemy, the aide-de-camp, might have contributed to this—come, let me candidly confess it. He was seated at the former's (the superior officer whom we had seen the preceding evening) right hand, and appeared to the more advantage, as nearly every one of his compeers of the tribunal bore the traits and had the dress and manner, if not really their own, at least assumed for prudent intent, of the low barbarous herd of the time. Let me try to recollect exactly what passed; 'twill give you an idea of martial justice, as it was

in the days of our heroes of liberty and equality—the gloriously infernal and infernally glorious heroes—but stay—diantre! I must rein in—I dare not open too broadly that score—for already, I think, I have been with sorrow obliged to allow that we were very nearly as bad as they in the regard of—'Down on your knees, prisoner!—present—fire—and so forth.' One of *them* falling in, luckless devil, with *ours*, would certainly have experienced as farthing a chance of aught else than this brief process, as they seemed in the present instance desirous of giving us. The preliminary ordeal, as above, being gone through, (they smiled with derisive contempt as we declined our qualities—Chevalier de Merinhac—Viscomte de Juvigny.)

“‘You have emigrated from the territory of the Republic?’

“The warning of our lowly friend held fast in my mind. I resolved to make an effort, if I could, to answer without compromising myself—a difficult task in presence of the plain palpable facts that were urged against us by those who were at once accusers, witnesses, judges, and, it might be, our executioners.

“‘I must remark to the Citizen President, that he assumes the position: it lies with the accusation, not with me, to administer proof of it.’

“He stared at me as if to say, ‘what impudence, or what obstinacy!’

“‘There can be no doubt as to the matter. What were your motives for renouncing the claims you had to the protection which the nation accords to each and every one of her children?’

“‘I presume—supposing the case—that any man endowed with the slightest meed of common sense, would quit a country where he found that the only protection he could expect to be afforded him consisted in throwing him into prison, there to wait his turn for the scaffold.’

“‘That was a measure of general precaution, and you mistake the results totally. There has been since a proclamation, calling upon all good citizens to assert and resume their privileges as children of the Republic.’

“‘I hope those who have complied with the invitation, have had reason to be glad they did so.’

“He again stared at me—they, his brethren of the long table stared, and the aide-de-camp, placing his hand over his eyes, looked underneath towards me, but



with countenance wholly unmoved. I could not for the life of me guess, much less be certain, whether I was doing right or wrong in responding thus—yet I determined to persist.

“‘You serve in the army of the cidevant Prince de Conde?’

“‘I have been made prisoner; let those who took me come forward to establish that.’

“‘Come, come! citizen aristocrat,’ exclaimed violently a gruff voice, which I recognised to be that of the great brute who had first seized on us; I had not perceived or heeded him before. He sat, or rather lay stretched at full length on his chair, at the extreme end of the ‘*bench*,’ ‘away with jesuitry. This equivocating system wont do. Our president is too kind to suffer it even for a moment. I tell you, by G—it wont do. Speak up and have done. You *have* been taken in arms—I myself laid hold on you, bearing arms against the republic. That ought to be quite enough—it is enough for *me*—and if—’

“‘Citizen General,’ interposed the president, in a tone and with a bearing of authority, that had power to awe even the savage he spoke to, ‘you forget you have no voice yet. I must do my duty, and I presume I know what it is.’

“‘Do it and be d—d,’ could almost be heard growled out from beneath the thick cravat of the interruptor.

“‘Citizens Merinhac and Juvigny,’ he continued, ‘I would recommend you, for your own interest, to think well on what you say before you speak. A great deal may depend on your frankness in answering the questions we put, as the Citizen General who has just spoken says—equivocation and reserve are here out of season. You have been made prisoners in the act of carrying arms against the Republic—the penalty, you must know, is death; however, we should be inclined to lean to the side of clemency, were you but to second our wishes by a manifestation of candour—thus it might perhaps be in your power to secure your lives and future freedom on certain conditions,’ pausing on the word.

“‘Perhaps those of saying what I know of our commander’s plan of operations,’—I asked whisperingly, in a voice intended to catch *his ear* and not many others, (the young aide-de-camp looked enquiringly, and, as if dubiously, full at me)—‘of mentioning the summary of the deliberation of the general council of war I was present at

last week, when a final determination was taken as to the steps.’

“‘Stop—stop!’—hastily exclaimed the functionary—not at the present moment—we shall furnish you an occasion by and by—meantime—’

“I could hold no longer—every consideration of prudence and of safety both for myself and my companion commanded me to be silent—to crush my feelings, however violent, of indignation and aroused pride, at being thus openly courted to dishonour. ‘Twas in vain. The thought—the bitterest, the most galling of all—that they had remarked my emotion on first coming in, and presumed from it that I might be brought to yield to their purposes through the influence of fear, of caitiff cowardice, in a word, rose in my gorge, and half crazed me at the moment; I should have burst out, I am persuaded, or choked on the spot. Raising my voice to the highest pitch, while they looked on in blank astonishment, and taking the word out of the base mouth that spoke,—‘Meantime!’ I exclaimed,—‘I declare that if, up to this present hour, I could, even for an instant, have been foolishly induced to persuade myself there existed a remnant atom of honour or delicacy in any single individual bearing the Republican name, I held a falsehood in my thought. Seek for traitors and cowards where they are—among yourselves; we are not of them, and spurn and scorn all who are.’

“I often wondered they did not cut us down instanter, without more ado. The words had scarcely passed my lips, when I felt the madness I had been guilty of: but ‘twas too late; and the consequences, whatever they were, we should prepare to support.

“They gazed at me, and at one another, as in speechless amaze. I could remark, I fancied, in one or two, (the aide-de-camp more perceptibly), a suppressed movement, perhaps of some approval, participated in, I further noticed—at least it seemed to me—by many of the ranks around. The *bear* already mentioned, was the first to break silence. Starting up with a bound, and slapping furiously his sabre on the table, ‘There now! I told you so! This comes of your clemency By—’ (here he swore an oath too tremendous to repeat), ‘they ought not to live a second longer—’

“‘Silence! Citizen General,’ called out the President in a voice of command that made itself obeyed, and resuming with an effort his composure, which my outbreak

had evidently much disturbed—'justice shall be done, and speedily. We waste no further words on you, citizen aristocrats—we laid before you an opening for mercy—you have chosen to close it—your blood be on your own heads! The court retires to deliberate.'

"In less than twenty minutes they returned, the president bearing in his hand a paper—true mockery of justice!—a lengthened string of grounded conclusions, and 'considerings,' and 'whereases,' closed by our condemnation to death according to the forms prescribed, &c., by the articles (*their articles*) of war, so soon as the sentence should have been presented at head quarters, to the '*Representant du peuple*,' and by him signed and approved.

"Thus, for the third time, the name we so much abhorred of '*Representant*,' had power momentarily to stay our fate; we felt it, however, to be not the less imminently sealed at last, and could only of course, look at one another and press our hands in mute and hopeless expectation.

"A fresh and more numerous escort under command—what availed the circumstance to us now?—of the young aide-de-camp, was ordered—we were likewise provided with horses, and made to advance at a smart pace over the road—but in a contrary direction—which we had so sadly traversed the evening before.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

## TO FLORANTHE.

I wander through the scenes wherein our love—  
Our love, Floranthe! sprung up to its birth;—  
The same delicious heaven is above,  
And the same beauty spreads upon the earth,  
And the sea, as of old, is murmuring,  
And the like distant voices rise in mirth,  
To which *we* listened; but they cannot bring  
To me the joys of by-gone years; and I  
Roam through these scenes, the most unenvied thing  
Where I was once most blest; the glorious sky,  
The sea, the woodland, give not back my dreams!  
I wander without hope, and vainly cry  
Where *are* they?—where the music of the streams?  
Ocean hath changed his language; earth hath turned  
Her smile away from me! Yet my heart seems  
The same—but that the fire which too long burned  
Hath destroyed some, yet still it is the *same*,  
Nor spared, though half-consumed! I have been  
spurned

By thee. Floranthe! yet I once could name  
A spell which could create thy happiness.  
I lived in thy affection, till its flame  
Became my sole vitality; and less  
Can I endure its sinking into gloom,  
That a new life bars me forgetfulness—  
And what a life! Its soul is from the tomb  
Of vain affection, and of baulked desires—  
Never to taste oblivion of their doom!  
Thou didst light up within my heart these fires;  
But a dark, burning mass succeeds the flame  
Which lights no longer, and no more aspires;  
Which, while thou wert not all unconscious, came,  
And sinks, unreek'd of thee, in bitterness.  
Thou hast felt far less deeply: "pride or shame"  
Have happily taught thee how to repress

Emotions, which had all *my* being given  
To thee; and thou art blest, having loved less.  
Love made an *Eden* for thee, not a *Heaven*.  
And since thou canst not feel as I have felt,  
For thee 'tis better if the bond *be* riven,  
And if the magic circle now *doth* melt,  
Of which thou art the centre,—giving me  
To that exterior world, where never dwelt  
My hope, ambition, love or sympathy:—  
And what is it that I am broken-hearted?  
I do forgive thee, for thou didst not see  
The truth; and to my breast the fire imparted  
In thy unthoughtfulness, as to a gem,  
Breaks but in cooling, and its pangs have darted  
So deep, thou mayst not know; nor I condemn:  
The poison I had tasted on thy lips  
Others had drunk, and it had proved to them  
As harmless as the sweets the light bee sips  
Out of the cups of flowers. The star remains  
The same, though from earth hidden by eclipse;  
Though lost to me, thy form, thy soul retains  
Its power to bless, or away, some other's heart.  
He may not deem earth heaven, although he gains  
Thy love; but *thou* dost wish that we should  
part.

They who feel deeply should not yield the soul  
Lightly, nor ope the fountains of the breast,  
Which soon may overflow without controul;  
And this had been my crime in loving thee,  
Who canst not love as I do. Let years roll  
O'er my bowed head; but be not thou less free,  
Forgetting all the ruin thou didst make:  
Forgiveness and regrets are but for *me*:  
The fetter chafes thee—it were better break.

\* \* D.

## THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

She faded like a dream away—  
 One of those pure and blessed things,  
 That o'er the sleeping senses play,  
 And fan them with their heaven-hued wings:  
 One of those visions, all too bright,  
 That hang around the walls of night,  
 Pictures of love and hope and light,  
 'Neath which the soul will fondly linger—  
 Deeming it can for ever stay—  
 'Till morning's grey and shadowy finger  
 Beckons the dreamer back to day.

And she was lovely to the last,  
 And did so gently from us glide  
 Out of the present to the past—  
 Death's early dedicated bride—  
 That not one charm we loved or praised,  
 No minute loveliness or grace  
 Was gone, to break the heart that gazed  
 Upon its blank and desolate place.  
 The bloom was still upon her cheek—  
 O God! so like the rich, ripe streak  
 That crimson health was wont to fling  
 O'er it in the soft shadowing  
 Of beauty's pencil! Still the glow  
 Of the heart's summer sun did play,  
 On the fresh fount of years whose flow  
 Held on beneath its glitt'ring way.

And round her still the fragrance clung  
 Of joys that like a wreath of flowers,  
 Once on her brilliant brow was hung,  
 In the glad moments of these hours  
 That youth and passion made so bright,  
 That like unbroken rays of light,  
 The nicest eye might glance it back  
 Along the glory of their track,  
 And never find one marring spot  
 Of darkness, or of gloom, or ought  
 Of an unlovely hue, to start  
 And keep their sunshine from the heart.

Her dark eye still had all its light,  
 And eloquence—nay! 'twas more bright,  
 And looked more winning and more tender  
 Than in the proud days of its splendour.  
 A radiance of unearthly play  
 Was in each glance, as if a ray  
 The spirit on its pinion caught  
 Of those far, glorious climes it sought.  
 And there was a faint, beauteous smile,  
 That round her lip did float the while—  
 In lingering fondness ere 'twas given  
 To herald up the soul to heaven.

She drooped not like the cloyer  
 That calmly in its evening hour,  
 Folds up its silken leaves beside  
 The music of some gentle tide,  
 And sinks to slumber o'er the play  
 Of wavelets that it kissed all day.  
 Like that mysterious leaf that shrinks  
 From human touch, and fainting sinks  
 E'en from the gentle, soft caress—  
 The finger fair of loveliness—  
 Shedded away; full in the brief  
 But glorious morning of her life.  
 She was a stranger plant among  
 A lovely—but no kindred throng.  
 A passing, chilly breath that might  
 Have blown o'er thousands without blight;  
 Nor harmed a single leaf or hue,  
 Swept with'ring by *her* bosom through.

She loved, but her's was not the love,  
 That ev'ry passing day might prove  
 Its falsehood or its fickleness.  
 Her's was a passion that might bless  
 An angel's wooing; for the whole  
 Concentred principles of soul  
 And feeling—every thought or dream,  
 Or will or fancy, that did seem,  
 Kindred of heaven or of earth,  
 In that heart's love came breathing forth.  
 Life and each attribute of mind  
 Did seem so closely with it twined,  
 That they who would the wreathings sever,  
 Would crush the links of both for ever.

But worldly wisdom, worldly pride,  
 Willed her to be another's bride.  
 They little recked, when they had parted  
 Her and her hopes, that broken-hearted,  
 Life sickened on the dying eye  
 In its perspective misery.  
 She followed to the altar; heard  
 The vows, and faltered out each word  
 With an unearthly look and tone.  
 What matter! joy and hope were gone.  
 Life fluttered round her for a while,  
 Faintly and feebly, as the smile  
 Of sunset on the winter's snow,  
 That warms not, cheers not with its glow;  
 And 'twas as fleeting too. Her fine  
 High-tempered feelings could not 'twine  
 And bend around unlovely things.  
 It struggled with a few faint springs  
 For freedom. They would keep it down—  
 It snapped in twain, and she was gone.

D. E. F. P.

# THE CITIZEN;

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, and Art.

No. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1840.

VOL. II.

## CONTENTS:

	Page.
THE REAL GRIEVANCE—ABSENTEEISM, PART III. . . . .	441
STANZAS FOR MUSIC, . . . . .	448
A WEEK IN BELGIUM, . . . . .	449
SONG, . . . . .	456
AILEEN O'DWYER, (CONCLUDED,) . . . . .	457
NATIVE SCULPTORS—SMITH, KIRK, AND HOGAN, . . . . .	460
TERZINE, . . . . .	478
A FRIEND IN NEED, CHAPTERS III, IV. . . . .	479
TO A BRIDE, . . . . .	486
AMERICAN SLAVERY, . . . . .	487
KANE'S ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, . . . . .	495
AN ADVENTURE IN GREECE, . . . . .	498
INDEX TO VOLUME SECOND, . . . . .	507

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the CITIZEN must, in future, be addressed to the care of Messrs. MACHEN AND Co. 8, D'OLIER-STREET, who have been appointed our sole publishers.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

We have made "R." the best return in our power for his kindness. We hope he will not again disappoint us. If he would let us know his address, it would be a convenience to both parties.

"A Lay for December," is certainly not equal to other productions of the writer; and besides, to begin with the tail of the year would be most inauspicious. Indeed, the topic is one already worn threadbare.

P. M'Teague is a clever fellow, and his first letter a most favourable specimen of his talents. It was, however, written under no slight misconception of our meaning, and our purpose in the article to which he alluded. The other pieces which he sent us, are too fragmentary to be available.

We are much obliged to "Senex." Our making use of his paper must depend on circumstances.

"Diamine," must certainly have mistaken the gentleman who communicated with him at the period he speaks of. His composition was rejected when first offered, and nothing was farther from our intentions than accepting it afterwards.

We do not know what to say to P. R. D.—P. F. W.—R.—F.—C. A. J. P.—E. L. A., Monte.—T. M., Liverpool.—Sarah C.—J. A.—G. A. R.—*μικρος*.—*ε*.—and several others. Many of their compositions have merit, but the space we can allot to poetical contributions is too limited to admit a tithe of them.

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## ABSENTEEISM, AND ITS REMEDIES.

### PART III.

"LET US ACT IN CONCERT FOR THE GENERAL GOOD, BUT LET US CONSIDER THAT WE ARE BEST ENABLED TO PERFORM THAT DUTY, BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE PROSPERITY OF OUR OWN COUNTRY. WHAT CAN AN IRISHMAN PERFORM IN ENGLAND? WHATEVER HIS CONSEQUENCE MAY BE AT HOME, IT IS LOST IN ENGLAND. THE RESIDENT IRISHMAN MAY BE OF CONSEQUENCE EVEN TO ENGLAND. THE ENGLISH-IRISHMAN NEVER CAN. IRELAND MUST BE SERVED IN IRELAND,"<sup>s</sup>—CHARLEMONT.

IN our former consideration of absenteeism, our principal aim was to fix attention on the magnitude of the evil, to shew its inherent tendency to increase and multiply, and to urge upon all thinking men the imperative duty of setting about a remedy. We spoke of our country as of one possessed with many maladies, whereby her comeliness was marred, and her strength reduced or wasted. We spoke of this spirit of desertion as the chief of the devils permitted by an inscrutable decree to rend us; as a spirit of suicide menacing us with self-ruin, and making us feel not nationally ourselves; as a spell of mockery, and madness.

And because we told the plain unvarnished truth, with no ambiguous or courtly phrase culled from the vocabulary of scented patriotism, or equipoised to raise the popular hope and yet to quell the popular claim,—because we paltered not with the shame and agony of our mother-

land, but cried earnestly to all who love her in sincerity, to take upon them the obligation of national redress,—therefore have we been whispered and churrupped at, and that producing apparently no effect upon us, told with solemn air that it was not desirable or proper, or indeed well-bred, to talk such vulgar talk. But let it be so; we are content to listen, and go on our way. Only by way of saving further trouble, and preventing future misapprehension on the matter, we would, *au secret*, take the opportunity of saying, that it was neither in the expectation or desire of becoming one of the organs of Donkey-dom, or any other select realm of a similar kind, that the CITIZEN was first projected, or that it has been hitherto carried on; nor is there the slightest probability or possibility of its becoming, in the least degree, more docile or genteel in its principles. The one idea in the minds of all who contributed to make the CITIZEN what it is, was, that the rising and awaken-

<sup>s</sup> Hardy's Life of Charlemont, Vol. 1, p. 324.

ing people of Ireland, needed a vehicle of opinion such as we have given them. At the close of this our Second Volume, it is enough to say, that the said diversified and wide-spread people, without distinction of creed or class, town or country, lay or ecclesiastical, have, in their own matter of fact way, significantly intimated that they were of our opinion. Our purpose then is gained. We have stood upon the plain and straightforward assertion of popular right; we have calmly but fearlessly rebuked public wrong; we have held our venturous helm taught amidst some hard and some treacherous weather; and now upon the eve of setting sail once more, our pledge and faith is still the same wherewith we first put forth to sea—the whole rights of the whole people.

If any man then be ashamed of this faith, he must go elsewhere for comfort and edification. We have never intentionally penned a paragraph that could be grateful unto him, and we trust we never will. Our heart is fixed on the social and the moral and the political redemption of our native land, and out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,—bitterly often when it hath bitter cause; for, in the words of the old Irish proverb, “the truth is often bitter.” But that which we have been in the beginning, we mean to be even to the end. We have no alternative but to adhere unwaveringly to the course we have hitherto pursued. It has already gained us too many friends of the sort we value most, to leave us time for bandying words with those lame and lipping cavillers, on whose corns we have trodden; and they must really excuse us if hereafter we omit the reiteration of our apologies, and saying as little as we think of them, leave them undisturbed to their small meditations. The man who living in Ireland, and knowing what absenteeism is, and what it does, objects to its being discussed with a view to its mitigation or removal, is not a man with whom we have any ambition to hold controversy. We have no arguments to convince him; we have an insufferable objection indeed to incurring the risk of such a proselyte. There are certain species of political beings, whom it is both safer and pleasanter to reckon among one's enemies than allies; and assuredly the man, that is indifferent upon such a subject as that of absenteeism, belongs to the species.

It has always been a fixed principle with us to deal rather with such popular grievances as we are well assured we can point out a re-

medy for, than those which are temporarily at least, inevitable. If we believed absenteeism to be a hopeless evil—if we were unprepared to suggest practical means of mitigating it, we had not sought to rivet popular attention on its history and effects. Let us not, however, be mistaken; we pretend to no charlatan witchery; we have no quack nostrum to propound. Great evils are not to be conjured away, or dealt with in a night. Their roots have struck too deep in the soil; 'twill take many a spade to dig them out. Wherefore, say some, let them alone; wherefore, say we, begin at them at once, even as though they “had not another day to live.” Neither is it possible to succeed by dint of any one expedient. The disease has become ramified; 'tis everywhere above, below, around, intertwined with every fibre of the social frame. Old Dr. Paris used to say to his pupils, “When I was a youngman there was no disease for which I had not fifty remedies; now there are fifty diseases for which I find it hard to discover one.” We use the anecdote not to discourage or depress, but to recall the temper of those, whose zeal may be impetuous or precipitate, to the intrinsic difficulties of a work, which nevertheless we are satisfied can and must be done.

In the first place, then, who are the absentees? We answer, they are of three classes—men of fortune, pensioners, and English mortgagees. By men of fortune we wish to be understood as speaking of persons, who possess landed property yielding more than a thousand a year. Let every man look around him, and take a fair survey of his neighbourhood; who are the absentees? Not the Bryans of Cappagh Lodge, the first of whom made money, when money was to be made, by the cattle trade, and who hold now one hundred and thirty acres in a ring fence,—the fee simple of it,—besides four excellent farms under Lord Mountriot, whose house, or the remains of it since it was burned down, you may see through the trees from the road a little below the chapel. The Bryans live snug, that is to say comfortably. Philip, the father, is a fifty pound freeholder, and plumped for Roche, the people's man, at the last election. He has a daughter, that was as pretty a girl as ever drew lot in the wheel of matrimony, married to Ned Phelan the contractor; and he gave her three hundred pounds down on her wedding-day. You know the two story house not far above the mill; that's Ned Phe-

lan's. Decency took a fancy to the spot long ago, and never said good bye to it since. Seven children they have, and reared all respectably. No nonsense or folly about them; but lively and steady, just like their father all out. Ned has money they say; and may be if land was at the hammer in manageable shares, he'd be looking that way.

And now let us look up through the other part of the parish. Its all Mountriot up to Slieve-na-maun; wretched enough. The old man was the first that had the title; he was a Union peer; a rotten commoner, and a shabby lord. Shabby? hadn't he near six thousand acres in this and the next county? Aye, and 'twas the same six thousand made him what he was, a beggar and a reprobate. The poor unqualified creature thought it would never do, till he got himself made a lord. From the time the notion took him, there was nothing but driving to Dublin, and driving to London, and—driving the tenants. Slieve-na-maun was no longer fit for him, once the absurdity got into his head. He tried to sell part of his property, but the present man wasn't of age, and so couldn't join in breaking the entail; and then he took to levying money by mortgages, and judgments, and the like. By the time he died, and the young man came in, half the estate was under elegits, and custodians, and receivers under the court. Wouldn't any one know it to look at it?

To generalize; we say it is the men of large property that are the absentees, not those who belong to the middle classes. Some one, we believe it was John O'Driscoll, said in allusion to absenteeism, that Ireland was faint because "a thousand lancets were in her veins." But the image, though strong, was an accurate one; it were far more near the truth to say, a thousand wounds have reached the arteries or greater vessels of the system, whereby the vital element is carried away from the panting heart, and is never suffered to return.

The thing to be done then is to begin to break down the iniquitous monopoly of land. Monopoly of any kind is injustice; but to give strangers and aliens a monopoly is thrice-dyed fraud. We hear a great deal in modern times of free trade in corn, and free trade in timber, and free trade in manufactures. But of what importance in comparison are all these, if land—that which in a country like ours is the great manufacture, and to four-fifths of the people the only trade or means of subsist-

ence—is tied up by anti-popular and anti-national laws, and rendered absolutely inaccessible to the mass of the community?

Let it never be forgotten that these restrictions, which at the present moment are the very greatest curse under which the country labours, are anti-Irish in their origin, their introduction, and their practice. By the common law of Ireland, that fixed and impressive traditional usage, which ought to be the foundation of all law statuteable or otherwise, land was divided like other property, according to principles of justice and natural affection, according to social and national policy. It was not engrossed by a few hundred spend-thrifts, nor given over to be mismanaged by as many grasping agents. The common law of Ireland, the habit of the people, the custom of the country, was founded on common sense; and in spite of the whole power of the anti-national laws of anti-Irish parliaments during the last two centuries, it yet survives, and is the actuating and directing principle, on which the farmers of a large portion of the kingdom still dispose of their farms.

It is not requisite for our present purpose, to enter into any general argument on the rival theories of primogeniture and equipartition. We are seeking a practical way of remedying a great and practical grievance, and whatever we might be inclined to advocate, were the British House of Commons more identified with the wants and wishes of the Irish people, we freely own that for our present purpose, we should see no use in demanding a change, that would more thoroughly subvert their irresponsible authority of that aristocratic assembly, than universal suffrage itself. What we seek, and what we are persuaded might, if proper means were taken, be obtained, are special modifications of particular portions of the system. We approach the bar of the imperial legislature, just in the temper of those who sixty years ago began to petition against slavery. Clarkson and Wilberforce said negro slavery was wholly wrong, and ought to be abolished root and branch, and the House of Commons laughed at them, because they asked them—a set of men leagued and identified with slave-holding—to give it up. Wilberforce and Clarkson were not to be laughed out of what they had taken in hand to do; but they said, we shall never get in the blunt end of the wedge; suppose we try the small? Let us ask the parliament to prevent any new slavery being created;



let us try and get rid of the slave trade ; and when that is done, and the great principle is legislatively asserted, then we shall be in a better condition to look for the total abolition of slavery. They adopted this policy, and we all know the eventual consequence of following it up.

Just so regarding the peasantry and the farmers of our own beloved land. While absenteeism exists they must be slaves ; while large properties are entailed, absenteeism will exist ; we cannot put down absenteeism *as such* ; but we may obtain progressively great ameliorations in the law of real property. The chain is so tight round our necks now, that we cannot easily get at, or get a good hold of it, to break it across ; but let us try if we may not induce our tormentors to loosen the chain, whereby we shall come to the better use of our limbs, to the gait and the feeling of freedom ; and then in due time, there's no saying whether we may not succeed in making away with the rest of our trammels.

Suppose we begin then by looking at the matter in a sober, business-like point of view. Notwithstanding all the devices which aristocratic times contrived, for locking up estates under the deadman's lock of entail, the Court of Chancery has found a way of picking the lock, and bringing the most hoity toity estates in the realm to those feudal auction-rooms, the Masters' Offices. There, with little regard to its nobility, and small consideration of the multitude of creditors, who from one generation to another have *not* been paid out of it,—though upon the faith of its right honorable owners, the said creditors were induced to lend their hard cash,—there, as we have said, insolvent feudalism is subjected at last to the honest clink of the hammer,—knocked down to the highest bidder,—and the proceeds finally divided among the long baffled, and eventually half-cheated creditors. It is a notable and highly interesting process this, and one well worthy of more curious attention than has hitherto been devoted to it.

On an average, and that an intentionally moderate one, there are from fifty to sixty freehold estates sold under decrees of the Lord Chancellor every year ; and of these it will not be deemed too much to say, that from fifteen to twenty are above £2000 a year. In other words, there are so many estates of the absentee size annually sold by auction, to pay their debts. Now it is a fact equally singular and important,—and we desire that our readers will not

take our word for it, but forthwith set about examining and sifting it for themselves, as they may have opportunity,—that landed property in every instance where it has been duly advertised, and where a fee-simple title could be given, has brought a higher price at private sale, during the last seven years in Ireland, when sold in small lots, than when put up in large ones. We do believe that this is by a thousand degrees the most important political fact, taken in its full results and bearings, in the history of Ireland, since the attainment of Catholic Emancipation. It silently but unanswerably tells, where the root of our social redemption is to be found. It shows that there is an intuitive perception of what real independence, not political, or conventional, or temporary, but personal and possessorial independence, means ; and of the way in which *alone* it can be won. Tenancy—not of this kind or that, not by lease or at will, under resident bigot or absentee plunderer—tenancy is the heart-scalc of the people. That is the screw under whose pressure their industry has been stunted and crushed. That is the terror before whose glance, savings and scrapings, and small capitals put together by days and nights of thrift, fly into corners and hide themselves. That is the tyrant who lays a penalty upon all improvement, a ban upon all agricultural enterprise. The farmer is infatuated who improves or invests ; the law of land is landlord's law, made by landlords, made for landlords ; the farmer is a madman who does anything that will whet the covetousness of rent, that will make him a mark for costs in an action of ejectment on the title. This is very unusual talk, very ungentlemanly talk we know ; but it is true ; if the landholders of Ireland were polled to-morrow, what would they say ?

This bitter and destructive sense of insecurity in times past, led the landholders, when they put together a little money, to lend their hundreds and fifties out at interest upon landed security. A farmer heard that Lord Arrant-thief or Mr. Promiser, would give a bond and judgment, besides six per cent regularly paid, for ready money. 'Twas a risk to be sure ; 'twas hard to say when the money would be repaid ; no one could exactly tell how much the estate owed already ; but still it was a fine estate ; and (which in general proved the determining consideration) what else could a farmer do with his money. If he added good offices to his dwelling,

or began to drain his bog, or put up gates or fences—oh no, that would be downright tempting of fortune. One life in his lease was gone, and he knew not whether he'd get a renewal at all; or if he had a longer term, who could tell whether a lease made under a power might not be broken, whenever it was worth breaking? What was he to do? Trade and commerce were no where. In Ulster the people had some resource while the linen trade was suffered to exist; and having and being known to have that great alternative, landlords made a wondrous virtue of recognising what was called the tenant-right of a farm; so much so that the tenant often used to sell his good will for a valuable consideration. But the linen trade is gone; and the tenant-right is going after it. The farmer has no choice now but to stick to the land if he can; the landlord knows his power, and, with few exceptions, makes the tenant feel it.

In parts of Leinster there was a good deal of alternative in the woollen manufacture, and the south had its provision trade; but these were never adequate channels, for the small capitals of the agricultural classes to accumulate in; and the wisdom of our legislators took care that no new trade should spring up, by forbidding joint stock banks within fifty miles of Dublin. Thus the motives to industry, to economy, to thrift—all improvement, all means of creating an independent middle class, were absolutely inhibited. But our countrymen, God bless them, are seldom beaten out of one expedient, till they discover some other. Here and there they have, with the instinctive perception of the thing that was wanted, and of the way it was to be supplied, come forward and offered, if an estate was put up in small lots, to give more for it, than any one individual would offer for the whole; and this singular and mother-witted expedient has not only been put to the proof in one district or county, but in several remote from each other, and under totally various circumstances.

In the county Wexford a very extensive sale was recently made, of property that had belonged to the Mountnorres family. It was sold in lots of various size, some forming in themselves very respectable little estates; others no larger than farms. The latter were bought up in several instances by the tenants in possession; and in no case was any lot obtained by the purchaser under four-and-twenty years' pur-

chase. It is worthy of remark, that the very same estate, a few years previously, had been sold to a single individual, who gave less than twenty years' purchase for it. Was it worth more, then, to the many bidders than to the one? We answer, unhesitatingly, it was worth far more. We happen to know that the five largest lots were sold to men, all of whom had made their own money in trade in the city of Dublin. How, if not in land, could these men have at once securely and profitably invested their capital? In England, speculation and manufacture, in a thousand forms, is open to the capitalist; but here, thanks to the idiotic system of misrule that has too long been submitted to, there are no such channels of new enterprise, and money must either lie unproductive, or seek investment in land. The class of bidders for property, of whom we are now speaking, may be taken on an average, as individuals who have accumulated from fifteen to five-and-twenty thousand pounds; many of them have made less, and a few have made more; but, as a class, we think the sums we have named may be taken as fair exponents. Now, it is certainly not going beyond the truth to say, that for every person who is able to bid fifty thousand pounds for an unbroken estate in Ireland, there are ten ready to bid fifteen thousand for a portion thereof. Everybody knows that the price of everything is necessarily enhanced, by the number of persons desirous of obtaining it; and thus it results, from the nature of society in this country, from the want of economy among the nobles and the gentry, and the comparative affluence of the class of money-making men whom they affect to despise, that an estate will infallibly bring much more in the market, if set up in such lots as will let in plebeian competition, than by any dint of puffery or chicane it can be made to bring, if sold in the absentee size. We use the phrase advisedly, because it will be found that the man, who invests the results of a life of honest home-spent toil in land, is far less apt to turn vagabond in his old age, than his lordly predecessor. His acquaintances are here; his habits are Irish; his sons and daughters may imbibe silly notions of the vulgarity of domestic ties, and the necessity of spending part of the year abroad; but, making all due allowance for these affectations, the countervailing tendency is too strong in the main. The tobaccoist's son gets tired of being nobody in London; "but, hang it, hasn't his father an estate

in the county —?" and where property is, there will respect and deference be.

Furthermore, this class is increasing; and we want to show that it must still more rapidly increase. By and bye, the son of the trader will no longer be a solitary parvenu in the grand jury room, or at the assize ball; he will find himself at home in his own country; he will cease to aspire to the disgrace of being an absentee. While a county is held in fee by some twenty or thirty beggars, full of ambition, discontent, and idle habits, they will seek a sphere of intrigue, a solace in forgetfulness, a heaven of impunity—(hell is the fashionable word); the people will be ground to the dust, improvement will forget its cunning: the resources of the country will be as in a vice, useless and immoveable. Argument and expostulation are but as the idle wind which these alienated men regard not. If such influences could work upon them, they had been changed and brought back long ago. But that they never will. Meantime, they are daily becoming more and more helpless by their improvidence. They would gladly sell large portions of their deserted inheritance; what a pity not to suffer them—not to help, and in every way to aid them, in the only truly patriotic thing they are disposed to do!

But we wish to notice other, and far more important instances, of the recent change of hands regarding freehold property, than such as the Mountnorres estate may be taken as a sample of. A still wider field opens on us as we descend in the scale of wealth, and begin to discern the possibility—aye, and the positive certainty, moreover—of a still more numerous and infinitely more important class of purchasers being found, among the working farmers and occupying tenants of land. A few instances of what has been done in this way will startle, we doubt not, many of our readers; we trust it will set them thinking seriously on the matter, in every quarter of the kingdom.

An estate belonging to Lord Sherborne, situated chiefly in the county Meath, was recently sold in lots, several of which did not exceed fifty acres. On an average, they brought five-and-twenty years' purchase. One lot of 668 acres, and yielding £862 rent, was sold for £21,200. Another of much greater extent, but more remote from the capital, brought £20,000; the clear profit rent being £832. A third consisting of 73 acres, and let at £64 per annum, was sold for £1702. A fourth of

51 acres, producing £70 rent, brought £1750. A fifth containing only 28 acres, worth £40 a year, brought £840; and the other lots sold at similar prices. A still higher rate was, in many instances, given by the occupying tenants of a property sold about three years ago by Lord Roden, in the county Louth. A considerable portion of it was, it is true, the head rent of houses in the town of Dundalk; but portions also were farms, held under old leases. Lord Roden relinquished certain vexatious powers, as a landlord, by disposing of his interest; but he gained much in a pecuniary point of view. His former tenants are now subject to no man. Surely, such a change is an inestimable benefit to all the parties directly concerned, and indirectly to the neighbourhood. So much is saved for ever from the maw of absenteeism. A small property belonging to Sir John Piers was sold, about the same time, in Meath, under a decree in chancery; it was first put up as a whole; subsequently, in three lots, and the sum of the biddings in the latter exceeded the highest offer made in the former by £500. Within the last two months, an estate of Lord Riversdale's, in the county Cork, was disposed of in eleven lots, varying in size from 129 acres up to 917. Three of the lots were bought by the tenants in possession; and the entire were sold at from twenty-two to twenty-four years purchase.

Let us call upon the legislature then to make this principle operative, by enacting that in every case of a property yielding more than a thousand a year, which shall hereafter be sold under decrees of the Courts of Equity, there shall full and free opportunity be given for the purchase of it in lots of a reasonable size, wherever the rate of purchase so offered, shall equal or exceed that offered by a single purchaser. In order to do this, the present mode of sales under the courts must be in some essential points materially modified. Means of giving general and popular advertisement, to the inhabitants of the county where the property may be situated, and in the neighbouring counties, should be provided; every facility for dividing the property into saleable lots should be given, and the right of insisting thereupon expressly recognised and declared. The sales should take place, in all cases, in the nearest county town.

What would this effect? At first, perhaps, little; but, eventually—aye, and

that within a very short time—much. Until the policy of the system was universally understood by the people, and until the creditors had learned, by downright proof, that it was the best for their interests, we should be prepared to see anomalous, unaccountable, and even discouraging results of the experiment. We can imagine—alas! we too well know—districts of country, where the spirit of independence and of hope has been so trampled down, and where poverty has reigned so undisturbedly for generations, that if there were opportunity given to-morrow for purchasing the fee simple thereof in lots, there would be few bidders; and, in all such cases, we do not ask that the established system of absentee-breeding sales should be departed from. But we also know, that such districts are the exceptions, not the rule. We are thoroughly assured, that in five and twenty counties out of the thirty-two, the idea of becoming proprietors, instead of remaining serfs and vassals, would rapidly gather force and energy; 'twould put new life into the people. A man would then have a motive to save; his toil would be sweetened to him; his heart would swell as he returned home after lodging his five pounds, or seven pounds, in the savings' bank. "Who knows what I may be doing with that seven pounds, yet?" Oh, it would revolutionize the notions of the people.

Let one or two absentee estates be sold in small lots in a district, and besides the difference that it would make, to have eight or nine thousand a-year spent honestly and improvingly among the people of that district, look at the interminable chain of results that must gradually develop themselves. Instead of shrinking, malcontent, and, in self-defence, cunning tenants, afraid to register their votes, or, if registered, to give them; afraid to improve their farms, afraid to think for themselves; afraid of everything that men ought not to be afraid of, or else, with desperate self-devotion, perilling all that ought to be secure to men: instead of these, we should have men who, having made, by fair labour, their own fortunes—for enough is a fortune to any man—would stand upon their own hearthstone, and say, a fig for all ejectments and agents, and drivers, and absentee extortioners; we will do what we will with our own. Shall we be told that such a spirit as this, sown and grown, and soon acquiring reciprocated strength and shelter in every district of the realm, would be of no

importance? Does any man imagine that one example of this sort would be lost? that the contagion of independence, of social emancipation, would not spread far and near, till every heart of manhood in the nation had caught it? Whoever thinks so, knoweth not the people. If there be a thing on earth an Irish farmer covets, it is the secure and undisturbed ownership of land; and, as compared with the security, which a deed of sale under a court of equity can give, all other titles are frail and questionable. It is almost the only title which he can ever hope for, that will confer absolute and unimpeachable property.

We have endeavoured to show, that one efficient and practical remedy is within our reach without revolution; that one hope is left of averting a revolution of property. Revolution of property is a truly terrible thing: next to a religious war, or a foreign conquest, the most terrible calamity that can befall a nation; a thing full of evil, full of selfishness, full of ruin, full of indiscriminate and inevitable injustice; a thing by any or by all means to be avoided and fended off. But if property be left so ill-defended, so feebly garrisoned, as that the raging wave of penury and hunger round it cannot be stayed, idle is all wailing, all remonstrance. The wave of want and destitution hath no ears; in vain you soothe or menace; it cannot hear; roll on, it will, till the defenceless bulwarks of all property be overwhelmed.

What shall we say, then? Were it not wise to try, betimes, and ere the flood rise high, to strengthen the defences of property, to enlarge its borders, to dig deeper its foundations, to get in more hands, to render it maintainable. Maintainable, it has hardly been heretofore; maintainable, it will, ere long, cease altogether to be. 'Twere well to look at this coming fact in time. 'Tis not when the flood has risen, and is hourly surging higher and louder round, that hope or help can be looked for; 'twill be too late, then.

Neither will hoisting haughty ensigns of defiance on the topmost battlement, avail. Lord Bigot may issue proclamations; Mr. Gambler may distrain; Sir Hunter Operadancer may make laws "for the religious education of his tenantry—and be-damned to them;" old Petty-bag, the lawyer, may devise curious covenants in his trap-leases; and all may unite their influence and ingenuity, to get some new axe of parliament to hew the rebellious down. And

for the day all this may seem to prosper ; for the time hath not come ; and aristocracy saith unto its soul—"much good is laid up for thee in store—persecute—eject—revel—trample—to-morrow shall be even as yesterday, or yet more abundant." Ah, fool ! so said the seigneurs of old France. They were warned, and they would not heed. The people petitioned for a little mercy and mitigation, and the ringleaders of the people were hanged on a gallows forty feet high, not an audible voice protesting there against. But in the middle of their revelry and infatuation, the cloud of the multitude's fury rose from the place of its wrath, where it had been gathering long, and the estates of the aristocracy of France ceased to be.

Aristocracy of Ireland ! think of these things in time. Your system cannot last unchanged. For your own sakes, think of changing it while you can. Beware lest you sleep too long. Think of your fewness, think of your history, think of the swelling might of that power which you and your fathers have done nothing but enrage, and wound, and urge to madness. And think ye, lords and gentlemen of Ireland, were it not well to enlist on your side some portion of this power. Single-handed if you abide the assault of million-handed want, bethink you what must be the issue. The million-handed enemy is sleeping now, giving signs of life only where it turns or moans in its long dream

of pain, but it may wake, my lords, and then—

But what *can* be done ? Much ; if you wish to hear, we shall tell you one very plain and distinct thing which might be done. There are on an average every year 100,000 acres of freehold property sold under the Court of Chancery ; or, in other words, there are on an average fifty estates. Now it is clear that these ought to be sold for the benefit of the creditors who have compelled the sales. It has been proved, in repeated instances, that property sold in lots under a decree, will produce considerably more than if it be sold in the lump. The reason of this is plain. For every five men who can think of bidding for an estate of £2000 a year, there are fifty who are ready to bid for £200 a year. An estate of £200 a year is an object of consideration with a neighbouring proprietor, or an English capitalist. These are the component elements of the absentee class of owners. The small proprietor is always resident, is generally industrious, is a citizen of the state, not a stranger or an enemy in feeling. The value of such a class of society as a diminution of the absentee and mortgagee classes we need not dwell upon. Here then is a way of creating gradually such a class. Let a law be made obliging the properties sold under the Court, to be sold in lots, and in their respective counties.

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## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Come share with me, dearest, my heart and my cot,  
And be all other joys of the world forgot—  
They may shine for thee now, but, oh, think when they pall,  
Thou wilt find that one fond heart were well worth them all.

Tho' my home be but small, love lies lightly from care,  
With the humblest content as tho' millions were there,  
And my heart—Oh ! were all that now court thee to flee,  
Thou would'st *still*, thus forsaken, be welcome to me.

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## A WEEK IN BELGIUM.

As you wish for some account of the week which I lately spent in Belgium, I shall endeavour to describe the impressions it has left, scattered and imperfect as they are. Of course, in so short a time I could see nothing but the surface, but as half an hour's interview leaves a notion of the character of an individual, even a week amongst a strange people gives rise to some opinions about them.

You can imagine, without particulars, a voyage in the most disagreeable of steamers from London to Ostend. After spending the night at the latter place, I started by railway for Bruges, and arrived there about half-past seven on a fine Sunday morning towards the end of August. The streets were full of people, going to, and coming from, the different churches, all Catholic of course. I had imagined that the aspect of Bruges was deserted and miserable, and was agreeably surprised by the appearance of so much life. My first impression was as if I had been set down in some large town in the south of Ireland. The cloaks and hoods of the women, the general Sunday neatness, the marks of the predominance of the Catholic religion, and the groups outside the church doors, all recalled familiar scenes. Looking from the people to the houses, with their Flemish inscriptions, the similarity vanished at once. The highly ornamented fronts and windows, and the traces of antiquity at every turn, brought vividly to the mind the great commercial city of the fourteenth century, the emporium of the Hanseatic League, which outshone in wealth and splendour even the wealthy communities of Flanders, and

"Of whose feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity  
increased."

Though fallen from its high station, there is an air of majesty about it still. Its numerous churches, fine civic edifices, spacious houses, and broad canals branching off in all directions, like highways from a capital, show the heart of a great commercial circulation. Its pulsations are feebler than of old, but there is life there still, and if the people are less wealthy, they do not seem less happy than their

ancestors. After breakfast, I took a more particular survey, eschewing a *valet de place* as an encumbrance, and guiding myself in delightful freedom by a map. It would be tedious to describe the sights. The old Gothic *Tour des Halles*, with its ever chiming carillons, and panoramic view of the cultivated plains which extend on every side; the beautiful little Hotel de Ville, built in 1377, where the Counts of Flanders used to swear obedience to the laws of the town; and the hospital of St. John, with the pictures by Hans Hemling, painted in 1479, and presented to the hospital in gratitude for succour received as a patient. The colours, after nearly four centuries, are as brilliant as ever, and St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins look (so perfect is the finish) like miniatures of Flemish maidens taken last year. Then there was the house in the *Grande Place*, where Charles the Second lived during his exile, and another where the Burghers once shut up the Emperor Maximilian, for some violations of their privileges, and kept him, notwithstanding threats of excommunication from the pope, and of an invasion from Germany, until he swore on the sacrament and a fragment of the true cross, to respect their liberties and pardon their violence. With true imperial faith he kept the oath, until he got out of their clutches.

Returning to the hotel, I found a crowd of men in green uniforms, in the courtyard, who I learned were a company of the national guards, going to attend the funeral of a deceased comrade. Mine host, a soldier-like looking man, but a very agreeable and modest attendant on his guests, was hardly recognisable in the accoutrements of leader. After some chat, more civic than military, and one or two manoeuvres in a very correct style, they marched off, and I followed. They stopped in a street where there was a crowd of people and a number of regular soldiers. After some delay the coffin was brought out, covered with the cap and arms of the deceased, and a procession being formed with torch bearers, and a line of clergymen, singing part of the ser-

vice, the whole moved off, followed by the crowd to the church of Notre Dame, or as the Flemish call it "*onser Liebe Vrouw*," "Our dear Lady." During the delay before the coffin was brought out, I was particularly struck with the thorough fusion of the different classes. National guards and priests shook hands with the utmost cordiality, soldiers and citizens, men in official dress and the people of the crowd, whom they were keeping back, all chatted in a free friendly way, which showed the absence of any sore or party feeling. The scene seemed to me to indicate a people, whose institutions were national, whose officials represented no ruling or separated class, but were one with those amongst whom they exercised power.

I spent some three hours of an evening of glorious sunshine, in walking through the town in every direction—along the beautiful promenades which border the canals—through the principal streets, and through innumerable lanes and alleys, relying on the guidance of the map. I had heard and read, that there were 15,000 paupers at Bruges, out of 43,000 inhabitants, and I wanted to find out their habitations. I thought there must be some terrible quarter, like the liberty in Dublin, where the very houses, as well as the haggard faces of the people, would proclaim decay and ruin. I could find no such place, and unless the aforesaid 15,000 have their dwelling in the sky, or under ground, I am at a loss to conceive where they exist. Poverty there is, as unhappily there is everywhere, but never have I seen it wear an aspect so calm and smiling as at Bruges. I well remember the wild sportfulness, the deep irrepressible humour, which we have known to gush from a people whose hearts were sad enough; but the tranquil faces of the Flemish showed no hidden sorrow. They rather evinced the quiet satisfaction of a people, whose labour brought the necessities of life, and who felt that by a week of toil they had earned a day of repose. The streets and lanes were lined with them sitting outside their doors in the sunshine; aged grandfathers, vigorous men, and women in their graceful lace caps, some engaged in friendly chat with their neighbours next door, or across the street, others looking at their children, who were playing in groups in the middle with boundless laughter and fun, and, as they clattered about in their little wooden shoes, present-

ing one of the most joyous pictures that my eye ever rested on. There was little or no trace of an aristocracy, or even of a wealthy class; and the family enjoyment of these sociable streets, was hardly disturbed by the passage of a vehicle.

Bruges is justly famous for its pretty girls, though their beauty is all of one kind, namely, that which is so common in Flemish pictures, round-faced and fair-complexioned, but with rather a deficiency of expression. Those odious head-disfigurements called bonnets are hardly to be seen; but in their stead lace caps of many varieties, which are all picturesque.

Next morning, being Monday, I left Bruges with regret, and arrived before noon at Ghent, once renowned for its forty thousand weavers, who could wield the sword as well as the shuttle, and who routed the French chivalry at the famous "Battle of the Spurs." Manufactures still flourish there; but the steam engine has subdued those victorious weavers. At every step in Ghent you are reminded of the past. It is history written in stone, though the pages show the past mixed up with the present. A primitive looking turretted gateway, built by Count Baldwin of the Iron Arm, in the ninth century, is the entrance to a cotton factory. In the *Marché du Vendredi*, Perry's pens and English guide books are exhibited under old Gothic fronts, which must have stood when Van Artevelde and his party met the opposite factions on that spot in deadly broil, and left fifteen hundred dead, despite of the host which was brought out to separate them. The guilds used to meet for redress of grievances in the same place, which is within range of an old Cannon, called Mad Margery, the largest in Europe, made by the people of Ghent, in the time of Philip the Good. The finest memorial of the old Burgher times, is the *Hotel de Ville*, or rather the earlier half of it, which was built in 1482. It is in what is called the Moorish or Moresco Gothic, showing the pointed arch and branching pillars, with a richness and splendour of ornament, astonishing in stone work. If this edifice expresses, as we may fairly presume, the taste and cultivation of the citizens of Ghent in the fifteenth century, they must have been eminently superior to their feudal neighbours and nominal masters. Their democracy, whatever were its evils, was not the barren soil of utilitarianism, but one genial to the products of mind. Their rough existence

caught some beauty from art, and was elevated by religion. They were not cogs and wheels in a well working social machine, but men having passions and imaginations, which would not let them rest without the expression of their faith and their freedom, in the permanent forms of painting and architecture.

But the glory of Ghent is the Cathedral, which amongst its many splendid churches stands prominent. It was founded in the tenth century, and partly rebuilt in the beginning of the thirteenth. The outside is inferior to many Gothic churches, but the interior is of imposing grandeur. The nave is lined by two rows of pillars supporting a gothic roof. The choir is elevated four or five steps, and separated from the nave only by two half-screens or wings at the top of the steps, leaving an open space in the centre, so that standing at the western door you see at once the whole length of nave and choir up to the high altar.\* At the sides appear the black and white marble altar-frames and railed partitions, with brass gates of the chapels, which, twenty-four in number, run along the aisles and round the choir, each containing one or more precious pictures, the productions of old Flemish masters. At every point amongst the rich ornaments in which the zeal of ancient times delighted, the eye is caught by some venerable head, full of devotion, some saint or martyr enduring torture with heroic constancy, or some statue or tomb of a bishop, gone long ago to his rest, and mutely preaching divine peace to every new generation. When service is not going on, the silence is only broken by the retiring footsteps of the few who have remained for their private devotions. The impression from the whole was that of deep religious awe. I cannot conceive that any boundary marked out by the forms of belief, should confine the sympathies which the divine Spirit, reigning in those temples, awakens. I lingered long, gazing at the fine embodiments in the pictures of whatever is fine in man, drinking in the magnificence of those lofty and silent aisles, where men appear so little. It seemed as if music alone could fitly utter human thought or feeling in such a place; when suddenly the music came—how, I could

hardly tell. Exquisite voices mingled with the deep tones of the organ, low first, and then pealing through the arches in volumes of sweetness and power, with one of those old Palestrina-like hymns which

"Take the prison'd soul  
And lap it in Elysium."

I cannot describe the effect.

There are several other fine churches in Ghent, any one of which would be a remarkable object elsewhere. The town is intersected by numerous canals, and surrounded by splendid promenades, a thing, by the bye, which seems never forgotten in continental towns. There is a University, but I had no time to see more than the outside, which, with its superb Corinthian portico, reminded me of some of the buildings in Dublin. Of the other things in Ghent, I shall only mention the *Grande Beguinage*, an extensive Nunnery of Sisters of Charity. They are six hundred in number, and bound by no vow. They attend the sick in the town, and in the Beguinage, which is quite a town in itself, surrounded by a ditch. They appear to live either singly or in twos and threes, in a great number of detached houses, each styled a convent, and inscribed with the name of some saint. I saw the sisterhood at vespers, in the chapel, where the multitude of figures in black robes and large white hoods formed a striking picture. When the service was over they came out, not in order, but each as she felt disposed. In doing so, they took off the hoods, which were like large napkins, and, folding them up square, placed them on the tops of their heads. This left the face uncovered; and I was somewhat surprised to observe, that they were, with very few exceptions, elderly women. There are six thousand Sisters of the same order in Belgium. They may throw aside the veil whenever they like; but it is said, that no one has ever done so.

On Tuesday morning I left Ghent for Antwerp. Even in the rapid transit by railway, it was impossible not to see the rich garden-like cultivation of the country through which we passed. Great part is said to have been reclaimed from utter barrenness. At present there is nothing to be seen but rich crops and pastures, comfortable houses, cheerful and well dressed people. Every inch is made the most of, not by dint of large capital, but by the "victorious industry" of the possessors of small holdings, who improve them without fear of consequences. Here

\* The banners of the order of the Golden Fleece hang over the carved stalls of the choir, and their blazonry combines with the old knightly monuments below, to give that air of feudal grandeur which belongs to most of the Belgian churches.



there is a population that would frighten Malthus out of his "seven senses"—somewhere about five hundred and eighty inhabitants to the square mile. Yet I have seen more marks of poverty amongst the large farms in the agricultural districts of England. Of Ireland I say nothing.

There was a little delay at Malines, which is the point of junction for the different railways, but I arrived in good time at Antwerp. The day of my arrival happened to be the last day of the festival in honour of Rubens, which had lasted a fortnight. The worship of Rubens is the established religion of Antwerp; and certainly there might be a less noble faith. The whole city presented a festal appearance. The shops were shut, and the streets lined with festoons of green branches and flowers, supported by pillars, on which were inscribed the name of Rubens and several other painters of the Flemish school. Some of the streets of Antwerp are particularly fine, and the principal ones were adorned with triumphal arches, on which the name and figure of Rubens were conspicuous. Almost at every step a pedestal or slab commemorated, in some peculiar way, the great painter; and even the lofty tower of the cathedral bore, amidst the aerial tracery of its very summit, the same magic name, "Rubens." Nor was this a festival merely got up by order of the higher powers, which the people cared little for, except as the occasion of a holiday. It was one of the most unequivocally popular demonstrations I ever witnessed,—every house seemed to bear its own independent part, and to take its own special view of the matter. Each had its little pedestal or tablet, with the name of some painter whom it delighted to honour—Vandyke, Quentin Matsys, Otto Vennius, Jordans, Van Oorst, and many others. A house which had been the birth place of a painter, or which had been honoured by the residence of one, was sure to have the fact duly recorded on some wreath-encircled tablet, often with verses in Flemish. Thus there was universality in sentiment, with great individuality in the manner of expressing it. The troops of the garrison and the civic guard were under arms in honour of the occasion, and marched with their bands playing through the city. In the evening the broad quays which line the Scheldt, were crowded with people in holiday trim; the women in their lace caps, some of them having plates of gold beneath the lace,

forming at least half. The chief point of attraction was a new colossal statue of Rubens, near which military bands were playing. The statue was erected, as I afterwards read on the pedestal, by the "Senatus populusque Antwerpiæ." I tried then to get to the point through one of the densest and most good humoured of crowds, but could not succeed. The sun shone on the scene, and it was an evening of enjoyment for all. Cafes and *estaminets* had all their tables out of doors, often extending to the middle of the street, for the drinkers of wine, beer, coffee and *cau sucrée*. There was no symptom of drunkenness, or riotous behaviour, except in Punch, who played his antics for the children, just as he does elsewhere,—talked Flemish with the same fluency and drolery as English, and beat his wife with as much zest as ever. The night closed with general illuminations, less splendid, but more hearty than those of her majesty's tradesmen in Piccadilly and the Strand.

It seems to me that this popular worship of Rubens—a mere artist—a man who had no element of vulgar grandeur in him,—who neither won battles, nor made speeches,—whose greatness was purely of the mind,—speaks well for the people among whom it is an enthusiasm. To reverence greatness we must have some sympathy with it;—and does not the deification of Rubens at Antwerp import some general—it may be dim and imperfect but still real—feeling of the beauty which he created, and left to his country and mankind, as an immortal possession.

The Hotel de Ville is large and striking, though not equal in beauty to the one at Ghent; but the cathedral is truly magnificent. It surpasses all the structures of Belgium in the loftiness of its steeple, three hundred and sixty feet high, and in the delicacy and richness of its external ornaments. The lower part is defaced, indeed quite hidden, as so many continental churches are, by houses *built up against them*. I cannot conceive how people, capable of building such edifices, would suffer such barbarous defacements. Of the interior it is impossible to give any but the faintest notion. It is simple and vast; but this simplicity prevents the first impression from being so strong as that of inferior structures. The mind requires time to enlarge itself to the immense height and breadth, which the exquisite proportion of parts in some measure conceals. The choir and nave, measuring to-

gether five hundred feet, are on the same level, and, having no division, present a uniform expanse of unrivalled majesty. Six long ranges of gigantic pillars form treble aisles on each side; all finished on the same plan, and deepening the general impression of unity. There are no screens or partitions, and wherever you stand, the eye loses itself in a labyrinth of pillars and arches. There is little or no ornament, and nothing to suggest the want of it. You can hardly think of parts, so deep is the sense of massive harmony and grandeur in the whole.

The chief object of interest is Rubens' great picture of the "Taking down from the Cross;" commonly called his masterpiece. I first saw it on the evening of my arrival, but from its position could not discern a feature. The bottom of the picture is about twelve feet from the ground, therefore the point of vision is distant, and the light is bad. I spent the greater part of the following morning in the Cathedral, when luckily the light was better, and I got some idea of this great work. I looked at it intensely, and returned again and again, as I found its fascination grow upon me. The faces became gradually clearer, and their expression more distinct. The subject is nearly, if not quite, the finest in the Christian history. In the silence that follows the tumult of the Crucifixion, the disciples have time to feel their desolation. Their hopes seem to be crushed, and faith alone stands between them and despair. There is no triumph of anticipated resurrection. It is indeed with them that darkest hour that precedes the dawn—but as yet the darkness alone encompasses them. They come with sad hearts but unchanged affections, to take down the remains of him whom they loved, not for a reward, but for himself, and to lay them in that sepulchre "wherein never man was laid." The nails have been drawn from the hands and feet, and the painter has chosen the moment when the body is descending into the arms of the disciples. Their look and positions are full of anxious care, to save it from the slightest shock, or even ungentle touch. Two figures bending over the top are letting the body down on a white "linen cloth;" the contrast between which and the dead flesh is considered by painters a triumph of art. The disciples are grouped below, St. John, the beloved, in the foreground, with arms extended to receive it. The Virgin stands

near with eyes fixed on the body, all feeling lost in the bereavement of the mother. One of the other Marys is reverently folding the linen over the feet. The head falling heavily down, the loose helpless hanging of the arms, and the nerveless sway of the body, are all death—that death which seems to quench hope. Surely the affliction of that hour has no parallel. The purely human character of this whole scene at first enchains us. As we gaze, a higher meaning dawns. If we are touched by that unutterable grief, we catch likewise something of the kindred faith. A light shines in that mournful gloom. We have some dim revelation of what Goethe has called the "Divine depth of sorrow."

There is a companion picture to this great work, which represents the "Elevation of the Cross," but it was in so bad a light that I could not make it out. The "Crucifixion," in the gallery, is probably equal, in grandeur of design and power of execution, to any of Rubens' pictures. I had no conception of the genius of Rubens—of his lofty imagination, fertility, and ease of execution, before coming to Belgium. It was not uncommon with him to finish a great picture in eighteen days. The gallery also contains some glorious pictures of Vandyke, particularly a "Crucifixion" and a "Dead Christ on the Lap of the Virgin." There is a picture by Quentin Matsys, of which one wing represents "St. John in the Cauldron of Boiling Oil." The stern fierce bigotry of the priests standing by,—the brutal merriment of two figures putting fire under the cauldron, and the rapt devotion in the upturned face of the saint, in which the physical pain is almost lost, are admirable. You recollect the old story of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith, how he fell in love with a painter's daughter—how her father would not let her marry him, and how the blacksmith became a painter to win his bride. There is over a pump, near the Cathedral, an old iron canopy, which according to tradition is the work of Quentin Matsys. I shall spare you all description of the citadel, which General Chasse defended so doggedly,—of the fortifications, of the magnificent Church of St. Jacques, and others; and bidding adieu to Antwerp, request you to accompany me to Brussels, where I arrived on Wednesday night.

The capital has less of antiquity, and had less interest for me than the other cities. The Hotel de Ville, however, is

a noble edifice, and is by some considered the finest of those buildings in Belgium. The principal room in it is memorable, as the place where Charles the Fifth performed the ceremony of abdication. Indeed go where you will in Belgium, you tread upon historic ground. There are battle-fields innumerable, and hardly a town that has not known the horrors of a siege. Brussels also has its splendid Cathedral, full of antiquity and feudality. The monuments of the old Dukes of Brabant, in the choir or sanctuary, represent them reclining in complete armour—the haughty air of command unsubdued by the repose of death. They lie there as if they had a right to be in the best place, nothing doubting that the feudal system is in force in heaven. I shall say nothing of painted windows, statues of the twelve apostles, carved pulpit, &c. &c., and shall only mention a monument to Count Merode, one of the heroes of the Revolution. It represents him in the attitude, and wearing the costume (the *blouse*), in which he was shot. The blouse has been cavilled at by critics, but it is a costume quite as sculpturesque (if I may use the word) as the body coat and small clothes of so many English statues. Brussels is more French than the other cities. It is a kind of imitation Paris. It has its little palace gardens, little Boulevards, and other little things, said to be copies of similar great ones in the French Capital. I learned only as much of the position of parties as could be gathered from a survey of the empty benches of the two legislative chambers. Very neat and commodious both are, and the *Palais de la Nation* in which they are situated, is a regular large building, but a very different affair from old “*Fuit et Erit*.” A neat little palace of the Prince of Orange, from which the Revolution sent him packing, deserves commemoration for an ingenious method of making use of visitors, to keep up the high polish of the richly inlaid floors. At the entrance to the apartments you are obliged, whether you be man, woman, or child, to put your feet into large list slippers, upon which you are sent off, sliding. Ice is much easier walking. If you attempt to stand, you are in jeopardy. If you lift a foot, you are down. There is no safety but in perpetual motion, and therefore you go sliding away, hither and thither, to and fro, catching the briefest glimpses of this object and that,—but if it was the most delicate picture of Gerard

Dow, with his magical lights and shadows, you dare not stop. These living scrubbing brushes are admitted twelve at a time. My party contained three or four of both sexes, ill built for sliding. They effected the passage, but not without unextinguishable merriment.

The library of the museum was shut for cleaning, and I shall say nothing about the pictures. Friday was devoted to an excursion to Waterloo, about twelve miles distant. Don't be alarmed, you shall have no description of the field. It is surveyed by some half-dozen travellers daily, not a few being from the Green Isle. When I was there the reapers were cutting down the corn on the spot where the fight was thickest. *La Haye Sainte*, *La Belle Alliance*, and above all, “world famous” *Hougoumont*, with the port-holes still in the garden-wall, remain as they have been pictured and described. In the hotel of Monte St. Jean, which was the centre of Wellington's position, and which depends chiefly on English visitors, the portrait over the mantle-piece is—not Wellington—but Napoleon. He is with the people there, and will be, the hero—ever victorious.

On Saturday I left Brussels for Louvain, to see the Hotel de Ville. It is small, but a perfect gem of the Gothic architecture. It has been so much repaired as to be almost new, but the original design has been religiously preserved. The fine ornaments had become so much effaced by decay, that repair was necessary. The old stones were taken out one by one, and by means of casts from them, the workmen were enabled to re-produce, as it were, the original perfect forms with exact fidelity. Nothing can exceed the minute delicacy of the workmanship. The edifice has lost the air of antiquity, but it gives us more nearly the idea of how it looked to the men who built it. The repairs were effected by the town and government, with a care and cost, which evinced the deepest anxiety in both, for the preservation of a national monument. On Sunday morning I left Louvain for Liege, that being my last journey by railway. The line to Liege runs over ground of considerable inequality. The embankments and cuttings are numerous, and there is a tunnel more than half a mile long at Cumptich. The railway stops three miles short of Liege, at Aus, on the top of a hill. The descent to Liege is so great, that the expense of continuing the line will be enormous. However, I believe, it is certain to be conti-

nued, not only to Liege, but on, to meet the Prussian line from Cologne, part of which has been opened. I regretted that I could make no stay in Liege, which is called the Belgian Birmingham. I set out by *diligence* about an hour after my arrival, and on the same evening crossed the Prussian frontier, on my way to Aix-la-Chapelle.

So you have the whole of my adventures in Belgium, and I shall only add one or two general remarks, which, knowing the shortness of my stay, you will take for as much as they are worth. The Flemish, with some similarity to the Irish, are more like the English. But they enjoy life much more than the English, without being a whit less industrious. They are fond of the French, and imitate them in all things, except religion. The French is the language of the court and of public documents. The latter, however, are often printed both in French and Flemish. The middle classes speak both languages but the Flemish is universal amongst the peasantry of the northern and eastern provinces. The church, with characteristic sagacity, sticks to the people. Her placards and announcements, which are numerous, are, with hardly an exception, in Flemish. One or two words before concluding, about the system of railways, the most splendid benefit which the people has derived from its national government. It intersects the whole country, and has rendered travelling, in the greatest possible degree, safe, cheap, and expeditious. Long trains of carriages show that the amount of intercourse carried on is very great. I counted in one train twenty-eight carriages, being equal to about eighty stage coaches. Of the multitudes who travel by railway, a very small part are foreigners. I travelled in carriages of all classes, and in the first class met two or three English, but in the second and third classes, which were always crowded, I saw none but Flemish. Many were women with baskets, or bundles, as if going to market. The greater number of passengers had no kind of luggage, from which I conjectured that their journeys were such as would probably not have been undertaken but for the cheapness and quickness of the railway. The fares are much lower than in England, and this is no doubt the reason why the peasantry travel so much in this way. The carriages are comfortable, and the general management good. The attendants are

invariably civil. The watchmen at the rural stations are not equipped in such trim liveries as those of the English companies. A cockney would burst his sides laughing at the figure of one of them,—with wooden shoes and sun-burnt shins, shouldering a great stick as the train passes; but the *man* is there if the *livery* is not, and he does his business, which is the main point. There is occasionally some delay at Malines, because several lines meet there; but, upon the whole, the arrangements to prevent confusion from different trains are excellent. Crowding to get tickets is prevented by a police arrangement, which, however, the co-operation of the people is necessary to carry into effect. They are made to stand *a la queue*; that is in a long line or tail, one after another, and they do it, each new comer taking his place at the end of the string with scrupulous exactness. When I was leaving Antwerp the crowd was very great, but this order was not violated. I was in despair at finding myself the last joint of a tail, as long as to-day and to-morrow. But I was soon at the bureau, and turning off with my ticket I found that another tail had grown up behind me as long as the first. The rate of going is not so fast as in England, and to this is probably owing the freedom from accident. During four years and a half, ending in 1839, about *seven million of passengers* (6,868,357) had been transported, of whom only *eleven* met with accidents, and of these but *four* were fatal. During the same period twenty-one persons connected with the service of railways received injuries, by which eleven of them lost their lives. Contrasting this with the almost weekly accidents on the English railways, one does not find that superiority of management in the private companies, which the opponents of a government system are apt to attribute to them.

For this national railway system, with its incalculable benefits in developing national resources, and even *creating* intercourse, Belgium seems unquestionably indebted to her Revolution. The Dutch, with all their wealth, and the advantage of ground, every where as level as a lake, have as yet accomplished no more than a line from Amsterdam to Haarlem, a distance of eight miles. They are a people slow to be moved, and it is not likely that they would have run any risk, or added to their burdens, for the sake of the Belgians, with whom, from difference

of character and religion, if not of race, they had so little sympathy. The railway system, however originated, has at all events been successful, and so far, is in harmony with the general aspect of the country. Order, frugality, rich cultivation, and smiling prosperity, appear on every side. There are no symptoms of great masses of wealth, as in England. You see but few splendid houses, and there is hardly a park to be met with, except those for public amusement. Indeed there is

little or no trace of a gentry, and, what is very odd, the people don't seem to feel the want of them. The most indispensable parts of the social machinery seem to be dispensed with. Yet there is really no anarchy, hardly so much as a crime, and for idleness, you might as well look into an ant-hill.

Hoping that you may burn no bed-curtains by dozing over this, I remain as ever, yours, &c.

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### S O N G .

HARP of my country! deep are thy slumbers,  
 Why art thou voiceless?—why silent thy string?  
 Why dost thou not breathe forth thy soul-soothing numbers,  
 Has the Spirit of Death passed o'er thee her wing?

Bright is the streamlet, sparkling the fountain;  
 They have their music, their melody too;  
 They rush to the plain from the heathery mountain,  
 And spread the bright strand with a garment of blue.

Then why art thou silent?—why not resounding  
 Thy full tones of joy o'er each hillock and glen?  
 While the echoes around from the mountains rebounding,  
 Should send to the wild woods thy sweet notes again.

Is there not beauty?—is there not story,  
 Of wood and of mountain, of rock and of fell?  
 Are there not deeds of Erin's own glory,  
 To waken thy slumbers their revels to tell?

Oh, sing! and the daughters of Erin shall listen,  
 As they fling back their bright glossy braidings of hair;  
 Thou wilt cause in their blue eyes the tear drop to glisten,  
 When thou'lt tell of the fate of the brave and the fair.

Then Harp of the Mountain, slumber no longer,  
 Tune thy bright strings to music once more;  
 Be thy chords sweeter, be thy voice stronger,  
 To shew that the days of thy fame are not o'er.

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## AILEEN O'DWYER.

*(Concluded from page 396.)*

WE might accompany Connor O'Gorman on his journey in the Thurles stage coach to Dublin, with much amusement to ourselves; but I think our more generous feelings will lead us to leave him to bear the buffets of life alone, and direct our attention, if not commiseration, to the poor little drooping girl whom we left weeping his departure. We have been so long occupied with the family of the middleman, that we had not time to look into the more humble cottage of his neighbour; but now that the object of our interest in the person of the son, is removed from the former, we shall take his place in watching over the gentle object of his fondest affections. During the period of some months which had elapsed since the death of her mother, Aileen had made efforts to render herself useful in her father's family. When shut out of her little room, she had quietly abandoned all her favourite pursuits, and the accomplishments in which she had once taken pains to acquire a proficiency, were now one by one given up. She tried to spin flax, but lacerated her fingers, and she had the mortification of hearing her father say, "that girl is spoiling the flax and making thread not fit for any thing but to sow a sack, or darn a winnowing sheet." At length finding she was equally unsuccessful in all her attempts, she devoted herself to the office of knitting and mending stockings for her father and brothers: yet this, together with all the needle-work of the family, was considered by her ill-tempered sister as nothing, and the terms "beg on mogh" and "noody nandy" were liberally bestowed upon the poor girl, and her little failures having been made known to her father by the same ungenerous means, she became in his opinion the greatest incumbrance on the farm.

There exists in this country a singular custom amongst the peasantry, that of deferring their marriage to a particular period of some weeks in the year. On those occasions the matches are generally made up by their respective friends, without much regard to the inclinations of either party, who not unfrequently are perfect strangers

to each other, never perhaps having met till the same hour that is to join them for life in that bond which decides their happiness or misery during the remainder of it. There are, of course, instances of young persons taking the liberty of choosing for themselves, though these are comparatively few; but all seem to wait the appointed time, that period which intervenes between Twelfth Day and Ash-Wednesday: this they call Shroffide, and the whole population of the country are during that time in a continual scene of bustle and confusion, match-making, breaking, and celebrating the weddings with all the hilarity for which a really Irish wedding is proverbial. The match-makers are generally persons notorious for tact or cleverness, and for the neighbourly qualities of attending to the business of every body better than their own. The high degree of importance attached to the office of match-maker, or "speaker," and the good cheer provided on all occasions wherein he is employed is such, that to enjoy all this, he is the more active agent in looking out for and planning marriages, without being very scrupulous as to the ultimate result of his labours, as regards the future prosperity of the wretched pair. I could give many ludicrous instances of the manoeuvres and deceptions practised by those speakers in promoting the success of their embassies; but it would lead me too far beyond the limits I have allowed myself in rambling from the farm-house of Philip Enoula.

Shrovetide had been some time commenced, and the usual bustle and excitement of making and breaking matches, had given full employment to the speakers and gossips of the neighbourhood. The priest having delayed some time his arrival to celebrate mass, the congregation at the chapel might be seen, broken into various groups, earnestly discussing matters of high import, of which politics formed no part, they for the time being superseded by the more vitally interesting objects of domestic concerns. One of these groups consisted of Philip Enoula and two

K K

other persons, whose dress bespoke them of the same class: leaning back against a dyke, or as it is here called a ditch, opposite the gate of the chapel, they seemed to be, as they really were, occupied in a matter of great importance. The whispered remark of the bystanders that "Courtha Mogh\* was making a match," was not a false conjecture, as he (the best speaker of the whole parish) was urging, with all the eloquence he possessed, the advantages of marrying Philip's daughter Biddy to Darby Ryan of Cahirnanhollow, "a snug boy," he said, "as any in a day's walk, who had a pit of potatoes as long as the devil's half acre, and turf enough to burn all the snow itself off of the Galties, if the height of themselves was on it May day."—"Yer'ra, bould your whisht, man," exclaimed Philip, "don't I know who and what the boy is, as well as you or any man could tell me? If he has the pit of potatoes, don't we all know that 'tis stretched out long and small like an eel, as to be sure is the same with every bachelor's pit, and as to turf he has women enough at home with him to burn that and their shins too, for 'tis well yourself knows that the wife would have more cattle at home before her walking on two legs than on four."—"Ogh, I see what you mean, Philip Enoula," replied the match-maker, "you don't like to send in your little girl on the floor with his mother and the rest of them; but, man alive, sure the ould woman would mind the house, and be worth the shaugh of tobacco that would keep her quiet in the corner, and next Shroff he could put out the sisters, and have no one but himself and the wife. Come, Philip, let us have a merry night on the wedding."—"Why then, Courtha Mogh, myself doesn't know what to say to you, but though Biddy is as good a girl as you'd get in the day's walk, yet for all I don't mean any disparagement to the bouhaleen†, but when her little fortin would go to get the sisters off of his hands, and then may be the ould saying would be true, 'bare walls make the best house-keeper.' At any rate, 'tis a 'Cleeen a sthig‡ I want to get for Biddy."—"You're right," replied the wily Courtha Mogh, as a sudden thought arose that he might still obtain the object of his mission, in a good supper at the match-making, and a right merry feast at the wedding of Darby

Ryan, "and sure 'tis you that would want somebody to keep the house over you and the boys, for what good is that little ally blaster\* of a sister, the crather, that is fitter for a handbox nor a poor man's house. Wisha, that I mightn't sin, but when I seen her little long small fingers trying to knit the big yarn stocking for you, th'other day, but I thought to myself he'd be a sorry man that would get her for what good she'd do; sure the potatoes might rot on the ridge before she could pick them, and 'tis the crows of 'Corragh na poucha† that would have the best of the crop afore her little hands could bind the sheaf. Why, man, her little waist would snap in two halves if she tried to stoop to the stables."—"Why then, you only say what's right, Courtha Mogh. Ma chree chratha,‡ 'twasa bad day for me that I gave up to her mother and the ould priest, to send her to them nuns, at all at all. God be good to the woman's that's gone at any rate, though 'twasn't the first trouble she gave me making a patha of this girl."—"Whe-then, Philip, what would you say to the man now, that would take this 'Beg o' Mogh' off you? Wouldn't Darby Ryan be the very morraghl for her?—he that has enough of women at home to shush and slave for her, and could give her a good life of it, taking her ease in the cabin; that I mightn't, but 'tis the very thing would match her, and as he didn't ever see either of the girls, may be he'd be as willing to take her as Biddy, though isn't alike in the way of goodness they are, for Bid is worth her weight in goold, not all as one as Aileen the crathur. No matter, say the word, and I'll be with you, and bring the bachelor along with me to-morrow night. Make her put on a comely plain dress, and a cap on her, and she will look decent and shahoula." Philip shook the offered hand of his neighbour in token of acquiescence, and Courtha having to arrange the preliminaries of another affair of a similar nature, wished him bonogh lath,|| and struck off with an air of importance.

It would be vain to describe the agony of mind, inflicted on the hopeless Aileen by the result of the match-making meeting of the Monday night; but it may be imagined when I say, that all the arrangements for her marriage with Darby Ryan had been concluded, and the night fixed for the

\* Good Neighbour.

† Young boy.

‡ Son-in-law in the house.

\* A child's doll.

† The Pouka's Tree.

‡ My sore heart.

|| Good day to you,

Thursday following. Time flew on as if he carried no care to weigh down his widely extended wings, but of the many which rest upon them, none were greater than those of the poor girl whose very life seemed to hang upon the issue of a letter she had dispatched to Connor O'Gorman. For though hopeless of any relief by his interference, she yet felt the last solace of the wretched, that of unburthening the heart of part of its sorrows by imparting them to those who they feel would willingly bear them all, and in the reply of O'Gorman she expected all that commiserating love, which she imagined, would be balm to her aching heart.

The morning of Thursday, the dreaded day, arrived, and active preparations for the wedding were in progress within and without doors; her father with her brothers were busily preparing the barn for the reception of the expected guests; "Peggy, banbought,"\* who was cook general to all the "shroff" weddings, was with three or four neighbouring women employed killing and picking geese, while Aileen or (as the bride is always styled) "the young girl" was left to mind the house, (her sister, the bachelor, and Courtha Mogh having gone to Tipperary to purchase the "*wedding conveniences*."). She had turned with sickening heart from the scene outside, and taken her place by the large turf fire, piled up for the occasion of "the dinner," when the door was approached from the outside by the well-known figure of the "Bocough,"† or privileged mendicant of the neighbourhood. "Benought meila benought a colleen dhass,"‡ was the salutation of the old man, as he clasped his hands on the round head of his long white staff, and fixing a scrutinizing look on the pale face which was turned towards him, said "Colleen dhass, my heart is sore for you, there's no joy in that pale face, nor laughter in those weeping eyes. I bid the little bird fly from the sparrow hawk, to join her own true love that waits beside the Skaugh,"§ and then having first looked warily on every side, to try if he was observed, he stepped hastily forward, and placed in her hand the well known seal of Connor O'Gorman, which bearing the device of a bird, she at once became aware of the meaning conveyed in the figurative style of the old man, and did not require the ex-

pressive movement of his head as he pointed towards the open door, and in the direction of the "Skaugh," to make her comprehend that the owner of the token himself waited there.

Wrapped in the folds of her huge dark mantle, she had passed the barn unobserved, and ere many minutes had elapsed, was clasped to the bosom in which she was treasured as the dearest object in life. The calm self possession of O'Gorman's character, was for the first time shaken by the intelligence conveyed in Aileen's letter, and in accordance with his instant resolve to come to her relief, he had set out on his journey homeward, without any settled plan whereby to avert the misery which awaited her in a forced marriage. Every expedient which presented itself to his anxious mind, seemed fraught with danger to the fame or peace of mind of her, for whom his love was of too refined a nature to admit of endangering either. The noble, generous-hearted youth was racked by conflicting fears; but the saints themselves seemed to have suggested the idea, that in taking Aileen to the protection of his aunt, who was also his godmother, he would be enabled to snatch her from the fate which was otherwise inevitable, without injury to her fair name. This aunt, though the sister of his mother, was of quite an opposite character—Mrs. McCarthy being as much distinguished for gentleness and sweetness of temper as was Mrs. O'Gorman for the turbulence of her's. She had been a widow (or, as it is called, a lone woman) many years, and lived much respected in a cottage, on the outskirts of a nobleman's demesne, where she filled the arduous, though to her pleasing office, of teacher in the school, which he had established for the female children of his tenants. It was to her care O'Gorman resolved to commit the persecuted object of his affections, though with as yet no definite plan for the future; but feeling the necessity of carrying into effect this plan of averting the present evil, he left to circumstances to decide which would be the most feasible of the many ways, by which he hoped to soothe the angry feelings of her family, and obtain the sanction of his own, to their ultimate union. The danger of discovery, and consequent destruction of his plans for the rescue of his betrothed bride, rendered the necessity for dispatch imperative. The sight of a Cashel car, or jarry, (the vehicle in which he came)

\* Peggy, poor woman.

† A hundred thousand blessings my pretty girl.

‡ The Blessed Rush.



being so unusual a one in that part of the country, as would not fail to create amusement and curiosity; therefore, to tell Aileen he would bring her to his aunt, place her upon the car, and order the man to drive for life and death, were all the business of a moment.

Before the bewildered girl could collect her ideas to believe all was not a dream, or to review all as reality, they had proceeded some miles on their way, and, as O'Gorman hoped, beyond the reach of pursuit, as he conjectured she would not be soon missed from the busy scene at the farm-house. All her horrors of the past, and fears for the future, were soothed into forgetfulness as he expatiated on the peace and happiness which awaited her in a residence with his aunt, and his hopes that the angry feelings of her father and family would subside in a few days, and permit her to remain with his kind relative, where she would have a home more congenial to her former habits, till he could take her to that one which was to render them both happy in the society of each other. He told her that in his own studies he had been unremitting, and hoped that after a further residence of a few months he would be qualified to fill the situation in life he had chosen. These explanations, and the detail of poor Aileen's many grievances during the past six months, had so occupied the time, that it was with not a little surprise they found themselves at their journey's end. The driver of the car, acting on O'Gorman's injunction, had driven without regard to the life or death of the poor horse, which was not sorry to stop at the door of Mrs. Mc'Carthy's cottage, though she, as a "lone woman," had no occasion to keep those accommodations which the poor tired animal required. Fortunately, she had yet the privilege of obtaining them from a neighbouring farmer, where (having first affectionately welcomed her nephew and Aileen) she dispatched the driver, with many injunctions to "take care of the poor beast," and returning into her little sitting-room, seemed too anxiously engaged in preparing for the comforts of her young guests, to heed the air of embarrassment which was evident in both. O'Gorman was, as I before observed, generally silent and reserved, and he felt the awkwardness of explaining, in the presence of Aileen, the circumstances under which she was now in the cottage of the good woman. Besides, in the midst of the busy prepara-

tions for "bringing in the tea-things," and the constant flutter of the little girl, or "colleen beg" into and out of the room, as she answered the oft-repeated summons of the small hand-bell, how could he gain the attention of his aunt to a private interview, wherein to ask her sympathy and protection for her visitor.

At length, however, all the comforts Mrs. Mc'Carthy's establishment could afford being amply provided, she turned towards Connor, and, for the first time, felt conscious that she was unacquainted with even the name of his companion. Calling him to her, she whispered, "Connor, dear, who is this pretty young creature, and where did you bring her from?" "She is a Miss O'Dwyer, and I will tell you all by and by;" this quite satisfied the good woman, whose opinion of her nephew's rectitude of conduct and principle, did not suffer for a moment a doubt of either to arise in her mind. All the little offices of kindness and affection were as anxiously bestowed upon his young friend, as if she had been already fully acquainted with the claims she had on the sympathy of her own sex. Nay, such was the winning power possessed by the sweetness and gentleness of Aileen, that she had gained a place in the good woman's warm heart, even before the departure of the former to the comfortable room, to which she was conducted by the colleen beg, gave O'Connor an opportunity of making his aunt perfectly aware of the distressing circumstances, in which were now placed the nephew she truly loved, and this most interesting young creature. She felt she ought to express censure for their imprudence; but her pity for their present situation was more freely bestowed, and before she entered her own sleeping-room, she visited that of Aileen, who, she found, had thrown herself upon her little bed, with her face buried in her pillow, which was literally steeped with her tears. To take the poor girl to her arms, kiss, and re-assure her by every fond expression, were the kind offices of the good Mrs. Mc'Carthy, who desired her to consider her as filling the place of the mother she had lost, and to feel herself in a home with her, till a happier one should be ready. Not until she had undressed, and with her own hands settled her young favourite comfortably in her bed, did she take her leave, with many injunctions to banish from her mind every painful reflection that might disturb the good night's rest

she so affectionately wished her. We know not what were the reflections which occupied the mind of O'Gorman that night, as he thought on the decisive step he had taken in bringing Aileen from beneath a parent's roof; but before he left the cottage next morning, he had the satisfaction of seeing that she was as perfectly established in the heart and home of his kind aunt, as if she had been known to both as many years as hours. Promising the latter he would return to Maynooth without any delay, he set out on his journey, where we shall not accompany him, but return to the scene of the expected wedding at Philip Enoula's.

Several hours had elapsed, and the absence of Aileen had called forth no other remark from the many busy cooks who were employed, than that they "supposed the young girl was gone to one of the neighbour's houses to get her cap dressed, and be out of the way of putting her dainty hands to help them;" but after the return of the party who had gone to Tipperary, her sister, knowing her repugnance to the marriage, at once suggested the before unthought of idea, that she had gone off, to avoid it. All, in a moment, seemed impressed with the conviction, and father, brothers, bachelor, and the whole host of their late assistants were congregated in the kitchen, expressing, variously, all in tones of the highest pitch, their several feelings of indignation and disappointment, amid many conjectures as to the means by which she had escaped, or where. No one suspected the fact of her having had an assistant in her flight, the general opinion being, that she had gone off without any settled purpose or destination. One of her brothers proposed that the bachelor should accompany him in an immediate pursuit of the fugitive; but here the Irish pride of Darby Ryan came into play, as he turned round with an air of offended consequence, and an imprecation "that the two legs might drop from under him; if he would go after her, or any other skip like her," and asked, "who was to pay for all his loss in buying his share of the dinner?"

"Whethen, is that what's troubling you, Darby?" said the old man, who, with the assistance of Courtha Mogh, had succeeded in silencing the angry reply of his son; "is it, ye nager, ye; do you think I'd keep a pin feather of the goose your ould mother sent, nor taste a drop of your smoky stuff of poteen? No, mossa; I'd

see yourself and your whole breed and generation down the river, afore one of ye should have it to throw in my face, that I kept meat or morsel from the likes of ye, ye ugly beggarly set."

"That I mightn't, but I'd knock every tooth in your head down your throat, so I would—barring you havn't them," replied Darby, "afore I'd pocket your words; and fougga foil,\* till the fair of Cappagh, and if I don't make them belonging to Philip Enoula sup sorrow for this, I'm not my mother's son, body and bones, this blessed day."

"Eisth a viawl enish, ma bouhil,"† interrupted Courtha Mogh, as he stepped in to interpose as peace-maker between the angry disputants; "can't ye both, now, take it easy, and listen to reason; for, ye see, ye are both of ye as blind as a dead pig this blessed minnit on it all."

"Botheration to your ould soul, Courtha Mogh," said Darby; "how easy 'tis with you; what an I to do with all the meat and whiskey; tell me that, now? but ye don't care, sorra a bit of ye; and to have such a shlor thrown upon me, besides; mona mon dheil, but I'll have satisfaction for this out of every skull that has an eye in the head of it, afore I have my 'nough."

All this while, the clamour of the women, and the loud voice of Philip, as he uttered a thousand contradictory orders in a moment, had withdrawn much of the attention from the indignant bridegroom, till Peggy banbought came, holding her apron to her eyes, and weeping the sad overthrow of her hopes of a good wedding, where her part of the collection would "be ten or twelve good white shillings, at any rate;" "but, Courtha, avourneen," said she, "couldn't you think at all, at all, of somebody that would want the fine dinner that's here throwing from one to th'other; for there's the ould man getting the meat thrown, broth and all, into the tubs, to be sent home to Darby, there; and I mightn't sin, but he came bellowing at me for the giblets of the goose, itself. Fyeh! mavrone, tis the pity."

During this harangue, Courtha Mogh, who had stood with his hands crossed within the capacious sleeves of his "cothamore," or large coat, at length started from his attitude of deep musing, and exclaimed, "All the saints in Heaven be

\* Stay till you see.

† Hold your tongue now my boy.

blessed and praised, I have it now ; so, not one word out of the mouth of mother's son of ye, and never call me Courtha Mogh, and that's my name, if I don't get use for the dinner, yet." So saying, and snatching an alpeen\* from his friend Darby, away he strode, with business and dispatch apparent in every movement of his brawny figure.

In the mean while, Darby and his companion in disappointment, old Peggy banbought, sought a solace for their griefs in drinking the whiskey, and smoking the same pipe of tobacco alternately, while in free discussion on the late event in Philip Enoula's family, after which they went forward with renewed spirits to fight for, and pack up the share of the wedding dinner. The additional courage inspired by their carouse, might have stimulated them to aggressions which would have been soon resented by the excited Philip Enoula, had not the timely return of Courtha Mogh, whose very countenance spoke important intelligence, turned all attention to him, and the, "What now, Courtha Mogh? farnsugh,"† was echoed from almost every one, as all seemed struck by his look of import. Courtha Mogh, however, felt his own consequence too highly, to admit of being so unceremoniously questioned, and beckoning with an air of dignity to enforce his demand for silence, he said, "Now, let me never hear that any man, woman, or child ever says again that Courtha Mogh isn't the first man in all Ireland, barring O'Connell and the master below—long life to him—and let me see the man that can do what I done this day ; so, here's for Courtha Mogh against the dickens, and hurroo, boys, for another wedding, a real right wedding, and plenty, galore."

"Yerra, that's ma bouhil; and 'tis yourself is the right speaker, after all," exclaimed Darby Ryan, as, giving a great blow to the broad shoulders of his friend, he continued, "but, Courtha, ashore, who is the wife you got for me? Now, that I mightn't, if I care if she was as black as the hob, and as ugly as Betty granna;‡ so you made the match, I'm satisfied."

"Ethen, does yourself think 'tis for you I'd make another match, you poor-hearted, ugly nagur, that was going to pick the two eyes out of my head about your dinner, there? No, *mossa fain*,§ I'd be long

sorry to bother my head again on the likes of you; but, as 'twas my bad luck to have any hand in making the match here for you, why, I didn't like to have you throwing it in my face, while you lived, that you lost so much by your bit of dinner, and well bethought myself, off I went to Michaul a Cauheer,\* below, that yeess all know would go to the dickens for a bargain of anything, supposing he didn't want it itself, and I up and toutt him, that now or never was his time to get Nancheen out, cheap and easy, for 'twas here he could get the bargain of the fine wedding dinner, whiskey and all, at his hand; wid that, just as I guessed, he jumps up in a minnit, and thought he never could be time enough, and desires me to make a match for her out of hand, for fear any one else could get before him, to buy the dinner. He'd hardly wait to tell me what he'd give her, he was in such a hurry to send me out about it, and to begin, himself and the boys, to clear out the barn for the company; but I settled with him, at any rate, how many couple we'd ask, and away I went. Well, up and becomes me, where I would go to make a match in such a nonplush; for I hadn't time to go far from home, and the dinner half boiled already, so, who should come into my head but Shamus Cauthbawn,† and I towld him how the case was, and the portion and all, and how Michaul a Cauheer towld me (as indeed, he did) that he didn't intend to marry Nancheen to any one till next Shroff, only this chance came in his way, and, sure, since he gave me orders to make the match, 'twas only natural I'd consider those belonging to myself first; for, you know, Shamus Cauthbawn is related to me by the mother, and, *mossa fain*, 'twas himself that was glad enough so he was, to get the match, and, sure enough, he and one of the boys is gone off for the sar-ti-fit-cat, and I sent down the colleen beg to tell Michaul a Cauheer who it was I made the match with. So, now, come along; bring dinner and all on the car, until I get rid of you and it, body and bones, out of my hands, and you may go to the dickens, the next time, to make a match for you."

There was still another person to be satisfied, and old Peggy banbought clamoured forth an appeal to Courtha Mogh, what was to be done with her?

\* Stick. † Here, man. ‡ Ugly Betty.  
§ Indeed, and truth.

\* Michael of the Chair.  
† James, the son of fair Kate.

"Is it you, shannagh Peggy?\* Yerra, then, sure, you'll go with the dinner, by all means; for, who but yourself, Peggy, asthore, could please the priest with the pudding? and 'tis I that wouldn't forget you that way; for it's many the good dinner I eat with your dressing." The hundred thousand blessings which old Peggy was liberally invoking on her considerate friend, were silenced by the arrival of the discomfited bridegroom, who, placing her in the car where he had previously deposited all his share of the dinner, very cheerfully drove off, to consign it over, at half price, to Michaul a Cauheer.

Courtha Mogh returned to the farmhouse to offer his services to Philip Enoula, from whom he proposed to purchase his share of the dinner, but the old man indignantly refused the offer, saying—" 'tis not the dinner that's troubling me, nor 'tisnt the girl herself that I care a straw about. But 'tis the shlor and disparigement that she has brought upon all belonging to her, for 'tis you that knows well, 'tis what will be cast in our face during ash and oak, but 'tis no matter talking about it now; she made a hard bed for herself, and let her lie on it." "Did any of the boys go look for her?" said his friend,—"Now, if you like it, I'll get on the horse, and go myself with them." "No, dickens a step any one went, and how could they, or any of us know what we were about, with that dhaltheent of a fellow, ghostering about his ugly dinner. Sure I'd pay him myself, out of my own pocket, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction—but, bad luck to him, the poor negur, wheresomever he goes, he's no prize. No, mossa, let her go where she likes, now, I'm quit and clear of her ever again," replied Philip, as he turned away, while Courtha Mogh, taking an oppositedirection, muttered—"Musha, faix, you only wanted the excuse to wash your hands of the poor girl, Philip Enoula, sure enough, and bad luck to you, for a bad father, and a black buddough, say I."

While all this scene of marriage and marketing, was going forward at the farm house, Biddy (Philip's eldest daughter) had assembled round her, in a neighbour's house, all the vanatheas† and gossips of the parish, where the clamour of their tongues, was occasionally augmented by the squalling of children, as many of the

good women in their haste to come and console with poor Biddy O'Dwyer, snatched their sleeping children from their cradles, and hurried forward, though truth obliges me to say, that neither charity, nor good nature, were the motives which influenced them in their visit.

I before observed, Aileen never possessed a friend in her sister Biddy; but the noiseless tenor of the poor girl's life, hitherto, had not afforded an opportunity for the practical exercise of those envious dispositions towards her, which existed in the bosom of the sister. The present was an occasion, which called them forth in all their malignancy; and no voice was raised in such bitter invective against the poor fugitive, as was the one which the ties of nature should have rendered the most lenient; but Biddy, holding her apron to her face, to conceal the absence of those tears she affected to shed, declared, "that Aileen should never again spend a day under the same roof with her, after the heart-scald she was now giving her;" and rocking herself, as is the custom of the female Irish peasant, while in excessive grief, she continued, "Agh mavron's chree,\* sure 'tis myself that must hould down and stoop my head in the chapel now, and keep the hood over my face, after the disgrace that's come upon us, agh mavrones ma chree bristha."†

"But, Biddy asthore," said one of the women, "why will you take on this way, can't you take it easy now, and sure there is no one but yourself saying that the crethur did any thing disgraceful to go away along with herself, afore she'd marry one she didn't like, and indeed and throth 'twas a sin to marry her to the likes of him; I was telling the same to the ould man a while ago, and to be sure he was out of measure angry at first, but he said at last there was no one to blame but himself, and take my word for it, he'll come round yet, and forgive her and be fonder nor ever of her."

"Dickens cut the tongue out of you then for all your trouble," exclaimed Biddy, as rising up in a fury she commenced a loud denunciation of her sister, "and all who would take part with her," and this being the signal for the rest to express their indignant opinions on the subject, the really kind-hearted defender of the absent one, was about to leave them, saying, "God and the Virgin Mary b'lp the poor

\* Old Peggy.

† P'ppy.

‡ Housekeepers—often used to express distinction or the respectability of a matron.

\* Sorrow is in my heart.

† Oh, sorrow has broken my heart.

girl, for if ever she comes among ye again ye'll be the death of her," when she was pushed back from the door by the abrupt entrance of another woman, who came in breathless haste, as she tried to articulate, "I heard of her, I heard tidings of her." "Where—where?" echoed from all sides, as each joined in the circle round the new arrival. "Why, will you give one time to get one's breath, and I'll tell ye how Paddy Farngone\* tould me, he heard it from Shawn Shauther,† that heard it from one that saw them, with his own eyes, and that was Kitt the galloper, when she was coming from Galbally this blessed day, and there she saw them sure enough, driving for the bare life, as fast as the wind, and going on to the cross. 'Twas a jaunting car they had, and she'd take the book but it was Connor O'Gorman the young priest, and Aileen that was there, for all she kept the hood of her cloak over her face."

"Ho, ho, there's for ye now, what can ye say for her again?" vociferated Biddy, and without waiting for an answer from her noisy companions, she ran off to add fresh fuel to her father's anger by the information she had obtained, which however was very vague as to the actual rout taken by the fugitives, for when seen by the first informant, they had not reached the cross roads, and consequently her knowledge did not enable her to say which of the three, that there branched off, they had taken.

Night had at length closed this busy day in the farmer's family, and yet his sons could not ascertain what were his intentions regarding their absent sister; for the dark brow lowered with a more forbidding aspect, and checked enquiry. Next morning, when his commands were given to resume the ordinary labour of the farm, they were at length aware that his determination was not to seek her, and they saw that poor Aileen was, as a disobedient child, to be henceforth regarded as an alien to their hearth.

When O'Gorman left the cottage of his aunt, his intention was to proceed immediately on his return to Maynooth, as he hoped his share in the escape of Aileen, and her subsequent establishment with Mrs. Mc'Carthy, would not be known by their respective families, as he did not imagine they had been seen in the immediate vicinity of the farm-house, and the cottage

where his aunt resided was separated by so many miles, that all communication, (except his occasional visits) had long since ceased between her and his mother's family. Thus he tried to persuade himself into the belief, that his arrival in the neighbourhood, and the events of the last two days, might all remain a secret at home; but the scene of the last evening at Philip Enoula's shows the fallacy of depending on that feeling, so general in youthful hearts, of believing all will be *only* as they wish. He proceeded on his way to Maynooth 'till he arrived at the cross roads before mentioned, when he encountered one whose information decided him on taking a different course. This person was the Boccough, who, standing at the junction of the roads, seemed there to have waited the coming of his young friend. It was one of the singularities of this old man, to make all he said wear an air of mysterious import, by a figurative mode of expression, and he had by this means obtained the superstitious reverence of the neighbouring peasantry, by whom he was generally considered "a wise man," or in other words, "one who dealt with the good people." His supernatural powers had been ever doubted by O'Gorman, yet when he beheld the imposing figure of the old man, who mendicant though he was, yet knew how to assume an air of dignity even in rags, he could not resist the authoritative command to stop. With a feeling which the excited state of his nerves, made him regard as that of one spell bound, he listened to the words of fate which seemed to issue from the lips of this strange being, who, pointing to the road O'Gorman intended to pursue, exclaimed, "Turn, turn from this road, for you'll go it no more, for the heart of the priest must lie upon the altar; the world's bad road is before your young feet, and you must take your way through its briars and thorns. Turn, turn to the spot where you first saw the day, for 'tis known 'twas yourself took the rose from the mountain; then turn to the hearth, where dark as the night are the brows and the hearts that are waiting before you." O'Gorman now comprehended that the old man meant to inform him that his family were already aware of all he hoped they had remained ignorant of, and after some time given to deliberation, during which the old man's intreaties to return home were reiterated, he at length deemed it best to adopt the advice so earnestly given. With a perturbed

\* Paddy the black-thorn. † Strong Jack.

spirit he proceeded on his way homeward, in anxious anticipation of the scene which awaited his arrival.

It may be justly imagined that Thomas O'Gorman and his wife could not remain long uninformed on a subject in which their son was so deeply concerned, and which had given employment to all the female tongues of the neighbourhood for the last two days. Indeed, Mrs. O'Gorman was not without some of those kind friends who are ever anxious to be the first bearers of unwelcome intelligence, and though in their own coterie of gossips some had been heard to exult in the downfall of Catty O'Gorman's pride, in her disappointment of seeing her son a priest, yet the same person would come into her presence, mourning over the downfall of the mother's hope, and mingle invectives against disobedient children, ending with a long drawn sigh, and a "God mend them, a ban a theea." From such officious additions to the naturally violent temper of Mrs. O'Gorman, it cannot be wondered that, hearing her son had returned, her fury became ungovernable, and, as usual, having exercised her influence over her husband, he too forgot the feelings of the parent in indignation at the disobedience of the son, and Connor O'Gorman was sent an outcast from their door.

What was now to be done? As if in anticipation of the question, the boccough stood before Connor O'Gorman, as the latter was about to resume his place on the car, which had waited at his father's gate; but on this occasion the feelings of the old man overcame his love of the mysterious, and in plain terms he commiserated the situation his young friend was placed in; but soon, as if struck by some sudden idea, he again burst forth in his usual wild chant, and said, "Let not the young bird droop his wing, when turned from the old one's nest; let him fly to the valley of fields and trees, where 'the master's' hand is spread, to welcome the one who has grief at his heart, and shelter the houseless head." O'Gorman instantly perceived the old man wished him to apply at the residence of 'the master' for that advice and assistance, which it was generally known he was always ready to afford to all who sought it, particularly to those of his own tenantry, by whom he was regarded as the common friend, and in their phrase, "well wisher." On more particularly questioning the boccough, he found he was right in his con-

jecture, and that the bright idea, which seemed to have inspired him, was that of having O'Gorman ask "the master" to become a mediator with his family. Those who entered the master's study next morning, beheld Connor O'Gorman engaged in earnest conversation with the owner; and when, after breakfast, "the master" rode out, leaving the former in possession of the study, (a favour not conferred on many) the whispered surmise became general amongst the inmates of "the great house," that the handsome young priest would soon (through the interference of the master with his family) become the husband of Philip Enoula's daughter. I before observed, that the influence of the "master," or acknowledged representative of a favourite family, is felt by even those whose rank in life is but little inferior to his own. The middle-man, who, with his wife, would be ready to vie in dress and external display with the "master" or "mistress" of "the great house," will on all occasions submit to their legitimate claim of birth-right those marks of distinction and respect, to which they are entitled, whenever demand for such is made. The interference of "the master" in their domestic concerns, as regards the marriages of their children, or division of their property amongst them, is at all times considered a mark of favour, and valued as such. Therefore, in this interview with Thomas O'Gorman, the master did not encounter much opposition to his wishes of reconciling him to his son: but in the person of the farmer's wife he had to contend with a very different character, and on his return home he was heard to say, that he, in a great measure, imputed to the agency of excessive politeness and flattery, his victory over the ill-temper of Catty O'Gorman. It soon became generally known in the neighbourhood, that the master had been successful in obtaining the consent of both families to the marriage of Connor O'Gorman with the pretty Aileen O'Dwyer; and that "the master" himself had sent the carriage and the young ladies' governess, to bring her to the great house till the wedding day, to shew respect and compliment to her and Connor.

Some days were occupied by the arrangements which the master thought it necessary should be made by their respective families, for the future maintenance of the young people, and to this he generously contributed by the addition of

a hundred pounds to the fortune of Aileen; thus satisfying one of the points of pride on which Mrs. O'Gorman held forth, "that her son ought to have got a wife with as good a fortune as she brought his father." Now all was again preparation in the house of Philip Enoula, for the wedding of Aileen, but Biddy was not as before the active regulator, and busy manager, for now it was to contribute to, not to mar the happiness of her envied sister, whose marriage with the son of Baddough O'Gorman, would raise her to the level of any farmer's wife coming to the chapel. As her mischievously inclined neighbour took care to remark, "they would be getting better and better in the world every day, for the master, God bless him, had taken such a fancy to Connor, that he'd make a rich man of him yet, and the mistress wouldn't let Aileen eat bit or sup in the servants' hall, at the great house, but had her to dine along with the governess, and young ladies, every day since she came there, and 'deed to be sure she was more liker a young lady than a poor farmer's daughter any day." By discourse such this, Biddy's already embittered mind was so wrought upon, that she took up a sulky position aloof from all the busy scene of cookery, now going forward under the guidance of Courtha Mogh, and his old assistant, Peggy banbought—"Yerra, Peggy asthore, what'll we do with that Biddy, the sulky garron, see where she sits for all the world like an ould scall crow, that would be looking over the chickens to crook one of them. That I mightn't now, but I think she has a bad eye to the poor young couple, God between them and all harm, from her look; sorra hand she'd give to help me or you this blessed day."—"Wisha, that's thrave for you, Courtha Mogh, a vourneen, for my heart is broke thyring to do every thing myself, and only them seven women to drudge, and help me with the dinner, and sure only yourself settled the big pot on the stones to bake the eleven geese together in it, what would become of me, and the two priests to be here, and all the grand quality, the governess, and the young ladies, and Master Dawson, and all the decent people besides that will come with O'Gorman's side. Musha, it'll be the fine wedding to be sure."—"You may say that, Peggy asthore, for the likes of it wasn't in this parish many's the long day, for the master didn't pay the same respect to let his children come to one, since his

father, the counsellor, (heavens be his bed) let himself, when he was a boy, to one that was like this, one of his own making up. Long life to him, when he takes the poor man by the hand, 'tis himself that will hould him up, and so did all his generation before him. I'yeh, there's nothing, nor no one like 'one of the family' after all, and go where you will."

Evening came, and the arrival of the guests again called forth the admiration of Peggy and Courtha Mogh, who was loud in declaring, "it was the finest and gentlest wedding ever his two eyes beheld, no thanks to sulky Biddy, the stag; but whiath, let ye all, don't you hear the carriage coming, and that I mightn't, but tis the bride herself;" and the voice of Courtha Mogh was next heard, as with a large bludgeon or "shillelagh" he came shouting out in the excess of his glee, "Make way there, I say, within and abroad, for the master's carriage and the bride herself." The command seemed necessary, so far as regarded the latter, as all were crowding around to behold the fair young creature, who, now as she stood in the midst of them, leaning on the arm of her affianced bridegroom, looked indeed (as Biddy's tormentor said) more like a lady than a farmer's daughter. On her left hand stood her little bride's-maid, ("the master's" eldest daughter), smiling with all the delight of holding so distinguished a place in the bridal of her favourite Aileen; and when this pretty child appeared, decked forth with the wedding favours of white ribbon with which her muslin frock and silken hair were dressed, the admiration was divided between the fair principal and her little attendant. Thomas O'Gorman now coming forward, saluted Aileen with an affectionate kiss, and led her to her appointed place, at the right hand of the priest at the head of the table. Mrs. O'Gorman was of course absent; as it is one of the customs peculiar to this part of Ireland, not to permit the mother to witness the marriage of the son, it being thought she would repine at seeing him prefer another woman to herself, or in their own words, render the marriage unlucky by "begudging her young boy to another."

All was now hilarity and unbounded joy at the dwelling of Philip Enoula, from whose brow the cloud had disappeared, as he received the warm congratulations of his numerous friends on the great match he got for Aileen, and heard the many encomiums lavished on the beauty of the young couple. At length the tables were spread,

and ample justice done to the labours of Peggy banbought, in the approbation her cookery called forth; but when Connor was about to take his place at table, Courtha Mogh (the self-deputed master of ceremonies) interposed, and reminded him that the custom required he, as a bridegroom, should wait on the guests during the feast, and this O'Gorman was not sorry to hear, as it gave him an opportunity of occasionally stopping behind the chair of his timid bride. On one of those occasions his eye was arrested by an object which occupied the outer doorway of the farm-house; for in the earnest gaze he saw fixed upon him and Aileen, he recognized that of his strange friend the Boccough, who, as he stood in his usual attitude, resting his clasped hands upon the long white staff, seemed to regard all with a mournful interest, foreign to the scene which was passing before him. O'Gorman immediately sought the old man; but to his solicitations to enter, the old man replied, "No; my place is not in the house of joy, but with those who mourn in grief; and would I could turn its sting from the heart which fears not, nor thinks it is near." These words, and the melancholy expressiveness with which they were uttered, chilled the heart of O'Gorman with a feeling of superstitious awe, similar to that he once before felt when addressed by the Boccough at the cross roads. Making an effort to dispel the undefined impression of evil, he took the hand of the old man, saying, "Come, Denis, you must pay your respects to the young bride, for you were always her friend." The hand was hastily withdrawn, as in a low and impressive tone the old man resumed, "Turn to her, stay with her, your own young rose, for 'twill soon be found where you can't behold it. The light in that eye is too bright for this earth; from the skies 'twill be looking upon you." As the last words fell upon the ear of O'Gorman, the Boccough had mingled with the crowd of mendicants assembled outside the door; and the bridegroom being loudly called for to hear the song of Courtha Mogh, he returned to the scene he had lately quitted, but now with feelings which made its mirth almost unbearable.

"Now, genteels, nothing will do ye but a song from Courtha Mogh," exclaimed the matchmaker; "and here goes to tell ye a story and sing ye a song together, and let 'em match it who can. Well, ye must know, that there was a young couple in

love with one another long ago, and because the young boy was poor and the colleen was rich, he would not get her; so off he goes to seek his forthin, and five long years wor past and gone: and at last her father wouldn't let his sweetheart wait any longer, but till the next Shroff. So when it came, he made a match for her; and when they wor all at the wedding, who should she see looking in at the window but her own true love, Meehaul en Garutha,\* and she made him a sign to stay there; for they were all asking her to sing a song: and with that she sung the song in Irish that I'll English for ye now; and as soon as she stopped, in he bounded into the middle of the floor, and took her by the hand, and toul't them all that he was as rich as a lord, and was come to take his own true love away from the ugly dhaltheen that wanted to marry her; and that he only waited at the window to see if she was constant. So now for the song.

Come and sit beside me,

Meehaul en Garutha.

You know I love you more than any man in the land;  
For dark as the winter night  
Has been my young morning's night,  
Since you were parted from my sight,

Thigganthu avourneen caulum.†

Come and sit beside me,

Meehaul en Garutha;

You know it is not gold or silver that I love;  
For I'd rather go the world round,  
Nor tread again on Irish ground,  
Than break the knot that once was bound,  
Thigganthu avourneen caulum.

Come and sit beside me,

Meehaul en Garutha.

For the sun will shine again through the dark winter cloud,  
And the bird will fly away  
Which drooped its head all day,  
Then heed well what I say,  
And Thigganthu avourneen caulum.

The burst of applause which followed the song, and the oft repeated Slauntha uth Courtha Mogh,‡ Far brau,§ which was echoed throughout the room, caused such an exhilarating spirit of gaiety to pervade all assembled, that the merry notes of the almost national bagpipes, as they sounded a real Irish jig, seemed but in accordance with the general feeling of unmingled happiness. A circle being formed, many were the gay young dancers of the Scotch reels and Irish jigs, who then claimed the admiration of the older guests. Amid such a

\* Michael Fitzgerald.

† Do you understand me, my darling near me,

‡ Your health.

§ Fine man.



scene as I have endeavoured to describe, even a shadow of gloom could not long rest on the heart of the happy bridegroom, and he joined in all the amusements with a light-heartedness and grace which made many a mother say, "Mrs. O'Gorman might well be proud of such a son." The fair and gentle bride was suffered to remain a passive spectatress, with her little attendant, beside the elder priest, where a group had been formed, consisting also of the governess and the kind-hearted Mrs. Mc'Carthy, than whom none more sincerely rejoiced in the happiness of her young friends. Many are not aware, perhaps, that the Roman Catholic clergy derive a large portion of their support from the collections made at the weddings of their parishioners, on which occasion, the priest is spared the humiliation of asking the contributions, by a proceeding generally understood. He cuts the bridecake into small pieces, before the ceremony, and laying two plates of it on the table, each guest, on taking up a bit of cake, lays down in its place his offering to the priest; and this being a matter wherein their pride is concerned, the sum is generally even more than the appearance of the donor would lead one to expect. Thus the amount of a wedding collection is often considerable, when the low rank and apparent poverty of the guests are considered. I thought it necessary to make these observations, as the priest had now called for the bride-cake, which was produced with all its pomp of sugared finery, an offering from "the great house," and all the arrangements being made, and the guests standing in a circle, the trembling Aileen O'Dwyer was led by her happy lover to receive, in the presence of all, those vows which were to make her his own for life, amid the half-aloud remark, "She never looked so pretty," while many a "God bless them" was breathed by the admiring "Vanatheas."

The flutter observable in Aileen's voice, as she made the responses to the priest, made her anxious lover wish the ceremony over, that she might recover from the agitation he beheld her suffering; but when, on placing the ring upon her finger, she

looked upon him with a smile brighter than ever, he was not prepared to see, almost immediately, her apparently fainting form sinking to the earth, from which she was alone saved by his ready arms. He now bore her from the circle, through which the words "she's fainted, give her air," were loudly vociferated, while all, by crowding after, seemed anxious to exclude the remedy they prescribed. Alas! on his reaching the inner room, followed by the good Mrs. Mc'Carthy, as he laid his treasured burden from his arms, he, for the first time since it had fallen there, beheld the lovely face which rested on his bosom. But who can describe the agony of that moment—she was dead! Yes, the gentle spirit no longer gave life to that beautiful model of clay, which was now all that remained of Aileen O'Dwyer.

A few short years, and the beauty of Aileen, and the sorrows of her bridegroom were scarcely remembered, even by those who had assisted at that sad bridal. The latter having disappeared, after recovering from a brain fever, his fate remained a mystery till last summer, when "the master," accompanied by the former little bride's-maid, now a lovely young woman, went with a party to pay a visit of curiosity to the monastery, founded by the monks of La Trappe, and situated in the wildest and most secluded part of the Waterford mountains. There, after being shewn the building, and all the arrangements of the silent brotherhood, by the only one who, as guest master, is permitted to speak, his attention was directed by his daughter to the emaciated form of a solitary monk, who seemed, as he tried to discharge his part of the labour of turning the earth, to be fast sinking to his last resting place within its bosom. There was something in the appearance of this man, which made Mr. H—— draw nearer, till another look convinced him, though he exclaimed, as he extended his hand, "Can it be possible—do I, indeed, behold Connor O'Gorman?"

There was no answering sign of recognition, but a tear rested on the furrowed cheek of the poor monk of La Trappe.

## NATIVE SCULPTORS—SMITH, KIRK, AND HOGAN.

If Art be anything, it is one of the cloven tongues of genius. Whence it cometh we know not; for what it cometh we well know. Why nature should prefer to whisper in the ear of one of her children, more than in that of another, is a part of the hidden mystery of our being. But that nature's preference is divine—that the symbol word, so articulated to the wondering crowd, irresistibly commands of its own authority our obedient gratitude and reverence, every man who is not a scoffer feels. The language of nature is one and true; but nature has many dialects. Poetry is one, science is another; art partakes of both, and is more easily appreciated than either. The people who are barbarous are morally asleep. Nature murmurs in their ear; through their dreams they start in terror at her misunderstood warnings; they recognise not the kind voice of their mother; they are, in the beautiful phrase of inspiration, without hope—without God in the world. But an awakened people listen for the accents of art, seek it, value it, love it. Without it they feel as he whose hand runs over the harp, and finds a familiar and indispensable note dumb. Tune—tune that string, its absence is intolerable: and nature never yet was sued in vain; nature never yet left herself without a witness: when we call she heareth.

More than three thousand years are gone since Greece awoke up from her cavern bed, and thought she felt as if she too must be a nation. It was not heaven's will that Greece should wait until the Son had risen. Her visions of truth were as in a glass darkly; she had to guess at nature's meaning as she could, and stumble on from age to age, amid the grossness that covered then the earth. With all the fervour of a spirit laden with fear, and anxious love of knowledge, she sought to image forth her wavering conceptions of divinity; now building with elaborate skill a vacant throne for Apollo, not daring to conceive how it should be adequately filled; now venturing to denote by rude and rugged forms the bodily shape of the gods.

The learned have filled whole volumes with disputes upon the silly question, whether Greece or Egypt is entitled to the praise of first inventing sculpture. The

true answer is, neither Greece nor Egypt, nor any other land, could have invented it. Art is a revelation of the truth to man, shed by nature in loose leaves, and whither the wind carries most of these, there will be the greatest heap. But nature is no churl, no stepdame to her children. Art is not Greek, is not Egyptian, is not Mexican; art is the heritage, the birthright of man, and all heritage, monopoly or exclusive merit, are but the clatter of Jupiter's nurses, drowning the immortal's cry.

The Spartans wanted a symbol of the Twins; it was a mythic portion of their social edifice; they craved an outward and visible sign, lest the idea of linked arms should pass away. They chose two blocks of wood, and nailed two lesser sticks across them; and this was the first group of classical design. 'Twas not absurd, 'twas not contemptible; he who thinks so hath yet to learn what art is, and what its mission to the world. It was the stammered truth of an inarticulate time; but it was understood, it had a meaning, a great public moral; we say it boldly—'twas as much art as Phidias's *Athene*.

The art of founding small figures, probably at first of subordinate objects, came next. Then, as we are told, about the eighth century (B.C.) Theodorus and his brother Telecles heard something whispering them, as they lay awake o' nights, "you might found in bronze, each of you, half a god-like form, and then see if the two might not be joined together." Was this Egyptian? The art of founding metals may have been; but who was it whispered—make half a statue of Apollo?\*

From this step to the last and greatest, of chiselling from a block of marble not one figure only but several, the intermediate ones are easily imagined,—looking back at them: but they were long a finding; and we may securely reckon, that they had never been found at all, had Greece remained where she was, and what she was, in the Samian brothers' time. But

\* The story goes that while Telecles was fashioning his portion of the image at Samos, his brother was similarly occupied at Ephesus, and that the two parts being brought together when complete, they exactly corresponded.—See Thirlwall's *History of Greece*, Chap. xii.

Greece grew wise, and free, and self-respecting, and all things became possible to her. Her chosen ones dared to think of doing things, that their fathers dared not fable. The temples of Ionia rose in magic size and beauty. Their niches, their entablatures busied a thousand hands to fill them. The fruit of the chisel grew ripe. The artist was no more an unprotected stranger when he wandered into otherlands, but every where he went an honoured guest; universally a name of pride and love in that which bore him. Citizenship was by degrees accorded him; the very soul of him grew big; he rose with his age and his country; he came to the understanding of the destiny he was to fill; and now that the politics, and the strategy, and the institutions of his time, have grown into riddles, hard to be solved by cunning and learned guess work, and for the most part not soluble at all,—his testimony lives—shall live for ever, that Greece could not have been other than transcendantly great and glorious and free.

When Greece self-ruined fell, little beyond her literature and her arts remained; but these had so much of the higher and more vital power about them, that we find them absolutely ruling, as in revenge, the poverty stricken imagination of the Romans. Rome had her age of statuary too, and the relics which have been exhumed from their lava tomb, testify how exquisite was the taste, how beautiful the workmanship, that in her latter days solaced her decline. But we look in vain for a distinct class or school of Roman sculpture; modified Greek, nearly Greek, as good as Greek, possibly imported Greek, are the alternatives to which after all the most discerning eye must come, as it wanders from fragment to fragment, and from group to group, in the galleries of Naples and modern Rome.

There are un-Grecian statues of the Cæsars to be sure, un-Grecian enough. But all that is creative, all that is ideal, all that belongs to the mental history of the grasping crowd of Romulus, and not merely to the imperial calendar, is thoroughly and confessedly Grecian. The wondrous head is that of Zeus, not Jupiter; the jealous queen is Here, not Juno; the matchless images of superhuman beauty are Aphrodite, Cytherea, Anadyomene, not the solid and good-humoured mother of Æneas. It could not be otherwise. The temper of Rome was in its best and palmiest days, unbelieving, matter-of-fact, unideal, clear-

eyed, iron-beaked, strong-winged clay—but still clay and nothing else. Rome coveted the revenue much more than the admiration of the world; the personal vassalage of the nations, much more than their respect. The loss of Cæsar's Gallic War, or Sallust's Conquest of Jugurtha, would make an incalculable difference to the student of Roman history; but very small in comparison were the loss of either of the similar productions of Xenophon.

But what has all this to say to the modern works of our own country? To our seeming, patient friend, it hath much to say. In the early days of Ireland's civilization, the arts were objects of intense and general respect. Workmanship in metals was carried to a very high degree of excellence; architecture had grown out of its barbaric stature and conceptions; music, if it had not reached absolute perfection, had been cultivated to a point which we hardly venture to hope of seeing equalled in our own day; and sculpture, though it kept not pace with its kindred arts, was far from being unknown or unpractised. But, in the weary night of national ruin, wherein the country was doomed to lie for so many subsequent centuries, every art save fond and faithful music was forgotten. For ages no advance of any indigenous or natural sort was made. Foreign skill occasionally came as a fugitive or an adventurer, and made its bread 'amongst us; but the spirit of the people "was worn so low," that there was no hope, no heart for efforts of any ideal kind—no calm in which a man of national feeling could rest to work,—no sympathy that dared to breathe audibly for aught that denoted national feeling.

But it is past; the days of mourning for our father-land are ended; the destiny of a great, and free, and spiritual people is before us, and it will assuredly be fulfilled. Where no well spring of hope was, the young stream of progress is already gushing. Where naught but the stale tanks of imported literature were formerly to wet the parched lips of a few, native fountains are opened fresh, and pure, and living, where all may drink freely. 'Tis but yesterday that a noble monument of national song has been reared up in the midst of us; and already an equally endearing and noble-minded effort is begun, for rescuing the unpublished records of our ancient history from oblivion. And art,—it likewise in its tri-une form,—it like-

wise has awakened from the tomb of oppression, whereunto denationalization had consigned it, and claims its ancient place amongst the workers-out of Ireland's redemption. Within the last ten years, an immense increase has been made in the number of public edifices, manifesting a high tone of popular taste in every quarter of the kingdom. We have very recently had occasion to notice the works of our already numerous painters. Perhaps we ought to take blame to ourselves for having so long left uncheered, the equally important branch, whereof we can without vanity or presumption boast—our native sculpture. But our involuntary omission is happily now likely to be atoned for; and the additional zest which the opportunity of studying the noble work now exhibiting in our city affords us, has led us to take a more comprehensive view of the subject generally.

Sculpture had but few and isolated shrines in Ireland during the 18th century. A few monuments in the cathedral of Armagh, the small though tasteful collection brought by the late Earl of Charlemont from Italy, and some isolated statues here and there, such as that of Provost Baldwin in the theatre of Trinity College, comprised nearly all worth naming in the country: we are, of course, not taking into our present reckoning, the many quaint and interesting relics of a civilization that had long passed away. The Dublin Society, founded by Madden and Prior, in 1781, was long very limited in its resources, and its objects were, from the first, diversified. Lord Charlemont and others took an interest in the drawing-school of that institution, and aided in procuring some half-dozen casts of antique statues from abroad, to serve as models for the students. Madden and Prior had tried to argue the aristocracy into patronizing native art, but they were listened to, and laughed at; Charlemont strove to set the fashion of patronage, but his example was not followed. Among the aristocracy enthusiasm of any sort, was vulgar, Irish, and "very absurd;" and there was, as yet, no *people* recognised in the land.

At length, an unfriended and unknown man felt within himself the impulse and the power to do. He had listened for some voice that might utter the longings that were in his deep heart, and heard it not. Ireland had no witness of her own to tell her love of art; all the testimony she received or credited of the beautiful, was

foreign or ill understood, naught that could stimulate her hope or pride. One man alone thought within himself,—we are not naturally dumb; I will speak to them in the language of sculpture, and if the multitude hearken not, surely the few at least will hear me. Hear thee? They will, and let thy young heart freeze within thee, for very scorn. Hear thee? They will, and sneer at thy extraction, and say—pity he were not an Englishman. Hear thee? and let thee die in penury at last. Yes,—let it be remembered, while ears can hear, and burning words can brand their sentence, on the wretchedness and worthlessness of denationalism,—that Edward Smith, the great, the glorious founder of an Irish school of sculpture, lived, worked, created, struggled, died in want, because he had fallen on unhappy times,—on times when popular knowledge, taste, and power were contraband; and when that heartless and presuming class, to whom all things were in Ireland then committed, were resident aliens in the land that bore them, or absentees in another.

The first notice which is recorded of Smith, is the following entry in the catalogue of the exhibition by the Society of Artists, in 1772, held at their house, in William-street:—"A model for the intended statue of Dr. Lucas, by Mr. Edward Smith." The vigour and originality of the design struck those, who had projected raising a monument to that singular man. He had been the tribune of the people for the time; and one of the people was fitly chosen to suggest the proper form of perpetuating his likeness. The statue when finished was placed in the Exchange, and is one of the best specimens of the florid style of monumental art. Its defects belong to the style which was then in vogue every where, but especially in France; its merits are the sculptor's own. It was daring enough, in a mere Irishman, to think of modelling a statue at all; but had Smith been guilty of the further insolence of forming a design upon his own pure ideas of what sculpture ought to be, he knew that he probably would have been openly reviled and scoffed down. A prophetic sense perhaps already warned him, of what he was to suffer, throughout a weary life-struggle of unrewarded and unappreciated toil.

His fine powers did not indeed escape the notice of Gandon, who, upon all occasions where he was himself employed as architect, invariably stipulated that the

ornamental portions should be committed to the taste and judgment of Smith. Gandon felt that no man could enter so thoroughly into his own conceptions, as his friend; happily for us, his authority was too strong to be resisted; and hence the noble embellishments of the Four Courts, and the Custom House. At a later period he contributed his always noble share, to the undertakings of Francis Johnston; especially in the external figures of the Post-office, and the internal ornaments of the Castle Chapel. These are all from the chisel of our illustrious countryman, and they are, in every way, worthy of him.

The three statues which surmount the portico in Westmorland-street, were designed and executed by Smith. They are full of life, dignity, and fine proportion; in perfect keeping with the tone of the edifice they crown; and they gracefully relieve its sole defect, a too great length of even height. But when the intellectual and patriotic speculators, who became the purchasers of the Parliament House, set to work to modify it to suit their own purposes and fancy, and decreed that three allegoric figures should likewise adorn the central façade, they came to the resolution, that no native artist was worthy of being intrusted with the task of making designs for them. Accordingly, Flaxman, the celebrated English sculptor, was applied to, and he furnished pen-sketches of the figures on a scale of four inches, from which Smith was condescendingly permitted to make complete models on a larger scale, and eventually to chisel the statues themselves. None think more highly of Flaxman than we do; but it seems as if poetic justice doomed his designs, thus insolently thrust upon our country, where, if anywhere, it was especially intolerable, and to the degradation of a native artist—of that man, of all others, who deserved not such treatment, whose works, in every quarter of our city, bore reproachful witness to the injustice of it. The central form is decidedly a failure, not in execution, but in design: the arm which holds the olive branch is painfully isolated and unsupported; and, on the whole, it is impossible to look at the two sets of figures that embellish the respective portions of the edifice, without being struck with the superior life and grace of those which are—only Irish.

But the most touching incidents in the life of Smith that have come to our know-

ledge, arose out of his connection with an institution which, of all others then existing, ought to have been proud to adopt and cherish him in his old age; we allude to the Dublin Society. When that body, whose general utility and worth we are not to be understood as at all meaning to depreciate, became the possessors of Leinster house, their then council desired to have a suitable figure placed over the principal gateway. Smith received orders to make a design, and did so; whether any others were tendered in competition, we forget; but his was, after some hesitation, accepted. It occurred, however, to certain wisacres, that Smith, though a "meritorious poor fellow, needed hints; he ought not to be left to blunder by himself; he had had few advantages, and ought to be helped in the matter by judicious suggestions." An amateur was so kind as to take the trouble of making a drawing of "what the thing ought really to be;" and—will it be believed?—the wretched scratch or sketch was formally sent to Smith, for his guidance in the execution of the work. Another man would have flung it into the fire; but he was a truly great man, and could afford to keep his temper; and he quietly hung it up where he was working at his own model. A young and ardent friend entering his studio soon after, asked him what the curious-looking thing on the wall might be, and was good-humouredly informed of the circumstances that had led to its being there. He expressed with generous warmth the indignation which he felt. "Pooh! don't be angry, my dear fellow," said Smith; "what harm does it do me? I put it up there myself, and I work away, only taking care never to look at it."

On another occasion, a well-known member of the Society called in to see how Smith was getting on. "Well, Smith, how d'ye do? hope you are here early every morning; no time to be lost; eh?" The calm and dignified old man laid down his mallet gently, saying, "Yes, sir, I have made some way." "Well, let's see, let's see; eh! why what the devil have we got here? 'slife, you don't call that work? Oh, dear, dear, what a miserable thing it is, that we can get nothing commonly decent done in this country! Did any body ever see such a neck as that? it's absolutely as thick again as the helmet; damn it, man, what d'ye mean?"

Without moving a muscle of his countenance, the artist took up his mallet

again, and pointing the chisel to the unformed mass, out of which he meant in due time to shape the neck, told the stupid old connoisseur, that if he had attempted to lessen the strength of the part which supported the head, before the crest and plume were finished, the first blow he struck on the upper part would snap the grain of the stone across, and so his labour would be lost.

"Oh, don't tell me," cried the patron; "I'm talking of the neck; I'm not talking of the head."

"But, sir," said Smith.

"But, sir," cried the patron, "I tell you it won't do; it won't *do*, Smith; people will come in here, and see the thing in this state, and the whole design will be damned. It won't do, Smith; never mind the head; go on with the neck. Dear, dear, isn't it too bad, when we all want to encourage you, that you will not let us!" and he stumped off in a rage.

"For heaven's sake," said one who stood by during this scene, "how can you bear this, sir?"

"Why, what would you have me do?"

"Do? tell him to mind his own business, and not presume to lecture you."

"And much I would get leave to do, if I did so," replied the imperturbable old man; and then laughing, he resumed his labour on the helmet of the goddess.

But the worst of all remains. In 1811, the Dublin Society thought fit to elect him master of the modelling school, at the liberal salary of fifty pounds a year. Several of the other masters had a hundred each; but he—the man among and transcendantly above them all, the aged, the humble, the unskilled in flattery, the *Æschylus* of Irish art—was to be bargained with and hired—curse on the word—for fifty pounds a year. And then, in fit keeping with this beggarliness of patronage, the same national-spirited body decreed "that Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy of London, be requested to give a drawing by himself for the use of the students, and that it be paid for without any limitation of price, from the grants given by parliament for the promotion of the fine arts in Ireland."

The noble spirit thus tantalized and spurned by the conventionally great men of his time, did not long survive this last indignity. He died in 1812, and his son was elected in his place, as master of the modelling school. Under his guidance and direction much good was accomplished.

VOL. II. NO. XIV.

Several men of very considerable promise have, during the last twenty years, been educated by the society; the most distinguished are Gallagher and Panormo, the latter of whom now fills the chair vacant by the recent death of John Smith. Times also are mightily changed, and the Society is changing with them. The atmosphere is becoming instinct with progress, and nationality, and popular feeling; and no public institution can resist the all-pervading influence. There may be some few narrow-minded creatures still lurking in the cloisters of that noble institute of national improvement, who would fain hold on after the old and peddling way, which public opinion and the mass of the Society itself have long since abandoned; but whenever these pragmatistical or frozen-hearted dolts venture to complain, let them be met with the wretched record of the manner in which they or their legitimate predecessors treated Edward Smith.

A distinguished foreigner, whom we had the happiness to meet with in society, during his sojourn here not very long ago, made the remark that it was strange, a country which had contributed so many names to the world's book of fame, should have built the sepulchres of so few of them. There is no monument worthy of the name, to Swift, or Molyneux, or Ormond,—to Goldsmith, Berkeley, Kirwan, Boyle, or Sterne,—none to Burke, or Flood, or Sheridan. Till very lately, Curran's ashes were not gathered home; and Grattan's sleep in Westminster, while an English statue of him has been stowed into a corner of the Exchange, the patriotic directors of the Bank of Ireland having, it is said, refused it house-room. God bless them for it, if they did so, say we; we should rather bury the statue thirty feet deep in any honest bog, than see it domiciliated in their establishment.

But this lack, or rather total want of national monuments, telling as it expressly does, how sick the head and faint the heart of the country hath long been, was from the nature of things inevitable; and a right discernment of its true causes, now that it is about to vanish away, instead of filling us with depression, should inspire us with firm and reasoned hope.

In those miserable days, when the only class possessing anything like real power or independence were the aristocracy, art could hardly keep itself alive in the country. A few gentlemen travelled into the south of Europe, and brought home some

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tolerable pictures, and much intolerable conceit. They had been bred up in the notion of regarding the mass of the Irish people as aboriginal brutes; and they did their best to realize in them that political ideal, which the law and the constitution had pronounced concerning them. The notion of Irish art was ineffably absurd in their estimation; and when any random spark of genius sought to struggle into life against the incumbent weight of a domesticated alien scorn, it either perished from want of recognition and support, or was forced to migrate from its hostile home. We are told how the infant wisdom of the Israelites was preserved, though left in a cradle of bull-rushes; but during the long season of our worse than Egyptian bondage, we were doomed to see our spiritually great ones born in a bed of nettles, and all who had not energy to escape beyond its bounds, perished. When Ireland shall gain her due place among the nations, then, but perhaps not until then, will the epitaph of her stifled genius be written.

Meanwhile, God be thanked, the dreary dream of sightlessness is done. The people have arisen; education has given them new life; the very absenteeism of the aristocracy has, in some degree, (though we urge it not as any palliation of the guilt of desertion,) hastened the maturity of the feeling that, as all we have yet won we have wrought out for ourselves; so all we are to hope for, must be attained by our own exertions. The contemptuous munificence of the great, no longer is expected to accomplish any popular purpose; its whim is no longer consulted or waited for, for it is no longer felt to be indispensable. We have art-unions established, beyond all cavil or doubting amongst us. The most beautiful of our modern buildings, especially the ecclesiastical edifices, both Protestant and Catholic, have been reared by popular contributions. The architect and the painter have already begun to look for popular sympathy, instead of lordly patronage; and the sculptor will soon be equally free.

The other day, when a fund was required to erect a suitable monument over the grave of Curran, the wealthiest, and *par excellence* the most liberal, as in rank the most exalted, noble in the land, refused to contribute, saying,—"He knew not the man;" and the majority of his brethren would have indubitably deemed it a positive insult to have been asked to subscribe. But

the monument has been raised for all that; and we do not intend to die, until we see a statue also of the great man, chiselled by an Irish hand, and placed in some suitable situation in our metropolis. It can, and it must be done. Kirk has the only mask that was ever taken of his face, while living. Having frequently seen it, in company with those to whom every lineament of that wonderful countenance was familiar, we are satisfied that the cast alluded to would furnish the only adequate means of now accomplishing a faithful likeness. Besides, Kirk knew his attitude, his bearing, his mercurial motions, his dazzling eye. We wish no more precious time were lost in setting about so national an undertaking,—the removal of so great a reproach from our country. Let ignoblesmen sneer and show the pitifulness and ignorance of their right honourable souls, (or no souls,) as they will; we no longer want them, we can do without them; Curran was the man of the people, and it is fit that the posterity of those for whom he lived and struggled, should raise his statue.

Beside the circumstances already mentioned, we think Kirk is the man for the subject. His numerous works are well known to many of our readers; and it should be recollected that he has done more for the artistic embellishment of our city, than any living sculptor. His forte also is in the accuracy and livingness of his likenesses. Fidelity of outline and of feature is not enough; every one has seen statues and busts, wherein it was impossible to say what was untrue, and wherein, notwithstanding, the effect was missed. For instance, those who remember Grattan best, agree in charging this fault on Chantrey's statue of him, above alluded to. They say it is Grattan, but Grattan dead, not Grattan living; and while all who look at the work as a piece of art, cannot but admire the conception and the elegance of the details, they are disappointed at finding so little to sympathise with in the general expression of the countenance. In almost all the busts of intellectual men, executed by Kirk, the opposite characteristic is remarkable: the lip and eye are neither frowning nor laughing; but there is a mobility about them that makes you doubt whether, if you look away for a moment, you may not find the attitude of the features changed by the time you look back. This is the great triumph of likeness sculpture.

The comparative failure of the monu-

ment to Mr. Sneyd, whose conspicuous position in Christ's Church we could excuse, is no argument against the high merit we claim for Kirk. The design does not admit of the expression we are speaking of; and had it been introduced it would have made the whole group unmeaning. But his busts of Sir P. Crampton, Doctor Boyton, and many others, are inimitable.

In the imaginative walk of his art, Kirk has chiefly confined himself to the delineation of simple and tender feeling. His Orphan Girl, weeping beside the grave of Abbott, is perfect, from the hunger-attenuated features of the little mourner, to the bare feet, shrinking as they rest on the cold ground. Equally exquisite, but in a totally different style, is the Young Dog-Stealer, the very incarnation of childish theft, and confusion at being detected. This, and a bust of Ariadne, which was much admired, formed distinguished items in the late collection of the Hibernian Academy; the former was purchased by the Art-Union, and fell to the lot, we believe, of Mr. Hamilton, of Rosstrevor.—A transcript of the same design was purchased by Lord Powerscourt.

The first attempt at founding a Provincial Academy, for the cultivation of the arts, was made in Cork, in 1815. A fine collection of casts was presented to the Cork Institution, in the year 1818, by the Prince Regent; they had been taken from the most remarkable antiques, under the superintendence of Canova, and were sent by the Pope to his English ally, in token of his gratitude for being released from the formidable friendship of Napoleon. In 1823, a gentleman, well known for his zealous efforts in the cause of native art, happened to visit Cork, and went to see the collection of casts already mentioned. His attention by accident fell upon "a small figure of a torso, carved in pine timber, which had fallen down under one of the benches. On taking it up, he was struck by the correctness and good taste of the design, and was surprised to find a piece of so much excellence fresh from the tool, in a place where the arts had so recently been introduced, and where he did not expect to meet any thing but the crude essays of beginners. On enquiring, he was informed it was the work of a young native of Cork, named Hogan, who had been apprenticed to Mr. Deane, an eminent builder, and who had, at his leisure hours, studied from the Papal casts, and practised carving and modelling with in-

tense application. The stranger immediately paid him a visit, and was astonished at finding him at work at the composition of a *Triumph of Silenus*, a group consisting of fifteen figures, about fourteen inches high, designed in an antique style, by the self-taught artist, and cut in basso relievo, in pine timber." Many other designs lay around the young worker, in his unknown studio, several giving promise of singular power. These had been the fruit of his evening hours, and not a few had been, he said, completed altogether by night.

The worthy stranger was delighted, and forthwith set about the honourable business of procuring such aid for Hogan, as would be requisite to enable him to visit Italy, and to pursue that walk of art whereunto nature had so unmistakably called him. After some time, Lord de Tabley was induced to head a subscription list; the Royal Irish Institution voted £100 for defraying the expense of sending Hogan abroad for study; the Dublin Society gave £25; and, at length, in November, 1823, the sum of £250 having been obtained, Hogan left his native city, and set forth upon his noble career. Its early stages were not unclouded. After labouring for some time in Rome, he found his resources nearly exhausted, and no immediate prospect before him of being able to purchase marble (at all times an expensive material,) or to maintain his studio. His early friends, however, had not forgotten him; and at the suggestion of that indefatigable ally of unknown genius, William Carey, means were obtained and transmitted opportunely to the young exile. He was made to feel personally independent, by the public and unsolicited manner in which these aids were proffered him; while his high spirit was stimulated rather than oppressed by the sense, that the hopes his country formed of him had led her to make him her debtor. And gloriously for her and for himself, has he repaid that debt. He remembered the words of Edmund Burke, addressed to Barry, the painter, on a similar occasion,—“No higher proof of honour can be conferred upon a young man, than that of being selected by his country to be an instrument of her renown, in painting or sculpture, or any other high department of intellectual excellence.”

The first production, we believe, which he finished at Rome, was a figure of Eve, illustrating the idea so beautifully expressed in Gessner's *Death of Abel*, where our



mother finds a dead bird, the first instance she had seen of the working of the dread decree. Those who have had the good fortune to see this statue, which was executed for Lord de Tabley, and graces his collection, have pronounced upon it loud encomiums. Then followed his reclining figure of Our Saviour, after death, which now adorns the Catholic church, in Clarendon-street.

But, if the early effort of his vigorous imagination excited hope, the admirable fruit of his maturer thought and skill, as it now stands before our eyes, fully realizes every anticipation we had formed. The group which is at present exhibiting at the Royal Exchange, was designed as a tribute to the memory of the Right Rev. Doctor Doyle, late Catholic Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, to be placed in the Collegiate church of Carlow.

Of the truly great and good man, whose lineaments are thus imperishably recorded, this is not the place befittingly to speak. The recollection of his many eminent qualities, both as a public and a private character, is yet too green, not only in the immediate sphere of his pastoral labours, but throughout every quarter of the land, to need—perhaps to bear—historic portraiture. The days will come for that,—the days when we shall seek to admonish the failing or the wavering of our own spirits, by minutely calling back to view the course of a life so full of action, and of thought, of courage; and of piety. It is for this, no less than for the benefits they confer, during their transitory dwelling upon earth, that great men are given to a country. Their tongue falters and grows faint in death,—the wand of their eloquence is broken,—the eye, that lit up hope and constancy in the multitude is quenched; but the spirit of the man dies not,—the spell of genius is not dissolved,—the fire, once communicated, is not put out with the magic ray that kindled it; and a people who are fit to appreciate the real worth of a truly great man, feel that they only begin to know the value of him, when the days of his earthly pilgrimage are drawing to a close.

While we linger round the grave, the sense of our liability to forget what he was, does not yet occur; and we say to one another,—that which he was, we shall tell our children, that they too may know and honour him. But, as the indefatigable bustle and thronging of the world jostle us once more into its stream, and

new features, whether we will or no, obtrude themselves, the painful weakness of memory is felt; and we cry with earnestness, where shall we find a hand that will forbid us to forget,—that will preserve the lineaments we venerate and love, in verisimilitude, so that they may be present to the eyes of our affection. Thus felt many on the occasion, which, if we dared to distrust or disbelieve in the all-wise, though mystic government of the world, we should call the untimely death of Dr. Doyle. The sorrow of a people, called for a remembrancer of itself and of its object, and found worthily, most worthily found, that which it sought. Hogan undertook to immortalize, not the outward form of the departed prelate merely, but the relation, the moral tie that riveted him to his country, at the moment when it was externally broken. And for this—for the glorious intuitive perception of the thing which was to be done,—because, with the young eagle's glance, he saw through and through the scope and nature of the subject,—felt with the many what they wanted, but what they knew not how to express, and thought above, transcendently above the ordinary craft of monument builders, what a tribute to the memory and the fame of Doyle ought to be,—because he was equal to the occasion, and has realized a great historical idea,—he has been sneered at and carped at by the educated idiots, who know naught of sculpture but what they have seen mimicked of the antique in portable plaster of paris, or measured and labelled in continental guide books.

But it is not in the power of any paltry clique of diletanti to whisper away the fame and honour of a work, of which the nation is, as it ought to be, proud. The group is not only purely classical, as the unbounded admiration it received in Rome sufficiently proves, but it is what is infinitely better, distinctively national in character, and original in design. There is nothing cold, or apeish of Augustan air, about the drapery, no lurking desire to Athenianize the limbs or the contour. This is as it should be; it gives us a hearty confidence in Hogan, that he is not only of the true stuff of genius, but that he is not to be spoiled, or chattered, or cajoled out of his own way of treating subjects. Now we feel that we are sure of him; sure that he is a self-reliant, self-thinking, self-idea-ed man—an artist in its true sense; a man having the power to teach mankind, and not to be bought off from the fulfilment of his

duty, by the chaff-stuffed, bat-blind toadies of the antique. Hogan is not afraid of the real, of the actual, of the true. He honours antiquity too well to be its slave; he would drink of the spring that Phidias drank of, instead of becoming his empty cup-bearer. He feels that to mimic the accidents of a time and a taste that are gone by, is to miss the vitality that was characteristic of that time. He has the courage to tell the world that all that is inestimable in classic sculpture, is its eloquence in expressing the ideas of its time; and that if we would aspire to its height of beauty and of power, we must seek as vividly to express the ideas, not the affections—the passions, not the reading—the living acts and thoughts of our time, not the dead and dreamy learning of another.

Sculpture in Egypt, Greece, and Sicily, and probably also in Carthage, was the connecting link between poetry, religion, and history. It told the sublimest truths of each to the crowd, in its own peculiar way, and made them familiar without suffering them to grow vulgar. It was, in very deed, a political teacher, of the best and highest sort; for it consecrated and immortalised the poetry of history, and symbolised the mythic truths of religion. Thus sculpture assumed a national importance, not merely as an instrument of refinement, or as supplying a standard of taste, but as a direct and mighty instrument for keeping alive national ideas. And it is in forgetfulness, or rather insensibility to all this, that the poor creatures who crawl about among the Elgin marbles, and similar collections of stolen goods in other places, croak as they crawl—antiquity, antiquity, when shall we look upon thy forms again? Poor devils! It is the short shirts, and gorgon grins, and Medusa locks, and all the other trappings of antiquity they lust after,—the accidents that were Praxiteles to-day on earth, he'd throw the chisel down sooner than affect.

The conception of the group to which we have been alluding, is vividly spoken by the expression of the two figures that compose it. Erect, and clad in his pontifical robes, with one hand extended in confident but not presumptuous importunity, the patriot prelate stands; while beside him droops the allegoric figure of the country, he had loved and served so well. The countenance is instinct with life; about the brow are gathered, in many a furrow, the lines of anxious care for the

future, which are the faithful concomitants of the dying hours of all, who, having held the helm triumphantly, know the perils of the wave, and would fain see the day break, and the waters calm, ere they depart from the struggle. The spirit of Doyle was summoned hence, in the midst of turmoil. Contending principles were at war for the mastery. Self-rule and religious liberty had won many a hard fight; but none knew better than "J. K. L." how far from eventual victory the popular host were still; and standing, as he does now, as then before us, with his eye fixed on heaven, but his heart throbbing full with anxiety on account of Erin, the eloquent lips seem silently to say,

In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

The face is thoroughly Irish, combining the buoyant and genial temper, with the earnest look and vigorous development of cultured intellect. A smile plays round the finely formed mouth, which lightens admirably the knotted brow of deep and fervent thought. We heard an illiterate man say, as he gazed at the group with intense admiration, "that arm looks as if it was moving;" an exquisite criticism, and profound appreciation of one of the greatest triumphs which the artist has achieved, although he who thus drew our attention first to the beauty of the up-raised arm, was unconscious thereof. It does really seem to move; there is no frozen attitude about it; though extended to the most striking degree compatible with oratoric grace, the curve is so easy, so perfectly that of a man who is not premeditating a gesture, so thoroughly that of one whose soul is full of any thing and every thing rather than self,—that view it from what side or distance you may, it never strikes you as otherwise than casual and natural. The head is raised so that the eye never rests on the spectator; and from this circumstance, the effect is much diminished by standing too close under the statue. The lower part of the countenance then obscures the upper features; and the expression is thus lost. Indeed, we are disposed to imagine, whether it arises from the height of the pedestal on which the group has been placed, or the smallness of the temporary apartment in which it stands, that many visitants go away without having seen it in its full effect and power. In other respects, however, the group is truly worthy of its author. It won the highest meed of praise from the con-

noisseurs of Italy ; and it was, we have been given to understand, the occasion of Hogan's being admitted an associate of the College of Art at Rome, an honour which no Irishman or Englishman has ever before attained.

We have heard with regret, that the subscription originally set on foot for the purpose of the Doyle Monument, remains incomplete ; and that a deficiency to a considerable extent exists. We are certain that notoriety is all the fact requires. Let the managers of the fund acquaint the public at once with the amount which they need, and let proper steps be taken in conjunction therewith, and we are thoroughly satisfied the many will be found ready, as they always are, to make good the defalcation of the few. We should urge this

topic further if we believed it necessary ; and should our recurrence thereto be at any time found requisite, the friends of native art will not find us mute or dilatory.

Hogan is going once more to the relic-home of ancient sculpture, there, amid the grand though mutilated incentives to emulous toil, to perfect new creations. The friends of the late Mr. Drummond, and those of Mr. William Crawford, of Cork, have each sought his attention and skill, in execution of the monuments they desire to raise. If Hogan lives and enjoys good health, we are sure they will not be disappointed. Long may he enjoy those blessings—abundant and glorious may be their fruit !

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TERZINE.

HOME of my heart, in exile now, afar,  
 My ever-loved, my native vale, from thee,  
 How suff'ring doth with thy dear memories war !  
 Thou ever seemest so beautiful to me !  
 But now, o'er all I love, dark shadows fall,  
 The glooming of my unknown destiny,  
 Which over my past days spreads out a pall,  
 As o'er lost things to be called back no more,  
 Like to the earthly dead, entombed all !  
 The dreams of childhood's gentle course are o'er,  
 And at my waking all is vague and vain ;  
 And nought its fond faith may again restore,  
 Ev'n if, in bitter hours, I would regain  
 Youth's power, our joys in our own breast to find,  
 Each spring of bliss, each antidote to pain—  
 Youth's amulet, too oft, too soon resigned.  
 For scarce the gaol of reason had I past,  
 When I for beauty would have mine consigned—  
 Upon the wave of passion it was cast—  
 But thou did'st snatch and hoard it up for me,  
 And now thou shalt retain it to the last.  
 In childhood I have felt less misery ;  
 But only *dreamed* of bliss, in happiest hours,  
 Now *real* ; therefore would I not be free.  
 Grief must be conquered ; and the bosom's powers  
 In time must learn the art to tread it down,  
 And bury it, ev'n though amongst the flowers,  
 The brightest that our earthly scenes have known :  
 And, though its phantom sometimes haunt the shade,  
 Wherein it hath been trampled and o'erthrown—  
 Some struggles 'mid the fears that all pervade ;  
 But yet there is a hope, even in these fears,  
 A time may come, enjoyment may be made.

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## A FRIEND IN NEED.

*(Continued from page 319.)*

## CHAPTER III.

I HAVE said that Isabella Walton was a beautiful girl of eighteen, and she was so; but her beauty had a character of its own. You might have passed her fifty times in the street, and as many in the ball-room, without notice; but you could not have sate with her for five minutes at her own fire-side, or in the society of those she loved, without translating every look into a grace, and every dimple into a beauty. Does my reader understand what I mean by a home beauty? One whose features are regular, without being perfect—until they are lighted by affection, or elevated and inspired by some one of the many motives whose source is virtue, and whose object is the welfare or happiness of others. I know not a better illustration than Isabella Walton, with her dove-like blue eye, her smile of quiet intelligence, and her utter want of girlish affectation. "Not handsome," was Ulick's first judgment as she entered the room; "a perfect angel," was his more matured opinion, when she had thrown aside her bonnet, settled down beside her friend to assist at some lady-like task she was engaged upon, and entered with himself into a light lively conversation after their first introduction. She had enquired for Frank, at her first entrance, and on hearing that he was abroad, had made no comment; but her quick glance at each opening of the door, and her almost imperceptible sigh as it closed without bringing him, told that her thoughts and speech flowed in a separate channel. Neither, when he arrived, was her salutation more than that of an ordinary acquaintance; but Ulick had not spent his life among women, and been himself their petted and spoiled favourite, without having learned to trace some of those little manifestations, by the exhibition of which to the initiated, love is traced to his labyrinth, and the reality of his omnipotence unwittingly dragged into day; there was a glow on her cheek, and a sparkle in her eye, which belied the quietude of her other movements, and her ad-

dress to him—without, apparently, her own wish—had that indefinable softness which is the nearest approach which sentiment permits itself to make to passion. There was just now, however, something more in her regards, as she from time to time looked upon him, and when, upon her proposing to end her visit, she asked for a moment's conference with him, there was a tremulousness in her tone, an ill-concealed agitation in her manner, which startled Frank himself, and induced him to ask hastily if she were ill. She smiled faintly, as she said no, and drawing him gently to a distant part of the chamber, entered upon some communication in a low hurried voice, at which her auditor first reddened a little, and then, as she proceeded, assumed rather a cold and distant air, measuring his reply cautiously, but coldly, and turning away from her rather short, and as if unsatisfied by the conversation. She seemed grieved, not hurt, by his motion and demeanour, and as she, on leaving the room, stretched to him her hand, the look that accompanied it spoke so plainly of genuine, trusting, womanly affection, that Ulick felt half inclined to quarrel with his friend for not responding to it with a warmth which it so well deserved. But, no; whatever she had said had left an unpleasant feeling on the mind of her lover; his farewell to her was frigid and even pettish, and when she had gone, he spoke not a word, but walked up and down the room at a pace increasing in vehemence at every turn, which denoted a mind ill at ease, and a recollection absorbed by subjects at once engrossing and displeasing. "So!" he said at last, stopping short, and confronting his sister; "so! Sir Jasper, it seems, has been listening to some tales to my disadvantage, and he sends me now an invitation to call upon him, in order that we may discuss them; in other words, in order that he may treat me as a school-boy, and lecture me into prudence. A pretty pass I am come to—is it not, Ulick?"

"Why, faith, Frank, that will depend on two things. If the old man is a gentleman, and your well-wisher, I give you joy at having one who will take the trouble, and if listening to him patiently will add a single ray of pleasure to the eye of the sweet girl who has but now left us, I give you my honour, I could sit with him till morning, in order to secure so desirable a result—that is, if I loved her as well as I think I can perceive that you do."

"I do love her—love her dearly—but her father is a bore—a dawdle—a proser, in fact: hates anything in the shape of play, which he calls gambling, and if he has caught hold of my propensities that way, will pester me beyond all patience."

"Pho! pho! don't give him time, man; do as we do in Connaught—quarrel, forestal your opponent, and take up your ground before he can find time to enter upon it."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Simply, that if he says that he has learned that you are given to play, you should tell him that he is right; that you have lost money; confess that you have; and when he is about to add, that he hopes, for his daughter's sake and your own—cut him short at once, and assure him that what he is going to add was unnecessary, as your resolves are already formed, to give up an amusement which you are conscious might ultimately become a vice."

This was said in so frank and friendly a tone, that Frank could not take offence at it, and yet, he did not like it. Ulick divined his thought.

"I am your debtor for a great deal of kindness, my dear Frank," he said, "and you know that I am too fresh from my native fastnesses to have had time to let punctilio overcome friendship; if my speech has unwarrantably taken the form of advice, set it down to my ignorance, and forget it."

"Yes, unless I mean to follow it, which, after all, I think might be better still. What think you, Fanny?"

Fanny said nothing; but, as he passed her, she playfully put up her mouth to be kissed—and it was so, heartily.

"The happy dog," thought poor Ulick.

"The fact is," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "I do not find that—in truth, I was beginning to think of an old adage, with which I will not trouble you. The life of a man of pleasure has its inconveniences as well as its enjoyments—witness my fading beauty and emaciated fortune—

the latter article of which will never do to be proclaimed to my friend, Sir Jasper; neither, indeed, need it; for, as my principal creditor is Chapman, he is rich and friendly enough to be a lenient one."

"Are you so sure of that?" asked Ulick, quietly.

"Perfectly—positive," was the sharp short answer. "Oh!" Elton continued, "I see my sister has infected you with her prejudices against Chapman," and he looked from one to the other.

"On my word of honour, no; nor am I prejudiced against Mr. Chapman."

"Certainly—I should think not," said Elton. "He is not a man one could pick up a prejudice against without provocation, and I remarked that he was particularly civil to you—asked you to breakfast with him this morning—a high compliment on so fresh an acquaintance, I assure you."

At this precise moment Chapman was announced, and was received by Frank himself with a double show of warmth; by his sister with lady-like urbanity, and by Ulick as one from whom he had recently parted.

"I have just paid a visit at our friend, Sir Jasper's," he said, "and although, as usual, he commenced the conversation by giving me a hint, or series of hints, rather, after his droll ignorant fashion, of all the compliments and courtesies he received from his coronetted friends; yet, somehow or other, by the bye, he chanced upon your name, and presently began to fuss himself into a passion about some ridiculous reports that had reached him."

"Aye, indeed?" queried Frank, and his brow lowered, although he strove to look indifferent. "What reports were those, and who did me the honour to convey them?"

"Why, as to the reporters, I never took the trouble to inquire—though, if I had, I dare swear I should have found their number to be 'legion;' one always does, you know; but—as to the reports themselves, they commenced and ended in the old man's antipathy—play."

"Well, and you—"

"Me! oh, I tried to laugh him out of the old world notion of pinning a young fellow of fortune down to spend his superfluous cash in feeding fat cattle, or clothing naked beggars; and when I failed in that, I advised him more seriously to leave you to your own good sense, which, I promised him, would never suffer you to com-

promise either your fortune or your honour. You are expected to dinner there to-day, so, I suppose, you will hear all about it. You know he loves a bit of dictation."

"He must find another subject to play the dictator with, then; I can tell him that; though here has my friend Blake been advising me to submit to it, and my sister, on the other side, cheating me by her kisses into a patient endurance of his long-winded harangues."

"Well, well, I wish you well over it; meantime, if it becomes intolerable, you will find a glorious batch of us at Gold-worthy's, and once there, were his sermons as dry as a hard frost in November, —"

"Thank you, Chapman, but I shall have to see my sister home, and as it is most likely an invitation to dinner is on its way, even now, to Mr. Blake, from Sir Jasper, as my friend, it is unlikely that I can manage to join you."

This was said coldly and resolutely, and Ulick perceived that Chapman looked hard at Elton as he answered:—

"Oh, very well, then, I shall manage to look in upon you at Sir Jasper's, if I can. I have sent some new music to your fair friend, Miss Elton, which, I trust, you will like; there are two or three Italian trios, and if you will not consider my voice unworthy to mingle with yours, I am sure their practice will please you. Sweet sounds and fair faces have always a much greater attraction for me than the racket of a bachelor's table, at which one meets neither. Will you allow me a single word, Frank? Pardon me, Miss Elton, and farewell."

They left the room together. "What think you of my friend Isabella, Mr Blake?" said Fanny Elton.

"I am very apt to run into exstasy when there is a young lady—so fair, frank, and perfectly free from affectation.—"

"Nay, nay—no superlatives; she is already engaged."

"Oh! there it is, Miss Elton; I must either be silent or speak as I think, and let me do my best, language has no medium with me. However, to answer your question as to your friend, I do admire her amazingly; she is not a dazzling beauty, but she is to my mind a better thing, one to whose eye love lends a lustre, which any meaner passion must fail to call forth:—I should, for my own part, rather be the object of such a woman's affections, than were she as beautiful as an angel, and I the public object of her public admira-

tion. The affection that parades its prodigality is soon expended;—it is the quiet, calm current that is sure to reach its course, and the purest ore that is sure to lie deepest.

"Why, Mr. Blake, you seem to have made the sex a study."

"And so I ought, my dear Miss Elton; I couldn't help it; for, since I was born, I have been eternally the debtor of one or other of them, for some benefit that I have always been unable to repay, except with the best of good wishes. Never did man want their assistance more frequently than myself, and sure never ought man be more thankful to Providence for throwing them in my way, just when their influence or example must be most useful. Of your own efforts in my favour—"

"Pray leave my efforts alone, and let me hear the progress of your own affairs."

"The report is soon made. I called upon a peer and a baronet yesterday; the first of whom did all but turn me from his door, while the latter received me with a civility so oppressive that I am sure it meant nothing, and promises so general, that it would be a waste of common sense, as well as time, to trust to them."

"Your first efforts have been unfortunate then; do not be dismayed, however, —"

"Not I; I came prepared to bear and forbear, Miss Elton; he who sets out in search of fortune, with an empty purse as his coat of arms, must expect that many a one will turn from his friendship, and sneer at his approach. I have health, strength, and activity, both of body and mind, and if these don't ensure me success, they will at least sustain me under the pressure of a want of it."

Ulick was really a handsome young fellow, and as under the consciousness of his own capability of effort and endurance, his port became erect, and his look more elevated than usual, an acquaintance of shorter standing and colder feeling than her who now looked upon him, might have been converted into a temporary admirer.

Frank re-entered the room, with a note in his hand, containing an enclosure, which he handed to Ulick. It was an invitation to dinner, from Sir Jasper, and an apology for its being necessarily a short one.

"You will come, I hope," said Miss Elton, "if it was only to continue your analysis of my friend Isabella's beauty and character."

"What I have I found a rival in my friend?" asked Frank, laughing.

"By no means, Frank; I should be

equally loath to enter the lists against you, and for Miss Walton; a woman's heart that can be transferred, is too marketable an article for me; the conquest may add a laurel to our brow—but only at an expense to our better feeling towards the sex, which I, who profess myself their worshipper, would be the last to tolerate either in myself or others. And now what am I to expect in Sir Jasper?"

"A retired merchant of good fortune, upright character, and particular habits,—amongst which are to be noted, an intolerance of fashionable extravagance, engendered by his early economical habits, for he is the artificer of his own fortune,—and a special friendship for any person or thing who lays claim to aristocratic blood. Were I not the nephew of a peer, I might keep my sighs to cool my porridge; but, as it is, you will find that my gentle blood will account for my inaccuracies, and I shall get off with a simple reprimand, where another might expect his dismissal. By the way, I think you boast of blood noble, do you not?"

"Oh! by all means; to say nothing of Lord Loftbury, who received me so civilly yesterday, I am cousin, once removed, to my Lord Viscount Kilroan, and his brother, the honourable Something Somebody. They are very fashionable people, I understand, and for the rest, as they would scorn my acquaintance, I dare say, so am I bound to depreciate their talent for good nature or true feeling. In the mean time, I have a call or two to make, and then if you will allow me to accompany you?"

"The very thing I was going to ask. If you are not particular, I shall turn up the street with you, as I wish to speak;—yet, no; to-morrow will be a new day, and I shall have digested my plans, so let me not detain you. Farewell."

"Do you know, sister," said Frank, laughing, when they were alone together, "I have penetration of character more and more, every time I speak with your friend Blake, for *yours* he is in particular, though mine, I am happy to say, he has become. What a devilish handsome gentlemanlike fellow he has grown into—has he not? What softness of manner; and yet you should have seen him last night to be aware of his decision of character. Yes, upon my honour, he does your discrimination credit,—nay, never blush."

"If for shame, and have done, Frank; you know Mr. Blake was quite as much a fancy with you—far more so than with me, when you were in Ireland."

"I acknowledge it; but when I left his neighbourhood he would soon have had small place in my memory, had it not been jogged by one who had better taste and a nicer discrimination. Come, come, Fanny, never tear your *Camelia* to pieces; if you have befriended him, the fact does you honour, and if you still continue to him your friendship, he is not the man who will ever take an unworthy advantage of your feeling in his favour—supposing such a thing possible." He kissed her affectionately, and the subject was permitted to drop.

#### CHAPTER IV.

SEVEN o'clock came, and saw the happy family party seated at the hospitable board of Sir Jasper Walton, who seemed in high good humour, for the several reasons that the dinner was well cooked, and to his choice, the guests ready to do honour to it, and all his jokes and stories sure to be listened to, and laughed at. He was, in truth, an excellent specimen of our 'men of commerce,' who, by a life of frugality without meanness, coupled with great industry and intelligence, have amassed fortune sufficient for their wants, and so make way with dignity and credit for younger men to do as they have done. His

terror was, as Frank observed in his sketch of his character to Ulick, the vice of gambling, which he hated, not more from an honest detestation of a vile pursuit, than from having lost a dear friend by its means years before; his weak point was, the love of selecting his intimates from among the nobility, retailing their good things, and boasting, in a sly way, of their great and particular proffers of friendship for himself; yet, all this with a naïveté and over-ground vanity which was harmless in itself, and easily passed by with a smile by others. His present meeting with Frank Elton had been constrained, on both sides, until the

efforts of the ladies broke down the frigid barrier, and dinner, and the humour of our friend Ulick Blake, dissolved it thoroughly, leaving not a vestige for the first glass of wine to sweep away. I am not sure, that I have set down high spirits and a love of humour, as among the qualifications of my young Irish hero, but they were so, and on this particular evening he allowed them to have full swing, as well from a desire to please Sir Jasper, than whom no one loved a laugh more, as because he was in the society of those whom he loved and who loved him. His Irish jests told, too, from their originality, and by the time the dessert was laid on the table, he had had the good fortune of being esteemed a wit himself, and the cause of wit in others. Thus ran on the play.

"Your estimation of your countrymen's gallantry may be very correct, Mr. Blake, but what say you to the crime of abduction? Can you defend that?"

"It is the very stronghold of my defence, Miss Walton, I assure you." And Ulick went on picking his preserved ginger.

Isabella looked at him. "The stronghold of your defence! What, defend an outrage against manhood and humanity at the same time, and call it gallantry?"

"Pardon me, Miss Walton, I see you require much to enlighten you in the matter. Abduction is with us only a lover-like way of shewing our impatience. I see you don't understand me, so I believe I must trouble you with an anecdote and illustration,—a matter, indeed, in which I was engaged a week or two previous to my leaving Ireland."

"Fill your glass, Mr. Blake," shouted Sir Jasper, "and let us have it by all means." Ulick did so, and went on.

"Tim Keegan courted Biddy Neale, both from motives of prudence and personal predilection. He was a fine young fellow, of six feet or thereabouts, and she was the prettiest girl in the country, and stood five feet seven; the lover was proprietor of a snug cabin, and three acres three roods of excellent ground: and she was owner, in her own right, of two milch cows, a calf, a pig, a blind mare, and a feather bed. Beauty, and a fortune like this, was a lighted lucifer-match to the inflammable natures of half the young fellows in the country; in truth, so hardly was she beset—so many and tempting were her provocations to change, and so delightful was it to have to drive droves of adorers out of her way as she went to

chapel of a Sunday—that every one but poor Tim Keegan himself could understand the source and secret of her procrastination when he pressed his suit. He knew that she liked him—was sure to admire his blue coat, and the pattern of his belecher handkerchief, whenever it crossed her vision—admitted that no man timed a jig better, or danced it longer—put her apron to her eye when he sang of the death of poor Drimandhoo, and more than once permitted him to the honour of a walk in the *boreen*, when others were cracking their heart-strings with envy at his good fortune.

"Warily, however, did she treat of the question of matrimony, though tried by him in all its sinuosities, from the meek suggestion, and the gentle inuendo, to the more direct demand and impatient anxiety for performance. But no—nothing availed! it was now spring, and the most she could be got to say, that 'it was hard to say what Christmas might bring about,' admitting, all the while, however, when taxed by the lover with cruelty, that if she should change her mind before that joyous festival, he, and he alone, should reap the advantage of it. This was something, but it was not enough. To wait till Christmas—nine long months—with all its possibilities and contingencies, it was a probation altogether beyond him; so he gathered together his friends of a dark night, and, by the next morning, Biddy found herself the temporary occupant of a hut among the hills, and her friends and admirers bemoaned her as a fugitive per force, and mustered and acted accordingly."

"What, did her friends follow her?"

"They not only followed, but found her, Sir Jasper, and bore her in triumph back, having first overcome and beaten her keepers; they elated with their victory, and she in the dignity of her offended sex, threatening all sorts of law against her abductor and his abettors—all of whom for the present were obliged to keep out of her way.

"Under this dilemma I was visited late one night by poor Tim, who had dwindled down from a straight stalwart looking fellow into a mean miserable effigy of a man; I pitied him sincerely, for he loved the girl for herself, and the sting of his defeat was upon him in all its intensity. Great was his gratitude when I undertook to intercede in his favour, and with a multitude of protestations to be borne in mind, I dismissed him, and the next morning by



ten o'clock found Biddy Neale seated in her father's garden, with the adventures of Jack and the Bean Stalk in her hand, and her eyes and thoughts fixed on any or every thing but the volume she pretended to read.

"'Good morning to you, Biddy,' I began.

"'My good morning's are gone, Mr. Ulick, and my good fortune too, and—and my good name along with both I fear.' Her tears were falling, not altogether in anger, I thought, Miss Walton, so I sat quietly down beside her, and waited with patience.

"'You have heard of my misfortune, Mr. Ulick? tho' why do I ask, sure all the country has heard of the behaviour of—of—of just the last boy in the country that ought to do what he did. But he shall suffer for it—he shall.'

"'He *has* suffered for it, and is suffering for it, poor fellow; I'm sure when he came to me last night with his pale cheeks, staring eyes, and trembling limbs, I could not believe my eyes or senses—I couldn't, indeed. And to hear him, the poor devil, tho' upon my honour to you, at first I mistook his voice—it sounded so hollow and death like.'

"'Serve him right, was the indignant reply.'

"'So I say, too, and so I said to him. You whom she loved and preferred to all others, I said to him—who ought to have waited for seven years if she asked you.—I [am dying, was his answer, and the grave will clear all scores with us, Mr. Ulick.'

"She fidgetted—and I took that for a good omen, Miss Walton, so I followed up my advantage. But as you say, Biddy, he deserves no compassion after such an outrage.'

"'To tear me out of my warm bed—only think, Mr. Ulick, and such a night as it was, and the dirty mean fellow, not even a decent car to put me upon—nor a female to receive me—nor—nor—a priest, even, to take the world's hard word off my character, after all his violent usage. No, I'll *never* forgive him, so let him die as soon as he likes.'

"'He deserves no better, I acknowledge. Not even a priest! what could the unfortunate fellow be thinking of?'

"'And then to suffer himself to be cowed and beat as he was; bad as he is, Mr. Ulick, I couldn't bear to hear black Dan Deering tell of his knocking him down,

not once or twice, but a round dozen of times, by his own account. As I told him to his face, I didn't think he was the man to do it—nor I didn't, neither. The mean spirited fellow, after all his bragging, to let dirty Dan Deering take me away, and knock him down—I suppose he knocked him down for falling, I'm sure he deserved it. Let him die and welcome; the moan of a coward is soon made, Mr. Ulick. Dan Deering—and after all his boasting—a pretty pertuction I'd have!'

"I took my cue, and said no more, but went away."

"What, you gave up the affair as hopeless?'

"Perfectly hopeless, Miss Walton, until I had secured Dan Deering the blessings of a fractured head, and as many broken bones as could be conveniently added to it."

"What! you advised the lover, I suppose?'

"Oh, advice was altogether out of the question—pray don't laugh, Miss Elton—I merely said to him that unless he threshed dirty Dan within an inch of his life, I could do nothing further in his favour."

"And did he act upon your humane suggestion?" laughed Sir Jasper.

"I give you my word, Sir Jasper, that I stood by while he did it."

"You! Oh, a regular challenge?'

"Aye, and in the lists, too."

"What, with fists?'

"Oh, no, a much handier thing—with alpeens, or shillelaghs—you'll understand it better by that term, Miss Walton, tho' it is an improper one. They met on the next Monday morning, hand to hand and foot to foot; really a prettier sight you couldn't—oh, I beg pardon, but I am a sort of amateur in these sort of things. The upshot of the matter was, however, that my friend got the first knock down, and a clean thing it was, too—and gave all the rest. Indeed they came so thick upon his opponent, at last, that he might as well have lain quiet entirely, since he only stood up to be knocked down again."

"And he bore it?'

"Like a lamb—all for honour; while he had an ounce of sense remaining, no real well-wisher would ever think of asking him to leave off. Beat he was, however, to his heart's content, and he confessed it."

"Well, and his lady-love?'

"Oh, we bore Tim in triumph—battered and bruised as he was, into her pre-

sence from the field of battle; this was my advice, ladies, for I like a *coup de main*. 'There's the boy, Biddy,' said I, 'that has redeemed his honour, and beat Dan Deering.'

"No, then Tim, *did* you do it?' was her reply.

"I did,' said, or rather gasped, Tim, 'and there's the hand, and there's the bit of wood that helped me, and could do it again—and *would*, rather than offend the hair o' your head, Biddy dear.'"

"Ha! ha! and what did she say to that?—Fill your glass, Mr. Blake, it stops with you."

"Say! oh, she *said* nothing."

"Nothing! The jade!"

"No, she spoke not a word, but as she looked as if she could have allowed him to say a word or two—we left the room to themselves, and in eight days more I opened the ball with her, at her own wedding, to the tune of the 'Sprig of Shillelagh.' So you see that, after all, Miss Walton, abduction with me has no right to be set down as a positive sin against our galantry."

"Oh, by no means," said her father, "and I have a right to know, since I have heard your Irish Lord Chancellor speak on the subject—at this very table, indeed." He tossed off his glass consequentially as he spoke. "By the way, Mr. Blake, you are a relative of my excellent friend Lord Kilroan?"

"Yes, I have that honour, Sir Jasper."

"An excellent young nobleman, an ornament to the peerage; he has dined with me frequently, so has his brother. His lordship is very confidential with me; a *little* extravagant or so, Mr. Blake—you understand."

"Not I indeed, Sir Jasper, I know nothing whatever about him, except that we are cousins, and have never exchanged ten words in our lives."

"Very odd that—very odd, isn't it?" said Sir Jasper, "for to my knowledge he has'n't a bit of pride about him; indeed, I have heard the Duke of Montristion tax him at his own table with his accessibility. A most amiable, admirable young man."

Ulick sipped his wine in silence.

"And so punctual—for an Irishman; not like my friend Killshaughlin, who gives you a batch of claret, and calls it a receipt in full for half a year's interest, but *really* punctual, or if not up to time, so amiable and kind in his apologies. By the bye, he finds it impossible to get his

infernal Irish tenantry, (so he calls them,) to pay."

"Then truth is not to be reckoned among his virtues, Sir Jasper?"

"Hey! truth—you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that he maligns his tenants, and tells you—the thing that is not, Sir Jasper,—and many of his countrymen follow his example. Impossible! Why, there's not a landlord in Ireland paid half so well. Gad! it must be so—since he admits of but one alternative—punctuality, or turn out."

"Is he wrong in that?"

"Notoriously—infamously wrong. I could multiply instances to you where the rigid exaction of such a right has amounted to the grossest oppression; and punctuality, on his terms, and ruin have been synonymous terms."

"I can't understand that, my young friend."

"No, nor he, neither, Sir Jasper, because the time and trouble that would be well bestowed on his part on learning it, is more pleasantly spent in borrowing your money, drinking your wine, calumniating his countrymen, and running into those *little* extravagancies which render loans needful, and make falsehood necessary to account for the non-payment of them."

"Then you think your countrymen—the poorer portion of them I mean—perfection?"

"God help them, not they; and you may well smile to think such an opinion possible. They are at least half a century from any thing approaching to it. Perfection! let me tell you, Sir Jasper, that until our Lord Kilroans shew them the path to it, or let others shew them, such a consummation is impossible."

"Yes,—but your Irish nobility—at least my intimates among them, and they are many—(taste that fresh claret, Frank)—insist that there is no enlightening their ignorance."

"Are there many of them make the experiment, father?" suggested Miss Walton.

"Or if they do," said Frank "do they take the fair way to succeed?"

"Pho! pho! how do I know?" said Sir Jasper; "I speak as I am spoken to. Now, though I have many friends also among the Scotch nobility, I never hear them speak of their countrymen disparagingly,—then, wherefore, should your Irish gentry do it unnecessarily? I can't believe it. I don't understand it."

"To be sure you don't, Sir Jasper,—neither your Scotch friends nor yourself can understand a single word of the matter, because you and they have the qualities which our aristocrats, unfortunate wretches that they are, want. An Englishman thinks his country superior to all other nations, and his brethren superior to all other men; and, in this proud and patriotic belief, he does his best by his individual exertion to keep them so."

"And is he not right?"

"To be sure, he is."

"Every one must admit that we are a wonderful people, my dear Blake."

"Keep to that feeling, and let the worst shock come, you will still have some claims to be called so. Now, a Scotch gentleman, or nobleman, although he doesn't choose exactly to commit himself so far—still, if he speaks of the ignorance of a district; for, mind you, he never calumniates his countrymen by wholesale—will always couple his denunciation with a detail of the signal and successful efforts to remove it. Nay, he will be sure to lend a helping hand himself; he is *ashamed* of it, and well for him that he is so; the blush that beams upon a patriot's cheek, for the ignorance or the misery of his compatriots, is the surest

earthly proof of the advent of their regeneration."

"You like the Scotch?"

"I admire their consistency, and think them worthy of all credit and honour for having converted barrenness into fertility, sloth into industry, ignorance into enlightenment; in truth, of having converted a poor nation into a prosperous one, by an operation so simple and comprehensive, that were not our gentry (the vast majority of them) the most worthless animals that ever crawled upon and desecrated a country, the very sight and assurance of their success must have warmed them into a desire to follow their example. Pah! I am sick of the subject."

"Your enthusiasm has detained the ladies with us, however. Pray, don't stir, my dear; I assure you, I meant nothing."

"The dial spoke not, but it madeshrewd signs, papa," said Isabella; "but come to us soon, Mr. Blake, and you shall have a Scotch strapsey and an Irish ballad for your pains."

Isabella and Fanny left the room, and then came Frank's trial. Here again, however, Ulick was his friend. It was evident he was becoming a huge favourite with the old gentleman.

(*To be continued.*)

## TO A BRIDE.

It may be, thou wert right  
To break thy plighted vow—  
Thine eye is still as bright,  
As calm and fair thy brow;  
Where all is life and light,  
The lightest there art thou—  
It may be thou wert right  
To break thy plighted vow.

For humble was my heart,  
As humble as my home,  
And now, they say, thou art  
Lodged in a lordly dome;  
A princely bower and shrine  
Of beauty and of bliss—  
Alas! could love like mine  
Compete with prize like this?

It may be, I was wrong  
To think of thee so much—  
To doat upon thy song—  
To thrill beneath thy touch;  
To drink thy lightest tone  
Amidst the loudest throng,  
To see but thee alone—  
It may be, I was wrong.

For lowly was the name  
I could have given to thee,  
And pride, or power, or fame,  
Had nought to hope from me;  
But thou hast climbed a height  
To which such claims must bow—  
It may be thou wert right  
To break thy plighted vow.

## AMERICAN SLAVERY—AN IRISH QUESTION.

HATING Slavery, thank heaven, with an immitigable hate, and devoted to freedom as the prolific parent of all those goods, with which the bounty of providence has vouchsafed to smooth our passage through this vale of tears, we know not a single topic upon which we can more heartily congratulate our race, than the gentle facility, with which this benignant power has learned to extend her sanction over human kind. If we attempt to trace her progress in former times, we find her heralded by the thunders of artillery, hailed by the groans of the dying, and lighted by conflagration to a throne rocking insecurely amid a sea of blood. How mercifully different is her advent now! In our own time, and in our own land, what magnificent accessions have been made to human rights! In our boyhood, that land was dark with excessive darkness; for power, the growth of an artificial system, rioted unrestrained, and won toleration or support, cajoling the credulous by the specious designations it assumed; calling itself at one time, "Social Order," at another, "Established Truth;" nay, claiming merit for its freaks, by entitling itself even "The Love of God;" and we had at this moment deplored the extinction of every thing that humanity holds dear, had it not been that nature had endowed our people with virtues superior to their fate. Our earliest recollections are of intestine strife. To our very infancy the fierce jibe of insolent domination, and the deep muttering of hoarded hate waiting for its opportunity, were familiar sounds. Many a time has hope failed us, as we looked upon the sad spectacle of a country, rich in mental and physical resources, devoted by its distractions to decrepitude and decay. Many a time would we have plucked out the love of her as a root of bitterness from our hearts, while gazing upon the ruin that gathered round her, we said,—“Who will shew us any good?” But now that half her day of trial is past—now that we have seen relaxed, coil by coil, the bands of that accursed system that crippled her energies, and would have left her virtues without fruit—now we look back with shame to the faintness of heart that could see danger in—

“—Those shadows deep, awful, yet tender,” from which she has emerged with a spirit tempered for the enjoyment of her bloodless triumphs.

We should, however, make a false and dishonouring estimate of Freedom, did we harbour the illusion, that our “warfare is accomplished,” that our human duty is done, when in a secluded spot of earth, we have set up an altar for the national worship of that faith that was meant for all mankind. If freedom be truth, and if its spirit be derived from Him who is the author of truth, his honour demands our testimony; and while one made in his image, is to be found, who either ignorantly surrenders, or is forcibly deprived of that charter which it is the condition of his nature to possess, it is a duty which we owe to our Creator to interpose or to vindicate his claim. Can we find no victim of violence or fraud? Does the appeal of no wretchedness reach our ears? Is no right of man trampled upon? Is no ordinance of God betrayed? that we should tranquilly “Sleep on and take our rest,” without attesting the experience of every age and clime to avouch that the spirit of irresponsible power is the spirit of abuse; a truth that strikes at the very root of social oppressions, but for the lively recollection men cherish that the powerful are the few. Let us turn to America, whence the cry of three millions of our fellow-men pining in the bitterness of slavery, calls upon us to lay down our self-importance, to put off our civic crown. Three millions of slaves! Three millions of hearts beating in the midst of a civilised community: three millions, to whom the revolution of days brings no sabbath; to whom the lapse of years brings no hope! Three millions, in whose hearts the spirit that pervades all space hath no temple; virtue no charter, intelligence no throne. They extend to us their shackled limbs—they point out to us their cruel stripes—and they call upon us, in the name of the common Father of mankind, to assert for them the rights of men. Their cry has not been unheard. The general Anti-slavery Convention that took place in London in June last, continuing its sittings for eleven days, will long be remembered as one of the most imposing evidences that modern

days have presented, of the deep-stirring of the human mind. To the proceedings of that benevolent association, while they were yet recent, we invited the attention of our readers. But we meant not, with that brief notice, to take our final leave of the subject. How grand, how full of promise for the honour of God, for the virtue and happiness of man, was that gathering : of man, not only the suffering race upon whom the insolence of dominion affects to discern the mark of debasement impressed by the eternal hand ; but of man, of every complexion, and in every clime : of man, wherever he is the victim of power, working by its countless means—wherever he is stripped of the liberty of providing for his own happiness, whether the privation be effected by force or fraud,—whether force rifles or fraud cajoles.

Previously to the detailed exposition which the discussions of that Convention afforded, of the horrors of Slavery in the southern states of America, there was comparatively little of its nature generally known ; there was, perhaps, enough to point antitheses in the fault-seeking notebooks of English travellers, but far too little to secure for the redemption of the sufferers, the sympathy of mankind. But now the veil has been rent ; we have seen the prolonged tragedy of two hundred years ; we have looked with familiar eyes upon the whole practical denial of the human nature of the slave ; we have seen his coerced and unrequited daily labour avariciously protracted through the night ; we have watched him as he snatched time to prepare his poor and insufficient meal, from the brief interval allowed him to cower shivering on the reeking clay, and starting, dream of the accursed lash. Another and another day of agony we have spent beside him, bending over the soil drenched with his unbought sweat—his tears—his blood. We have seen his remorseless purchaser tear from him, the chosen objects of his uncrushed affections, whom it was aggravation of even his lot of bitterness to lose ; and in anguish of heart, as we looked on his tormentor, we have said, " We thank God we are not as this man."

Amongst all the delegates from every country whom that occasion brought together, was one, whom, if we select from the distinguished crowd, it is for the incitement of human virtue, and not that we would seek to compensate, by the recital of human praise, one who must await the due acknowledgment of his faithful service from his God—

the Honourable Mr. Birney was himself a slaveholder, and had thus the opportunity of seeing the torment and degradation of his kind. He had a heart too human for his trade. He was not the arbiter to

" Find his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not coloured like his own."

He refused to " coin his blood to drachmas ;" he spurned at riches purchased by his tears. Oh ! where was the painter, where the poet, to commemorate that scene in which this tyrant by the accident of birth, that had made thousands slaves, abjured all right to ownership in man ! How fondly would the eyes of the future have turned upon the memorial of that moment, when, shuddering to be enriched by the wreck of his affections, and loathing the price of the prostration of his mind, he renounced his reeking heritage, he bade his abject bondsmen stand up free ; and as he presented to the universal parent his children disenthralled, pronounced, with trembling lips,—Thy kingdom come !

Irresponsible power ! have we a complete understanding of the words ? have we seen any thing that may serve to open our minds to the conception of their force ? Time was when the satellites of power held bloody saturnalia in our own land. The Habeas Corpus act has been suspended ; trial by jury done away ; a licentious soldiery has been chartered to scour the country, inflicting upon the terrified people every calamity that inventive cruelty could suggest. Vainly did industry plead for the fruits that it had garnered, vainly virtue for the honour it held dear ; for when " the times are out of joint," trifling license must be permitted ; and the most acceptable reward to the professors of loyalty, was a season of exemption from the strictness of the law. Terrible as were those times, does their memory or tradition acquaint us with the full import of those words—Irresponsible power ? Oh, no ! not even in those scenes, that are yet fresh before living eyes, and will never cease to be memorially present, but be to them " a part of sight," till death has sealed them,—not even in those scenes do we find the fulness of the terrible picture they present. Fearful as were the excesses of that time, the desolating spirit that had the tempest's fury, had also the tempest's speed. The victim felt, while the protective forms of our social system were suspended, that the sun of Freedom, though clouded, was not quenched ; and that though for a season he individually might be deprived of legal retribution for

his wrongs, he enjoyed the alleviation of human sympathy, while he looked forward with hope that the "tyranny would soon be overpast."

But the wretched African, where is his hope? and while he drags out a wretched existence, looking for shelter from his tormentor only in the grave, what sympathy alleviates his woes? Let the "testimony of a thousand witnesses,"\*—that volume that might be the damning record of the accusing spirit against a fallen world—let its portentous pages speak his fate, and his hope of change or sympathy! Be the following extract from the "City of Washington Telegraph," its interpreter.—"As a man, a Christian, and a citizen, we believe that slavery is right; that the condition of the slave-holding states is the best organisation of civil society." And again, take the words of Chancellor Harper of South Carolina:—"It is the order of nature and of God that the being of *superior faculties and knowledge*, and therefore of a superior power, should controul and dispose of those who are inferior. It is as much the order of nature that men should enslave each other, as that other animals should prey upon each other." Is this then their claim of ownership? Is this the frail foundation of their power? "Superior faculties! superior knowledge!" Oh, let the taskmaster fling down the lash! With the enlightenment of the world before him, he calls slavery the best civil organisation! With the eternal word in his hand, he finds not "the things that belong unto man's peace," but blindly succeeds in

"Wresting from its page sublime,  
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime."

Superior knowledge!—and to support this claim, he has prohibited the cultivation of the slave's intellect, and left it waste; for this—not content with lacerating his body—for this he has endeavoured to pauperize his mind, that verity of God's image stamped on man. Has he made good his boast? Lives there one slave contented in his chains? In the whole extent of that region of horror that echoes his groans, and reddens with his blood, can the trader in mankind produce a single victim in avarice whose mental stature is so feebly small, that he believes 'twas heaven ordained his lot? We cannot credit it; to do so, were to slander providence, and to deny the "jealousy of God." If the

countless glories above and around him had been unheeded; if the beauties of nature—the grand, the soft, the wonderful, the fair—had failed to print religion on his heart, he still would have sought out some great first cause to love for its unearthly attributes, and searched for heaven in hatred of mankind. The imputed natural inferiority of African intelligence, experiment has enabled the advocates of their human privileges to deny. Shall it then be tolerated that men who withhold from them that culture, should derive a pretext from their ignorance to dishonour them for gain? Shall they who exclude the day-beam from the sanctuary, be justified by the darkness in turning the temple into a brothel?

Formidable are the difficulties in the way of emancipating the negro, while human interest locks his shackles and retains the key. We feel a profound affliction at the indisputable proofs that there are to be found men, having taken upon them to teach the faith of Him "whose service is perfect freedom," who yet, either by the practice or approval of slave-trading, have fearfully augmented its amount. It is awful to contemplate the profanation that gives a venal sanction to atrocity, by appending the seal of religion to the fierce dictates of corrupted hearts. As men, as Christians, we shudder to see the rights of humanity betrayed by men, pledged by the acceptance of their sacred office to sustain them. The temporizing spirit which the American churches have exhibited in this matter, is a scandal to the Christian world. The records of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which now comprises 700,000 members, strikingly exemplify this charge. In 1780, the Conference of that community sent forth to the world the following testimony against slavery:—"The conference acknowledges that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society; contrary to the dictates of conscience and true religion, and *doing what we would not that others should do unto us.*" This simply grand enunciation of the laws delivered in thunders upon Sinai—of the instinct of man, which is the silent revelation of the same spirit in his heart, and of every human code that claims to be conformable to those eternal models—this declaration of fealty to Him who brought "peace on earth, good will towards men," was followed up by resolutions, expelling from their body such as should purchase slaves, save for the purpose of liberating

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\* Published by the American Anti-slavery Society at New York, 1839.

them, and excluding such possessors of slaves as should continue to retain them, from Christian communion and the supper of the Lord. But, alas for human steadfastness! a few short years passed over—a brief interval, every moment of which was embittered by their despairing fellows, by the atrocities they denounced—and this same Conference, these sturdy witnesses who had recorded this testimony of their faith, stand forth to disclaim for themselves “any right, or wish, or intention” of interfering with the moral and physical immolation of the slave—to rebuke the assertors of his human right, and to invite all who knelt or ministered at the same altar with them, to repudiate the Saviour—to “deny him before men.”

It might be supposed that the cause of humanity had little to apprehend from apostates, whose flagrant desertion must have left them without influence or respect; but not so. To make the Bible the manual of the vile, we need but adroitly to wring from it a sanction of their crimes. Open to the planter its injunctions of tenderness and mercy; he impeaches its authenticity, or concludes that, at any rate, it was a rule not made for him; but spell from it a despot's charter, and he takes it to his heart. Let whips and chains be distributed from our temples, and we shall find no lack of hands to bind and ply them, *for the love of God*. With the present generation, the commercial value of the exposition will not only palliate but ennoble the recantation they have made. And the future!—to what miraculous interposition shall we look to disabuse the men of the next and succeeding generations, of the deadly errors which, as children, they have imbibed—to what redeeming influence shall we trust to pluck out and separate the poisons insidiously blended with their very springs of life? How shall they be nerved to repudiate dishonouring interpretations of religion, when the pleadings of self-interest arise to aid habitual reverence of false teachers, whom ferocity and avarice had canonized for the slander of their faith?

The opportunity of obtaining instruction in the truth of the Gospel is set forth, and that, too, by churchmen, as affording the negro abundant compensation for the rigours of his lot. Monstrous illusion! Monstrous, wilful lie! they dare not teach him Christianity; they dare not teach him the nature of God's provident government on earth, for that were to make him free.

Once satisfy him that the issue of the conflict is with Him “in whose hands is fulness of means;” of Him who has promised to hear the cry of the destitute, and the appeal of such as suffer wrong, and he will arise to vindicate the majesty of his nature; he will set at naught the science which vile ones have perverted to an instrument of human ill; he will smite his oppressor with the pebble from the brook. Oh, no! the truth of Christianity they dare not teach him. Were the voice of interest hushed, they yet feel that there can be nothing more senseless towards man, no more audacious mockery of heaven, than to talk of the benignity of Providence to a slave.

Can anything manifest their own consciousness of the falsehood of their own assertion, and the truth of what we say, more than the exclusion of slave evidence. If they had mitigated their atrocious wrong by opening his mind to the reception of Gospel truth, why reject his testimony? Is not the word which they have taught him the guarantee of his good faith? But it is only against *a white* that his evidence is excluded! What do we require beyond this to prove the inhuman turpitude of a system under which they will freely condemn one man to stripes or death upon testimony which they will not suffer to affect another, even in the settlement of an account.

On the authority of the Rev. Dr. Frew, a clergyman of the Methodist Church in Georgia, we have it, that “the rejection of negro testimony is one of the necessary circumstances under which slave-holding can exist;” that “indeed, it is utterly impossible for it to exist without it.” Why? Because the right of possession and transfer, audacious as is the assertion of such a right, is not the essential poison of slavery. Bad as this is, we have to look still farther for its gall of bitterness. Had this been all, nothing could have been more valuable to the master, than the admissible testimony of the slave. The “sentinels” that are set up in public departments to record the attendance of the officers; the turnstiles that register the transit of every passenger, and thus check the receiver of the toll—ingenious as these pieces of mechanism are, and creditable to their contrivers, they would be mere clumsiness in comparison with that self-protecting chat-tel that Providence has “fearfully and wonderfully made.” If they could endow their crops and beasts of burden with the faculty of revealing by whom they were

trodden down, or rendered less valuable by abuse, what safety would be to the thief or the marauder, then? But the crops and the horses could assert no exemption or privilege, founded upon the power they enjoyed; and, besides, as no man treads down his own corn, or sacrifices the value of his own horse, the tell-tales would run no risk of breathing harshly on the master's name. Is it so with the slave? The Baltimore conference have declared, that the guilt or innocence of the traffic depends, not "upon the simple fact of the purchase or sale of any slave or slaves, but upon the attendant circumstances of cruelty, *injustice*, or inhumanity, on the one hand, or those of *kind purposes* or *good intentions*, on the other, under which the transactions have been perpetrated; and farther, it is recommended by them, "that in all such cases, the charge be brought for *immorality*, and the circumstances adduced as specifications under that charge." The evil of slavery being thus practically reduced to the nature of its incidents, surely, you would not have men conscious of their nature to admit the evidence of the slave. There are many, they know, who would assert the dignity of human nature by the abolition of slavery, who yet might, at least less strenuously, testify against it, could they be deluded into the supposition that, deep and atrocious as are the means by which the master's power is obtained, the comforts of *his property* are heedfully cared for, after all. But to dupe philanthropy thus, it is indispensable that the mouth of the victim should be closed. The disability, therefore, which they would pass as a mere line of demarcation between the slave and the freeman, serves to stifle the voice of the sufferer, lest it break forth to touch hearts in which there still remains some flesh. The Rev. Dr. Frew, whom we have already quoted, calls logic to his aid to justify this disfranchisement of the slave. We give a sample, for the purpose of showing the "mens divini"—the richer breath breathed into his nostrils, that confers upon him the charter to enslave. Thus cogently, the rev. divine presses an advocate for hearing the slave in a court of justice:—"If it is not sinful to hold slaves, under all circumstances, it is not sinful to hold them in the only condition, and under the only circumstances under which slaveholding can exist." Thus, wrong with wrong reciprocates support. Obtaining possession of their human brother, in con-

travention of every law of heaven and earth, they gag the victim, lest he should betray the secrets of his infernal prison-house—lest he should proclaim the debasing "cruelty, injustice, and inhumanity" that characterize a system which its ferocious practisers and their abettors would extenuate, by its "*kind promises and good intentions*" to mankind.

But have we no further answer to the assertion, that the negro receives the knowledge of Christianity as compensation for his bonds? In 1835, a question was proposed to the Savannah River Baptist Association of Ministers, "whether, in case of involuntary separation, of such a character as to preclude all future intercourse, the parties ought to be allowed to marry again?" To this their reverences returned the following answer, doubtless, after due examination of the Gospel:—"That such separation among persons situated as our slaves are, is *civilly* a separation *by death*; and they believe that, in the sight of God, it would be so received. To forbid second marriages, in such cases, would be to expose the parties, not only to stronger hardships and strong temptations, but to *Church censure*, for acting in obedience to their masters, who cannot be expected to acquiesce in a regulation at variance with justice to the slaves, and to the spirit of that command which regulates marriage among Christians. *The slaves are not free agents*; and a dissolution by death is not more entirely without their consent, and beyond their control, than by such separation." Let the Christian world hear this exposition of the reverend conclave, and decide without further argument, of the compensation conferred upon the bondsmen by the inculcation of their saving faith.

We will not insult civilized reason by argument upon that sacred ordinance, the light and glory of our happy homes. Argument! Hath not Christ ordained that, answerably to the creation of our male and our female in the beginning, the man and his wife "shall be no longer twain, but one flesh?" Hath he not denounced the penalty of adultery against the husband or the wife who shall marry another, having put away the helpmate to whom they had been thus mystically conjoined? Does this admit of argument?

The Saviour honoured by the first miraculous attestation of his divinity, the celebration of that thrice blessed rite; what need we more than this of proof or praise? "What, therefore, God hath joined to-



gether let not man put asunder." What provision for "civil death" does this contain? What room for quibbling interpretation have we here? Yet, even this sublime ordinance; this rule of life,—so given, so sanctified,—this they have set aside. A power as deadly—as omnipotent as "death," fiercely denies it to the wretched slave. But his gaffering ends not here. The mercenary hand that compelled him to untwine his clinging affections—that robbed his nature of its ennoblement, and his virtue of its guard—that hand is on him still. Shall "*Church censures*" forsooth, balk the cupidity of his owner? or gainsay his will?—Oh, no; it conduces more to "Godly harmony," that an acquiescent clergy should pronounce God's benison, and set his seal upon the unholy compact, by which the widowed man, for his chosen wedded wife—for the assuager of his afflictions—whose

"Love, born of sorrow, like sorrow was true," is compelled to take to him—what?—a wife? Oh, no; don't desecrate the name! a partner slave-factor, with whom, fulfilling his master's, not his maker's law, to make more base tradition of his bands. Said we not well, they dare not teach him christianity?

It would be idle to expect, that the fierce spirit, engendered by the conscientiousness of irresponsible power, and fostered by the daily and hourly infliction of torments, should be limited in its operation to the objects of the demoralizing relation in which it takes its rise. Accordingly, we learn from authorities now before us (all of them American,) that the same distempered passions, that embitter the existence of the negro, deform the social system of his masters, and manifest themselves in lightly provoked and frequently recurring deeds of blood. Shall we be called superstitious if we suggest, that the sovereignty of the Great Disposer is vindicated by a more striking retribution there? We have already borrowed from the logic of one rev. gentleman; that however was the unassisted produce of his own proper brain. Let us see the wisdom that is in many heads!

The Charleston Baptist Association, consisting of 500,000 members, addressed a memorial to the Legislature of South Carolina, so recently as the year 1835. It contains the following succinct and satisfactory exposition:—"The question (of slavery), it is believed, is purely one of political economy. It amounts, in effect,

to this,—whether the operatives of a country shall be bought and sold, and themselves become property, as in this state; or whether they shall be hirelings, and their labour only become property, as in some other states." It amounts exactly to that, with one small but important addition, viz., the change of the salesmaster! an addition which those rev. mystifiers of plain words—these darkeners of counsel, would soon understand, if, instead of being themselves the venders of impious calumnies, to a people whose practices dishonour their divine Master, they were driven by traders to the mart, warranted sound for all their repletion, and sold to those who would compel them, for hard fare and harder usage, to do more work than they now give for good annual stipends. To what cause are we to refer the startling stupidity of this extract? Are these "cloud compellers" lost in the mist that they have raised? habituated to deceive and cramp the understanding of their fellows, have they retributively forfeited their own? Or are we to look upon it as a voucher of the general probability of their reverences, that they are so clumsy at a lie?

Time and space would fail us to recount the minutest fractional part of the horrors of this accursed traffic; had we both at command, we should hold it a compromise of sacred principle to proceed. We cannot be instrumental to fix the attention of mankind upon the incidents of slavery, lest we convey the notion that any modification—that any thing short of its total abolition, would satisfy us. No change can ever reconcile us to that which is the curse and stigma of our race. Could we stoop to temporize,—could we, for one moment, deign to abate the fulness of the negro's righteous claim? We return to the testimonies that have been borne to his qualities by ministers and laymen, who have not betrayed their faith. Mr. Caulkins, who spent eleven years in North Carolina, testifies their sufferings from personal observation. "I have heard," he says, "some of them in their huts before daylight praying in their simple broken language; telling their heavenly Father of their trials, in the following and similar language:—

"Fader in Heaven, look upon de poor slave, dat have de work to do all de day long; dat can't have the time to pray only in de night; and then massa must not know it. Fader! have mercy on master and missus. Fader, when shall poor slave

get thro' the world! When will death come, and the poor slave get to Heaven?" "Fader bless de white man dat come to hear de slave pray; bless his family."—Well might he ask,—“Is the ear of the Most High deaf to the prayer of the slave?” Take now the brief but emphatic testimony of the Rev. Horace Moulton:—“Many of them have such exalted views of freedom, that it is hard work for the masters to whip them into brutes; that is, to subdue their noble spirits.” Shall we, with testimonies like these before us;—shall we think of the composition of their rights? If we be men—if we be worthy of brotherhood with them, these affecting attestations to their simple virtues, will steel us in their cause.

Suppose, however, that the world's humanity could be satisfied by compromise; does it strike any body to say what kind or amount of mitigation it should accept? Would it be a reconciling improvement to admit the testimony of the negro, in trials between black and white? Let us consider to what amount this would prove a practical improvement of the condition of the slave! What would the admission of slave evidence avail, while the judges, the jurors, the magistrates—while every body is a slave holder, that, either commissioned, or uncommissioned, takes any part in the administration of the laws?

Under the formal concession of the right, the evidence of the negro would be practically as inoperative for justice as before. The objection to his competency would be transferred to his credibility, and what orthodox kidnapper would cheapen the evidence of a chartered white skin, in competition with the assertion of a slave? What efficacy could we expect to see conferred upon negro testimony by men who declare that the law that now excludes it, is the essence of the terror by which they hold him in his bonds? But if this would not give the African a security against the merciless caprices of his owner, in the wide range of its oppressive incidents, who can point out what modification of the system will? Take it, that all the “kind promises” that are put forward as removing its criminality were performed—that all the “good intentions” that are alleged to humanize it, were carried out, would all this satisfy? Should we then feel, that the race that have been 200 years excluded from every human right, had, at last, obtained reparation for those centuries of wrongs? No! emphatically, no.

Though the reeking lash were, from this moment forward, to hang up disused—though the conjugal tie were respected—and juries brought to make “true deliverance” upon the evidence of the slave—unreconciled we would wage out this war. We should hold, that nothing was done, while the complete enfranchisement of the bondsman was withheld. The very forbearance of the tormentor we should hold wrongful, because it implied the right to strike.

The friends of abolition have assailed slavery successively, in all its strong holds. They have examined the detestable evil on every side; searched it in every shape of connection with the honour of the Supreme Being, and the dignity and well-being of mankind. They were not long, however, in discovering, that it is not upon such grounds that battle with the master could be fought. They have, therefore, conformed to the necessity of the case, and substituted for these arguments, which, with sordid spirits, would be more likely to prevail. They have shewn, by undeniable inference, that slave labour is far more expensive than cultivation by free hands. One source of expenditure connected with the former, the apologists—rather the defenders of the system, put forward anxiously, because it redounds to the credit of their humanity—namely, the medical care bestowed upon the slaves. That this is no inconsiderable item, may be inferred from the authenticated fact, that many proprietors have, upon due comparison of profit and loss, relinquished this humane provision altogether, finding it cheaper to lose “the hands” that are enfeebled by overwork, than to pay the doctor the price of their care. But this is only a single item; the cost of slave labour is made up of many; and the whole amount is augmented largely by the unproductiveness of the system, despite of all that cruelty can do to extort the utmost labour that the human constitution will allow. President Cooper, of South Carolina, amongst a thousand others, attests this fact in the following words, which we quote, not because had the result of compulsory labour been different, we should have drawn any inference from it favourable to the system we condemn; not because we should esteem it any mitigation of its revolting criminality, that the wretched captive made an election between different kinds of torment; but purely to show, in addition to its amount, its downright wantonness of crime. “Slave

labour," says our authority, "is undoubtedly the dearest kind of labour. The usual work of a field hand is barely two-thirds of what a white day labourer, at usual wages, would perform; this is the outside; nothing will justify slave labour in point of economy, but the nature of the soil and climate, which incapacitates a white man from labouring in the summer time on the rich lands in Carolina and Georgia. In places merely agricultural, as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, slave labour is entirely unprofitable. It is even so in Maryland and Virginia." Mr. Caulamb, an eminent engineer, having had many opportunities, vouches for the truth of the computation—"That field slaves do only between a third and a half of the work dispatched by reluctant French soldiers, and probably not more than a third of what these very slaves would do if urged by their own interest." We shall adduce the confirmatory evidence of one more witness, again solemnly protesting against being supposed guilty of resting the issue here. We have compared the productive labour of the enslaved negro with that of the free white—let us now compare the black population with themselves. Mr. Samuel I. Prescod, a delegate to the Anti-Slavery Convention, and editor of the Barbadoes Liberal, says, "Throughout the colonies the effectual power of the labourer have been greatly increased by his emancipation, and he can now do double, and occasionally treble the quantity of work which he was thought capable of doing while a slave." Such is the energy that freedom brings! Yet, notwithstanding these facts, corroborated by a host of witnesses, and attesting the diminution of bodily vigour commensurately with the sinking of the heart, these wholesale dealers in bodies, whose humanity they deny, and souls which they peril their own to render less divine, continue the atrocious traffic, nay more, not only do they enslave the African upon the preposterous ground of superiority, to which the barbarous use they make of power, negatives their claim; but, as if they were made retributive instruments of their own utter confusion, should a free woman become the wife of an enslaved man, she, that favoured one, untinged with the hue of incapacity, and bearing no warrant of enthrallment in her blood—she becomes the property of her husband's owner, by virtue—hear it, ye Christians!—of the contemned and outraged ordinance of Him

who made "the twain one flesh." Nauseated with the contemplation of this execrable system; loathing its blasphemy, its lies, its blood, we turn to man, wherever he preserves, unstooped, the dignity of his place in the creation; wherever he keeps alive, by his heart, the recollection of man's duty and man's hope; wherever he blesses a bounteous Maker for his "creation, his preservation, and all the blessings of this life;" to pledge himself before heaven and earth that this atrocious system shall not last.

But while we summon in this sacred cause every man, in every land, who is bound with us by the obligation of our common faith, to spread abroad over this fair world its Maker's praise; who have pledged themselves to the glorious task of instilling knowledge, and infusing comfort wherever there is darkness of mind, or depression of heart. We do not forget that there are some to whom we can address ourselves with assurance that in their breasts our call will meet ready response. In the land in which this reeking idol is set up, are to be found many, whose fathers, spurning the degradation that bigot intolerance would have imposed on them in their native land, and not discerning the advent of that morning which is now fast mellowing into day, broke the strong ties that bound them to her, and sought repose and freedom on another shore. Have they lost the spirit of their sires? Confidently, we say no! That love of justice which, in the breasts of those wanderers, could drown all other love; that passion which drove, them to gaze upon her countless charms and, having filled high the springs of sorrowful remembrance, to bless and leave her; that love, that passion, still has life in them.

Sons of our soil, the exiled—our brethren, still, "in language, faith and blood"—to you we commend the slave. In the land which has been a city of refuge to your race, three millions of the human family drag out their life in chains. In that land, arbitrary power, multiplying the means of human misery that cast your fathers out, fulfils its pledge. Men—call them so—dishonour human kind, laboriously "subdue their noble spirits," and, with "hard work," they "whip them into brutes." Do you require incitement to espouse the sufferer's cause? To his appealing wrongs the overshadowing hand of Him who succours the poor and needy, has added a new incentive in the facility of his

redress. Moral energy has arisen amongst men to claim its own, and the sword is no longer the arbiter of right. Look back upon the cradle of your own race, and say, "How is the sceptre of the ungodly broken, and his kingdom passed away." Yet, to fling down the idol of ascendancy, and to establish man in his own right, it cost not here a human life. The warfare of our country was waged by moral means alone, and when, in the moment of her triumph, she stood forth redeemed, Freedom, inured to sanguinary rites, started, to find her charter was not red. These means of conquest you have in your power. In the country of your adoption you have attained station and respect; use them for the redemption of the slave; crying as the corruption is, the heaven hath not leavened the whole mass. In the new world are thousands whose moral constitution is

worthy of the purity of their religion, and the grandeur of their clime; with such make strong alliance against oppression. You have civil franchises; the negro claims their shelter at your hands. Shall a time come when the sounds of infliction shall not revolt you? when the cry of the sufferer shall find no access to your hearts? Heaven forbid! In the name of man writhing in the grasp of power, wherever its iron hand could fix; by that mysterious power by which the throb of the stricken heart is communicated to thousands who felt not the blow; the seas divide, the mountains rise between, but we call upon you, amid the sights and sounds of woe, that should not grow familiar to your sense, to keep alive in your souls the home instinct of liberty—that hate of wrong that drove your fathers from their native land.

### KANE'S ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY.\*

It is with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that we sit down to call the attention of the readers of the *CITIZEN* to the volume which now lies before us, constituting the first part of an elementary system of chemistry, by the able Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society. It is, we believe, the first publication of the sort by an Irishman, and issuing from the Irish press; and, desirous as we were (for both of those reasons) to hail its appearance, we must confess, it was not without some degree of apprehension that we commenced the perusal of it, lest we should feel it our duty to speak unfavourably of a work which, we trust, is but the forerunner of a series of class books from the Irish press, worthy of the distinguished professors of whom our metropolis may justly be proud. We had not, however, proceeded far in the volume, before we became thoroughly convinced that our fears were groundless, and we can, with the utmost confidence, recommend the work to

the student of chemistry, as admirably calculated to lead him to a general and accurate knowledge of the present state of that rapidly progressive department of science. The style is simple and clear, and the examples which are given to illustrate such formulæ as were necessary, are generally made to convey much useful information on other points, at the same time that they remove any difficulty which the student might feel in interpreting the proposed rule.

The present part contains the first ten chapters, and embraces an account of the forces of Gravity, Cohesive and Chemical Affinity, together with the Properties of Light, Heat, and Electricity, and their influence on those forces; a short but excellent chapter on Chemical Nomenclature, with a full account of the Laws of Combination, the Atomic Theory, and the various modifications of our theoretical views, which have been suggested by the recent discoveries of the relations between the

\* "Elements of Chemistry," including the most recent discoveries and applications of the Science to Medicine and Pharmacy, and to the Arts. By ROBERT J. KANE, M.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, Professor of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland, Member of the Society of Pharmacy, and of the German Pharmaceutical Society, &c. &c.

Dublin, Hodges and Smith; Longman and Co., and Simpkins and Co., London; MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh. 1840.

specific heats of bodies and their chemical equivalents, and of the law of definite electro-chemical decomposition.

Feeling satisfied that the work needs only to be known to be fully appreciated as it deserves, we abstain from alluding more particularly to many other subjects of great interest, which our author has succeeded in divesting of the obscurity in which they are too often involved, as an instance of which, we may refer to the section on crystallization, and shall proceed to give a few extracts, which, we trust, (though selected hastily) will be quite sufficient to justify us in the favourable opinion we have expressed.

The following passage is a fair example of the general clearness and simplicity of the style:—

“The impression of light was at one time considered to be produced by a series of exceedingly minute particles, of a peculiar substance, emanating from the sun and from burning and luminous bodies, and which strike upon the eye. This idea has been, however, now almost totally abandoned, and all the phenomena are considered to arise from the vibrations of an exceedingly attenuated medium, thrown into waves by luminous bodies of every kind, and which, filling all space, and being diffused through the substance of the most solid bodies, and occupying the spaces between their more substantial molecules, transmits and modifies these vibrations, and confers upon substances transparency or opacity, colour, and all other properties of acting upon light which they may possess.

“This medium, or luminiferous ether, as it is termed, is supposed capable of vibrating in waves of different lengths, and from this difference in length of wave arises the difference of colour of the light produced. The shortest wave produces violet, the least refrangible light; the longest wave, red, the most refrangible light: the length of the wave being, in all cases, inversely proportional to the refrangibility of the light. The impression of the different colours arises, therefore, precisely as the impression of different sounds is produced, by a difference in the length of the waves in the vibrating air; the shortest wave, in sound, giving the highest note, and, in light, giving the violet colour. The actual length of these waves of light is extremely small; for violet light there are 57,490 in an inch, for red, 89,180, the average of the different colours being 50,000, and hence in white light there acts upon the eye in every second 610,000,000,000,000 luminiferous vibrations.”

“The rays of light derive some of their most remarkable properties from the principle, that the vibrations are accomplished in a direction perpendicular to the direction of the rays. Thus, if we conceive a ray of light, moving from north to south, the little vibrations which constitute it are effected in a direction east or west, and in every other direction equally perpendicular to its path; and ordinary light is characterized by the fact, that its vibrations are accomplished in every imaginable plane. If we reduce these vibratory movements

to a single plane, the light becomes polarized, and is, then, in the condition for dissecting the interior of crystallized bodies, and exhibiting the beautiful illustrations of their structure, that have been already noticed. But it would lead us too far away from our proper subject, to enter into the description of polarizing apparatus, or even of its principles, in detail, as the indication just given of its nature is sufficient.

“Perhaps the most remarkable and the most important principle of the theory of waves is, that two portions of light may act on each other so as to interfere and produce darkness, though at another point they may form light of double brilliancy. To effect this, it is only necessary they should be in opposite states of vibration, that is, whilst the waves of one ray should be rising up, those of the other should be falling down: these motions then compensate each other, and the result is the same as if no vibratory motion had existed, that is, if no light had arrived at the points where the rays met. It is only, however, when one of the simple coloured lights is employed that actual blackness occurs, by the mutual destruction of the rays: if white light be used there is produced a brilliant series of prismatic colours; for at the moment when the red light is destroyed, the remaining blue and yellow form a bright green; when the yellow is destroyed, the red and blue produce a purple. Cases of this kind of interference are extremely common; it is thus that the coloured rings of crystals, and the colours of the soap bubble or oil film are produced. The brilliancy of the plumage of birds, the lustre of many minerals, as of labradorite, arise from the interference of the portions of light which after reflection thus act on each other.”

In speaking of the Circular Polarization of Light, we have an excellent example of our author's happy method of giving additional interest to science, by shewing its practical bearing on the useful arts, under circumstances where we might least of all expect to find such a connection between them:—

“In cases, therefore, where bodies exhibit this action upon light, their power of rotation becomes an important numerical fact in their descriptions, and it may be measured by the angle through which a certain thickness of the body is capable of moving the plane of polarization of a ray of homogeneous light, such as the pure red, given by glass coloured by sub-oxide of copper, and the direction of rotation is expressed by an arrow, turned either to the right or left, according as it is necessary to make the analyzing crystal revolve to the one or the other side. This property is beautifully applied to trace the changes which occur during the saccharine fermentation; a solution of starch possesses a high  $+$  power, but it gradually changes into the sugar of grapes, the rotative power of which is  $-$ . Hence, the action of the starch, when fermentation has commenced, rapidly diminishes, until there is so much sugar formed, that the  $+$  and  $-$  exactly balance, and the solution is totally without action upon a polarized ray; after that, the quantity of sugar still increasing, the rotation becomes  $+$  and increases until all the starch has been decomposed. With such a solution, knowing the total quantity of starch originally dissolved, the measure of its ro-

tative power enables the quantity of sugar present to be at once calculated. The juices of plants which contain sugar, as the beet-root, the maple, the sugar cane, may be exactly valued by a simple determination of their rotative power, compared with their specific gravities. This property of the circular polarization of a ray of light, which at the first aspect might appear so far removed from proper chemical enquiry, or useful application, becomes thus an instrument from which the distiller or sugar boiler may every day derive advantage."

Again, we find, in his account of the Daguerrotype, as well as in the following *practical* invitation to study the most reconcile properties of heat and light, from their association with a beautiful art in the former case, and in the latter, from the simple explanation which they afford of natural phenomena:—

"The physical independence of solar light and heat was beautifully shown by Melloni, who using quartz and black mica, perfectly opaque, upon the one hand, and rock salt made perfectly opaque by soot upon the other, obtained radiant heat of all refrangibilities, totally free from light; and on the other hand, by combining a plate of alum with a glass coloured green by oxide of copper, he obtained a brilliant beam of light, which, when concentrated by a lens upon the most delicate thermometer he could apply, exhibited no trace of any heating power whatsoever.

"An interesting property of radiant heat, and one which shows the remarkable distinction between it and light, in a very evident manner, is, that the heat may change its degree of refrangibility, and hence if it be vibrations, one wave may break up into several, or several smaller waves may unite to form one. The light of the sun, deprived of all the more refrangible rays, by passage through a plate of alum, may be received on a blackened surface, the temperature of which will be thus elevated, and which, in turn, will become a source of radiant heat. But the heat, so radiated, is found to have totally changed its properties, it can no longer pass through alum: it has passed from the state of heat of the lowest to the state of heat of the highest refrangibility. In like manner, if the most refrangible rays emanating from a source at  $212^{\circ}$ , be concentrated by a rock-salt lens, and brought to act on a small surface, they may raise the temperature of this surface above  $212^{\circ}$ , and radiate from thence in a less refrangible condition

than before. The parallel case to this has never been found with light. Red light has never been changed into blue, or violet into orange, and there must be in the physical theory of radiant heat some general principle of so high an order, that the physical optics of the present day is but a particular case of it.

"This change of radiant heat from one degree of refrangibility to another, occurs in nature very often, and is the source of some remarkable phenomena. Thus the heat of the sun's rays, being of low refrangibility from their intensely heated source, is transmitted easily by ice or snow; and hence a layer of snow upon a field, exposed even to the powerful action of the sun, is but slowly melted: if, however, a dark-coloured object, as a branch of a tree, be laid upon the surface, it absorbs the solar heat, and becoming a source of radiation of heat of great refrangibility, which the snow absorbs completely, this is melted under the stick, which sinks, and gradually disappears beneath the surface. The earlier melting of snow upon the branches and round the stems of plants, which was supposed to demonstrate a kind of natural warmth belonging to the living vegetable, arises from this merely physical conversion."

We might refer also to pages 212, 286, 293, and numerous other passages in this volume, to exemplify how well our author has served *science*, by shewing that, so far from the true philosopher looking down on the useful arts as unworthy of his notice, he never feels so much admiration for the pure truths which it is his object to investigate, as when their discovery leads him to the means of conferring the greatest benefits on his fellow-creatures.

In conclusion, we beg to say we look forward to the publication of the second part, in the course of the present month, with the conviction that it will fully sustain the high character which the author has long possessed, and that these remarks are to be considered only as describing, generally, our impression of the manner in which this portion of the work has been executed. We reserve a more complete and detailed examination of its contents, for the opportunity which the publication of the second part will afford.

## AN ADVENTURE IN GREECE.

BEING A PASSAGE FROM THE JOURNALS OF S. A., ESQ.

I HAVE been a traveller from my infancy, nay, for that matter, I have been a traveller before I saw the light of our earthly planet, as I was born in the middle of the Straits of Sunda, on board of an Indian, fresh from China, of which my father was captain and part owner, and my mother a passenger. I was christened at St. Helena, and after discharging cargo, my sire again shipped me, my mother, and other materials, for Boston, in which celebrated city I spent my first birth-day. I know not if the love of travel thus early begun became part of my heritage; but, however that may be, the love of constant change certainly became part of my nature. As under its fantastic influence, I have visited many strange lands, and witnessed some strange scenes, I have at last grown weary of keeping my own counsel, and now, under, I dare say, the same influence which has of late induced so many modest, but excellent writers to introduce to the public their traits, pencilings, tours, sketches, and so forth, I have come to the resolution of doing as they have done, if not with the same success, at least with similar aspirations after it.

I must confess, however, that this is a matter which I have found much easier to project than perform, as well from a natural and constitutional indolence of disposition, as from, not want of materials, but method in the arrangement of them. In truth, upon referring to my many journals, when I perceive the strange jumble of places and positions there jotted down, I have more than once given up the matter in despair; begging my reader to excuse the egotism, if I have at length succeeded in completing my task, that result is to be attributed to the anxiety of another, rather than my own.

With these prefatory remarks, I launch my little bark upon the world of waters, and my first venture leads me to the land of hero and demigod—of long suffering, but ever glorious Greece—whose miseries I have mourned over, whose hospitality I have partaken of, and in whose regeneration no one can more sincerely rejoice.

Let me state, moreover, that as, in my various "passages," I have endeavoured to increase their interest by weaving therein incidents which moved me at the time; there is still not one of them which is in substance exaggerated, although, to suit public taste, I may have given it a colouring which, with all my pains, may unfortunately chance to be cast by as overcharged, and, therefore, undervalued.

It has been whispered, that when the present Queen of Greece accepted the hand of King Otho, his majesty owed the preference rather to the love she bore the country over which he was called to rule, and her eager desire to visit it, than to any personal predilection for her Bavarian lover. Without having so bright a prize to gain by giving way to my desire, I confess, willingly, that even the young and enthusiastic archduchess could never have more eagerly wished to visit that classical region than I did, or have rejoiced more when circumstances enabled her to put her wishes into execution.

Having said so much, it may be supposed what the nature of my sensations was, when, with Homer in my hand, Themistocles and Thermopylæ in my head, and a thousand glorious associations beating at my heart, I entered the basin of the Piræus, on a fine summer's morning, in a light Greek caique, manned by a capitano and four sailors, who, with their Grecian outline of feature, and picturesque dresses, enabled me to keep my imagination to the full on the half classical half romantic stretch, as I approached the modern capital and ancient receptacle of all that was chivalrous and charming in Greece.

I had hired the boat in which I sat at Scio, at which island I had been dropped by my own desire by the skipper of a Dutch sloop, trading to Smyrna. Having there spent some time on a visit at the hospitable, most hospitable home of my friend and fellow-countryman, C—, on leaving him, I determined to make Scio my intermediate station between Smyrna and Athens, although very much against my friend's advice and wishes.

He was right, for the sake of humanity,

in wishing me to avoid it; for, much as I had heard of Turkish cruelty in general, and of its unhesitating exercise of it on these unfortunate islanders in particular; still, with all my acquired knowledge, my fears, my detestation, never could my imagination have presumed to picture to itself the horrid ingenuity with which it had here exhibited itself. Tourist and traveller have told the tale of its sack and massacre—told it feelingly and well—but no one can properly appreciate the sufferings, or feel for the sufferers, who has not stood, as I did, on the site of that city which peaceful industry had raised, and savage barbarity had destroyed.

Can I describe it? I stood among a mass of ruins, not with the hoar of antiquity to consecrate them, but evidencing, by the violence which must have been used, the more than infernal malignity which directed it. The walls of houses (I should rather call them palaces) blackened and battered by cannon and shell; the shop of the artificer, with its front driven in or torn away, and its interior gutted and destroyed in the very wantonness of outrage; the church, with its tessellated floors torn up, its altars destroyed, and its walls streaked with blood. No; I have witnessed desolation and misery in many forms, but so long as Scio and its fate remains on my recollection, so long will all other wretchedness seem weak by comparison—so long shall I curse the crescent, and forswear all respect for the power that would protect it.

A day sufficed to surfeit me with a scene so abhorrent; I had heard much of its inland scenery, but I was sickened and satisfied, and after spending a night, wrapped in my cloak, in the hovel of a patriarchal looking old man, whose son and two grandsons had been murdered before his eyes, and whose niece and grand-daughter had been torn away, and were even now in slavery—I was delighted the next morning, on walking down to the port, to meet with my light caique, bound direct for the Piræus, and to feel myself, within another hour, gliding from a place which had sickened my soul, and revolted my feelings.

It was a magnificent morning, as we shot into the long-famed Athenian harbour, and when we had furled our single sail, cast anchor, and sat on deck, captain, passenger, and sailors, to our morning meal, consisting of coffee, caviare, bread and olives, provided by the crew, with my own contribution of a flask or two of light Greek

wine, and a jar of sweetmeats, my spirits rose, and I began to think less of the misery I had left, and more of the great theatre of heroic events before me. To this change the laugh and good-humoured badinage of my associates contributed—not that I understood a word of their language, with the exception of their chief, who spoke the *lingua Franca*, and a phrase or two of Venetian; but their air and manner, the cheerfulness of their demeanour, and their ardent readiness to attend to my own wants and comforts, pleased and satisfied me. Then came their gallant and somewhat rakish-looking costume, to cap the climax; the red cloth cap, with its long dark tassel hanging knowingly over the right eye; their parti-coloured vests, fitted tight to the form, and without a collar; their ample trowsers, tucked beneath the knee, the sash, with its embroidered border, and the ornamented haft of the sinister-looking weapon which peeped from its folds—altogether, by the time I had finished my meal, and settled their pecuniary demands on me, I half regretted leaving their trim bark and pleasant company, to set my foot on *terra firma*, even though the place chosen for my debarkation was within a stone's cast of the grave of Themistocles himself.

I was too well acquainted with the recent history of Athens, to be disappointed at my first view, as I walked thither from the Piræus. War, time, tyranny, had done their work upon her; this I knew, and knowing, honoured her the more. I knew that in it or about it I was in vain to look for the temple of "the Thunderer," with its countless columns and its princely statuary; that the grove of the Peripatetic and the school of the cynic—Aristotle and Antisthenes—the Lyceum and the Cynosarges, were to be seen no more; but still—behold! Turk and time have in vain conspired against yonder glorious Acropolis!—the citadel of freedom, which still towers above their city, as it did when Demosthenes warmed its people with his eloquence, or when Xerxes and his myriads cowered and fled, like beaten hounds, before the spirit of liberty which they defied and undervalued, because they could not understand it.

I reached Athens, and threw my slender knapsack to Pierre Danton, head waiter at the Hotel de France. From the Acropolis to a French hotel! from Aristides the just to Monsieur F—— the extortionate! Yet, so it was. I entered the *salon*, eat a



French dinner—soup, roti, and a patè—seated on an eastern divan, I finished my cup of coffee and glass of curaçoa, while perusing a late number of the *Moniteur*, and then strolled forth to pay my first visit to the Acropolis, preceded, guided, and ciceronized by—whom, does my reader guess? No; impossible! I could scarcely believe it, then—it seems a dream to me even now—by *Thomas O'Ruark*, (not O'Rorke) from the town of Clonmel, in Ireland.

A French hostelry in Athens, was in itself a wonder; but an Irish guide, speaking its language, conversant with its antiquities, making a livelihood of conducting strangers who wished to visit its curiosities, was beyond all calculation, and yet it was so; and I am sure that there are many tourists who will recollect his person, and corroborate the veracity of my account of him. As I expect to say a good deal of him in another "passage," I will not detain my reader longer here with his history than to say, that I discovered in him one of those careless, thriftless, restless spirits, for whom earth has no resting-place, since they will not consent to accept of one, and for whom fortune can find no form in which to distribute her favours, since every vessel in which she presents it, be it ever so costly, is cast down and trampled upon with the same improvident spirit. Reserving, therefore, the details of his really curious history for another occasion, I may add the present one, that during my short stay in Athens I found him an excellent guide, and an inimitable local antiquarian. To find out the choice morsels of the city was his passion; to direct attention to them and blazon their merits, at once his pride and present profession. No one could more accurately point out the precise spot on which St. Paul stood when he uttered his celebrated sentence against the artificers of the proud temples before him, and the worshippers of the false gods they contained; the prison of Socrates, Trajan's monument, the rocky court of the Areopagites, where public opinion found, indeed, a fit representative, and the assembled citizens of Greece recorded judgments which, through all time, have been regarded as models of purity—all were pointed out and commented on—and then came the *Pnyx*, the immortal *Pnyx*—the altar and pulpit of liberty! Other pieces of antiquity might be questioned or cavilled at, but *here* was certainty; from this

particular spot Demosthenes *must* have spoken; here he had roused, charmed, inspired, elevating glory into a God, and teaching the spirit of his fellow-citizens to tremble, not at the name or powers of Philip, but at the recollection of having doubted for an instant whether death were an evil, when the spirit of tyranny would fetter its powers and curb its aspirations.

A week passed pleasantly by at Athens, and on the morning of the eighth day we set out to walk to Corinth. I say *walk*, for I had secured the services of my friend, O'Ruark, as guide and companion, at a rate of compensation which I then thought, and now think, extremely moderate. As to my mode of travel, I adopted it for more reasons than one. Horse hire is, *or was*, dear, and the specimens of horseflesh paraded to me were such as would have disgraced a shambles. "They *might*," as my guide said, "arrive in safety at Corinth—and so might we—but then, such a wonder could only be accomplished by *our* carrying them." A vehicle was equally out of question, if for no other reason than that of our intending to make our way by the southern side of Mount Geranion; so we set forth, as I have said, on foot. As I do not profess, however, to write a book of travels, I trust my reader will travel with me, at his briskest stride, past the ruins of Theseus' temple, without stopping (and it is hard) to admire their many beauties, and over the plain of Attica, fair and fertile as I acknowledge it to be, and through yonder wretched hamlet, with its mud hovels, its cur-dogs, and its humble hostelry—looking terribly like an Irish shebeen—even though on that spot were once celebrated those Eleusinian mysteries into which Hercules himself, with all his fame fresh upon him, was refused admission, and whose violation was said to be punished with death and divine vengeance. I will not even detain him in modern Megara, although I slept there myself, and was stung to the very verge of endurance by legions of Greek fleas, into whose barbs the venom of all its ancient warriors seemed to have settled. My business is to lead him across the beautiful plain beyond, which glanced like an emerald in the early morning sun as we passed it, and after a gradual and pleasant ascent, to launch him fairly into the very worst part of Mount Geranion, namely, its *kaka scala*, or bad way, so called by every rule of right; for, never travelled man or beast over a worse road,

or a more sublime one. Bad as it is, however, that *kaka scala*, it is a glorious place, after all; full of all the *materials* of romance, and not a little fraught with some of the more substantial forms of peril. At one hour, we sunk sheer down from a height which commanded an almost boundless view of earth and heaven in their loveliest aspect, to be engulfed, as it were, amidst the most rugged mass of mountain scenery that ascetic ever chose for a residence, or romance for a catastrophe; and again, we rose with a startling suddenness from thence, to find ourselves upon the very brink of a precipice, beneath which, at an interval of hundreds of fathoms, rolled the sea, dotted with many-coloured and sized islands, floating like birds upon its bosom, and looking like fairy and fabulous harbours of rest for happy spirits—so tranquil, at the moment, did they seem. Upon your other side, at a most inconvenient proximity, rose a sulky barrier of rock, which obliged you to keep at all hazards on the path of peril, sure that an awkward trip or unwary movement would have consigned you to the fate of the unfortunate Ino, who, on that very ground, as my classical readers know, escaped the fury of her tyrant lord, only by preferring the equally certain fury of the waves into which she cast herself. Here, again, we came upon a trace of the great apostle; by this road had he travelled from Athens to Corinth, and here had he meditated upon those sublime lessons with which he startled and admonished the Corinthians; “for Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.” Here, too, were the achievements of many a modern robber and pirate, in imitation of that illustrious one whom Theseus slew and Ovid has immortalized, and whose unhallowed bones even yet peer up from the sea, in the shape of those angularly pointed rocks, whose existence is so delightful to tourists, and so dangerous to the light craft which have the misfortune to sail in their neighbourhood.

I have a right to a somewhat perfect recollection of this same site of Sciron's tragedy; since here commenced the first act of a little drama, which during its first progress interested me considerably, and at its termination afforded me sincere pleasure. The day on which we travelled was intensely warm, and as it was high noon, I and my guide had seated ourselves beside, I should rather say behind, a huge rock, which partly overhung our path, and as we sat, screened us from the heat

of the sun, whose rays we were content to see dancing, and glittering on the waters of the Saronic gulf, without exposing ourselves to its bronzing influence. Our bread and some remains of roasted kid, with which we had provided ourselves, had been dispatched; a very tolerable olive had given additional zest to a flask of excellent Chian wine, and during the progress of its discussion, I had recited Ovid's verses on Sciron's overthrow, and in return my friend was enlivening me with an account of one of the many atrocious murders, which still occasionally gave an interest to the locality, when his recitation was suddenly stopped by the projected shadow of a man upon the road, and the appearance immediately after of the individual himself. He was by no means an inviting looking object. Instead of the usual cap he wore a sort of shade, for I could not dignify it by the name of hat or bonnet, which was drawn low over his brow, and would have passed muster as a mere preservative against the heat, were it not that a sheep skin cloak of the commonest kind and fashion, worn by the mountain shepherds, was drawn up at the throat, so as to meet the sombrero, and conceal his countenance. What weapons might be hidden by this, we knew not; but in his hand he held a truculent looking piece of fire arms, of extreme length and narrow bore. Our glance at him was necessarily imperfect and uncertain, for he moved stealthily, but rapidly, past our position, casting his glances neither to the one side nor the other, but my companion afterwards remarked, that be he who he might, he was neither a shepherd nor a mountain robber, as his slippers and under garment were of a texture, which no follower of those hardy and hazardous professions would have chosen. In the meantime, he had wound round an angle of the precipice, with the silence and sinuosity of a serpent, leaving us a new topic, and full leisure to discuss his probable occupation and intention. Our previous conversation had tinged our imaginations with a tinge of brigandage, and our speculations, therefore, ran pretty much in that vein. Be he, however, on what business he might—let his intent be wicked or charitable—he was but one man after all, and we were two, indifferently well armed with knife and pistol, and not more alive to the passion of fear than others: so, comforted by these reflections, we were thinking of proceeding on our way, when again our

attention was invited by the tramp of horses' feet, which rang sharper and sharper, until after a moment or too, a very decent-looking hackney appeared, bearing on its high peaked saddle a young and handsome Greek, of it might be two or three and twenty years, who as he jogged onward, tossed his legs to and fro along the sides of his beast, and ever and anon broke into one of those hymns to liberty, which every Grecian knows by heart, and sings by impulse. He was gaily dressed, too; his vest was of silk, displaying a piece of embroidery beneath, his cap was of velvet, and his sash profusely sprinkled with stars and ornaments; altogether he seemed a proper fellow enough—a good specimen of a black eyed and well born native, and as he passed me I could not refuse to meet his good humoured smile and salutation, with one as hearty and familiar. We were seated, however, and as he did not stop or draw up to speak to us, I was disappointed in my hope of a further acquaintance, and he, poor fellow, proceeded on his way with dreams, probably too bright, running through his mind, to admit of their interruption, by such a meeting as ours. He little knew for what good office he was soon to be indebted to me.

After a brief discourse on his gay appearance, and degagé air, we shook from our laps the crumbs of comfort which we had been enjoying, drained our flask to the bottom, tossed the empty vessel over the brow of the precipice, watching its descent, and so proceeded on our way, resolved, if possible, to sleep that night, or part of it, within the walls of Corinth. A moderate meal in the open air had acted upon us both beneficially. It may be supposed that we travelled in excellent order and haste, and we did so; and had come upon a turn of the road which led down a smoother part of the pass than ordinary, extending in a straight line a very considerable way, when, in the distance, about half way, we again saw our equestrian friend, on foot, and cautiously leading his horse, and again, even in the time I take to tell it, we saw him reel, totter, place his hand to his side, and then fall heavily to the ground.

He had about touched the earth when a sharp report of fire arms had reached us, and at the same moment a small spiral volume of smoke rose from behind a rock, and on our attention being thus directed to it, we perceived a man, and so far as

we could judge at that distance, the same who had passed us on foot, rush up a pass to the right of his ambush, and we then lost sight of him among the rocks, before we could be certain of his identity. An exclamation of horror and a spring forward was the motion of both of us; to do myself justice I thought of nothing but the fallen man, and of hastening to his assistance, and I had lessened the distance between us considerably, when my comrade pressed up to me, and laying his hand on my shoulder detained me forcibly as I still struggled forward, to warn me that I had better look to my means of defence, should this turn out to be an affair of brigands. This advice was all natural and proper, and I accordingly paused a moment while we drew our pistols, looked to their caps, unsheathed our knives, and so advanced, prepared either for assistance or assault. There was no occasion for our defences, however; the act was that of an assassin not a plunderer, and the perpetrator of the deed had left his victim where his bullet had stretched him. He lay apparently dead upon his face. To turn him over, tear open his vest, and off his sash, for the purpose of examination, was the work of a moment. In the body he was only slightly hurt, but the sleeve of his right arm was saturated with blood, and it still oozed feebly forth, and trickled on the grass. Here was our direction to look for his hurt, and we did so, ripping and tearing his dress from the shoulder. The ball had struck and shattered his bridle arm, midway between shoulder and elbow, after passing so close to his body as to raise the skin; and the agony and loss of blood consequent on so severe an injury, accounted for his present prolonged swoon. I was not daunted, however; I had walked surgical hospitals and had dressed gun shot wounds too often to be appalled by a case, in the treatment of which I could evince my skill at once, and humanity, so I set to work scientifically—bound his arm carefully, tore up his holiday sash, and my own silken kerchief into twice as many pledgets and ribands as were necessary, sent my guide fussing and spinning hither and thither, as senior surgeons do their junior apprentices, and after half an hour's hard work, had the satisfaction of seeing the blood stopped, the wound dressed, and the patient just as weak as ever. What was to be done? To leave him here was to leave him to perish; to proceed to Corinth was impossible; to convey him to his home

equally so, as we knew not where to find it, and he was incapable of telling it—so with a heavy heart on my side, and a seemingly indifferent one on the part of my Hibernian, we proceeded, as a final resolve, to lift him on the back of his horse, which all the while, poor little thing, stood staring on us, and alternately supporting him by sitting behind him *en croupe*, we slowly and painfully wound our way back to that Megara which we had so willingly left in the morning. It was late when we arrived there, but late as it was, our arrival once made known, and it was made known with astonishing celerity, we were literally oppressed with proffers of assistance in every form in which assistance could be tendered. The village literally poured forth its population; oil cruises gleamed from every quarter, and compassion from every tongue, and it was with some difficulty I lodged my wounded waif in the same quarters I had myself used the previous night, and with much more that I could persuade his compatriots that rest and cold water were his best restoratives.

My mandate, however, was imperative, and fortunate it was that I had made it so, for on visiting him the next morning I found his swoon gone, his pulse beating furiously, his eyes suffused, and himself in a state of high delirium, while on examining his wound the usual mass of discoloration presented itself, with an extra quantity of pus and inflammation, extending hither and thither on all sides. Here was a further dilemma provided for me; anything in the shape of a medical man was not to be had; the young man was altogether unknown by any person, was in danger, scantily provided as it turned out with money—he might, nay possibly would, die if left unaided, and then would not his blood be upon my head? I was interested in him, moreover; there was a mystery about his attack, and as his cowardly assailant appeared to be of a superior grade, I longed to know the cause for such bitter and deadly animosity. It was a case partly of conscience and partly of curiosity, and as I had my time at my own disposal, I resolved to stay by him for a day or two, or until his question of life or death was decided.

Without troubling my reader with surgical or medical details, I may say that not until the sixth day did his reason return, bringing with it a state of utter

prostration, and debility, which rendered it impossible to permit him to speak or move, more than was barely possible, and compelling me to a still further forbearance on the subject of the information I so much desired.

At length, on the morning of the eighth day, I found him propped up on his rude couch, looking and feeling so much renovated, that I determined to have my curiosity gratified as my fee, and so take my departure once more for Corinth. I desired my guide to interpret my wishes, and to say that as I was anxious to depart, I desired to learn if I could be further serviceable by informing his friends of his injury, should their residence lie in my road, or if he had anything particular to say to me, by which he could be served or gratified. In the meantime I left him for half an hour, as he had not breakfasted, and I wished to give him time to collect himself, as from his change of colour and anxious look, I saw that something or other in the tale he had to tell me was painful. He was fatigued also by the operation of inspecting and cleansing his wound, and agitated and excited by endeavouring to give vent to his gratitude, which he did with flushed cheek and tearful eyes, and in a full flow and copiousness of language, which I do believe no one but an Irishman could have translated.

According to my promise I returned at the end of the half hour, and as I re-entered the chamber, I saw that he became fidgetty and uneasy. He appeared to linger over his meal—would have another cup of coffee—tried to eat and failed, hesitated to meet my eye, and when at length he could find or feign no further excuse for delay, he gave me fairly to understand, that although on his own account he felt no hesitation in telling me his little history, and although he knew how necessary it was that his friends should be immediately made acquainted with his existence and situation, that still there were feelings and fears connected with the attack made upon him, which made the relation exquisitely painful.

Omitting all unnecessary detail, I shall give a summary of his story. It was a common one, yet it interested me.

A certain Andromache \* \* \* \* had been reared in the same neighbourhood with him, and as he grew up he loved her; neither was he the only one who did so, as although pretty faces were plentiful

enough in her vicinity, still it became the fashion for the young fellows, or their misfortune, to fasten their regards on her alone. To this general rule there was one exception, and the only person who slighted her charms was a dear friend and cousin of his own—a steady, studious youth, destined by his friends for the church, but not having altogether as yet given his adhesion to their choice of a profession. He was hard and cold, and worldly, railed at the young Andromache's want of fortune, depreciated her charms, swore boldly that her eye was neither like that of a dove or a gazelle, that the bloom of her cheek was by no means superior to the sunny side of a peach, and that her form had neither the rounded beauty of Venus, or the classical dignity of Juno—in short, he launched against her many a bitter jest and ill-natured remark, which had they come from one of her own sex would have been set down as sheer envy, but proceeding from manly lips were looked upon as the effects of abstruse study, acting upon a cheerless and loveless temperament. Notwithstanding his philippics, however, it was remarked, that he never avoided her society himself, although he sedulously endeavoured to warn away or dissuade others, and when his friend and relative, about whom he professed the warmest and dearest interest, persisted in seeing with his own eyes, and judging by his own feelings, his sneers became more bitter, and his invectives more unmeasured and unmanly. My hero, however, was not a man to be jeered or frightened out of a pretty girl; he told his love, and was a thriving wooer, and matters had gone so far as that the day for their espousals was named, when business of some importance to himself—the payment of a sum of money indeed—had taken him to the other side of Geranion. It was on his return from thence that he had met with his hurt. Upon the subject of his assailant he was for a long time silent, but on my again and again suggesting the possibility of the deed being the act of his cousin, he reluctantly admitted that his own thoughts were running in the same direction, both from my description of the person, which he made me repeat over and over—from a recollection of his dogged and determined character—and from many inconsequent circumstances, which neglected or unheeded at the time, now each bore a meaning of its own in conformation of his fears. It was evidently

with great pain he admitted the possibility of his friend's treachery; they were allied by blood, had played and studied together, he had given him his trust, his heart, his confidence, in the pure faith that all was reciprocated—but he was a novice in the effects of the passions, and knew not whither they lead, and at what awful risks; how often they turn the purest drops of our blood to gall, and change the spirit of cheerfulness into a volcano, whose fierce and fiery overflow, brings sorrow in its progress, and leaves ruin at its termination.

After a full consideration of the question, although he could not fail to see that his relative and attempted murderer were most likely one and the same person; still it was evident that he felt it more in sorrow than in anger, and that he evidently entertained no thoughts of vengeance against him—but I did. I never yet objected to a fair stand-up fight for a pretty girl, and I never will; it is a piece of chivalry due to the sex; they deserve it, and although I was far from blaming the fellow for loving Andromache, and could have backed him out in a fair quarrel to obtain her, by the same rule and principle was I determined, and that before the next sun had set, to do what in me lay to expose his malpractise, and punish him for the attempt.

The day was partly consumed in hearing and consulting, and in the evening I left my young friend, full of all fiery and vindictive thought, and by the next morning I had arranged in my own mind as pretty a piece of romance as Victor Hugo himself could desire, and, furthermore, was resolved to put it into execution forthwith.

The disposal of the matter, one way or other, I concluded could not take up more than a few hours, and accordingly, at the dawn of the tenth day of our acquaintance, I left my young friend, though sadly out of sorts at my intentions regarding him, having first taken care to procure all necessary information as to his friends, their habitation, and above all, of the dispositions and dwelling of the fair cause of quarrel. Accordingly, after a light meal, I grasped my staff, examined my pistols, cast my eye along the blade of my knife, tried its spring and temper once again, and being thus satisfied as to my means of defence, I proceeded on my mission, accompanied, of course, by my Irish friend.

Our directions were accurate, and we

arrived about an hour before sunset, upon a small eminence overlooking a tranquil valley, while along the brow of the hill, and in the bosom of the valley, clusters of houses, apart, but in each other's neighbourhood, were interspersed. On a full view of the scene beneath me, I stopped short, for here was my mark; yet, now that I was within view came the full feeling upon me, that the management of the affair I had undertaken, required both prudence and caution. I was a stranger, and a foreigner, and knowing the nature and sensitiveness of the Grecian temperament, I saw that it behoved me to walk warily. Time, however, stole on, and after a brief interval of thought and rest, I strode down the hill, was informed by a passing peasant, that the second house to my right was that of Andromache's father, and under this guidance bent my steps thither. The house was a pretty one; its parterre of flowers glanced and flaunted before the door; its little groves of olives lay lazily by, enjoying the evening breeze; the festoon of the vine, and the perfume of the pomegranate greeted me—but I passed them unthinkingly by, and with a beating heart and quivering hand I arrived at the porch, knocked timidly at first, then more boldly, and had hardly ceased my demand for admittance, when the door was opened, and full before me stood a face and figure which I shall never forget to my dying day. It was the face of a Niobe, pale and beautiful, and with an expression of deep, earnest, agonizing expectation at first, fading away into one of utter, bleak, blank dismay, as her temporary survey of my person ended, which was indescribably touching. I shall never forget it. I knew it was Andromache I saw—I felt it before I heard her name; there was no mistaking it; the history of the last ten days was written plainly and palpably upon her cheek, and in her eye, and it needed no master of the ceremonies to introduce me to her. I fancied that my feelings overcame my politeness for a moment, and her returning blood had given evidence of my earnest look and silent tongue, when my guide came to my aid, and, according to previous concert, stated that I was a traveller, a gentleman, who wished for permission to rest an hour before I proceeded. Hospitality is a Greek virtue, and my request was at once acceded to. A few low, soft, sad sounds proceeded from her lips, and turning away, she led us into a large

chamber, in which sat, on divans, two elderly females, and a young one. The tale told to her was repeated to them, and with a feeling of ineffable delight I heard the eldest address me in excellent French. I replied to her in the same language, with all the ardour of a man whose tongue and thoughts are suddenly unchained, just when he most despaired of their being so. In truth, for my own reason, I encouraged a flow of conversation as much as I could, but there was a cloud on every brow, a sorrow at every heart, which made my efforts unavailing. Andromache herself, perhaps, of all the party, shewed the least outward emotion; once, and but once, she seemed stirred and agitated; when, in the course of conversation, I mentioned the path I had travelled from Athens, she turned upon me a keen piercing look that seemed as if she would read my very soul, or drag from thence the history of her lover. This appeal my knowledge and consciousness enabled me to meet with an expression of feature which I meant to be significant, and which evidently puzzled her, since again and again she turned to me, when she thought me otherwise occupied, with a furtive constancy, which I might have mistaken and been flattered with, had I not known the cause.

I had outstaid my hour, eat the provisions kindly set before me, and was casting about for a proper opportunity of commencing my operations; since, as yet, I had not heard a single word concerning the evident gloom that overhung the family (and this among so many females I thought strange), when the low, measured, melancholy, and prolonged note of a horn, sounded evidently at no considerable distance from the house, came wailing through the lattice, and was apparently received by all within the room as a signal which affected each after a different fashion.—The younger female started, sighed, and her eyes instantly filled with tears; one of the elder ladies left the room hurriedly, and she who conversed with me, folded her hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and then turned them upon Andromache, with a face so full of generous and genuine compassion, that I loved her for it long after.

Of Andromache herself I know not how to speak at that moment; she was standing beside a low divan, often answering some inconsequent question; she had risen from it for the purpose of going to the lattice or leaving the room, when, at the

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first sound of the horn, her look became for a moment bewildered, and, as if unconsciously, her hands clasped together, and she raised them and pressed them forcibly to her forehead. At length, as the melancholy nature of the signal came to be understood, she dropped again into her seat upon the divan, with a motion so utterly desponding, and a sigh so indicative of sorrow, that I knew not what prevented me from rushing forwards and proclaiming at once the safety of her lover. Emotion of any kind, however, is a passing event with me, and were it not so, the noise of many feet in the passage would have effectually controlled it.

In a moment or two after, six men of different ages and features entered the room. They were members of an exploratory party, who went forth every morning at day-break to prosecute their enquiries after their missing friend. Although each took a separate path during the day, all met at one point at sunset, and the result of their success was, by agreement, made known at the house by a note cheerful or sad of the horn. This day had, of course, been one of disappointment; their demeanour and appearance, indeed, as they entered, told the tale—particularly that of one fine, hale, and dignified-looking old man, who, with a single exclamation, received Andromache into his extended arms, and as she yielded at last, and sobbed convulsively while she buried her face in his bosom, mingled his tears with hers, and, in broken utterance, soothed her and caressed her into temporary quiet, before he placed her again gently on the divan, and then rising, left the room.

The seat the father, for it was he, had left beside her, was almost immediately taken by another, and a much younger man; *and that other!* He was tall, light limbed, and swarthy, even for a Greek, with features certainly handsome on the whole; but, if I may so express myself, with an angularity in their expression, which left an unsatisfied feeling on the mind of the observer. As he sate beside her, and poured into her ear a history of his exertions during the day, evidently interspersed with exclamations of compassion and tender friendship, I watched him close, and saw, or thought I saw, that beneath all this profession some other feeling lurked about him, which rendered him restless, nervous, and uneasy. While apparently absorbed in attention to her, I

perceived that there was not a movement of any other individual which he did not watch; not a footfall or noise from without, that had not interest enough for him to make his eye turn and his voice falter. He was evidently a close friend and ally of the family; every one seemed to consider him so, even Andromache herself; but as to me, I was never for a moment deceived; I knew him at once, and every movement of his made, with me, assurance doubly sure. In the meantime, I had been introduced to the father, as he again entered the room; had been invited to rest for the night, an invitation I at once accepted; had heard, through my French friend, a history of the cause of the assembling together of so many men, and, as an invited guest, now joined the family party at their evening meal. At this there was no mirth, and but little refreshment; it was soon over, therefore, and its materials removed to make way for the lighter ones of coffee, sweetmeats, and the chibouk. It was at this moment I requested my friend O'Ruark to stand by my side, and after a brief apology to the master of the house, to invite him to relate to me the loss of his friend in detail. This, in a stranger, was evidently an unlooked for and undesired request, and I think he was on the point of refusing it, possibly from the fear of giving his daughter pain, when she herself entered upon the subject, and in a low and melancholy, but firm tone, told all she knew of his loss, namely, that he had left her on a certain day, promising to return on the next but one; that he had never since been heard of, and that it was generally supposed that he and his horse had fallen over the precipice into the sea.

I described the route I had travelled, and asked had that been searched.

"Yes," was the instant reply of the officious friend who had taken her father's place, and still retained it; he had himself selected that path, and his search and enquiry had been most accurate and anxious, but without effect. He sighed deeply as he spoke, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

I fixed my gaze full upon him as I enquired, had Megara and its vicinity been visited.

He winced, I thought, as he answered that it had, and equally without success.

"And had this poor fellow," I demanded, "no enemy who might be supposed capable of attacking him, unawares, in the murderous hope of getting quietly rid of a

*rival*, or an opponent, without the world or his friends being the wiser of it?"

My question was dictated in a vehement tone, and as my regards still continued fixed and concentrated, so did those of others turn to the same point as mine. The fellow wanted the hardihood of vice, after all; he grew as pale as death, and, I thought, would have fallen from his seat, while the answer which he intended to my question, dwindled into a gurgling, hissing sound, of which it was impossible to make out the import.

Meantime, I left him to a full enjoyment of his agony, while turning to the lady whom I have spoken of as being conversant with French, I cautioned her against a gross betrayal of undue emotion, and then proceeded to relate to her all I knew of the young man, commencing with my first view of his assailant, and ending with my having left him convalescent that morning.

It was in vain to caution her—her tears, her emotion, her smiles, her nods to Andromache, coupled with my own cheerfulness of manner and anxious gesticulation, told our tale. The poor girl most interested lived on our looks; she stirred not, spoke not, breathed not—appeared almost a statue, save that as I looked grave or

gay, her cheek flushed or grew pale. At last my tale was finished, when my auditor, going over to her young friend, took her fondly around the waist, kissed her cheek, and in doing so, murmured a single sentence into her ear. That one sentence, however, was talismanic, and with the expression—"He is safe, he is safe!" another moment saw her lying lifeless on the ground.

All was, of course, confusion after this; and although I had, and determined still to have, my eye on the assassin, I never to this day could discover by what means he eluded my attention, and disappeared. Upon Andromache's removal to her own chamber, I of course explained at length, and accused him publicly before the other members of the family, challenging him to meet me face to face. He was never seen in that neighbourhood again.

My tale is told; do not blame me for its egotism. The invalid was brought home in joyous procession; Andromache rewarded me for my share in the transaction with one kiss, which I transmuted into a dozen, and on my return from Corinth, I was present at her marriage, and had the satisfaction of being held forth to the assembled guests as a miracle of skill, benevolence, and discretion.

## INDEX TO VOLUME SECOND.

Absenteeism, its Evils and Remedies, 223, 297, 441.  
Absence, 339.  
Academy, Hibernian, Exhibition of, 59.  
Adolphus; or, a Tiger's Fortune, 268.  
Adventure in Greece, an, 498.  
Aileen O'Dwyer, 387, 457.  
Ali and his Guest; a Tale of the Callphate, 68.  
American Slavery, 487.  
Ancient Music of Ireland, 207.  
Anti-Slavery Convention, the, 218.  
Archdeacon's Legends of Connaught, *Reviewed*, 255.  
Arrows of Love, the, 42.  
Artists, Irish, in England, 287.  
Art-Union, the Irish, 59.  
Autobiography of a Militia Man, 187, 276.  
Ballitore in '98, by Mary Leadbetter, 418.  
Banim, John; Sylla, a Tragedy by, 105, 165.  
Beautiful, Death of the, 440.  
Belgium, a Week in, 449.  
Boat Song, 307.  
Bride, Lines to a, 486.  
Bunting, Edward, his Collection of Irish Music, *Reviewed*, 207.  
Canary Bird, Lines to a, 368.  
Capital Punishment, 198.  
Carleton, William, Records of the Heart, by, 21.

Chapters from the Autobiography of a Militia Man, 187, 276.  
Child and Lily Branch, the, 197.  
Connaught, Legends of, 255.  
Convention, the Anti-Slavery, 218.  
Confessions of an Unamiable Man, 245.  
Corporate Reform Bill, Good of the, 362.  
Cousin Walter, 397.  
Crime in England, 43.  
Crossing of the Halys, 72.  
Death of Gerald Griffin, 145.  
Division of the World, from Schiller, 290.  
Downing, Mrs., her Poems, *Reviewed*, 141.  
Dublin, Necessity for a Fire Police in, 412.  
----- Law Institute, 481.  
Duncan Prize Essay, the, 408.  
England, Crime in, 43.  
Events of the Session, 149.  
Exhibition, the, 59.  
Farewell, the, 362.  
Fitzgerald's Essay on Logomachy, *Reviewed*, 408.  
Floranthé, to, 489.  
Friend in Need, a, 311, 479.  
Fulton's Travelling Sketches in Various Countries, *Reviewed*, 271.  
Galbraith's Latin Grammar, *Notice of*, 144.  
Greece, Adventure in, 498.  
Grievance, the Real—Absenteeism, 233, 297, 441.



- Griffin, Gerald, Death of, 145.  
 ----- Memoir of, 158.  
 ----- Poems by, 308.
- Hardy's Miniature Atlas, *Notice of*, 144.  
 ----- Stranger's Guide through Dublin, *Notice of*, 296.
- Harvey's Spelling Book, *Notice of*, 144.
- Henry's Canton Police, *Notice of*, 296.
- Hindoo Maiden, the, 430.
- How to Rise Early, 42.
- Impromptu on a Bad Musician, 286.
- India—her own—and another's, 120, 325.
- Infant, Lines to an, 407.
- Institute, the Law, 431.
- Ireland, Ancient Music of, 207.  
 ----- Corporate Reform in, 369.  
 ----- Temperance Movement in, 1.  
 ----- Woollen Trade in, 340.
- Irish Absenteeism, 223, 297, 441.  
 ----- Artists in England, 287.  
 ----- Art-Union, 59.  
 ----- Melodies, 207.  
 ----- Men for Irish Offices, 73.  
 ----- Sculptors, 469.
- Kane's Elements of Chemistry, *Reviewed*, 495.
- King's Greek Grammar, *Notice of*, 144.
- Leadbetter, Mrs., Ballitore in '98, by, 418.
- Legacy, the, 336.
- Legend of the Lee, a, 244.
- Life and Times of Sir Samuel Romilly, *Reviewed*, 7, 79.
- Lines for Music, 233, 367.
- Lines on a Rainbow, 52.
- Mary, Lines to, 140.
- Memoir of Gerald Griffin, 158.
- Moral Habits of the People, 1.
- Morgan, Lady, Woman and her Master, by, *Reviewed*, 101.
- Moriarty Family, Tales by, *Reviewed*, 291.
- Mother Carey's Chickens, 249.
- My Neighbour's Story, 350.
- Native Sculptors, our, 469.
- Necessity for a Fire Police in Dublin, 412.
- On leaving London, by Gerald Griffin, 309.
- Original, the True, Confirmed, 320.
- POETRY, viz. :  
 ----- A Legend of the Lee, 244.  
 ----- Absence, 339.  
 ----- Boat Song, 307.  
 ----- Crossing of the Halyz, 72.  
 ----- Erin, 20.  
 ----- Fame, by Gerald Griffin, 309.  
 ----- Friendship, by Gerald Griffin, 309.  
 ----- Impromptu on a Bad Musician, 286.  
 ----- Lines for Music, 233, 367.  
 ----- Lines on a Rainbow, 52.  
 ----- On Leaving London, by Gerald Griffin, 309.  
 ----- Pictures from Alpine Scenery, 206.  
 ----- Song, "Would'st thou in the bowers of pleasure," 101.  
 ----- "My gentle love," 233.  
 ----- "'Neath Summer Moons," 307.  
 ----- "Joy, as winged dreams flies fast," 324.  
 ----- "They had not met for many years," 367.  
 ----- "Kathleen Macbree," 367.  
 ----- "Oh, could I but stay," 386.  
 ----- "The Vessel glides," 417.  
 ----- "As when a boy," 417.  
 ----- "Come share with me, dearest," 445.  
 ----- "Harp of my country," 456.  
 ----- Sonnets, 356.
- Stanzas to Hope, 349.  
 ----- for Music, 104, 445.
- The Arrows of Love, 42.
- The Child and the Lily Branch, 197.
- The Death of the Beautiful, 440.
- The Division of the World, 290.
- The Farewell, 362.
- The Hindoo Maiden, 430.
- The Talisman, 156.
- Terzine, 478.
- To a Bride, 486.
- To a Canary Bird, 368.
- To Floranthe, 439.
- To an Infant, 407.
- To Mary, 140.
- To Sleep, 254.
- "Ye old Familiar Faces," 248.
- "Yes, there is the Dwelling," by Gerald Griffin, 308.
- Punishment of Death, 198.
- Records of the Heart, by William Carleton, No. I. The Parents' Trial, 21.
- REVIEWS, viz. :  
 ----- Ancient Music of Ireland, by Edward Bunting, 207.  
 ----- Elements of Chemistry, by Professor Kane, 495.  
 ----- Essay on Logomachy, by Rev. W. Fitzgerald, 408.  
 ----- Greek Grammar, by Dr. King, 144.  
 ----- Guide through Dublin, 296.  
 ----- Husband Hunter, by D. I. Moriarty, 291.  
 ----- Latin Grammar, by R. Galbraith, 144.  
 ----- Legends of Connaught, by M. Archdeacon, 255.  
 ----- Letters from Italy, by Miss Taylor, 293.  
 ----- Life and Times of Sir Samuel Romilly, 7, 79.  
 ----- Miniature Atlas, 144.  
 ----- Proceedings of Canton Police, by Dr. Henry, 296.  
 ----- Regrets of Memory and other Poems, 296.  
 ----- Scraps from the Mountains, by Christabel, 141.  
 ----- Travelling Sketches in Various Countries, by H. Fulton, M.D., 271.  
 ----- Wife Hunter, by D. I. Moriarty, 291.  
 ----- Woman and her Master, by Lady Morgan, 101.
- Romilly, Life and Times of, 7, 79.
- Session, Events of the, 149.
- Slavery in America, 487.
- Songs, 324, 386, 417, 456.
- Sonnets—Erin, 20.  
 ----- Pictures from Alpine Scenery, 206.  
 ----- to Sleep, 254.  
 ----- Fame, Friendship, by Gerald Griffin, 309.  
 ----- to \*\*\*\*\* , 396.
- Stanzas for Music, 104, 448.  
 ----- to Hope, 349.
- Stories of the Pyrenees—No. III; The Gamblers, 53, 129.—No. IV; The Prisoners on Parole, 234, 363, 435.
- Sylla, a Tragedy, by John Banim, 105, 165.
- Talisman, The, 156.
- Taylor, Miss, her Letters from Italy, *Reviewed*, 293.
- Temperance Movement in Ireland, 1.
- Terzine, 478.
- Transportation, on, 400.
- Woollen Trade, History of, 340.
- "Ye old Familiar Faces," 248.









JAN 20 1953

